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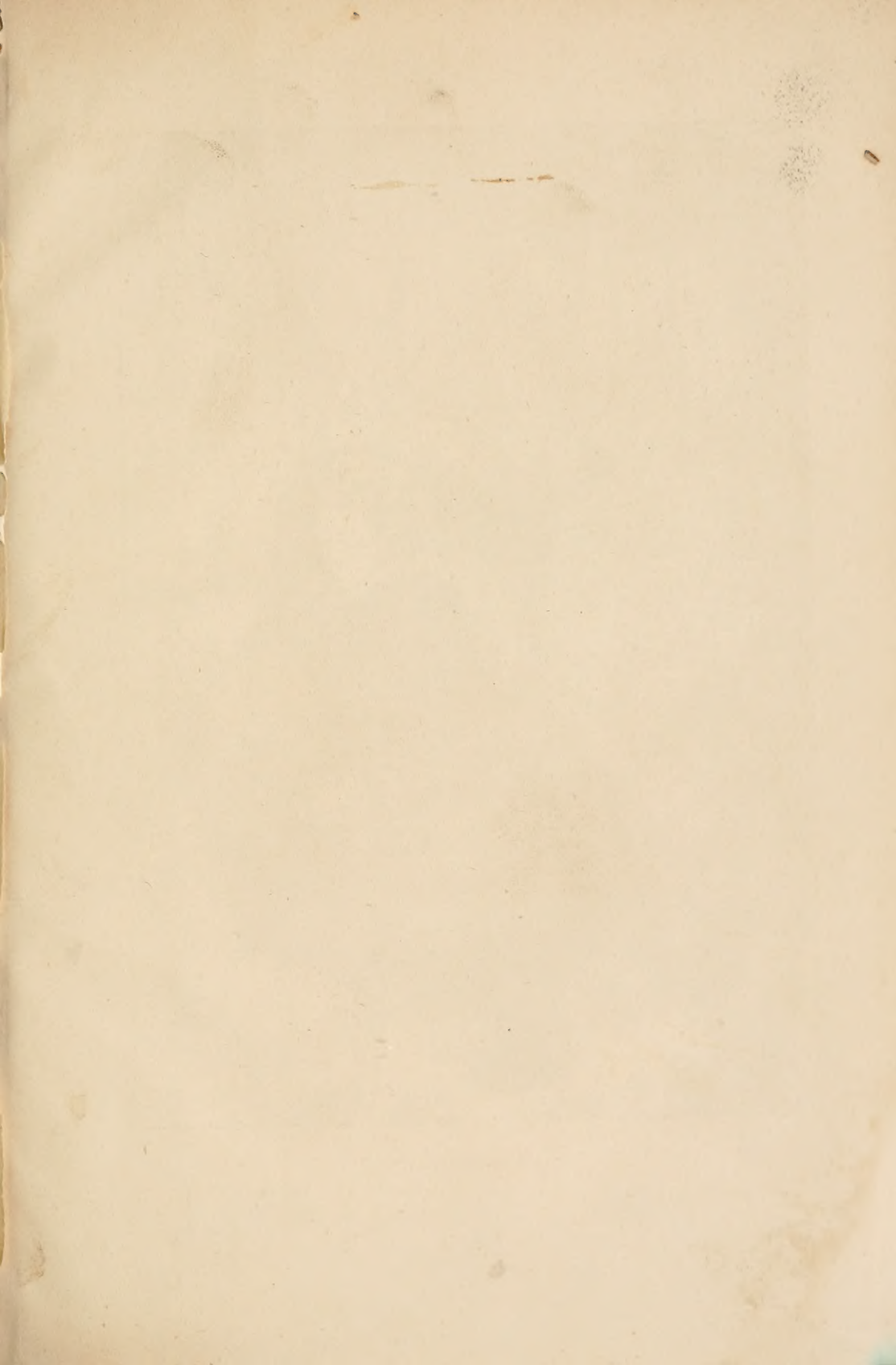
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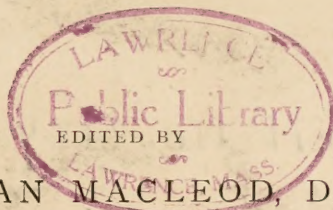
"THE SYLVESTRES."



3101-8  
P271  
"Good words are worth much and cost little."—Herbert.

# GOOD WORDS

FOR 1871



NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS FOR SCOTLAND

And illustrated by

ARTHUR HUGHES, J. LEIGHTON, G. J. PINWELL, F. A. FRASER,  
J. MAHONEY, FRANCIS WALKER, AND OTHERS

PHILADELPHIA :

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., MARKET STREET

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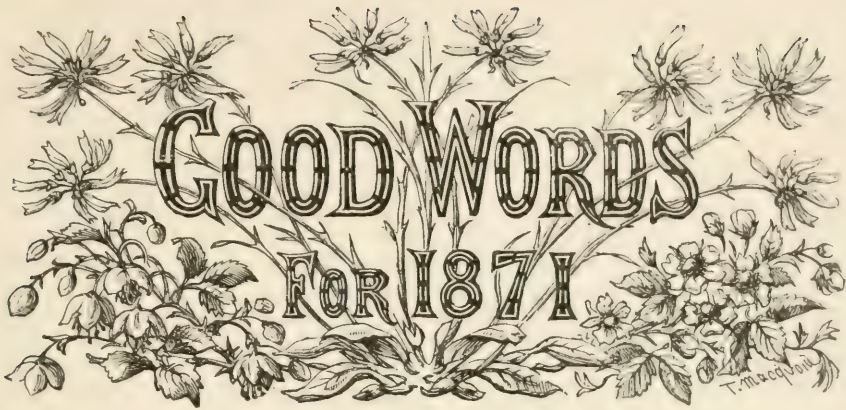
"FLY, LITTLE LETTER, APACE, APACE."





"A FROSTY DAY."





## THE OUTCASTS.

BY M. DE BETHAM-EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "KITTY," "DR. JACOB," ETC.

### CHAPTER I.—INGARETHA.



**P**LEASANT county of Suffolk, half park, half garden, with little rivers threading abundant pastures, with elm trees standing like majestic screens of subtle tracery against the blue and white heavens,

summit of some stately Pisgah and look down upon promised lands overflowing with milk and honey, nor is there "merrye walking in the fayre forest to hear the small birds sing," not the noisy laughter of cascades in unexpected places; but delicious little fastnesses in hazel copses, where you may be imprisoned like the squirrel between the green and the blue; breezy sheep-walks covered with gorse, where you may study cloud-land for hours and hear no sound but the bark of the shepherd's dog marshalling his charge; of rivulets plenty, and of rivers broad and bright, one or two; nor must we forget the lanes overhung with brier and honeysuckle leading to quaint little homesteads lost to the outer world, but alive with the manifold business of the farm; nor the stackyards of corn, pyramids of gold, and the hundred pastoral graces that her painters copied and her poets sang.

It is, indeed, an Arcadia, but an Arcadia of prose and not of poetry. Everything flourishes—the pigs take to the process of fattening kindly; bullocks demolish oil-cake as if they felt themselves destined to figure in a festival of Apollo; the horses are sleek and gifted with a good deal of slow but dependable understanding; the crops, whether of corn or hay or roots, are unrivalled. The people are sturdy and contented; two or three words

with sweeps of reddish gold corn-land, and heath-empurpled wastes running down to the unquiet northern sea,—who that loved thee with the unforgetting love of childhood but volunteers a gracious acknowledgment of thy homely beauties in later life? It is not a land of surprises. The stranger does not find himself upon the



with them go a very long way, though mother-wit of a homely kind is not wanting. Like Suffolk dumpling this crassa Minerva can hardly be appreciated except by a native palate.

Any dreamer of Utopian dreams who should suddenly wake in this happy corner of England might well say to himself, Eureka! Surely here, if anywhere, exists an earthly paradise.

Miss Ingaretha Meadowcourt, so called from a certain ancestress, Yngiretha de Pennington, for the health of whose soul, Ralph, her husband, had given a salt-work with two patellæ to the abbey of Furness in the reign of Henry II.,—thus ran the pedigree,—owned one of the choicest spots in Suffolk, near the famous old town of St. Beowulf's-bury. She was mistress of an antique picturesque mansion, called The Abbey, of a modest but ample estate appended to it, and was lady of the manor of Culpho. No wonder that the little world of St. Beowulf's looked upon this young lady as a favoured child of fortune, and pricked up its ears when, after several years of foreign travel, she chose to settle in her country home. "What will she do with it?" asked the little world in a breath, concerning itself night and day with her future career. What she had done with it hitherto scandalised them not a little. It was now five years since she lost her father, and the greater part of those five years had been spent abroad. Instead of reading aloud to old women, catechizing the school children, dispensing Christmas doles, helping to embroider altar-cloths, and otherwise doing her duty in the parish, she preferred to travel and enjoy herself, spending one winter in Rome, another in the East, and so on. The plain truth of the matter was that Miss Ingaretha Meadowcourt had no taste for English country life, and would never have entered upon it but from a sense of duty. The monotony of it, the narrowness of it, the conventionalism of it, warred against a host of opposing idiosyncrasies. She had, moreover, inherited some unpopularity. Her father—whom she adored—had been an uncompromising Radical in a strictly Conservative neighbourhood, and to be so circumstanced is not to lie on a bed of roses. Whatever Ingaretha did amiss was doubly blained, because it was done by her father's daughter. If she wore a dress of unusual pattern or colour, people said, "What can you expect after such a bringing-up?" If she walked on foot she was considered a gipsy; if she rode, an amazon. There was

nothing she did that was not an offence, nothing she left undone that was not an affront.

For good or for evil, however, she was a power in the place, and the Liberal and Conservative parties of society waited eagerly till she should choose sides. Hitherto she had showed friendliness all round, but as it is impossible to be friendly all round very long, the High Church set and the Low Church set alternately quaked in its shoes. Never did spiritual shepherds cast more longing looks upon stray sheep than were cast by the different clerical leaders of St. Beowulf's upon this lovely white lamb that coquetted outside the fold, refusing to be caught, converted—and shorn.

Hardly less important than Ingaretha's choice of a guide in religious matters seemed her choice of a partner in affairs temporal. Whom would she marry? asked the people breathlessly. And as there was only one person within a somewhat liberal radius who could be called a proper aspirant for such an honour, Miss Meadowcourt's choice was styled Hobson's choice, and to that person she was married by the Fates—so said public opinion—whether she willed or no.

Mr. Carew Carew's estate joined Miss Meadowcourt's. Mr. Carew Carew was neither too young nor too old for Miss Meadowcourt, Mr. Carew Carew and Miss Meadowcourt were made for each other, and there only remained the slight difficulty, that at present they did not seem to realise the fact. There is a homely proverb, "One man may lead a horse to the pond, but twenty cannot make him drink;" and it applies to sweet waters as well as bitter, to human beings as well as horses, who know well enough how good the draught would be for them, but wilfully and provokingly abstain, in spite of persuasion. Mr. Carew and Miss Ingaretha had been known to spend many and many a winter in the same southern places of resort, had visited each other from youth upwards, moreover, and had exchanged civilities whenever they happened to find themselves neighbours. It was surely unpardonable of them not to oblige universal expectation, and marry!

Miss Ingaretha Meadowcourt and Mr. Carew were just the sort of people who never oblige universal expectation, doing the things polite society told them they ought not to do, and leaving undone the things they ought to have done. Both of them preferred ease to elegance, freedom to chains, no matter how well encased in rose-leaves, and estimated the forms of stereotyped society exactly at the value of a straw. People

liked them and were amused by them, but were not a little scandalised by their frequent deviations from ordinary behaviour.

On a certain Midsummer-day, for instance, the young mistress of the Abbey entertained two or three neighbours to tea out of doors, and the following event happened, which proved beyond a doubt how unlike she was to the rest of the world.

"Why are we so dull?" she asked,—a glaring impropriety to begin with. "It is Midsummer-day. The roses are all out. We have nothing to do but amuse ourselves, and yet how dull it is!"

Close at her elbow sat the Rector of Culpho, a cumbersome and mole-like person of about forty. One might say mole-like advisedly, for he was sleek and slow, his eyes were small, and he had a habit of retiring, with ungainly haste, from the daylight of discussion to the intellectual darkness in which he lived.

"I assure you," he said gallantly, "that I am never dull when in your company."

"If I were a proper-minded person I should return the compliment," answered Ingaretha, "but you are too charitable not to forgive me!"

The rector's sentiment was echoed by the rest of the party, and emphatically by a young lady who admired him as much as he admired Miss Meadowcourt.

"Then I can only say that I envy your good temper and resignation," Ingaretha added; crying suddenly, "Ah! thank heaven there is Mr. Carew."

"I thought," said the rector cautiously, and with a little look of mortification, "that you and our good neighbour were not exactly on visiting terms?"

"We are always quarrelling like intractable children," she replied, blushing and smiling, at which the rector looked puzzled, "but it has been set-fair with us for some time now;" whereupon the rector frowned, "though I daresay the glass will go down to-day." And that set the rector at his ease again.

Mr. Carew was neither young nor handsome, but he was the sort of person about whose age and looks no one thinks for a moment, possessing that gracious manner, that delightful *naïveté*, that exquisite capacity of enjoyment, which keep a man ever young and ever fascinating.

"Always late and always welcome," said his hostess cordially; "to-day later and more welcome than ever."

"Of all the misguided little virtues I hold punctuality to be the worst," Carew said

laughing. "For whom was the fatted calf killed? For the prodigal. For whom do the angels rejoice? Not the punctual sinner, but the dilatory one. What a delicious day, and what a heavenly place, Miss Meadowcourt!"

"Yet we were so dull just now that I felt inclined to ask Mr. Whitelock to preach a sermon by way of improving the time," cried Ingaretha wickedly.

"What profanation!" said Carew; then by way of modifying the sarcasm he added, "If there are sermons in stones, much more must there be sermons in June roses and water-lilies."

"Assuredly," said Mr. Whitelock. "Does not Solomon say, 'I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valleys?'"

"And that is *à propos* of what?" asked Ingaretha.

"Dear Miss Meadowcourt, let not your understanding so often run ahead of your reverence. I do not aver that those precise verses convey present application, but words of wisdom may surely be dropped in season and out of season by a minister."

"For my part, I hold with St. Paul, that everything should be done decently and in order; and as we all seem in a serious mood, let us talk of serious things. What does Mr. Carew think of our proposed additions to the infant-school, for instance?"

"Spare me," began Carew.

"Why should we spare you? Because you have of late been so helpful to us in parish business?"

"Because it is Midsummer-day, and the roses are all out," he said. "'What is so rare as a day in June?'"

"I accept your plea. We will go and gather some," Ingaretha answered.

She led the way to the miniature thicket of standard roses, crimson, cream-colour, pink, and white, that skirted the little river bounding the lawn. Then, dispensing her treasures like a queen, she grew quite gay.

Anything more beautiful than the white-robed figure of Ingaretha Meadowcourt standing among her rose-trees, you could not see in the old world or the new. She was tall, and stately in her carriage; she had an abundance of the hair that poets praise, golden as the tip of wheat-sheaves in August; a frank smile that came and went unbidden as sunbeams; large blue eyes always discovering and admiring, a noble brow, and the sweetest little mouth nature ever gave a woman. And nature had been bountiful in other ways, bestowing upon her the sort of playfulness



which brightens and beautifies every-day things. Existence came to her as to a happy child, full of surprises and pleasant opportunities, and delicious little insights into hidden worlds of enchantment and grace.

They stayed in the sunshine till every one's hands were full of roses and every one's cheeks glowed, then skirting the little river for a hundred yards entered by a rustic bridge into the welcome shadow of the park. How cool it was! How fresh and enchanting! The stockdove's monotonous music seemed an accompaniment to the trills and shakes and capriccios of the thrush and the lark; murmurs of happy insects filled the air; breaths of wild roses and freshly-mown hay were wafted hither and thither; timid little fledglings flew from bough to bough, exploring the world; butterflies, black and orange and pale yellow, glanced in the sunshine; the grand old oaks looking down in their fulness and majesty as much as to say, "Be merry, ye youngsters, it is your time."

Carew and Ingaretha led the way, their playful talk and laughter sufficing for all. But a happy mood, like a cup of wine, must be replenished to continue flowing for ever, and after awhile they too grew dull and unsympathetic like the rest. It is all very well to preach the doctrine of Christian charity; who can feel charitable to the people by whom a beautiful day and a joyful opportunity have been spoiled and wasted?

Tea was soon spread on the lawn, and Ingaretha said *sotto voce* to Carew as he helped her with the tea-cups—

"If only 'one sip of this would bathe the drooping spirits in delight.'"

"Beyond the bliss of dreams!" he added, laughing. "But take comfort—we will soon have some music."

The melancholy little meal was drawing to a close, and the warm lustrous day was shutting like a flower, when the gate clicked and two figures walked slowly and wearily up the avenue.

There was something inexpressibly pathetic and dignified about these wayfarers as they emerged from the dusky outer world into the gaily dressed circle, lighted up by Ingaretha's golden hair, the splendid silver tea-service, and a pyramid of white roses in a crystal vase.

The man was tall, slim, and of striking appearance, with a beautiful bloom of health in his thin old cheeks, and a beautiful look of boyishness about his face and figure, despite the white locks, soft as silk, that

reached to his shoulders. His clothes were made and mended without any regard to the eyes of the world: the pantaloons might have been cut out of a woman's gown, the coat pockets were so obviously unsafe that you felt sure there was nothing in them, his shoes were worn out, and the knapsack he bore was of the smallest and shabbiest; yet he planted his foot on the ground with a buoyant air, and greeted the company with incomparable grace.

The woman trudging by his side looked the older and the wearier of the two. She wore a broad-brimmed straw hat tied under her chin, which gave homeliness to a face not wanting in refinement, and she carried her scarecrow garments with equal resignation but less dignity than her companion. Her complexion was burnt to a deep brown, evidently by warmer suns than ours; if there was a look in her face of a great tragedy, her large benevolent careworn features were lighted up by bluish brown eyes, brilliant as jewels, her thin well-shaped lips betokened wit and character. She also bore a bundle, and like him, dropped it in order to greet Ingaretha and her guests.

"Monsieur Sylvestre!" cried Ingaretha incredulously.

"Madame Sylvestre!" said Carew, rising with hands outstretched to the pair.

"Ah! we have taken you too much by surprise," said the woman in soft plaintive French; "forgive us, dear friend, we were so impatient to see you once more."

But Ingaretha's arms were thrown around the woman's neck ere the words were fairly spoken, and after a kiss, a hand-clasp, and a whispered word of tenderest welcome, she introduced the new-comers to the rest of the party.

"How wonderful it is to see you here!" she said, making room for them on each side of her at the tea-table, "and just now life seemed so uninteresting that I thought wonders had ceased in the land. From whence do you come?"

"Straight from Africa," Monsieur Sylvestre answered, as coolly as if Africa were no farther off than St. Beowulf's; "and I will leave you to guess," casting a sly glance at the knapsack and bundle lying on the grass, "whether or no our goods and chattels have impeded our journey."

Ingaretha smiled, and asked Carew to go in-doors and order fresh cream, fresh strawberries, the largest and ripest, fresh tea, and everything to be had of the best, for her new guests. They repaid her hospitality in the

most acceptable coin, namely, that of enjoyment. Carew, who had known Madame Sylvestre abroad, found her as usual a little sad, a little regretful, but full of wit, humour, and observation. What Monsieur Sylvestre said, though addressed to Ingaretha, stirred, quickened, and bewildered the rest of the company, so piquant and original was he. The dulness that had before hung round the little party vanished like a fog, and the sun shone out. The dreary ceremonial of tea became a feast indeed. Eyes shone, cheeks glowed, laughter came and went unbidden. The water had been turned into wine, none quite knew how.

By-and-by, Carew went in-doors and began to play on the piano.

"Why should we not dance?" asked Monsieur Sylvestre of his hostess. "Our hearts are light. We have met again after divers misadventures. Let us inaugurate the joyful meeting with that immortal pastime."

"With all my heart," answered Ingaretha. The hint was given to the musician. Tables and chairs were put out of the way. Partners were chosen, and as the first airy strains of a waltz sounded from the open window, Ingaretha led off the dance with her latest visitor.

The waltz was followed by a cotillon, the cotillon by a mazurka, the mazurka by a quadrille, nor did the dancers desist till the nightingales were singing in the dusky shrubberies, and the stars were coming out one by one.

Then Ingaretha's guests, excepting Mr. Carew, drove home, a little scandalised at her way of doing things and at the impropriety into which she had led them. To dance in crowded ball-rooms and in evening costume was proper enough, but there was certainly a spice of looseness, vagabondage, call it what you will, about an improvised dance in the open air; and though they had enjoyed it during the time, they felt in duty bound to grow ashamed afterwards.

Again, Ingaretha's affectionate reception of these tatterdemalion foreigners argued ill for the future. Better churchmen and churchwomen could not be found than the gentry of St. Beowulf's, but they had only one way of reading Scripture, and were naturally shocked at such a new interpretation of the parable of the great supper. To feast the poor, and the halt, and the blind, was highly commendable; to bid the wearers of purple and fine linen and the wearers of rags to sit down at the same table, was wholly another thing.

## CHAPTER II.—MONSIEUR SYLVESTRE TELLS HIS STORY.

"AND now, dear friends," said Ingaretha when the little party assembled in the drawing-room after dinner, "tell me all that has happened to you since we last saw each other. Mr. Carew will, I know, like to hear the story as much as myself."

The generous wine as well as the cordial welcome of his hostess had repaired for the time being Monsieur Sylvestre's spent forces, and he flitted from one object to another in the choicely-furnished drawing-room gay as a butterfly.

"I am never tired of telling my own story, because it is much better than other people's," he said.

"And so much sadder," put in his wife with a sigh.

"But what a joyful finale to all our misadventures!" he went on. "Well, Miss Meadowcourt commands, and I, her leal servitor, have nothing to do but obey."

He leaned back on the mantelpiece, folded his arms in an easy attitude, and was about to begin, when Madame Sylvestre rose hurriedly and placed an easy-chair beside him. "Thou art tired, Benjamin," she said almost in a whisper. He sat down and began:—

"To you, a philanthropist," he said in French, looking at his hostess, "and to you, a poet," he said, turning to Carew, "I need make no apology if at one time my love of mankind, at another my imagination, carry me away. We have spent happy days together in lovely places,—a bond of union freemasonry cannot outbid; and we have talked of those things which bind people to each other like a sacrament taken in company. The good, the true, the beautiful, how we have loved and courted them!"

He smiled, stretched out his hands, and looked eagerly forward, as if seeing visions, adding,—

"I see it all before me, the little communistic settlement in the purple plain, with its orchards of almond and fig, its corn-fields and olive gardens, its flocks and herds,—the Paradise regained, where a few choice souls lived and worked and rejoiced together as brothers and sisters. Do you remember how you came with your English friends and abode with us? What days were those! We had a week of jubilee without a common hour. The harvest of the past year had been abundant, and our store-houses were full of corn, fruit, and wine. There were no plagues in the



land. The gorgeous wild-flowers of the south covered the waste like Joseph's coat of many colours. In those innocent bacchanals we grew drunken but not with wine. Would that all humanity followed our example !”

Thereupon he glanced round at his audience with a whimsically self-convicting expression, for moderately as he had partaken of Ingaretha's Rhenish wine, he was conscious of the mounted flush on his cheek and sparkle in his eye thereby induced.

“Soon after you left us,” he continued, “our troubles began. First of all, came the Arabs to plunder us. One night our goats went, that was bad enough ; but to lose our poultry was worse still, and they began by stealing the best—”

“Ah! a superb cock and five hens that never missed laying,” put in Madame Sylvestre with a great sigh.

“We had dogs, and we could have got help from the soldiers,” her husband went on, “but the Arabs were driven to these deeds by the direst necessity, and really wanted them more than we. In some places the colonists made no ado, but guarded their property with armed men ; we, the lovers and propagandists of peace, could not do that, however painful it was to be robbed, not only on account of the value of our poor beasts, but for the want of principle and the destitution it showed on the part of the Arabs. Night after night I patrolled the premises at the peril of my life ; yet the things went, sometimes a sack of grain, sometimes a hoe or a spade, sometimes a poor stray chick or duckling. However, we held up our hearts, for the corn promised well, and if the harvests were abundant everywhere the Arabs would have less temptation to maraud. But one morning, as we were dispersing to our field work, we saw flying from the south three or four silvery-winged little creatures no larger than humming-birds. My companions turned deadly pale and cried, ‘The locusts ! the locusts !’ It was the beginning of the plague. First they came by hundreds, like little harmless swarms of starlings migrating in autumn. Then they came by thousands, by hundreds of thousands, by millions, by millions of millions, till the earth was covered with them, the heavens were darkened, the pleasant world was turned into a pandemonium. By night and day we waged war with the persecutors, but it was like throwing a tea-cup full of oil on a raging sea ; slay, burn, impale as we might, the numbers seemed greater than ever. When at last the plague was over,

and the stinking carcasses of the enemy covered the length and breadth of the land, our hearts sank within us at the mischief that had been done—the beautiful young crops were ruined, the pastures were gone, the fruit trees were bare both of leaf and blossom. We knew well enough what was at hand.”

Here Monsieur Sylvestre resumed his declamatory attitude by the fire-place, well-pleased at the breathless interest he had kindled in his audience. Carew listened as to a tragic story or poem, but Ingaretha's hand pressed Madame Sylvestre's, and she whispered a sympathetic word from time to time. The poor Frenchwoman smiled through her tears, saying every now and then—

“How beautifully he tells it, does he not?”

Monsieur Sylvestre went on—

“How could we help knowing it? Our sleep was haunted with haggard figures threatening to kill us if we had no bread. But the reality was worse still. First came the starving men and women we had seen in our dreams, beseeching us in their hunger. We gave what we could, but there was none to work miracles, and the little we had to spare was soon at an end. These men and women came to us no more, but instead flocked hollow eyed spectres, and raging maniacs, and human beings turned into wild beasts of hunger. We had no reason to fear for our granaries and hen-roosts, they were all empty ; but our lives were not safe. ‘This is my child !’ shrieked one. ‘Feed us to-night, or he is killed and eaten !’ ‘You Europeans do not die,’ was the cry of others. ‘We will murder you unless you divide your secret stores with us.’ The government sent bread, but it could not feed millions, and for weeks the people kept perishing before our eyes. Still we stayed on, hoping for better days. The fever came next—fever did I say? It was the plague, such a plague as is sure to follow dearth, famine, and cannibalism, and we had grown familiar with all these. Hitherto people had died slowly, after days of raging madness and despair, or had lain down in a corner to die like dogs.

“But now death did his work in a quicker fashion. The wail of human nature turned savage was hushed. Men, women, and little children walked about meekly with a look of death in their faces, and dropped down on a sudden. There was no mistaking that look. Few tried to heal, none to console each other. As they had died of starvation before our eyes, with none to mourn or bury

them, now they died of the fever, stricken down like soldiers in a battle-field. The whole land was turned into a tomb—the tomb of nameless hundreds of thousands.”

“Then came the worst of all,” said Madame Sylvestre. Her husband rebuked her for the interruption by a gesture, and she was silent, following his looks and words with a horror-stricken expression. The two women drew closer to each other, and Ingaretha took up the thin, brown, toil-worn hand of her companion and kissed it reverently. “How you must have suffered!” she cried.

“The awful year drew to a close under somewhat better auspices,” the narrator continued. “We had survived assassination, famine, and pestilence, and might fairly deem that the wrath of the gods was spent at last. What seed-corn we had was put in the ground, what good cheer we could muster was devoted to the inauguration of the new year. Till long past midnight our little band of musicians made merry in the streets, and with the remaining wine of our vintage we toasted the immortal memory of Fourier, the regenerator of the social world. We were sleeping peacefully as babes in a cradle when, at day-break, something that sounded like thunder awoke us. I started from my bed, but ere I could reach the window our little tenement was shaking like a bird’s nest rocked by the wind. A few seconds more, and we found ourselves in the open air, we knew not how, scared, distracted, paralysed. The earth heaved under our feet, making us sick and giddy. A horrid crash sounded in our ears. Human cries rose up on every side. ‘The earthquake! The earthquake!’ People shrieked, wept, and prayed by turns. To add to our misery, rain was falling in torrents, and we were but half-dressed. A few, indeed, escaped in their night-clothes. Some delayed escape too long.”

“Poor Blaise was lost to us that morning,” sobbed Madame Sylvestre; “he had a heart of gold, and stopped to look for his dog.”

“The Arabs taught us Christian folks a lesson then,” Monsieur Sylvestre resumed. “‘It is the will of Allah,’ they said, stalking to and fro, stately as kings, resigned as apostles. Ah, it was grand to see them!”

“They pilfered us directly our backs were turned,” put in Madame Sylvestre.

“I will leave you to imagine that day of cold, destitution, and misery. Wet to the skin, shelterless, hungry, and for once desponding, we resolved to set out in search of some encampment, where we should at least have a tent over our heads. The next vil-

lage, they brought us word, was in ruins, and the next and the next, but tents had been sent from the nearest military station, so we departed. What a journey was that! One must tread upon the heels of an earthquake to realise the awfulness of it. We got a rude conveyance, and travelled slowly by the light of a brilliant moon, in search of shelter. But there was none to spare. We warmed ourselves at the soldiers’ watch-fires, and went on, passing ghastly spectres of what had been yesterday thriving little towns. Here and there a house, split like a pomegranate, stood out from the chaos of ruin. Through the stillness of the night came the wails of those who had been made widows and orphans. The beautiful little city, embosomed in orange and lemon gardens—Blidah—was deserted as if plague-stricken. There was no choice for us but to reach the coast.”

Monsieur Sylvestre paused, took breath, and added in a passionate tone of reproach and entreaty—

“Call us not cowards if the sight of the sea acted like a charm, drawing us homewards! All the treasure that we had was buried in that bewitching but most ungrateful country—sinews, endeavours, courage, patience, life-blood, hope, we gave her our all, and she repaid us thus! Decimated by fever, despoiled by savages, ruined by pestilence, unhoused by earthquake, we had no choice but to turn our backs upon the land of the palm, the fig, and the olive, and go forth, to seek bread and shelter elsewhere.”

He dashed aside a tear, and cried, stretching out his hands, as if beholding the emblematic figure he apostrophised—

“Oh, Algérie! Algérie! not thus shouldst thou have repaid the pioneers of solidarity, the disciples of the latter-day prophet! How have we loved, trusted, caressed thee! How hast thou played with us, chastised, expelled us, a band of martyrs crowned with asphodel!”

“But now you shall wear wreaths of heart’s-ease and roses,” Ingaretha said brightly, though tears were in her eyes. “Here there are at least neither locusts nor earthquakes, and you shall have a bit of land to turn into an Eden after your own heart.”

His depression vanished like a child’s tears at the sight of sugar-plums. Had the company present been disposed to hear him, he would at once have described the Utopia that was to be created under Ingaretha’s auspices, the last and best of so many. But it was already late. Mr. Carew had a ride of five miles before him; Madame Sylvestre had



dropped asleep, and even Ingaretha looked drowsy. The beautiful vision was put off till a more fitting opportunity.

Ingaretha took her friend by the hand and led her up stairs.

"These are your rooms," she said; "I think they are the prettiest in the house, and Monsieur Sylvestre will enjoy the little dressing-room—study—call it what you like—looking across the park, and the ruined gateway of the old cottage."

"What magnificence!" said the Frenchwoman sadly, touching the furniture with gingerly hand. "What carpets, what curtains, what pretty things! Oh! Mademoiselle, this is much too good for us."

The rooms were neither very spacious nor very imposing; but the bright blue hangings, the soft Persian rugs, the easy-chairs, and hundred and one little comforts, might well strike one accustomed to fewer hardships than Madame Sylvestre. Ingaretha looked pained.

"The best cannot be too good for one's friends," she said, kissing her affectionately. "Did you not tell me so when I was your guest in your Phalanstery?"

"Ah! what was our hospitality in comparison to yours!"

Ingaretha chided her playfully, and had reached the door when, half hesitatingly, she went back again to where Madame Sylvestre was standing.

"You have not told me a word about René?" she asked, turning red as a rose. "Nor of Maddio. Where are they? What are they doing?"

"Alas, we know not. They would stay behind, though starvation stared them in the face. They could not be persuaded to quit the land of their adoption."

"But they are well?" she whispered eagerly. "The fever spared them?"

"Thank heaven, yes; Maddio made his adieux, gay as a child; poor René was a little sad, but both were well when we parted."

"Thank heaven!" Ingaretha said fervently, and then the last good night was said.

Madame Sylvestre eyed her poor mended garments ruefully as she took them off one by one. How out of place they looked amid all this elegance! Little enough she cared for finery herself, poor soul; but she was mortified through her affections. She knew that though she should ever be the same to her husband and Ingaretha whether clad in rags or satin, they suffered vicariously if she was sneered at or slighted by the vulgar.

The unwonted softness of the pillows, however, and the happy consciousness of a long and toilsome journey achieved, acted like poppy juice on weary body and brain. She fell asleep, and slept the rare delicious sleep that lasts from midnight till the matins of the birds are ended, and the hungry ploughman sits down to breakfast beside the furrows he has turned since dawn.

#### CHAPTER III.—POET AND PHILANTHROPIST.

PLEASANT and reviving it is to hear the sweet voice of a woman about the house, and Ingaretha had the habit of singing as she went, whenever her heart was light. Long before her guests were astir, she had breakfasted and was busy on a hundred schemes for their business and pleasure; interspersing her thoughtful moods with snatches of song. Having placed freshly-gathered flowers on the table, dawdled in the garden a little by the hand-carriage of the invalid aunt and godmother, whose home had been Ingaretha's since childhood, she mounted her unpretentious-looking mare and rode off in the direction of the village. She was no patroness of the hunt, a prodigy of equestrian excellence, but rode with the inherited ease and grace of a well-bred woman who feels as much at home in the saddle as in her court-dress.

The skylarks were singing among the pearly clouds, the fawns frisked hither and thither across the turf, a hundred little flowers were opening their eyes, the trees stood full-robed in the splendour of June. Everything looked young and gay and beautiful. By-and-by, she passed out of the park and entered a narrow by-road. To the right, stretched level fields of young green corn and rich brown fallows, divided by hawthorn hedges; to the left lay a pretty farm-house, with a well-kept flower-garden in front, an orchard, roseate as sunset cloud, with apple-blossoms on one side, farm-buildings, corn-stacks, and meadows on the other. She was about to pull up, when a straw hat appeared above the opposite hedge and Mr. Carew called out—

"Miss Meadowcourt, do ride as far as the stile, and then I can speak to you."

In two minutes he was walking beside her, talking eagerly about the Sylvestres, their strange story, their wonderful youthfulness and fortitude under trouble. Then he brought out his sketch-book with a sudden change of idea. Showing her a water-colour drawing, "See," he said, "such a weird little view lies within gunshot of these

trim fields! Will you alight for a quarter of an hour and walk with me to look at it?" he asked.

She assented, gave him her hands, soft as little birds, and sprang from the saddle. They skirted the fallow-land, Carew leading the way. As they went, a sound of pain and fear came from the hedge, and looking round, they saw a young partridge lying in

the grass, that had evidently been wounded by a hawk or some other enemy. There was something inexpressibly touching about the helplessness and despair of the little creature as it stared at them with terrified eyes, unable to fly or defend itself.

"Let us take it home to the gamekeeper," Ingaretha said, picking it up carefully. "If it is past help, it shall be put out of its



misery. Will you put it in your handkerchief?"

He obeyed somewhat unwillingly. A few steps farther on, they saw a beautiful little mole, just thrown out of a trap, wounded, but not quite dead.

"It is hard to have no souls and yet to suffer," Ingaretha said.

"Yes," he answered; "I could show you

any happy summer morning sadder things in your thickets and glades than you dread of. Appalling, indeed, is the tragedy of Nature, and the part we play in it. We live in an age of mercy, yet the Messiah of the animal world is not yet come."

"If the human world were happier, perhaps we could spare one," Ingaretha said coldly and sadly. "Strange, that you should



feel more for the sufferings of partridges and moles than for the sufferings of men and women. When I talk to you of our poor people, you show no enthusiasm."

"A man cannot change his nature, and I cannot turn philanthropist," he said earnestly. "For your sake, would that it were possible!"

"You are a poet, an artist, a dreamer," she went on with the slightest shade of reproach in her voice, "and I can well understand how it is that you reconcile yourself to an irresponsible, pleasure-seeking—forgive me—impression-seeking life. But is there not time enough to do a little work as well as enjoy a good deal of beauty?"

They were now penetrating a little hazel copse, and as they went, the little branches caught her hair, first one lock, then another, till it fell a golden shower on her shoulders. How bright she looked, how eager, how beautiful! Carew answered her, colouring to the brow—

"Seven years ago, I said to you what I say now, and what would be in my heart seven, nay, twice seven years hence, if I might then speak to you of familiar things. But I should be a hypocrite were I to pledge myself to the life you hold most estimable. I acknowledge and deplore the misery of the world, but I cannot give heart and soul to Blue-books, and social science, and criminal reform. As well blame a daffodil for not being an apple-tree, as blame a born artist for not being a philanthropist."

"You preach an easy-going fatalism in which I do not believe. Land-owners like you and I have no right to enjoy our property without undertaking its responsibilities."

"I have often wished myself quite poor," Carew said wistfully. "Had I only a hundred pounds of my own a year, I am sure you would have liked me better."

"I should have blamed you less," Ingaretha answered.

He was silent for a few minutes, then burst out passionately—

"Do not call the life wasted which is spent in the pursuit of the lovely and the good. Sweep the universe clean of all but the useful, and what would it be like!—fields without daisies, academies without poets, women without grace—good heavens! the beauty around us would degenerate into ugliness if there were neither poets nor painters to remind us of it, idealise it, interpret it. And"—he said this pointedly and bitterly—"you deceive yourself if you think that the world is only made better by

your Reform Bills and Sanitary Associations and Reformatories. Granted that the artist is an idler in these fields, are there no golden harvests to be reaped elsewhere? Shall the soul perish whilst the body be superabundantly fed?"

Ingaretha interrupted him in tones as eager as his own.

"You speak as if a song, a flower, or a happy inspiration could be to the ignorant and debased what they are to us, who are enlightened and happy. Christ fed the multitude as well as preached the truth to them."

"But the truth went first! Oh! take care how you appraise Beauty as a moralising force, quickening, exalting, enlarging. The enlightened and the happy! what a minority are they! Do we two ever meet without complaining to each other of the dead level of moral and intellectual commonplace amid which we find ourselves here? And if a spark of enthusiasm or noble feeling shines out, what breath is there to fan it into a flame? You philanthropists and realists forget that society can only be perfected by the love of intellectual beauty working from within. Can legislation or inventions, or even state education keep the spirit alive? The dreamer of noble dreams helps most of all."

"Of noble dreams we have enough," Ingaretha said sadly, "yet the people are starved, flesh and spirit."

"At least, concede a little to those who bequeath thoughts if not deeds to their fellow-creatures. A lovely fancy, a fresh ideal, how good and reviving are they! For your sake," he added fervently, "I would fain become a politician and put my shoulder to the wheel of public life, but my heart, my faith, my real self would never be in the work. Were one or two of my little songs to float down the stream of time consoling the unhappy, delighting young and old, I should count my time better spent."

She looked at him, half incredulous, half pitying.

"You despise me. I had better have left my apology unsaid," he said.

"I do not understand you," she answered, "that is all."

There seemed nothing more for Carew to say after that little speech, though his heart was full. Had Ingaretha been in a different mind, he would have brought out a poem he had written in the hayfield just before, as dainty an offering as love ever presented, but he withheld it without a hint of its existence.

They walked side by side, each rapt in secret thoughts.

By-and-by they came to the edge of a huge chalk-pit, and looking down, saw a gipsy encampment in the hollow. Descending a little way, they found themselves shut in a world of white and blue, the dazzling chalk-cliffs standing against the unclouded sky like a rampart. A fire was burning at the farther end, and the column of blue smoke rising from it gave a witch-like look to the black-haired, mahogany-skinned woman bending over the kettle. Two or three children, brown and disheveled as savages, were collecting brambles at the pit-mouth. Some bits of ragged drapery hung on the furze bushes, red, blue, and orange.

When Carew had retouched his sketch at Ingaretha's suggestion, they returned to the horses. She spoke again of her new guests, and entreated him to be kind and helpful to them, which he promised cheerfully. Pleasant talk seemed possible once more, and he grew light-hearted at finding her so trustful and comrade-like.

"You know their worth as well as I do," she began.

"And their eccentricities," he answered, smiling. "They will persuade you to turn the Abbey into a Phalanstery, after the model of the one they left in ruins, or to start a second New Harmony founded on the plans of Robert Owen."

"I cannot and will not send them away," she said eagerly. "They have suffered too much, and I love them too dearly. What is the use of living, unless we make some one happy? and I can make them happy. Will you help me to do that?"

"With all my heart—short of becoming a socialist," he answered, "or of furthering socialist conspiracies. Do they want a house to live in? or money? or anything else in my power to bestow? Only tell me what to do."

She thanked him, laughing at his impetuosity; then, telling him that she was going to consult her farm-steward, Mr. Minifie, on their behalf, crossed the road in the direction of the farm-house, the groom and horse following. Carew lingered a little; but at the end of a quarter of an hour, no Ingaretha appearing, he went away. Let each misunderstand the other as they might, there was this feature in their intercourse, that even when they parted in sorrow or in anger, it was with the hope of meeting again. But for Carew's unhappy passion, indeed, they would have been excellent comrades. Again, and again,

he had said to himself that this passion should be destroyed, and a friendship recreated, phoenix-like, from its ashes; again and again love had vindicated itself—strong, young, hopeful, happy. He knew well enough that there were other women in the world, if not so sweet and lovely as she, still sweet and lovely; he knew well enough that the best part of his life was going, and that when it was gone, he should perhaps grudge the wasted affection and the hoping against hope of so many years. Like some mediæval alchemist, who spends strength, soul, and substance upon the uncaptured truth that now comes near, now eludes his grasp, now vanishes out of sight, to return and hover before him, a golden vision, he passed his days in alternate hope, fear, and ecstasy.

A very unpopular person among his neighbours was Mr. Carew. He was no sportsman, took no part in politics or county business, and entered very little into society. It was whispered that he wrote poetry, and if the writing of poetry does not stamp a country gentleman as a very poor creature indeed, what does? The world was angry with him for being an amateur, moreover. How often do we repeat the cant abuse about amateurs, as if higher praise could be given a man than that he was an artist by reason of his passion for art! To make a virtue of necessity is an easy kind of spiritual morality; we want bread, shelter, the wherewithal to be clothed, and find the world willing to furnish us with all these things provided we offer in return—what? Not material treasure and service, but the winged offspring of ethereal conceptions, heaven-born sons and daughters of Imagination and Fancy. Some of us prize these spiritual creations so far beyond the gross satisfactions of the flesh, that we cannot bring ourselves to barter the one for the other, preferring rather to supply them by means of other wares, or perhaps neglect them a little. Who is the loser by such a compact?—the poet or the world? Neither, we say; rather gainers. Whether an artist be rich or poor, having to gain his bread or no, let his work, soul-emanating and soul-reaching, be its own reward; let him, in short, study to be an amateur in the most pregnant sense of the word: to write poems, paint pictures, compose melodies for dear love's sake, naught else, were it a golden crown or a purple robe such as the saints wear in heaven. "All is not gold that glitters" is a poor proverb, oftentimes falling short of application. Is not all gold that glitters in the eyes of the lover of Beauty—the



evening-cloud, the sunset sea, the daisy's heart?

Mr. Carew's guests, whenever he happened to spend a few months at home, were very promiscuous—Italian fiddlers; artists of various nations, often in threadbare coats; occasionally a poet, than whom no untamed tiger could have created a greater feeling of incongruity among the matter-of-fact St. Beowulfians; and so on. Whatever Mr. Carew did, mystified or affronted people. Whatever he left undone, equally mystified or affronted them. That he did not marry Miss Meadowcourt affronted them most of all. In country places, it seems almost impossible to believe that a few misguided house-sparrows, red-breasts, and swallows, are not in the pay of the father of lies, to propagate tittle-tattle and scandal. Perhaps the privations of severe winters tempt them into making the bargain. Be this as it may, not a week, hardly a day passed, without some new rumour concerning the two cynosures of neighbouring eyes, Ingaretha Meadowcourt and Mr. Carew. Swiftly as if every gossamer thread were a telegraphic wire, the news of this accidental meeting and walk was straightway borne throughout the length and breadth of the place, with what commentaries and conclusions the imaginative reader may easily determine.

#### CHAPTER IV.—MR. AND MRS. MINIFIE.

IF there was one person in the world whom Ingaretha cordially disliked, it was her tenant and steward, Mr. Minifie. Ingaretha was an excellent landlady, and Mr. Minifie was an excellent tenant. He had been in the confidence of her father moreover, and she felt too inexperienced as yet to take matters into her own hands and get rid of him. As a tenant, she could not get rid of him, for he held an unexpired lease of several years; and as a steward, there was every reason, in a worldly point of view, for keeping him. He not only farmed after a first-rate method himself, but insisted upon the other tenants doing the same. His management of her affairs was generally allowed to be unexceptionable. "Whatever you do, my dear," said her faithful old friend and lawyer, Mr. Mede, of St. Beowulf, "keep Minifie. He's not a pleasant fellow, but he does well by your property;" and, much against her inclination, she did keep him, partly because she knew of no one to put in his place, and partly because she had no tangible excuse for displacing him. Mr. Minifie was certainly not a pleasant fellow.

He had married a woman twenty-five years older than himself for money to begin with; and having possessed himself of her fortune, cared very little what became of herself. He was one of those men who are made up of so many mean little qualities, in homœopathic proportions, that ordinary moral nomenclature falls short in cataloguing them.

Mrs. Minifie was so fortunate as to have hobbies, otherwise the monotonous money-making life to which she was tied must have proved unendurable. She loved to pose as a quack doctor to the poor people, and as a moral teacher to all the young women of her acquaintance, whether married or single. She loved, moreover, to deliver harmless little tirades against her husband. It would be hard to say which of her favourite tasks she found most agreeable—preparing doses of nux vomica and tarraxicum, giving lectures on moral, social, and religious topics, or whispering explosive little domestic secrets.

Mrs. Minifie dispensing medicine was a sight to remember. She always sat on a low stool, having her medicine-chest on the floor before her, her large untidy person attitudinised with an attempt at gracefulness, her abundant flossy hair, of mixed pale straw-colour and grey, flowing straight from the temples, her whole appearance that of a person ludicrously late recalled to vanity. Mrs. Minifie did not marry till long after she had ceased to think marriage desirable, and it cost her many and many a pang to give up, as completely as she believed that she did give up, the slothful, slatternly habits of her spinsterhood. She would occasionally so far make a sacrifice to the shrine of fashion as to buy a yard or two of bright ribbon or lappet of lace, which she would wear as incongruously as a Caffir or Cherokee; but she never grew tidy enough to fasten her buttons, lace up her shoes, clip or trim disheveled fringes, or attain to the geometrical exactitude requisite in a lady who wears caps. Mr. Minifie might go in a passion, might fling about chairs and other missiles, might wish himself unmarried a thousand times,—though often moved to promises and tears, she was never moved to repentance. The poor people employed on Mr. Minifie's farm were almost as ignorant as the Arabs who worshipped sticks and stones before the advent of Mahomet. Their little hamlet, called Peasemarsch, was an out-of-the-way place, and life did not seem such a priceless boon that any great efforts were made to prolong it. The chapel-goers, in case of illness, begged a dose or a plaister of Mrs. Minifie; the church-goers went to the curate's

for a saline draught or a tract: the doctor's services seemed a luxury not to be thought of. The Peasemarth people, in other words Mr. Minifie's labourers, showed much more concern about their souls. They were a primitive set of religionists, who named their sons after the prophets or their daughters after Job's daughters. Very few of them could read or write, but they could all preach, and if a cow were taken ill, or a horse fell into a ditch, it was prayed over, and left to miraculous interposition. When the business of her dispensary was closed for the day, Mrs. Minifie would wander about the house and garden till dinner-time. Any one seeing her amongst her apple-trees on a bright summer day was reminded of some grotesque Madonna in old stained-glass windows. Her hair, of the colour of ripe barley, her large, monotonous face, her ill-shaped, gaily-dressed figure—for Mrs. Minifie loved colour as much as a Kentucky negress—stood out of the background of green and blue like the quaint conceptions of mediæval painters.

Mr. Minifie liked Peasemarth because the land was rich and brought him wealth, but Mrs. Minifie disliked it for that very reason. She would fain have given wings to her dull days by flitting from place to place, as she had done before marriage; and it seemed very unreasonable that her husband should not feel the same. She was old and he was young, she said to herself; yet he could content himself with living out of the world all the days of his life, while she was as eager to fly off to Brighton or Paris as any school-girl of eighteen. It seemed very unnatural, and she christened Mr. Minifie's contentment by the name of perversity. By one o'clock he would return from his ride, and though it was years since she married him, his look of youthfulness struck her as a new fact every day. In the first year or two of marriage this contrast between herself and him had not been painful. He was then wont to affect chivalrous little sentimentalities and boyish ostentations of homage that compensated for it. Now all was altered. He would stroke his bright-brown head with a look that plainly said, "Not one grey hair yet!" he would crack nuts with his sound white teeth; would leap a five-barred gate whenever she happened to be walking with him, and insist upon her going round by some other way; would ever feed her wonder, in fine, patented his youth and strength upon every occasion. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Minifie had delicate palates, and their meals were ill-provided, ill-cooked, and ill-served to such a pitch that, excepting

to themselves, eating in their house was a time of dire probation. The asparagus was never brought to table till it had run to seed; the chickens were allowed to fatten about the granaries, whilst their lean old parents were killed and cooked; the cream went into the churn, whilst they complacently put sour milk into their coffee and rancid butter upon their bread. They did not make a merit of this, or do it by way of mortifying the flesh, but Mr. Minifie was economical, and had his way.

To Mrs. Minifie the days at Peasemarth were like common clay vessels, made to hold water and not wine. She envied other people's crystal cups filled with choice Falernian, and blamed her husband for not entering upon her feelings. "You never seem to think I want any pleasure," she would say with a sigh, "yet in my heart I am younger than you." Which was true, for in some things she was very young indeed. "Do I take any pleasure myself?" he would retort brutally; "if I did you might find fault with reason." One indulgence he allowed her, and that was an old hooded phaeton, in which she took an airing every day. There is an elective affinity in things as well as in persons, and Mrs. Minifie's coachman, carriage, and horse seemed made for her. The horse was a ponderous, sandy-coloured beast—as clumsy about the pasterns as his mistress about the ancles; the driver, one of those hopelessly good-tempered Suffolkers whose mental fog no light of education can reach; and the carriage matched all three, being antiquated, cumbersome—a graceless legacy of past generations. "What a horse, what a trap, what a scarecrow inside!" Mr. Minifie would say to himself whenever he saw his wife setting out on a drive; and she knew well enough that he said or thought it.

Ingaretha's visit was an event at Peasemarth. Mrs. Minifie threw down her novel with a sense of relief, thinking it much better to see one person who was young, handsome, and interesting, than to read of twenty who were superabundantly gifted with all kinds of fascinating qualities.

She rose from her seat, cordial, inquisitive, full of gratitude for so welcome an interruption. If only Ingarethas, with golden hair and piquant talk, would drop from the skies every day, life would be endurable.

"I didn't believe Mr. Minifie a bit, when he told me you were settled at the Abbey," she said. "How could you bring your mind to it?"

"I never intended to live out of England altogether," Ingaretha answered, shaking Mrs.



Minifie warmly by the hand; "I love the old place a great deal too much for that."

"But how much pleasanter to be running about the world and seeing different things every day! Ah! I envy you. I shall never see Paris any more, and I daresay you were there three or four weeks back. Mr. Minifie keeps me as much of a prisoner as if I were a lunatic."

"I hope he will let you come and see me sometimes," Ingaretha said, not knowing whether to look gay or serious. "I should like to go with you among the poor people."

"What an odd notion! But I am always telling Mr. Minifie that the world is turning topsy-turvy, and that his theories are out of date. If you wish to befriend the labourer, manage your affairs yourself, dear Miss Meadowcourt. That is my advice."

Ingaretha opened her eyes incredulously.

"Well, get to know them as well as I do, and judge for yourself. How is it that your land brings in more rent than other people's? By squeezing the tenants. How is it that the farmers make up their rent? By squeezing the labourers. Mr. Minifie boasts of his account-books. Well he may. He does his duty by you; but it's a case of robbing Peter to pay Paul."

"I am very sorry to hear this," Ingaretha said. "It is quite new to me."

"You have not been penned up in this dull spot for ten years, as I have, with only the poor people to speak to, or you would understand very well how Mr. Minifie manages things. Not that I dislike poor people. If one is shut up in prison, rats and spiders become better company than none at all."

"When I was a little girl, in my dear father's lifetime," Ingaretha made answer, "I used to be very fond of going amongst the poor people, and it is my duty to do what I can for them now."

"Oh! you are too young to talk so."

"I am twenty-six," she answered, with great seriousness.

"What a pity to take up good works at your time of life! If you do that now, what will you take to when you are old and hardened in sin like the rest of us? But here's Mr. Minifie: he'll tell you the poor people eat roast beef and plum-pudding every day, and look forward to the workhouse as a paradise. Don't believe a word he says, and do the exactly opposite of what he tells you."

Mr. Minifie came in—young, brisk, good-looking. "Janey," he said, "how could you let Miss Meadowcourt sit in such an uncom-

fortable chair? Janey, have you offered Miss Meadowcourt some new milk? Janey, ask Miss Meadowcourt to go into the other room, it is so much cooler. Janey, you must sit quite still whilst Miss Meadowcourt and I talk on business;" and so on. When at last preliminaries were settled, he descended upon hay crops, new fences, leases, and repairs for upwards of an hour, Ingaretha listening with forced interest.

"There are two things I want to talk about," she said, as soon as his reports seemed drawing to an end. "In the first place, I want a small farm to let to a friend."

"Friends never pay rent," rejoined Mr. Minifie.

"In this case, I should not expect him to pay it," Ingaretha answered, with a smile and a blush. "I know it sounds unbusiness-like, but such is the case. An old friend of mine, one of the persons I value most in the world, has come to England, and a few acres of land would make him quite happy. I would willing sacrifice a little money to do that."

Mr. Minifie's eyes looked the things courtesy forbade him to utter.

"You think me unpractical, I know, Mr. Minifie?"

"Quite so, Miss Meadowcourt. Give away half-a-crown rather than lend three shillings any day: you run no risk, and your mind is easy. No, I could not reconcile it to my conscience to have a hand in the making of such a pie."

"But," Ingaretha answered persistently, "if I chose to buy a little more land myself, for the sake of letting it to a friend on my own responsibility, I should not then compromise your conscience?"

"Of course not," Mr. Minifie answered. "Or you could let the first farm that falls vacant to any one as ignorant of farming as I am of book-learning. But I really must decline to manage your affairs when I cannot deal with your sixpences and shillings as fairly as if they were my own."

Ingaretha made no answer. Much as she disliked the matter and manner of his speech, she was obliged to admit that there was reason on his side.

"However," he added, "as there is not a lease that expires for three years, I hope to have the honour of serving you till then. If you were proposing to me the best farmer in the county, he would have to wait till next Michaelmas three years."

"But surely there are a few acres to let or sell somewhere in the neighbourhood?"

"Miss Meadowcourt, you might almost as

well try to find a cow versed in the catechism. If you wanted five hundred or a thousand, I could find something to suit you to-morrow."

"There is Mr. Moyses's little farm," put in Mrs. Minifie, looking up from her seat. "You told me yesterday that he was going to sell it and retire next Michaelmas."

"Now, Janey, do allow my business with Miss Meadowcourt to be transacted without interruption. Mr. Moyses's place will sell as dear as fire is hot, and is a seventy-acred farm. Miss Meadowcourt speaks of a few acres."

"How much money would be required to hire or buy it?" asked Ingaretha.

"Seven or eight hundred pounds might cover stock, crop, and valuation; and for the purchase, I should say they would ask not less than three thousand pounds. But I'll look about for what you want, Miss Meadowcourt—shall we say three or four acres?"

"Let me have the first chance then, for there is no time to lose."

"Excuse me, but I hope you won't go in for fancy farming on a larger scale. For you'd make ducks and drakes of a thousand pounds in no time."

"And isn't that Miss Meadowcourt's own affair?" asked Mrs. Minifie, lifting up her large flossy head from the ottoman. "Dear me, what liberties you take, to be sure!"

"I have something else to say to you," pursued Ingaretha, before Mr. Minifie could retort. "When will the workmen begin the new cottages? I particularly wish them to be put in hand as soon as possible."

"They shall set to work at once; but I don't think a chicken will come out of that egg, Miss Meadowcourt. To help the poor here and there is like feeding two or three pigs on cauliflowers, and turning them into a cabbage garden without rings in their noses. Let all be coddled, or all be treated like grunTERS, I say. You build a dozen cottages fit for gentlefolks to live in. Nobody else follows your example, and the consequence is that you make twelve labouring families stuck-up, and two or three hundred envious and discontented."

"The more discontented the better," Mrs. Minifie put in.

"I quite agree with you," Ingaretha answered. "The poor have no right to be contented till the rich behave differently to them. I, at any rate, don't mean to let them be herded together like cattle because my neighbours are indifferent to it. And there is another matter on my mind, Mr. Minifie.

Why are all the footpaths being gradually done away with? For you and me who can ride or drive wherever we want to go, short cuts are of little consequence; but for those who have to walk miles after their work, they are real boons. We ought to attend to this."

"Just as you please, Miss Meadowcourt; but I don't think you see what all these things will lead to. The poor won't bear spoiling, and if you once begin to tell them that everybody ought to feed well and lie warm, they'll claim your own dinner and feather-bed in a twinkling. Tell them everybody ought to be educated, and they'll soon find out they're too good for their places. I don't say the poor have a good time of it, they couldn't have a much worse; but how we are to better them without hurting ourselves? The parsons, I take it, know what they are about when they preach contentment Sunday after Sunday. Change their tune, and they would soon find things taking a different turn."

"I think things are taking a different turn," Ingaretha said; "and I am sorry you don't welcome the signs of change. But I must go now."

She made her adieux abruptly and rode home; trying to escape from the sordid atmosphere of the farm. This was the man who had hitherto represented her property! This was the man whom friends, trustees, and advisers called "worth his weight in gold!" This was the man in whose hands lay the cause of the poor!

Summer seemed banished from the world in a sudden, and dread after dread, chimera after chimera, filled her mind. She almost wished that the fates had ordered otherwise for her, and that, instead of being lady of the manor of Culpho and mistress of the Abbey with its rich acres, she was a penniless maiden, dowered only with the love of a man as loyal as Carew.

#### CHAPTER V.—HAPPY HOMES.

BUT at the Abbey summer still reigned supreme. Monsieur and Madame Sylvestre found themselves, like good children in a story-book, visiting a fairy godmother. It seemed at first difficult to select one enjoyment from among so many. There was the library to begin with, and what lover ever wooed a long-absent mistress so rapturously as the scholar his beloved treasure-house after painful years of separation? These weather-beaten travellers had not looked for decades on stately rows of vellum and calf, nor turned



with reverent fingers the thick, cream-coloured page, nor feasted with unwearying eyes upon the generous type, nor enjoyed the hundred nameless pleasures of literary epicureanism. Monsieur Sylvestre flitted for a while from book to book like a butterfly in a flower-garden, then settled himself luxuriously in an easy-chair before the open window. But he could not rest long anywhere. The rose-leaves wafted across his pages, the sweet smells and happy sounds that came in with every puff of wind, the unaccustomed atmosphere of ease, elegance, and repose, intoxicated, disturbed him. He put down his book, and stepped out on to the terrace.

"Come, Euphrosyne," he said, "thou must be idle too. Such a day as this is to be drunk to the last drop, like a draught of wine."

They descended to the garden, wandered along the flower-bordered banks of the tiny river for awhile, then meeting a gardener, begged to see the orchard and aviary. He led them across a spacious stone court, in which a superb peacock was sunning himself, into a greenhouse glowing like Aladdin's garden. There under long glass roofs were strawberries large as plums, cucumbers blue with bloom, sea-green marrows embedded in yellowish leaves, purple veined figs, clusters of vine leaf and tendrils, oranges just catching a gleam of gold, and innumerable luxuriant and lovely things. The salad beds struck Madame Sylvestre as most worthy of admiration, and whilst her husband went into raptures at the familiar sight of almond trees in blossom, she stooped down and gathered a waxy lettuce leaf tenderly.

"Ah!" she ejaculated aloud, "how often has hunger been stayed by thee! Thou friendly little leaf! Nature is kind, and sends her fruits, like sisters of charity, among the needy and suffering."

And she munched it for old acquaintance-sake. They were next led to the poultry yard, which was noisy, fluffy, democratic with the teeming life of June. Not that the democracy of an amateur's plump, pampered Cochin China and bantams at all resembles the democracy of the barn-door Dorking and the dung-hill cock; where every one gets plenty, no one need pick out his neighbour's eyes for a grain of barley. But the monotony of feathered existence would be unbearable without a good round fight now and then. The best of hen mothers are savagely jealous of their neighbours' offspring, and peck at any stray chick or duckling out of sheer malice;

the bantam cock who has been bred and born in an atmosphere of peace, will stand on tip-toe, puff out his feathers, and make an assault on his brother bantam when the humour seizes him; and the beautiful glossy grey guinea fowls—apparently the Quakers of the animal world—glory in onslaught, blood, and battle.

Then they were taken to the neathouse to see the cows—happy cows—that were cropping the thick grass of Ingaretha's pastures all day long, except at milking time. How fat, how clean, how intelligent they looked! Madame Gay, who remembered with pangs the poor, lean, dejected beasts they had been compelled to kill and eat in Africa, apostrophised these privileged sisters almost reproachfully.

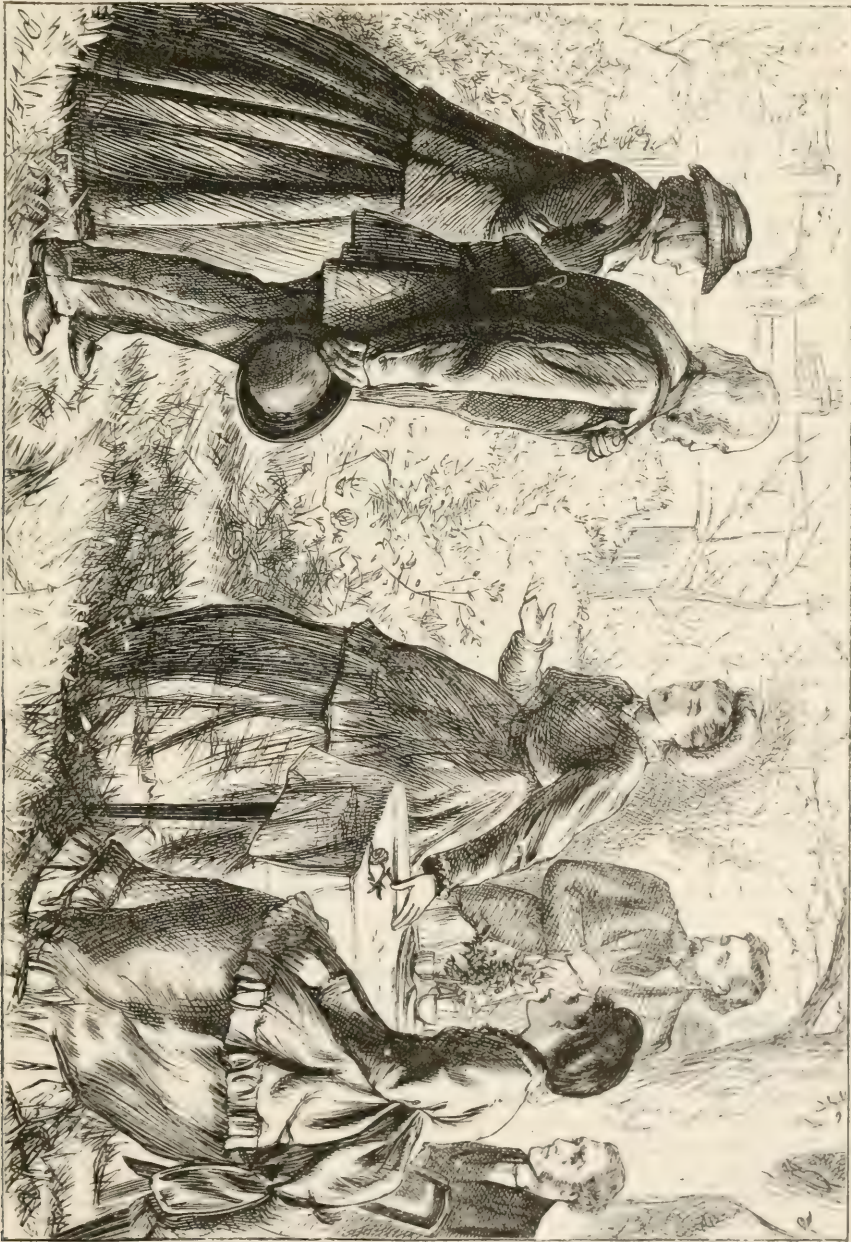
"Dost thou remember our poor Marie, our Pepita, our Cosette?" she said to her husband. "When we went to them for the milk they could not bestow, they looked pitiful as starving mothers on their sucking babes,—the dear, patient, unhappy creatures!"

After the neathouse much remained to be seen: the dairy with its marble slabs, its bright crimson jars full of golden cream awaiting to be churned; its milk-troughs, lakelets of fresh milk on whose surface the cream was gathering; its red-brick floors kept wet and shiny as the pavement of an imperial bath; its churns of newest fashion; its fanciful array of butter and cheese moulds in clean white wood. And after that there were the stables, the dog-kennels, and the laundry to see, and many other appurtenances of a well-kept country-house, equally new and delightful to them.

Monsieur Sylvestre was in raptures. Though an Englishman by birth, and only adhering to a French appellation out of respect to his French wife, it was so long since he had been in his native country that he had almost forgotten its domestic luxuries. What was new to her was equally new to him. What moved her to tears and retrospection, moved him to joy and castle-building. He enjoyed and dreamed, she enjoyed and remembered.

By-and-by, what with the bright sunshine, the abundant ease, and the number of new impressions, he grew drowsy, finally fell asleep in a seductive summer-house. Madame Sylvestre trotted in-doors, brought out a well-worn plaid, which she carefully bestowed about his shoulders, fearing that he might take a chill in the terrible English climate, of which she had heard so much, and then set out for a walk.

She did not stroll hither and thither like



Page 4



an ordinary loiterer, but kept to the straight road leading to St. Beowulf's Bury. It was a hot, dusty, drowsy afternoon, and she rested every now and then, sheltering herself under her queer old yellowish-green umbrella, and making a fan of a large dock leaf. St. Beowulf's was four miles from Culpho, which she knew well enough, as she had made the journey the night before. Four miles were not appalling, however, to so tried a pedestrian. Though long past middle age, she walked steadily and at times quickly, reaching St. Beowulf's as the farmers were beginning to come home from market; some in trim dog-carts, some in low ponyphaetons, a few only in old-fashioned gigs. The prosperity of every one bewildered her. Even the labourers' wives, returning with heavily-laden baskets, wore smart bonnets and gowns. Was there no poverty in this happy England?

She trudged on, looking to the good country people a scarecrow indeed, what with her broad-brimmed, strong straw hat tied under her chin, her foreign umbrella, her oddly-fashioned garments, her home-made shoes. Then two rude little rustics, keeping rooks, cried though the hedge, "There goes Madam Guy Faux!" and some of the women stared and made faces at each other; but she only said "Bon jour," taking the ill-mannered little criticism in good part. The quiet beauty of the old town, of which one might say now as was said by Leland three

centuries ago—"The sun hath not shone on a town more delightfully situated." The little river Larke winds amid the flower-gardens that encircle what was once the villa of Berdoric, who bequeathed it to Edmund the Martyr. Around are softly undulating fields and pastures, amid which rise in sombre majesty the ancient gateway and town, remains of what was once so large a monastery as to be called a town.

The stately old gateway, the vast ruins of the Benedictine Abbey, enclosing a fairy-like little lake and garden, the noble church, with its graveyard running alongside the river, all these made up, if not an imposing, a picture pleasant to dwell on. The graveyard was the favourite promenade of St. Beowulfians, and no wonder. Shadowed by lime trees, bordered with flowers and evergreens, fresh, cool, and quiet always, people came hither to read books beside the ruin, to make love in the alleys, and to discuss serious questions under the church porch. Seats were abundant, and Madame Sylvestre feeling at last weary, sat down and fell fast asleep. When she awoke the afternoon was drawing to a close, and she had to bestir herself to accomplish her errand. After many rebuffs, she obtained permission to give French lessons in the family of a small confectioner, at the rate of a shilling an hour and as much refreshment in the shape of halfpenny buns as she desired. This at least was a step.

## HUGH MILLER, AS SEEN IN HIS "LIFE AND LETTERS."\*

By A UNIVERSITY MAN.

THE Cromarty stonemason whose name is inseparably identified with the Old Red Sandstone, and who was for a long period editor of the *Edinburgh Witness*, is perhaps as good an illustration as recent days present of the peculiar mixture of elements in the Scotch character. Intensely ideal, he was yet plodding, patient, irrepressible; almost the slave of high principles, he yet held at his heart the germ of a large tolerance, only possible through the strictest severity with himself; content to live like the meanest of hodmen, even when facts no longer gave the lie to his aspirations, and when an assured eminence prophesied itself in mutterings of praise around him, and among his own people, whose praise must have proved more intoxi-

cating than any other to a weak or ill-balanced constitution; with no hankering after premature escape from the manual labour of his trade,—he gathers up in his own character and life what is best and most worthy in his nation. He is concentrated, intense, never diffusing or diluting his affections; and yet his emotions at no time master him. Untouched before by any the least hint of the lover's passion, he meets a lady of birth and education—Miss Mackenzie-Fraser, and his heart is taken captive, never to be thenceforth vagrant. Although the lady's mother objects to any union till Hugh has risen in the social scale, the flame of his devotion continues to burn pure and steadfast. He will not do despite to his own love by asking a woman well nurtured to wrong herself by descending, and alienating her friends; he

\* The "Life and Letters of Hugh Miller," By Peter Bayne, M.A. Two Vols., demy 8vo., 3s. 6d. London & Co.

must wait, and he must rise ; and yet it never occurs to him to seek a means of rising in life by any merely money-making process. He has faith in himself and in his literary gifts ; and yet he is careful not to abandon rashly that by which he can earn his bread. Hugh's love story—one of the purest and most beautiful—proves that to the true man obstacles are no real evil, and that honest, sterling self-devotion is surely its own reward.

Hugh Miller thus mingles simplicity—the massive single simplicity of the olden days—with the shrewdest sagacity ; estimates himself and his productions with the justest insight ; and yet calmly relinquishes poetry for prose, when his eyes have opened to a great object in life. From first to last he writes to his friends letters, which for fine proportionate thought, childlike purity, and confiding tenderness almost stand alone, and at the same time he approves himself a singularly shrewd man of business. When accountant in the bank at Cromarty—an appointment which was not solicited by him, but sought out for him by his friends and offered to him with the delicacy which was indispensable to success in any such proffer of help—was he not uniformly right in prophesying “failures,” only antedating the time because he scarcely made full allowance for the daring shifts to which men in such a predicament are apt to have recourse ? To the merely casual observer, Hugh Miller would have seemed one of the most stolid, and self-possessed of men ; he was in reality one of the most sensitive, imaginative, and finely-grained. He had his full share of that despondency and self-depreciation which is the heritage of superior natures ; but, till that fatal moment when his mind lost its true balance, he ruled himself like a king. The vein of the Celtic nature, which ran like a silver thread through his temperament, softening what else might have seemed hard and ungainly, gave the finishing touch to his character, adding to it a chivalrous delicacy and grace—the delicacy and grace which are always found combined with simplicity, imparting a sort of dignity in that case even to ungainliness. What could be finer—out of poems and romances—than the picture of rough red-haired Hugh, full of high hopes and literary ambitions just pluming themselves like young birds for flight, the moment his apprenticeship as stonemason expires, proceeding to build with his own hands a comfortable dwelling for his old aunt Jenny, on a portion of the only little bit of earth that he could call his own ? Here we have

the poetic tenderness, the graceful clinging to kindred, which are truly Celtic, combined with the resolution, independence, and self-repressing helpfulness, which are as characteristic of the Lowland nature.

But Hugh had the defects of this Celtic quality in fullest measure. He was by constitution superstitious and fearful of the future ; and, as in all such natures, there was mixed with large generosity and firmness of attachment possibilities of morbid suspicion. The circumstances of his childhood were such as to confirm this tendency. His mother was early left a widow by the strong seafaring husband being lost in his own sloop at sea during a storm. A woman of impressible imagination, and with but little reflection, she filled the boy's mind with weird Celtic stories, interjecting into the tenderest parts of his nature the troublesome ferment of superstitious fears. And he had inherited, along with this, the stolid slow reluctant scepticism of the Scotch nature ; and these two—his poetic instinct for beauty and for art, and his hunger for logical completeness and perfect satisfaction—were chiefly what overwhelmed him. Science could never be to this man a mere process of observation and experiment ; it must be wedded with poetry. The two were not held in separation by him, and as he had escaped into a somewhat closely defined dogmatic position from the haunting shadows of scepticism, he found it needful to bring this position into harmony with his science and his poetry. He fought bravely, none could well have fought more bravely, to find a reconciling point for what appeared conflicting phases of truth ; but the instrument he used for the purpose was double-edged, and revealed to himself, if it did not to others, cuts and wounds inflicted by the back-stroke. Mr. Peter Bayne, who has told Hugh Miller's story with fullest sympathy and in the liveliest, most picturesque style, very significantly writes :—“A sustained intensity of mental vision, a creative power of phantasy, characterized Miller to the last. Not powerful enough to overbear or to pervert the scientific instinct with which it was associated, it had a pervasive influence on his mental operations.” To this we are indebted for the subtle atmosphere—the wonderful chiming sweetness of Miller's style, which is like the sound of bells heard clearly over reaches of still water. The truth is that, while Hugh had fine observation and rare reflective faculties, imagination was so predominant in him that he was fearful of



trusting himself to it, perfectly free and anchorless. But it *would* assert itself, and has made his more ambitious scientific works, after all, poems rather than treatises. Where the intellect was doubtful of itself, the imagination stepped in with its suggestions; and thus we often have art in place of the slow, severe scientific deduction. The incapacity to distinguish clearly between objective reality and the reality of imagined vision, which Mr. Bayne observes had such prominence in Miller's early life, is noticeable also in some of his scientific works; and when he ventures on the almost epical experiment of representing the process of creation under the similitude of a vision, we see Miller for a moment conscious of a mental condition or tendency, which however was most powerfully pervasive when he was unconscious of it, or struggling against it. But interesting as Hugh Miller is when viewed as the geologist, he is far more so when viewed as the man. His geology may sometimes be at fault, his life seldom was. Its strata are regular, and its classification of events are, beyond those of the lives of most self-made men, charged with interest and instruction.

His father, as we have said, was a seaman, and perished in his own sloop while Hugh was but a child, leaving him and two sisters to the care of his mother and her two brothers, "Uncle Sandy" and "Uncle James." He was a bold, ungovernable boy, and would not learn so long as learning was forced upon him as a task. But if he could not settle to the lessons marked out for him by the "dominie," he made good use of his eyes, even when playing truant for weeks. He had learned all about the habits of birds and beasts, about trees, and about the living things of the sea-shore, before he had made much progress as a scholar. But he had early discovered that print opens a door into a world of mystery and beauty, and he was no laggard in reading what met his taste. After he left school, with the character of a dunce, he devoured whatever books came in his way. The store was limited, and perhaps that was fortunate for him. It whetted his appetite, which might have been sated by excess. He began to write poetry at an early age, and had produced long poems before he was apprenticed as a stonemason to old David Wright, one of his uncles. Old David, by the way, was a character. "The man who, standing on the thwarts of his boat, which had just sunk, the sea-water being at the moment up to his throat, could so accurately appreciate the points of the

situation, and retain so clear a perception of the thing to be done, as to say, on seeing his snuff-box floating off, 'Od, Andro man, just rax (reach) out your hand and tak' in my snuff-box,' must have had an enviable firmness of nerve and quietness of self-possession." And doubtless the bold ungovernable boy, Hugh, learned more from old David than mere mechanical stone-cutting. David, at any rate, had nothing to say of his apprentice but praise.

It is surely characteristic of Hugh, that though his friends, when late they saw promise of decidedly superior faculties, counselled him to be a "minister," he would not hear of it. "He has observed that 'Cousin George,' who is a mason, though hard-worked during several months of the year, had the months of winter to himself. This decided him in favour of the trade of mason." All this, while the thought of rising to something in literature is nestling in a corner of his heart, shedding fragrance round his life; but he wishes to prove to his relatives that he is able to do his day's work, and he does it without word of complaint, though at first his body is sadly strained and pained. When working from home he has often to put up with most uncongenial lodgings and companions. But he can hold converse with his books; though, strangely enough, he owns to a temptation to dram-drinking, which he sternly overcame, warned by the fact of being unable to read his favourite, Bacon, on coming home one day from the laying of a foundation-stone, where he had taken a glass of whisky. The letters danced before his eyes, he says. He took a resolution, and, with true Scotch self-restraint, never fell into the same mistake again. And he found genial company by dint of friendly letter-writing. Nothing could well be more interesting or beautiful than Hugh's relations with a group of young men during the earlier period of his manhood. His correspondence with them was his first school in composition. And certainly the letters that passed between these young men are anything but ordinary letters. William Ross was perhaps the most noteworthy of these, and his story is most tender and affecting. The delicate over-sensitive young house-painter, labouring under the oppressive thoughts of inevitable consumption, yet works for and nurses a fellow-workman like a sister, sacrifices everything for the sake of independence, and dies under the stress of his efforts, his great gifts unknown save to one or two of his young friends. He could write thus elegantly to his friend Hugh:—"Your

drawings have but little merit, nor can I regard them even as works of promise; neither by any means do you write good verses. And why, do you think, do I tell you so?—only to direct your studies to their proper object. You draw ill because nature never intended that you should do otherwise, whereas you write ill only because you write seldom. You are possessed of talents which, with due culture, will enable you to attain no common command of the pen; for you are an original thinker, your mind is richly imbued with poetry, and though devoid of a musical ear, you have from nature something much better—that perception of the harmonies of language which is essential to the formation of a good and elegant style.” The following passage gives a tender glimpse into William Ross’s heart—a noble heart indeed, or Hugh Miller had scarcely been so perfectly at home in it. Ross remarks that all who know him think well of him, but he proceeds to account for the fact in this way:—“All those men only see me in part, and (for such is the nature of all earthly things when viewed from a distance) what they do see of me appears other than what it is. The clouds which so gloriously encircle the setting sun, and whose beauty in description no comparison can heighten, are but wreaths of watery vapour; the distant hill, though its azure hue vies in depth and beauty with that of the cloudless firmament, is a mass of rock and earth, half-covered with a stunted vegetation. What am I in reality? what is my heart?—a cold vicious thing, devoid of energy, affection, and peace.” Miller could not help being much indebted to a working house-painter, who could see so clearly and couch his thoughts so elegantly, and with such a gracious setting of imaginative light, as is the case whenever William Ross puts pen to paper. Hugh mourned Ross’s death, as one would that of a dearly-loved younger brother.

But, amid all his hunger for self-culture which he seeks assiduously from reading and from letter-writing, Hugh does not assume any of the interesting weakness and helplessness which poetic youths are so apt to affect. The following passage gives a pleasant glimpse of him as strong and manly, and able enough to hold his own against his rough fellow-workmen:—

“I came here” (to Gairloch) “about a month ago, after a delightful journey of two days from Conon-side, from whence I had been despatched by my employer with another mason lad, and a comical fellow, a carter, to procure materials for the building. Though

the youngest of the party, I am entrusted with the charge of the others, in consideration of my great gravity and wonderful command of the pen; but, as far as the carter is concerned, the charge is truly a woful one. He bullies, and swears, and steals, and tells lies, and cares for nobody. *I am stronger, however, and more active than he, and must give him a beating, when I have recovered my lameness, to make my commission good.* My comrade, the mason, and I have been living in a state of warfare with him ever since we came here. On the morning we set out from Conon-side he left us to drive his cart, and went to Dingwall, where he loitered and got drunk. We, in turn, after waiting for him for two long hours at the village of Contin, drove away, leaving him to follow on foot as he best might, for at least thirty miles; and he has not yet forgiven us the trick.”

The reader will notice here the severe eye for duty, the naïve appreciation of the possibility of some rough goodness in the carter after all; and the queer humour which breaks through the whole description. Hugh feels that he must beat the carter as much for self-satisfaction in the discharge of duty as for any hope of real reformation. A truly Scottish touch! But this picture of Loch Maree, thrown off carelessly at the same moment by the pen that presented the carter so suggestively to the imagination, shows already a dainty airiness of style and picturesque sharpness of outline which many a practised *littérateur* might envy:—

“The day had become clear and pleasant; but the voice of a bird was not to be heard in this dismal place, nor sheep nor goat to be seen among the cliffs. I wish my favourite John Bunyan had passed a night in it at the season when the heath-fires of the shepherds are flaming on the heights above, were it but to enable him to impart more tangibility to the hills which border the dark valley of the shadow of death. Through the gloomy vista of the ravine a little paradise seemed opening before us—a paradise like that which Mirza contemplated from the heights of Bagdad, of smooth water and green islands. ‘There,’ said my comrade, ‘is Loch Maree.’ I have already fatigued you with description; but I must attempt one picture more. Imagine a smooth expanse of water stretching out before us for at least eighteen miles, and bordered on both sides by lofty mountains—abrupt, precipitous, and pressing on one another like men in a crowd. On the eastern shore they rise so suddenly from the water, that the eye passes over them mile



after mile without resting on a single spot where a boat might land; on the west, their bases are fringed by a broken, irregular plain, partially covered by a fir-wood. At the higher end of the lake two mountains, loftier and more inaccessible than any of the others, shoot up on either hand as if to the middle sky, and we see large patches of snow still resting on their summits—gleaming like the banners of a fortress to tell us that they are strongholds held by the spirits of winter—and from whence they are to descend, a few months hence, to ravage the country below. From one of these mountains there descended two small streams, which, falling from rock to rock, leaped into the lake over the lower precipice, and whitened into foam by the steepness of their course, reminded me, as they hurried through the long heath, then in blossom, of strips of ermine on a cloak of purple. Towards the north, the islands seem crowded together like a flock of waterfowl. They vary in character, some barren and heathy, others fertile and tufted with wood. On the largest, which is of the better and more pleasing description, and bears, by way of distinction, the name of the lake, there is an ancient burying-ground, and, as I have heard said, a Druid or Runic monument. I would fain have landed on it; but night was fast coming on, and, *besides, my time was my employer's, not my own.*

“At the lower end of the lake we encountered a large boat full of people. A piper stood in the bows, and the wild notes of his bagpipe, softened by distance and multiplied by the echoes of the mountains, formed a music that suited well with the character of the scene. ‘It is a wedding party,’ said my comrade: ‘they are going to that white house which you see at the foot of the hill. I wish you understood Gaelic! The boatmen are telling me strange stories of the loch that I know would delight you. Do you see that little green island that lies off about half a mile to the right? The boldest Highlander in the country would hesitate to land there an hour after sunset. It is said to be haunted by wraiths and fairies, and every variety of land and water spirit. Directly in the middle of it there is a little lake, in the lake an island, and on the island a tree, beneath which the queen of the fairies holds her court. What would you not give to see her?’ Night came on before we got landed; and we lost sight of the little lake while yet sailing upon it. Is it not strange, that with all its beauty, it should be so little known?”

“Minds that have little to confer  
Find nothing to perceive.”

Hugh, in the midst of his hard toil and unsympathetic associates, finds materials wherewith to store his memory and imagination; and thus graciously builds up his being, delicately and bravely, to its full stature. By-and-by he gets a sight of Edinburgh, which stirs his imagination. He works near it for some time in building Niddrie-house, where he has trials manifold with dissolute fellow-workmen. These experiences caused thoughts which always recurred to him whenever he had to do with the Poor Law or kindred topics.

Returning to Cromarty, he is as assiduous as ever in study; composes poems of a yet more ambitious cast, and maintains his old delight in letter-writing. To his friend Swanson he confides sufficient of his spiritual condition to justify that friend in advising with him as to spiritual truth. Miller was sad, despondent, sceptical; and Swanson's letters, albeit somewhat dogmatic and self-assured, are full of sympathy, and do Hugh good. But he is inclined to rely too much upon the aid of the reason, which he has to confess is by itself inadequate to bring peace to the soul. The earnest preaching of the Rev. Alexander Stewart of Cromarty—a man of lofty mind and vivid imagination, though unambitious and retiring—supplies what is wanting, and compels Hugh to close with the Gospel truths in simplicity and faith. Writing to William Ross, he says:—“Christianity is not the cunningly-devised fable I once thought it. There is a Saviour, and he who believes upon Him with that true, earnest belief which conquereth evil, shall, for the sake of the sufferings of that Saviour, have his sins forgiven him; and, for the sake of His righteousness, be rewarded. I once thought this an absurd doctrine; now, though I have more experience of men and things than I ever had before, and though my reason has strengthened, and is, I hope, still strengthening, I can regard it as a wonderful display of the wisdom of God.” Once getting full sight of the truth of the Gospel, Miller never wavers. Nor does he protrude his belief; for here, as in all more interior experiences, he is shy of giving confidences; but he is pretty much of the stuff martyrs are made, and would have sacrificed grandly for what he conceived to be his duty in regard to the truth that had brought harmony into his nature. Henceforth he holds that “the Christian is the highest style of man,” and has ever before him the loftiest ideal. But he does not find that Christianity should stifle or starve any

of man's natural faculties. Nay, he believes that it should stir up all right gifts to fuller power and freer exercise for the good of others. Even his ideas of patriotism evidently underwent a change at this period. The lesson of "Blind Harry"—the Scottish Homer—takes a new tinge in his riper mind, like a cloud in the evening sky of summer. Hereafter he is never tired of repeating that the only true cosmopolitanism is Christianized patriotism. The narrow, isolated, selfish love of country he now contemns, as he had always contemned the "selfish philosophy." He projects bolder schemes than ever; and his faculties seem to play round a wider circle, and with more of buoyant joyfulness.

An important point in Hugh Miller's life is his visit to Inverness, where he printed his volume of "Poems Written in the Leisure Hours of a Journeyman Stonemason," and made the acquaintance of Mr. Robert Carruthers, editor of the *Courier* there. With his sagacity and taste, Mr. Carruthers proved a valuable counsellor to the young mason. Happily, he was able to give a worthy man help without seeming to patronize him. Hugh Miller contributed to the *Inverness Courier* his letters on the "Herring Fishery," which excited an interest anything but local, on account of their true poetic spirit, their picturesqueness, shrewdness, and vigour. His contributions to the *Courier*, which only vaguely hint of the scientific bent which came out so strongly afterwards, drew to him friends here and there throughout Scotland. Noticeable among these were Principal Baird and Miss Dunbar of Boath. Hugh's correspondence with this lady is unique. Well advanced in years, she writes to him with all the wisdom of a mother, and with all the freshness of a girl, desiring much to see tokens of the recognition of his worth by the public, and avowing a subdued delight in the sight of his "Scenes and Legends," even when the shadow that "keeps the keys of all the creeds" was putting forth a cold pale hand towards her as she waited in hope. As for Hugh, he bears himself towards her with a shy freedom and graceful trustfulness which are very beautiful. To her he unveils more of his heart than almost to any other. The delicate way in which Miss Dunbar proffers money help, and the as delicate way in which Hugh declines it, are honourable alike to the judgment and the heart of both.

Going back to Cromarty, Hugh is reluctantly drawn into local politics, and begins to be recognised as a power there. Of more interest still is his meeting with Lydia Fraser,

and the characteristic manner in which he bore himself in face of what threatened to prove a permanent obstacle to their union. There can be no doubt that his lengthened correspondence with her brought out the staid, strong man's capabilities of tenderness and sympathy with quite new lustre. It were hard to say whether, in all that constitutes excellence in the epistolary art, the letters to Miss Dunbar or those to Miss Fraser are the best. Both series excel in freshness, and freedom, and in spontaneous communication of the writer's personality, which yet never once verges on oppressive egotism or crude self-assertion.

Relieving his heavier labours by the relief of cutting inscriptions on tombstones, he has still a little time in his thirty-first year to devote to assisting his friend, Mr. George Anderson, to collect geological specimens; "some of which are exceedingly curious, for they contain the petrified remains of animals that now no longer exist except in a fossil state." Hereafter Hugh Miller's chief pleasure was in science. He was an indefatigable investigator; and the results of his inquiries he gave to the world in several volumes, which are almost unapproachable for style, for fancy, imagination, and eloquence. There are few reading people but know something of the "Old Red Sandstone," "The Footprints of the Creator," or "The Testimony of the Rocks." Had it not been for his love affair, it is probable that he would have written less, and that of a less varied character. "Profoundly imbued as he was with the ambition of self-culture, and loving praise with the ardour of a born literary man, he was nevertheless firmly persuaded that in the rank of mason, in the town of Cromarty, he could enjoy as much happiness as it was possible for him to enjoy on earth. He would ply the mallet in the summer days; he would owe no man a sixpence; he would read his favourite books in the evenings of June and the short days of December; he would train himself to ever-increasing vigour and grace of style, and would write with the freshness and enthusiasm of one for whom literature was its own reward."

But his attachment to Miss Fraser disturbed all these schemes. His friends interest themselves on his behalf, and he becomes accountant in the bank at Cromarty, an office whose duties he discharges for fully five years with utmost skill and aptitude. He is married in 1837, after a courtship of six years. As bank-clerk he finds himself less productive, in a literary respect, than he had been



when labouring hard as a mason. He does a good deal of work as a geologist, however, and corresponds with some of the leading men in that department of science. But what soon became the chief interest to him now was the conflict within the National Church, growing year by year more eager and intense, until it finally issued in the "Disruption." The patriotic spirit of the man, which led him to regard complete spiritual

independence (as he conceived it) on the part of the Church as indispensable even to the maintenance of true political freedom, made him, like many others, throw himself warmly and proudly into the battle. Self-doubtful and humble, he yet could estimate his own strength aright, and, slow to strike for his own cause, it only needed the incitement of patriotic purpose to arm him and send him forth as the sturdiest of fighters. Miller is thenceforth



the champion of Free Church principles. But he never had sympathy with extreme Voluntaryism, holding firmly by the theory of the State Church, as was common with the earliest of the Scotch Dissenters. Lord Brougham, in speaking in the House of Lords on the appeal in the Auchterarder case, declared emphatically that the Presbytery had acted illegally in refusing to induct Mr. Robert Young to the charge, to which he had

been presented by the patron, and that the right of Scottish congregations to choose their own pastors was a mere figment before the law. This gave Miller a point from which to start; and, warmed to his work, he produced one of the most fervent of ecclesiastical pamphlets. The eyes of the Free Church party were at once turned towards him, and in 1839 he proceeded to Edinburgh to edit the *Witness*.

How he fulfilled that work, how faithfully he laboured to disseminate his ideas of spiritual freedom, and how much he did to unite and give stability to his side, at the same time giving dignity and literary character to newspaper writing, was universally felt and acknowledged, while yet the associations of the great strife were fresh enough to close the eyes of those who had been active in it, to small personal antipathies. But as years went on, changes of view and dissensions gradually sprang up amongst those who had once fought shoulder to shoulder; and Miller, shy, slow to speak and patient to bear, yet frank and blunt, and without a touch of diplomatic *finesse* in his composition, fell, to some extent at least, a victim to miserable misunderstandings. All this Mr. Bayne tells with simplicity and sympathy. On these years we will not dwell; but when reading of the last stages of Hugh Miller's life, one is compelled to think of Miss Dunbar's prescient warning, once seriously given to him, to have nothing to do with parties, to keep separate

from them; and to wonder whether, with that subtle instinct for character which distinguished her, the good old lady saw that Miller, with his unselfish generosity, his straightforwardness and intensity of character, in which there was no trace of cunning or aptitude for intrigue, was certain, sooner or later, to be dashed on the rocks, if he once adventured in the stormy waters. We cannot tell. But circumstances proved too much for his modest, yet ardent, sensitive nature, and he died a most touching, tragic death.

Both in science and literature Hugh Miller made a mark that will remain; and Edinburgh will long cherish the picture of the tall, big-boned, sandy-haired man, with the frank, grey, pensive eyes, and the strong broad forehead and bushy eyebrows, who used to pace her streets with thoughtful, stooping gait, in most careless garb; and who was regarded by the ingenuous youth to whom he was often pointed out, with a mixture of strange curiosity and reverence.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF FRANCE AND ITALY.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

### ARRIVED IN FRANCE.

**H**OTEL DE LOUVRE, *January 6th, 1858.*—We started at half-past eight, having taken through tickets to Paris by way of Folkestone and Boulogne. A foot-warmer (a long, flat tin utensil, full of hot water) was put into the carriage just before we started; but it did not make us more than half comfortable, and the frost soon began to cloud the windows, and shut out the prospect, so that we could only glimpse at the green fields—immortally green, whatever winter can do against them—and, at here and there, a stream or pool, with the ice forming on its borders. It was the first cold weather of a very mild season. The snow began to fall in scattered and almost invisible flakes; and it seemed as if we had stayed our English welcome out, and were to find nothing genial and hospitable there any more.

At about one o'clock we went on board the steamer at Folkestone, and were soon under steam, at a rate that quickly showed a long line of the white cliffs of Albion behind us. It is a very dusky white, by-the-by, and the cliffs themselves do not seem, at a distance, to be of imposing height, and have too even a n outline to be picturesque.

As we increased our distance from England

the French coast came more and more distinctly in sight, with a low, wavy outline; not very well worth looking at, except because it was the coast of France. Indeed, I looked at it but little; for the wind was bleak and boisterous, and I went down into the cabin, where I found the fire very comfortable; and several people were stretched on sofas, in a state of placid wretchedness. . . . I have never suffered from sea-sickness; but had been somewhat apprehensive of this rough strait between England and France, which seems to have more potency over people's stomachs than ten times the extent of sea in other quarters. Our passage was of two hours, at the end of which we landed on French soil, and found ourselves immediately in the clutches of the custom-house officers, who, however, merely made a momentary examination of my passport, and allowed us to pass, without opening so much as one of our carpet-bags. The great bulk of our luggage had been registered through to Paris, for examination after our arrival there.

We left Boulogne in about an hour after our arrival, when it was already a darkening twilight. The weather had grown colder than ever since our arrival in sunny France, and the night was now setting in wickedly black and dreary. The frost hardened upon



the carriage windows in such thickness, that I could scarcely scratch a peep-hole through it ; but, from such glimpses as I could catch, the aspect of the country seemed pretty much to resemble the December aspect of my dear native land—broad, bare, brown fields, with streaks of snow at the foot of ridges, and along fences, or in the furrows of ploughed soil. There was ice wherever there happened to be water to form it.

We had feet-warmers in the carriage, but the cold crept in nevertheless ; and I do not remember hardly in my life a more disagreeable short journey than this, my first advance into French territory. My impression of France will always be that it is an Arctic region. At any season of the year, the tract over which we passed yesterday must be an uninteresting one as regards its natural features ; and the only adornment, as far as I could observe, which art has given it consists in straight rows of very stiff-looking and slender-stemmed trees. In the dusk they resembled poplar-trees.

#### AMIENS.

Weary and frost-bitten, morally, if not physically, we reached Amiens in three or four hours, and here I underwent much annoyance from the French railway officials and attendants, who, I believe, did not mean to incommodate me, but rather to forward my purposes as far as they well could. If they would speak slowly and distinctly I might understand them well enough, being perfectly familiar with the written language, and knowing the principles of its pronunciation ; but in their customary rapid utterance it sounds like a string of mere gabble. When left to myself, therefore, I got into great difficulties. . . . It gives a taciturn personage like myself a new conception as to the value of speech, even to him, when he finds himself unable either to speak or understand.

Finally, being advised on all hands to go to the Hôtel de Rhin, we were carried thither in an omnibus, rattling over a rough pavement, through an invisible and frozen town ; and on our arrival were ushered into a handsome *salon* as chill as a tomb. They made a little bit of a wood fire for us in a low and deep chimney hole, which let a hundred times more heat escape up the flue than it sent into the room.

In the morning we sallied forth to see the Cathedral.

The aspect of the old French town was very different from anything English ; whiter, infinitely cleaner ; higher and narrower houses

—the entrance to most of which seeming to be through a great gateway, affording admission into a central courtyard ; a public square, with a statue in the middle, and another statue in a neighbouring street. We met priests, in three-cornered hats, long frock-coats, and knee-breeches ; also soldiers, and gens d'armes, and peasants and children, clattering over the pavements in wooden shoes.

It makes a great impression of outlandishness to see the signs over the shop-doors in a foreign tongue. If the cold had not been such as to dull my sense of novelty, and make all my perceptions torpid, I should have taken in a set of new impressions, and enjoyed them very much. As it was, I cared little for what I saw, but yet had life enough left to enjoy the Cathedral of Amiens, which has many features unlike those of English cathedrals.

It stands in the midst of the cold, white town, and has a high-shouldered look to a spectator accustomed to the minsters of England, which cover a great space of ground in proportion to their height. The impression the latter give is of magnitude and mass : this French cathedral strikes one as lofty. The exterior is venerable, though but little time-worn by the action of the atmosphere, and statues still keep their places in numerous niches, almost as perfect as when first placed there in the thirteenth century. The principal doors are deep, elaborately wrought, pointed arches ; and the interior seemed to us, at the moment, as grand as any that we had seen, and to afford as vast an idea of included space : it being of such an airy height, and with no screen between the chancel and nave, as in all the English cathedrals. We saw the differences, too, betwixt a church in which the same form of worship for which it was originally built is still kept up and those of England, where it has been superseded for centuries ; for here, in the recess of every arch of the side-aisles, beneath each lofty window, there was a chapel, dedicated to some saint, and adorned with great marble sculptures of the crucifixion, and with pictures, execrably bad in all cases, and various kinds of gilding and ornamentation. Immensely tall wax candles stand upon the altars of these chapels, and before one sat a woman, with a great supply of tapers, one of which was burning. I suppose these were to be lighted as offerings to the saints by the true believers. Artificial flowers were hung at some of the shrines, or placed under glass. In every chapel, moreover, there was a confessional—a little oaken structure, about as big as a sentry-box, with a closed part for the

priest to sit in, and an open one for the penitent to kneel at, and speak through the open work of the priest's closet. Monuments, mural and others, to long departed worthies, and images of the Saviour, the Virgin, and saints were numerous everywhere about the church; and in the chancel there was a great deal of quaint and curious sculpture, fencing in the holy of holies where the high altar stands. There is not much painted glass; one or two very rich and beautiful rose-windows, however, that looked antique; and the great eastern window, which, I think, is modern. The pavement has probably never been renewed, as one piece of work, since the structure was erected, and is footworn by the successive generations, though still in excellent repair. I saw one of the small, square stones in it bearing the date of 1597, and no doubt there are a thousand older ones. It was gratifying to find the cathedral in such good condition, without any traces of recent repair, and it is perhaps a mark of difference between French and English character, that the Revolution in the former country, though all religious worship disappeared before it, does not seem to have caused such violence to ecclesiastical monuments as the Reformation and the reign of Puritanism in the latter. I did not see a mutilated shrine, or even a broken-nosed image, in the whole cathedral. But, probably, the very rage of the English fanatics against idolatrous tokens, and their smashing blows at them, were symptoms of sincerer religious faith than the French were capable of. These last did not care enough about their Saviour to beat down his crucified image; and they preserved the works of sacred art, for the sake only of what beauty there was in them.

While we were in the cathedral we saw several persons kneeling at their devotions on the steps of the chancel and elsewhere. One dipped his fingers in the holy water at the entrance:—by-the-bye, I looked into the stone basin that held it, and saw it full of ice. Could not all that sanctity at least keep it thawed? Priests, jolly, fat, mean-looking fellows, in white robes, went hither and thither, but did not interrupt or accost us.

There were other peculiarities, which I suppose I shall see more of in my visits to other churches; but now we were all glad to make our stay as brief as possible, the atmosphere of the cathedral being so bleak, and its stone pavement so icy cold beneath our feet. We returned to the hotel, and the chamber-maid brought me a book, in which she asked me to inscribe my name, age, profession, country,

destination, and the authorisation under which I travelled. After the freedom of an English hotel, so much greater than even that of an American one, where they make you disclose your name, this is not so pleasant.

We left Amiens at half-past one; and I can tell as little of the country between that place and Paris as between Boulogne and Amiens. The windows of our railway carriage were already frosted with French breath when we got into it; and the ice grew thicker and thicker continually. I tried, at various times, to scratch or rub a peep-hole through; but the ice immediately shot its crystallized tracery over it again; and, indeed, there was little or nothing to make it worth while to look out, so bleak was the scene. Now and then a château, too far off for its characteristics to be discerned; now and then a church, with a tall, grey tower, and a little peak a-top; here and there a village or a town, which we could not well see. At sunset there was just that clear, cold, wintry sky, which I remember so well in America, but have never seen in England.

#### PARIS.

At five we reached Paris, and were suffered to take a carriage to the Hôtel de Louvre without any examination of the little luggage we had with us. Arriving, we took a suite of apartments, and the waiter immediately lighted a wax candle in each separate room.

We might have dined at the *table-d'hôte*, but preferred the restaurant connected with the hotel. . . . All the dishes were very delicate, and a vast change from the simple English system, with its joints, shoulders, beefsteaks, and chops; but I doubt whether English cookery, for the very reason that it is so gross, is not better for man's moral and spiritual nature than French. In the former case, you know that you are gratifying your coarse animal needs and propensities, and are duly ashamed of it; but in dealing with these French delicacies you delude yourself into the idea that you are cultivating your taste while satisfying your appetite. This last, however, it requires a good deal of perseverance to accomplish.

*Hôtel de Louvre, January 8th.*—It was so fearfully cold this morning that I really felt little or no curiosity to see the city. Until after one o'clock, therefore, I knew nothing of Paris, except the lights which I had seen beneath our window the evening before, far, far downward in the narrow Rue St. Honoré; and the rumble of the wheels, which continued later than I was awake to hear it, and began



again before dawn. I could see, too, tall houses that seemed to be occupied in every storey, and that had windows on the steep roofs. One of these houses is six stories high. This Rue St. Honoré is one of the old streets of Paris, and is that in which Henry IV. was assassinated; but it has not, in this part of it, the aspect of antiquity.

After one o'clock we all went out, and walked along the Rue de Rivoli. . . . We are here right in the midst of Paris, and close to whatever is best known to those who hear or read about it—the Louvre being across the street; the Palais Royal but a little way off; the Tuileries joining to the Louvre; the Place de la Concorde just beyond, verging on which is the Champs Elysées.

It was now nearly four o'clock, and too late to visit the galleries of the Louvre, or to do anything else but walk a little way along the street. The splendour of Paris, so far as I have seen, takes me altogether by surprise: such stately edifices, prolonging themselves in unwearying magnificence and beauty, and, ever and anon, a long vista of a street, with a column rising at the end of it, or a triumphal arch, wrought in memory of some grand event. The light stone stucco, wholly untarnished by smoke and soot, puts London to the blush—if a blush could be seen on its dingy face; but, indeed, London is not to be mentioned with, nor compared even with Paris. I never knew what a palace was till I had a glimpse of the Louvre and the Tuileries—never had my idea of a city gratified till I trod these stately streets. The life of the scene, too, is infinitely more picturesque than that of London, with its monstrous throng of grim faces and black coats; whereas here you see soldiers and priests, policemen in cocked hats; Zouaves, with turbans, long mantles, and bronzed, half-Moorish faces; and a great many people whom you perceive to be outside of your experience, and know them ugly to look at, and fancy them villainous. Truly, I have no sympathies towards the French people; their eyes do not win me, nor do their glances melt and mingle with mine. But they do grand and beautiful things in the architectural way, and I am grateful for it. The Place de la Concorde is a most splendid square, large enough for a nation to erect trophies in of all its triumphs; and on one side of it is the Tuileries, on the opposite side the Champs Elysées, and on a third the Seine, adown which we saw large cakes of ice floating beneath the arches of a bridge. The Champs Elysées, so far as I saw it, had not a grassy

soil beneath its trees, but the bare earth, white and dusty. The very dust, if I saw nothing else, would assure me that I was out of England.

We had time only to take this little walk when it began to grow dark, and being so pitilessly cold, we hurried back to our hotel. Thus far, I think, what I have seen of Paris is wholly unlike what I expected; but very like an imaginary picture which I had conceived of St. Petersburg—new, bright, magnificent, and desperately cold.

A great part of this architectural splendour is due to the present Emperor, who has wrought a great change in the aspect of the city within a very few years. A traveller, if he look at the thing selfishly, ought to wish him a long reign and arbitrary power, since he makes it his policy to illustrate his capital with palatial edifices, which are, however, better for a stranger to look at than for his own people to pay for.

#### THE LOUVRE.

We have spent to-day chiefly in seeing or glimpsing at some of the galleries of the Louvre. I must confess that the vast and beautiful edifice struck me far more than the pictures, sculpture, and curiosities which it contains—the shell more than the kernel inside: such noble suites of rooms and halls were those through which we first passed, containing Egyptian, and, farther onward, Greek and Roman antiquities; the walls cased in variegated marbles; the ceilings glowing with beautiful frescoes; the whole extended into infinite vistas by mirrors that seemed like vacancy, and multiplied everything for ever. The picture-rooms are not so splendid, and the pictures themselves did not greatly win upon me in this one day. Many artists were employed in copying them, especially in the rooms hung with the productions of French painters. Not a few of these copyists were females: most of them were young men, picturesquely moustached and bearded; but some were elderly, who, it was pitiful to think, had passed through life without so much success as now to paint pictures of their own.

From the pictures, we went into a suite of rooms where are preserved many relics of the ancient and later kings of France—more relics of the elder ones, indeed, than I supposed had remained extant through the Revolution. The French seem to like to keep memorials of whatever they do, and of whatever their forefathers have done, even if it be ever so little to their credit; and perhaps

they do not take matters sufficiently to heart to detest anything that has ever happened. What surprised me most were the golden sceptre, and the magnificent sword, and other gorgeous relics of Charlemagne—a person whom I had always associated with a sheepskin cloak. There were suits of armour and weapons that had been worn and handled by a great many of the French kings, and a religious book that had belonged to Saint Louis; a dressing-glass, most richly set with precious stones, which formerly stood on the toilette-table of Catharine de Medici, and in which I saw my own face where hers had been; and there were a thousand other treasures just as well worth mentioning as these. If each monarch could have been summoned from Hades to claim his own relics, we should have had the halls full of the old Childerics, Charleses, Bourbons and Capets, Henrys and Louises, snatching, with ghostly hands, at sceptres, swords, armour, and mantles; and Napoleon would have seen, apparently, almost every thing that personally belonged to him—his coat, his cocked hats, his camp-desk, his field-bed, his knives, forks, and plates, and even a lock of his hair. I must let it all go. These things cannot be reproduced by pen and ink.

#### THE MADELEINE.

*Hôtel de Louvre, January 9th.*— . . . Last evening Mr. — called. He spoke very freely respecting the Emperor, and the hatred entertained against him in France; but said that he is more powerful—that is, more firmly fixed as a ruler—than ever the first Napoleon was. We, who look back upon the first Napoleon as one of the eternal facts of the past—a great boulder in history—cannot well estimate how momentary and unsubstantial the great captain may have appeared to those who beheld his rise out of obscurity. They never, perhaps, took the reality of his career fairly into their minds before it was over. The present Emperor, I believe, has already been as long in possession of the supreme power as his uncle was. I should like to see him, and may perhaps do so, as he is our neighbour across the way.

We issued forth at about eleven, and went down the Rue St. Honoré, which is narrow, and has houses of five or six stories on either side, between which runs the street, like a gully in a rock. One face of our hotel borders and looks on this street. After going a good way, we came to an intersection with another street, the name of which I forget; but at this point Ravallae sprang

at the carriage of Henry IV., and plunged his dagger into him. As we went down the Rue St. Honoré, it grew more and more thronged, and with a meaner class of people. The houses still were high, and without the shabbiness of exterior that distinguishes the old part of London, being of light coloured stone; but I never saw anything that so much came up to my idea of a swarming city as this narrow, crowded, and rambling street.

Thence we turned into the Rue St. Denis, which is one of the oldest streets in Paris; and is said to have been first marked out by the track of the Saint's footsteps, where, after his martyrdom, he walked along it, with his head under his arm, in quest of a burial-place. This legend may account for any crookedness of the street, for it could not reasonably be asked of a headless man that he should walk straight.

Approaching the Madeleine, we found it a most beautiful church, that might have been adapted from heathendom to Catholicism; for, on each side, there is a range of magnificent pillars, unequalled, except by those of the Parthenon. A mourning coach, splendidly arrayed in black and silver, was drawn up at the steps, and the front of the church was hung with black cloth, which covered the whole entrance. However, seeing other people going in we entered along with them. Glorious and gorgeous is the Madeleine. The entrance to the nave is beneath a most stately arch; and three arches of equal height open from the nave to the side aisles; and at the end of the nave is another great arch, rising, with a vaulted half-dome over the high altar. The pillars supporting these arches are Corinthian, with richly sculptured capitals; and wherever gilding might adorn the church it is lavished like sunshine; and within the sweeps of the arches there are fresco paintings of sacred subjects, and a beautiful picture covers the hollow of the vault over the altar: all this, besides much sculpture, and especially a group above and around the high altar, representing the Magdalen, smiling down upon angels and archangels, some of whom are kneeling, and shadowing themselves with their heavy, marble wings. There is no such thing as making my page glow with the most distant idea of the magnificence of this church, in its details and in its whole. It was founded a hundred or two hundred years ago; then Bonaparte contemplated transforming it into a temple of victory, or building it anew as one. The restored Bourbon re-made it into a church; but it still has a heathenish look, and will never lose it.



When we entered we saw a crowd of people all pressing forward towards the high altar, before which burned a hundred wax lights, some of which were six or seven feet high, and altogether they shone like a galaxy of stars. In the middle of the nave, moreover, there was another galaxy of wax candles, burning around an immense pall of black velvet, embroidered with silver, which seemed to cover, not only a coffin, but a sarcophagus, or something still more huge. The organ was rumbling forth a deep, lugubrious bass, accompanied with heavy chanting of priests, out of which sometimes rose the clear, young voices of choristers, like light flashing out of the gloom. The church, between the arches, along the nave, and round the altar, was hung with broad expanses of black cloth; and all the priests had their sacred vestments covered with black. They looked exceedingly well. I never saw anything half so well got up on the stage. Some of these ecclesiastical figures were very stately and noble, and knelt, and bowed, and bore aloft the cross, and swung the censers in a way that I liked to see. The ceremonies of the Catholic Church were a magnificent work of art, or perhaps a true growth of man's religious nature; and so long as men felt their original meaning, they must have been full of awe and glory. Being of another parish, I looked on coldly, but not irreverently, and was glad to see the funeral service so well performed, and very glad when it was over. What struck me as singular—the person who performed the part usually performed by a verger, keeping order among the audience, wore a gold-embroidered scarf, a cocked hat, and, I believe, a sword, and had the air of a military man.

Before the close of the service, a contribution-box, or rather, a black velvet bag, was handed about by this military verger; and I gave J—a franc to put in, though I did not in the least know for what.

Issuing from the church, we inquired of two or three persons who was the distinguished defunct at whose obsequies we had been assisting; for we had some hope that it might be Rachel, who died last week, and is still above ground. But it proved to be only a Madame Mentel, or some such name, whom nobody had ever before heard of. I forgot to say that her coffin was taken from beneath the illuminated pall, and carried out of the church before us.

#### CHAMPS ELYSEES.

When we left the Madeleine, we took our way to the Place de la Concorde, and thence

through the Elysian Fields (which I suppose are the French idea of heaven) to Bonaparte's Triumphal Arch. The Champs Elysées may look pretty in summer, though I suspect they must be somewhat dry and artificial at whatever season—the trees being slender and scraggy, never healthy, and requiring to be renewed every few years. The soil is not genial to them. The strangest peculiarity of this place, however, to eyes fresh from moist and verdant England, is, that there is not one blade of grass in all the Elysian Fields, nothing but hard clay, now covered with white dust. It gives the whole scene the air of being a contrivance of man, in which Nature has either not been invited to take any part, or has declined to do so. There were merry-go-rounds, wooden horses, and other provision for children's amusements among the trees; and booths, and tables of cake, and candy-women; and restaurants on the borders of the wood; but very few people there; and doubtless we can form no idea of what the scene might become when alive with French gaiety and vivacity.

As we walked onward, the Triumphal Arch began to loom up in the distance, looking huge and massive, though still a long way off. It was not, however, till we stood almost beneath it that we really felt the grandeur and stateliness of this great arch, including so large a space of the blue sky in its airy sweep. At a distance, it impresses the spectator with its solidity; nearer, with the lofty vacancy beneath it. There is a spiral staircase within one of its immense limbs; and, climbing steadily upward, lighted by a lantern which the doorkeeper's wife gave us, we had a bird's-eye view of Paris, much obscured by smoke or mist. Several interminable avenues shoot, with painful directness, right towards it.

#### SUNDAY IN THE LOUVRE.

*Hôtel de Louvre, January 10th.*—Our principal object this morning was to see the pencil-drawings by eminent artists. Of these the Louvre has a very rich collection, occupying many apartments, and comprising sketches by Annibale Caracci, Claude, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Michel Angelo, Rubens, Rembrandt, and almost all the other great masters, whether French, Italian, Dutch, or whatever else; the earliest drawings of their great pictures, when they had the glory of their pristine idea directly before their minds' eye—that idea which inevitably became overlaid with their own handling of it in the finished painting. No doubt the painters themselves had often a happiness in

these rude, off-hand sketches, which they never felt again in the same work, and which resulted in disappointment after they had done their best. To an artist the collection must be most deeply interesting; to myself it was merely curious, and soon grew wearisome.

In the same suite of apartments there is a collection of miniatures, some of them very exquisite and absolutely life-like on their small scale. I observed two of Franklin, both good and picturesque, one of them especially so, with its cloud-like white hair. I do not think we have produced a man so interesting to contemplate, in many points of view, as he. Most of our great men are of a character that I find it impossible to warm into life by thought, or by lavishing any amount of sympathy upon them. Not so Franklin, who had a great deal of common and uncommon human nature in him.

Much of the time, while my wife was looking at the drawings, I sat observing the crowd of Sunday visitors. They were generally of a lower class than those of week-days: private soldiers in a variety of uniforms, and, for the most part, ugly little men, but decorous and well-behaved. I saw medals on many of their breasts, denoting Crimean service; some wore the English medal, with Queen Victoria's head upon them. A blue coat, with red baggy trousers, was the most usual uniform. Some had short-breasted coats, made in the same style as those of the first Napoleon, which we had seen in the preceding rooms. The policemen, distributed pretty abundantly about the rooms, themselves looked military, wearing cocked hats and swords. There were many women of the middling classes, some evidently of the lowest, but clean and decent, in coloured gowns and caps; and labouring men, citizens, Sunday gentlemen; young artists, too, no doubt looking with educated eyes at these art-treasures; and I think, as a general thing, each man was mated with a woman. The soldiers, however, came in pairs or little squads, accompanied by women. I did not much like any of the French faces; and yet I am not sure that there is not more resemblance between them and the American physiognomy, than between the latter and the English. The women are not pretty; but in all ranks above the lowest, they have a trained expression that supplies the place of beauty.

I was wearied to death with the drawings, and began to have that dreary and desperate feeling which has often come upon me when the sights last longer than my capacity for

receiving them. As our time in Paris, however, is brief and precious, we next inquired our way to the galleries of sculpture, and these alone are of astounding extent, reaching, I should think, all round one quadrangle of the Louvre, on the basement floor. Hall after hall opened interminably before us, and on either side of us, paved and encrusted with variegated and beautifully-polished marble, relieved against which stand the antique statues and groups, interspersed with great urns and vases, sarcophagi, altars, tablets, busts of historic personages, and all manner of shapes of marble, which consummate art has transmuted into precious stones. Not that I really did feel much impressed by any of this sculpture then, nor saw more than two or three things which I thought very beautiful; but whether it be good or no, I suppose the world has nothing better, unless it be a few world-renowned statues in Italy. I was even more struck by the skill and ingenuity of the French in arranging these sculptural remains, than by the value of the sculptures themselves. The galleries, I should judge, have been recently prepared, and on a most magnificent system—the adornments being yet by no means completed; for besides the floor and wall-casings of rich polished marble, the vaulted ceilings of some of the apartments are painted in fresco, causing them to glow as if the sky were opened. It must be owned, however, that the statuary, often time-worn and darkened from its original brilliancy by weather-stains, does not suit well as furniture for such splendid rooms. When we see a magnificence of modern finish around them, we recognise that most of these statues were thrown down from their pedestals hundreds of years ago, and have been battered and externally degraded; and though whatever spiritual beauty they ever had may still remain, yet this is not made more apparent by the contrast betwixt the new gloss of modern upholstery, and their tarnished, even if immortal, grace. I rather think the English have given really the more hospitable reception to the maimed Theseus and his broken-nosed, broken-legged, headless companions, because flouting them with no gorgeous fittings-up.

By this time poor J—— (who, with his taste for art yet undeveloped, is the companion of all our visits to sculpture and picture galleries) was woefully hungry, and for bread we had given him a stone—not one stone, but a thousand. We returned to the hotel, and dined there.

*(To be continued.)*



# A SONG FROM "THE LOVES OF THE WRENS." \*

Music by Mr. Sullivan to Words by Mr. Tennyson.

*Andante con molta tenerezza.*

VOICE  
Where is an - o - ther sweet as my sweet! Such an - o - ther be - neath the sky,

PIANO-  
FORTE.  
*p* *Sostenuto.*  
Ped.

*cres.*  
Fine lit - tle hands, Fine lit - tle feet, Fine lit - tle heart and dew - y blue eye.

*cres.*

*dim.* *rall.*  
Shall I write to her? Shall I go? Ask her to mar - ry me bye and bye?

*dim* *rall.*

*p* *f* *dim.* *f*  
Some - bo - dy said that she'd say no, But some - bo - dy knows that she'll say ay, Ay,

*p* *f* *dim.*

ay, Ay ay, Ay ay!

*p* Ped.

\* "The Window; or, The Loves of the Wrens," Twelve Musical Compositions by Mr. Arthur Sullivan to Words written for him by Mr. Tennyson, is just published by Strahan & Co.

Ah . . my la - dy, if ask'd to her face, Might say no, for she is but shy,

Fly lit - tle let - ter, a - pace, a - pace, Down to the light in the val - ley fly.

*cres.*

*p*

*cres.*

Fly to the light in the val - ley be - low, Tell my wish to her dew - y blue eye, For

*dim.*

*dim.*

*rall.*

some bo - dy said that she'd say no, But she won't say no, And I'll tell you why, She

*p*

*f*

*dim.*

*f*

*dim.*

*f*

will say Ay, ay, ay!

*p*



## WHAT ENGLAND HAS DONE FOR THE SICK AND WOUNDED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STONE EDGE."

A NEUTRAL nation has a difficult part to play. It is looked upon by both sides as cold-blooded and lukewarm for not taking an active share in a contest which is stirring up the fiercest passions of both countries, and which each has worked itself up to conceive can only be rightfully regarded in its own light. "How," writes a Parisian, "can the English look on tranquilly at the cold-blooded cruelty of the Germans in the sieges of Strasburg and Metz?" If the siege of Leipsic or Berlin had been in question, the eager patriot would have talked of the "sad necessities" of war. The Prussian newspapers "demand a bloody reckoning from England for permitting the export of arms," and "care little for sympathy only shown by subscriptions," and the reply that Prussia supplied Russia with them in the Crimean war, and that her jurists maintained that it was *then* both legal and expedient, sounds to them eminently unsatisfactory. A deed is quite different when done "by" us, or "against" us.

In the excitement of a struggle where blood is poured out like water, the murder, and what is almost worse, the mutilation, of a couple of hundred thousand men is considered with a frightful indifference, which we had hoped the "milder manners," or, as some say, the greater squeamishness of our day, had rendered impossible. Our civilisation, however, is less than skin deep; as M. de Sainte-Beuve once said, it is merely the bloom on a plum, and can be brushed off as easily, when the savagery of the brute half of man comes to the fore.

There is, however, one field where the much-maligned neutral is allowed fair play—the hospital and the ambulance—"Pas d'ennemis pour nous" is the device of the Russian branch of the International Association for Sick and Wounded;\* and here at least we have shown that our neutrality has been owing to no indifference, and that it is possible for outsiders to feel that there is a certain amount of truth and right on both sides which the eager combatants overlook in the heat of the frightful strife,

"Where furious Frank and fiery Hun  
Charge 'neath their sulph'rous canopy."

We have indeed done our best. In these days of close intercourse and free trade among

\* Assistance has been largely given by different societies—German, French, and of other nationalities—but of these we have no particulars.

nations England must suffer by all the misfortunes of its neighbours, a truth which one may trust will in time bring about a more merciful spirit each to each. Commerce is a sensitive plant which shrivels up immediately under any cold chill, and our commerce, as the greatest in the world, is the most quickly affected. Yet the subscriptions which have poured in have been greater than for any former object, larger by far than for our own Patriotic Fund in the Crimean distress in the same time

| Beginning 15th July— |   | £        |
|----------------------|---|----------|
| First Month          | . | 2,300    |
| Second Month         | . | 142,900  |
| Third Month          | . | 107,215  |
| Fourth Month         | . | 23,600   |
|                      |   | £276,015 |

Sometimes £10,000 has been received in one day; while it is difficult to estimate the value of the goods which have been sent in—above 7,000 packages of all sizes before the middle of November: ten tons of goods have been occasionally brought in during the twelve hours.

The number of subscribers has been above 120,000.

The whole affair, the hideous necessities of such thousands upon thousands of sufferers, the instant and pressing demand, and the attempt to supply such overwhelming needs, grew up suddenly, like a gourd in a night, and it was very difficult to arrange, at a moment's notice, an organization capable of directing what had become, thanks to the liberality of the public, such an unexpected and gigantic scheme of help. The Committee was a body brought together merely by their strong desire to be of use in such an overwhelming crisis. There was little official or mercantile experience among the earlier members, of whom at most three or four (generally only two), attended during the first two months, when they thus suddenly found themselves called on to administer tens of thousands in money, and whole warehouses of goods.

"We have been drawn almost unintentionally and unconsciously into the discharge of a duty of enormous magnitude and responsibility. The labour, the difficulty, the painful anxiety which it involves, can be understood and appreciated by those only who have day by day assisted in the business of the Committee," as they say themselves in their Report.

"We know that we have saved the lives, mitigated the sufferings, and carried assistance and comfort which could not otherwise have reached them, to thousands of sick and wounded in every stage and degree of their misery." "We simply administer the funds which the public intrusts to us, never having solicited subscriptions, remembering that our legitimate function is only to assist the Governments and people of Germany and France to do their own work, and is only of a supplementary nature."

The housing of the establishment was typical of its whole growth. The Board of Works happened (fortunately for the Society) to have just secured a row of small houses in St. Martin's Place, to form part, in time, of the new wing of the National Gallery, and one of these was given up to the Committee; but although the bales of goods which began to arrive were sent off as rapidly as men were found to undertake their safe convoy to the seat of war, the house was soon overflowing. A second was then made over, and a door knocked through the wall into what had been a chemist's shop, and the little drawers, with their strange names, remained over the head of the lady hard at work at the counter superintending the unpacking of the packages, and the distribution of the contents. Again the stream of gifts got the better of the efforts of the workers to clear the way before them, and a third house was added, but the floors and passages were in a single day blocked with bales heaped up to the ceiling, and the cry was still for more space. The authorities of St. Martin's workhouse, now under notice to quit, were then appealed to, and four large store-rooms on each floor given up, which were immediately filled with boxes, bags, barrels, cases, enormous bales, some weighing a quarter of a ton, of every description of goods, towering one above the other, so that it was barely possible to enter. The vaults of St. Martin's Church were next resorted to for the stores ready packed and waiting to be sent off; on a fine day the steps and space inside the railing have been crowded with bales;—St. Martin's Place itself during the last three months has been encumbered by railway vans bringing bales from all the principal stations and taking them away, the Companies generously charging little or nothing for the freight of goods marked with the red cross; the pavement beset with porters carrying them to and fro; while over all hung the red cross of the Geneva Convention, with a notice in German, French, and English upon the doors

that help for the sick and wounded in war was there received.

In each store a lady has been engaged all day and every day since the opening in receiving the packages, acknowledging them, and ticking off their contents, overlooking her little staff, consisting of a couple of men to bring in and unpack the bales, a woman to sort the contents into their different compartments, old linen, bandages by the hundred, every variety of shirts, sheets, slippers, stockings by the dozen, "nightingales"—a sort of flannel scarf with sleeves for those in bed—pillow-cases, drugs of all kinds, charpie to satiety, flannel of every description, bales of blankets, boxes of preserved meat, biscuit, oiled silk, surgical instruments, with an occasional admixture of paradoxically absurd gifts—English tracts for the benefit of French and German soldiers, a pink silk petticoat, a torn tarlatan gown, baby linen, a crinoline, and the like, the contents probably of old drawers emptied as a sop to conscience, relieving itself by thinking that "something" has been sent.

The goods were then repacked, as demands were telegraphed from the different dépôts and hospitals assisted by the Society, or agents were found to take them out to the front, and along the line to villages where every house, stable, and barn was filled to overflowing by the wounded.

The packers are a special guild, who built up these heterogeneous articles into bales some three feet square, so skilfully that the sides looked as if they had been cut with a knife. The head of the firm has insisted during the whole time on supplying his men gratis, though there have sometimes been as many as six and seven of them, paid from 10s. 6d. a day to 15s. for working overtime. If Mr. Hayter had put £200 down in the subscription list, it would have been known and publicly acknowledged; but this efficient and practical help has been given so privately that only those connected with St. Martin's Place have been aware of it.

The amount, indeed, of time and trouble given gratuitously throughout the crisis by all kinds of persons and by every class, has been very remarkable in a cause so impersonal to our own nation.

In the rooms above the stores a Committee of Ladies, among whom H.R.H. the Princess Christian, the Chairwoman, has given her help during the last few weeks, have answered letters and applications for information, and offers of help of all kinds; they have given out and regulated the goods. have



kept the books and ticks, while a sub-committee undertook the management of the old linen, much of which arrived in a state quite unfit for use, and seventy-three women have been employed in washing it, mending what was possible to wear, tearing the smaller fragments into the right size and shape, making "the oddments" into charpie; and have furnished 20,941 articles, small and great.

Alongside was a room for the cash clerk, where cheques and money were received and taken to Messrs. Coutts' bank. On one occasion an old man, shabbily dressed, presented a note for £1,000, and would give no name. On another occasion a young fellow came into the room saying that he wished to give something, but had no money—would the Committee take his gold watch-chain? "What name shall I put down?" said the clerk. "A Cantab," answered the lad shyly, and going away.

In the Gentlemen's Committee all the operations of the Society have been decided, the surgeons, storekeepers, and agents selected, the destination of each fixed, and the instructions given, the answers sent to applications for stores, surgeons, and money; the correspondence carried on with contributors, committees at home and abroad, in America, India, and on board the Fleet, and with Government and railway officials, here and on the Continent.

The difficulty has been enormous of supplying a constantly-changing line of operations, concerning the *locale* of which the Society could, of course, have no previous knowledge whatever, thus making it more difficult to render assistance than even in the Crimean campaign, where the war was localised; the immense distances, from Berlin in the east to Tours in the west, the vast areas over which help was required, complicating every problem. The map now published by the Society shows the different places where help, in money, stores, and personal assistance, has been given.

First, the Rhine district, comprising almost every station on both banks—Strasburg, Baden, Coblenz, Bonn, Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, &c., &c.

Next, the country so stiffly contested, along the Moselle and the Meuse, from Nancy to Forbach, Metz, Saarbrück, and Sedan, is thickly studded with their posts.

The enormous majority of French wounded have fallen to the share of the Germans to tend, and the Society's operations have in consequence been to a great extent on territory occupied by the victors; the German

soldiers, whenever it was possible, have been sent home, so that the greater part of those remaining have been French.

Funds, however, have been distributed among towns still under French control, from Lille to Amiens in the north-west, Rouen to Orleans and Tours in the west; Dieppe, Havre, Boulogne, and Calais have all received help largely.

Paris and Versailles have each had a sum of £20,000 given them under a promise that it should be used purely for extra comforts, additional to the usual hospital allowances of each army.

Almost every village in the parts of Alsace and Lorraine traversed by the armies was at one time filled with wounded, and supplies have been more or less conveyed to them. The largest consignment ever made has been one hundred and ninety-seven bales, sent to Saarbrück, to be ready for the fall of Metz, followed by one hundred and twenty more in the last week of October.

The line of dépôts was at first principally to the south-west of the railways from Dinant to Arlon, Luxembourg, and Saarbrück, where Dr. Sandwith had a hospital of two hundred of the worst wounded. It was found necessary more and more as the war progressed to make the dépôts upon neutral territory: the difficulties raised by the Zollverein to the passage of goods were such that even Luxemburg had to be abandoned; while in the early days their transit through France was discouraged, and there was danger of their falling into the hands of the combatants. Moreover, the refusal of France to consent to the passage of the wounded through Belgium caused a great accumulation of wounded (chiefly, as it turned out, French) on the frontier.

Surgeons and agents, in all about two hundred, have been sent out.\* The surgeons were all required to give proof of surgical ability, tested by the best medical authorities—Dr. Sievekin, Dr. Pollock, &c.; to have good testimonials; and to speak French or German, without which it was found that they could not be of much use. They received £1 a day, out of which many

|   |                     |
|---|---------------------|
| * In Captain Brackenbury's District there were still, in November . . . | { Surgeons . . . 46 |
| In Gen. Sir Vincent Eyre's District . . .                               | { Nurses . . . 14   |
| Agents at Ports . . .   | { Agents . . . 30   |
| Château Thierry, Hon. R. Capel . . .                                    | . . . 9             |
| Amiens, Col. Cox, C.B. . . .  | . . . 6             |
| Tours, Col. Elphinstone, C.B. . . .                                     | . . . 1             |
| Remilly, Captain Norman . . .   | . . . 1             |
| Metz, Saarbrück, Charleville . . .                                      | . . . 3             |
| Dr. Frank's Ambulance . . .   | . . . 11            |

Besides those connected with the large English Ambulance

of them have provided little comforts for their patients. Two of them have been shut up in Metz during the whole siege.

The bales of goods were too valuable to travel alone, and were almost always sent under the care of trustworthy persons. The latest list of contributed stores sent abroad shows 4,138 packages,\* whose value has been computed roughly at between £70,000 to £80,000, of a mean average weight of 1½ cwt. each—185 tons, or nearly 17 tons sent off per week for 11 weeks. They contained as follows:—*Bedding*—Blankets, sheets, napery, towels, pillows, &c. *Clothing*—Vests, drawers, trousers, and jackets, flannel in pieces, and made-up clothing, hosiery of all kinds, nightingales, slippers, knitted things. *Medicines and Surgeons' Stores*—Condy's fluid, chloroform, carbolic acid, camphor, chlorodyne, &c. *Food*—Preserved meats and soup, vegetables, arrowroot, conserves, beer, wine. Old linen, bandages, charpie, and lint to an enormous amount. A day's work, taken at random, comprised 12 lbs. carbolic acid, 12 bottles camphor, box of chlorodyne, medical stores—*i.e.*, oiled silk, &c.—surgical instruments, 12 tins extract of meat, charpie, 84 sheets, 84 pillow-cases—four tons in all, sent to Arlon. Another consisted of 4 bales (100 lbs. each) of "surgeons' stores;" 14 cases

Australian pressed meat and Liebig's; 19 cases Robb's biscuits; 1 of old linen; 3 cases chloroform, 18 water-beds, sheets, shirts, bandages, lint, old linen, and clothes; 9 bales sheets, shirts, a gross of bandages; 1 box chlorodyne, Liebig's paste for poultices, arrowroot.

Forty-eight bales were sent directly from the local committees at Aberdeen, Dublin, Derby, Devonport, Dorking, Cheltenham, Huddersfield, Lanark, Maidstone, Reading, to Arlon, Carlsruhe, Boulogne, Bazeilles, &c., &c., and are included under those heads.

The number of local committees has been in Great Britain 171. There were, besides, 1 at Malta, 1 at Madras, 1 at Bombay, 1 (English) at Oporto, 3 (English) at Boulogne, Tours, and Dieppe.

With the exception of a few cases of medicines, surgical instruments, and preserved food, this immense amount of stores was entirely the fruit of voluntary help, and is exclusive of £46,754 worth of the same kind of goods purchased by the funds intrusted to the Society.

The number of surgical instruments sent has been very large; they are extremely expensive, and the suffering from lack of them, after an engagement, has been grievous. The makers of them (in Germany) are almost all with the army, and no fresh ones could be procured. Even when those which the surgeons possessed were broken or blunted, there were neither men nor tools for mending or sharpening them to be procured. The assistance of the Society in this matter has been very valuable; the additional agony inflicted in taking off a limb with blunt instruments, with no chloroform to deaden the pain, and no needles to sew up the wounds, can hardly be conceived. The supplies of chloroform sent have been continuous; and permission was given to the Society, on special application to the King of Prussia, for its introduction into Metz, Strasbourg, and Phalsburg, the first instance of such mitigation of the horrors of a siege.

One of the greatest difficulties of the Committee has been to soothe the susceptibilities of the different military and medical authorities of both armies, who, though the system of distribution has been rigidly impartial,\* were always complaining that they did not get their share of good things.

The self-sacrifice represented by many of these offerings from those little able

\* These packages were sent to:—

|                                |     |   |     |
|--------------------------------|-----|---|-----|
| Aachen . . . . .               | 124 | Heidelberg . . . . .                          | 9   |
| Ambulances (English) . . . . . | 17  | Homburg . . . . .                             | 22  |
| Amiens . . . . .               | 192 | Lille . . . . .                               | 17  |
| Arlon . . . . .                | 468 | Luxemburg . . . . .                           | 79  |
| Arras . . . . .                | 35  | Lakenstein . . . . .                          | 11  |
| Avesne . . . . .               | 10  | Monbijou . . . . .                            | 6   |
| Balan . . . . .                | 12  | Maubeuge . . . . .                            | 11  |
| Bazeilles . . . . .            | 9   | Monod's Ambulance . . . . .                   | 11  |
| Bingen . . . . .               | 3   | Marburg . . . . .                             | 41  |
| Bonn . . . . .                 | 28  | Meiningen . . . . .                           | 5   |
| Bielrich . . . . .             | 10  | Munich . . . . .                              | 7   |
| Berlin . . . . .               | 1   | Minden . . . . .                              | 12  |
| Bruxelles . . . . .            | 195 | Metz . . . . .                                | 84  |
| Burtschild . . . . .           | 9   | Nancy . . . . .                               | 2   |
| Baden-Baden . . . . .          | 3   | Nerwied . . . . .                             | 3   |
| Boulogne . . . . .             | 469 | Oldesloe, Hanover . . . . .                   | 6   |
| Bouillon . . . . .             | 13  | Pont-à-Mousson . . . . .                      | 16  |
| Bries . . . . .                | 1   | Paris . . . . .                               | 15  |
| Cambrai . . . . .              | 16  | Potsdam . . . . .                             | 1   |
| Charleville . . . . .          | 155 | Rouen . . . . .                               | 110 |
| Caen . . . . .                 | 11  | Sedan . . . . .                               | 4   |
| Cologne . . . . .              | 81  | St. Avoird . . . . .                          | 5   |
| Carlsruhe . . . . .            | 29  | St. Hubert . . . . .                          | 23  |
| Coblentz . . . . .             | 58  | Strasbourg . . . . .                          | 25  |
| Coburg . . . . .               | 31  | Saarbrück . . . . .                           | 850 |
| Cassel . . . . .               | 12  | Speyer . . . . .                              | 1   |
| Cher . . . . .                 | 8   | Stuttgart . . . . .                           | 12  |
| Chemnitz . . . . .             | 17  | Tours . . . . .                               | 54  |
| Douay . . . . .                | 17  | Trarbach-on-Moselle . . . . .                 | 1   |
| Dusseldorf . . . . .           | 16  | Vionville . . . . .                           | 19  |
| Dresden . . . . .              | 88  | Versailles . . . . .                          | 162 |
| Erfurt . . . . .               | 23  | Valenciennes . . . . .                        | 15  |
| Erpney . . . . .               | 36  | Wiesbaden . . . . .                           | 9   |
| Erfurt . . . . .               | 13  | Wiemer . . . . .                              | 12  |
| Frankfort-on-Maine . . . . .   | 20  | Würzburg, Bavaria . . . . .                   | 4   |
| Forbach . . . . .              | 2   | Wilcox (for distribution in France) . . . . . | 10  |
| Havre . . . . .                | 42  |   |     |
| Hersin . . . . .               | 27  |   |     |
| Hanau . . . . .                | 47  |   |     |

4,138

From St. Martin's Place. "This department was almost entirely under the management of the Ladies' Committee, whose arrangements have been admirable, and the efficiency and value of whose services are beyond all praise," says the Report.

"You are very impartial indeed," said the King of Prussia, with a bow, when thanking the Chairman of the Committee for the large supplies sent from England.



to afford such generous gifts is inexpressibly touching. Contributions from two hundred national schools; "widows' mites," such as "five shirts, two new," from a coachman's wife; lint and bandages made up in our own hospitals, forgetful of their own needs; munificent gifts from merchants' houses, themselves suffering the loss of thousands by the war; a day's pay of the officers and privates of several regiments and ships' companies; mill girls, school children, and teachers working in their spare hours; collections made after every service in small village churches, eight pound odd from one composed entirely of farmers and cottagers; from Dissenting chapels in the hills, people who give not of their abundance, but of their necessities; wives of clerks sending what their families sorely need; cases of instruments, valued at from £40 to £60, from professional men, evidently used in their own practice, and which they could ill spare; the work of committees in towns and villages throughout the country, who collected subscriptions, arranged working parties for making up garments on the most approved patterns, often at a very trying expenditure of time and money; admirable contributions from the great towns, Aberdeen, Leicester, Norwich, Liverpool, Derby, Sheffield; and from smaller ones, such as Beaumaris, Buckingham, and Wirksworth. And all for the sorrow and suffering of men utterly unknown to them, and whom their fathers had been taught to regard as enemies. It has been a great step in the advance of international friendly feeling.

It is almost a truism that mere masses of generalities affect us but little; we read of great historical massacres with the utmost equanimity. The want of imagination prevents most of us from realising miseries of which we ourselves have no experience. It requires a certain amount of what may be called the poetic faculty to conceive woes which we have never seen and never gone through. The loss of a finger, a broken bone, in our own homes is more moving to us than to read of the ten thousand said to have fallen at Waterloo. It is astonishing how resigned we are to the sufferings of others, until we are, as it were, made to suffer with them by vivid and perpetually repeated details and descriptions. "*Que les autres meurent, c'est tout simple, cela ce voit tous les jours; mais mourir soi-même, mourir en personne, c'est un peu fort!*" says Xavier de Maistre; but in this case the horrible possibilities, so near at hand,

have become ours, as it were, by being more or less dramatically dinned into our ears every day. The system of newspaper correspondence, the mass of picturesque and minute detail (which appears to have been almost confined to English newspapers), is so great, that the majority even of unlettered readers have brought vividly before their eyes the sufferings of individuals like themselves, day by day, till we seem to follow each army in the defence and the attack, in this case nearly equally prodigal of life, and our sympathies have been called forth almost as if our own flesh and blood had been the sufferers. We have only to look at the indifference and even incredulity of the French in the earlier period of the war to the sufferings of their armies, to perceive the importance, towards realising the state of events, of these constant dribbles of reiterated information. Probably, until the fall of Strasburg, there was more serious interest, a deeper feeling in London than in Paris for what the French soldiers had undergone in their brave struggle against often superior forces, and from want of good generalship and organization. How could it be otherwise? The surrender of the Emperor and eighty thousand men at Sedan had been heard of in America before it was known in Paris. The French have resolutely refused to believe even the scanty amount of bad news vouchsafed to them by all their Governments alike, and the unpleasant feeling of defeat is got over by tall talk of treachery among their generals and "Prussian spies" among the people; whilst, in England, we have been following step by step the retreat of the French army, beaten back after an heroic defence of the heights of Woerth; the tremendous onslaught of the German battalions, mown down by the mitrailleuses and chassépôts, which kill at eighteen hundred paces, while the needle-guns could only reply at six hundred, on those steep hill slopes; how, after the battle, "pietose mane" had inscribed, "*Hier ruhen zusammen in Gott*," twenty-one French, seventeen Prussians; while further on a grave was marked, "Here rest friends and foes together," and the word foes scratched out by some compassionate passer-by. Then the second miserable act of the drama—the carnage, the sufferings of the wounded, too numerous to carry off or even to tend on the battle-field—the horrible details of the hospitals. It was only when the wreck of the once brilliant army began to arrive in Paris, tired, travel-stained, depressed, though only the slightly wounded ever got so far, that

"the tendency of the Celtic race to reject ill news and imagine pleasant tidings" began to be overcome.

The appalling iteration of ghastly details received from the surgeons belonging to the Society makes one's flesh creep. One of the earliest accounts described how, at Aix, "dirty, torn, wounded, and dying humanity were lying about the station in all directions. One wounded officer told me that at the place where he was shot down, fifteen hundred men lay for three days with only four surgeons, wanting instruments badly, to attend them, and very little food;" and again, that the trains of wounded upon the railways are almost incredible in length and number. "As I was waiting this morning, a train, containing a hundred horse-boxes, with twenty men in each, swept into the station. Thirty carriages projected at each end. I volunteered to assist, although on my way to the front. It was a frightful sight to see nearly a thousand cases in one small station. One man had six or seven bullet wounds and a sabre cut, hurt on the 18th, and had only had very rough field treatment; one had the greater portion of his calf carried away by a cannon shot. His leg ought to be amputated; but he must go on to Coblenz, where there is a hospital. They said the French fire was like hell fire, and the mitrailleuses are fearful. The bullets do not spread; but when they do hit, they leave nothing—twelve or fourteen men are blown to pieces. The Turcos are simply savages. I had to attend to-day to one surly fellow badly wounded and half starved. As I was going to another waggon, a Prussian officer entreated me to come to a wounded Captain of Uhlans in a horse-box. I never saw such a sight. In a corner, on a sort of couch of straw, lay a poor fellow in agony. His face bound up with a white bandage, no words can describe the awful look he had—his eyes deeply sunk, and for an inch or more all round of a deep purple colour, the rest of the face a livid green. He feebly raised his hand, but could not speak. I found a large hole in the right cheek, four teeth and a bit of the jaw carried away, the tongue shot through, and a hole where the bullets went out on the other side. I dressed these awful wounds with the greatest care I possibly could; but the pain the poor fellow suffered was something too terrible to witness. When I had finished, he fainted away. I had smelling salts, and he soon came to. As I left him, he again feebly raised his hand, which was like a skeleton's. A tall, fine-looking officer, wounded in the

arm, said for him, 'Let me thank you for the way you have dressed my poor comrade's wounds. The unfortunate captain would do it himself; but you see he is not able'—in such an honest, kind way, that it quite overpowered me."

In the beginning of the war there was no evil feeling whatever between the nations. One letter described how "not the least affecting sight was to see the wounded French and Germans lying on the same straw together the best of friends. I said to one rough, good-natured lad whose wounds I was dressing, 'Well, you seem to be good friends now you have wounded each other: what a pity it is that you weren't so before!'

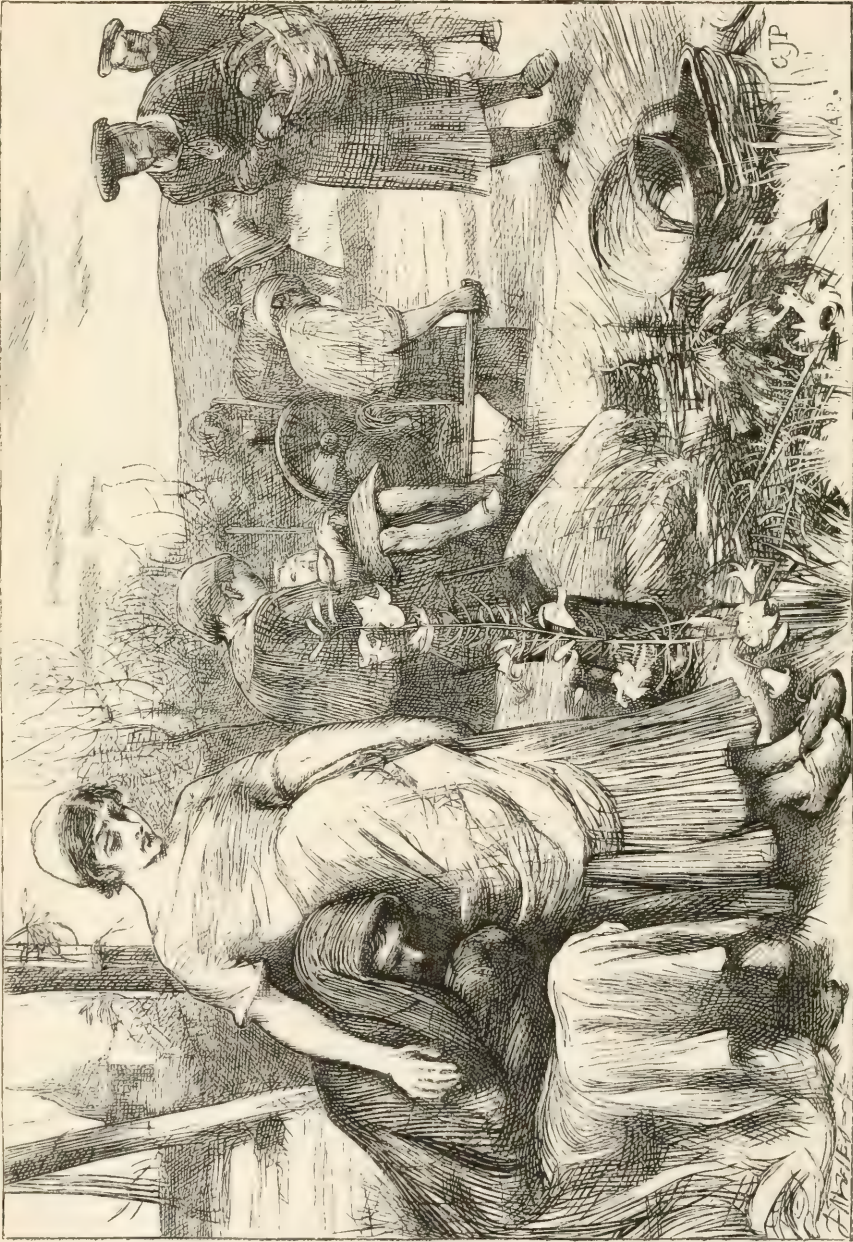
"'Oh, so we were,' answered the boy. 'I didn't want to fight, but I had to obey orders.'"

A very different state of feeling from that during the war in Italy, where the Austrians and Italians quarrelled so violently that they could hardly be tended within the same walls.

Now, alas! the war is bearing its bitter fruit in the passions of French and German alike, but still the German army showed its soldier sympathy by giving up its daily ration to the starving, beleaguered host in Metz on the day after the surrender.

To return to the operations of the Society. It has supported six ambulances, either wholly or in part; one now at St. Germain and Orleans, and one under Dr. Frank (entirely), two French ambulances from Brussels (entirely), M. Monod's ambulance now at Orleans (partially), Dr. Pratt's Anglo-American ambulance now at Châlons (partially). This last was previously posted in the Eastern district, and the report of its American chief, Dr. Marion Sims, gives a very interesting account of its success, and of the good feeling which prevailed between the surgeons of the two nations. During the bombardment of Sedan, Dr. McCormac, one of its members, established himself in the citadel, where the Caserne d'Asfeld had been turned into a hospital, when the bombs were bursting close to the large sash windows, and two *infirmiers* were killed at the very door. For the whole day and chief part of the night he continued operating, almost incessantly, till the floor and everything about was saturated with blood, and the severed limbs were ghastly to behold. The smells, the noise of the shells and hissing of the shot, were frightful. Sedan, as is well known, was the centre of a circle of fire from nearly six hundred of the Prussian field-guns posted on the heights round the





ern. The crush and confusion were tremendous, "and the hunger of the troops so great, that the streets being full of dead bodies, they were cut up and eaten as the war went on."

In the suburb near the town, Balan, which was taken and retaken four times, Frank, finding that there was no one to assist the wounded, who were there in great numbers, went down literally into the fire, and had about two hundred carried into his house so close to the fighting that he performed his operations, during great part of the time, lying sideways on the ground to avoid the bullets which occasionally came in through the windows. In both cases the operations performed were described as "brilliant." Dr. Sims, himself a surgeon of very high reputation. In one case a main artery was taken up alone, and successfully, without help, an almost unheard-of feat of surgery. The additional chances of life from such immediate assistance were of course immense.

Another letter described the state of Gravey, close to Metz, where nearly a thousand men, too severely wounded to be moved, had been left: the number of surgeons and nurses here was fearfully small, the supply of food next to nothing; a few tins of beef's extract of meat sent by the Society were almost all that either patients or attendants had for a whole night. Neither bread, meat, nor coffee was to be had in the desolate neighbourhood swept by the rival armies. Not a candle, not a piece of soap; washing was impossible; there was hardly even water for the sufferers to drink. No beds or bedding, no drinking vessels, &c. One bad case was treated for light in the long nights, and the unpassionate English surgeon went through the neighbouring villages vainly in search of a candle, and at last brought back a little in a saucer, in which he stuck a bit of wood.

The soil was here so shallow that the dead bodies could be only half covered, and their faces stuck horribly out of the earth. The danger of pestilence was thus added to their other woes.

Here, however, there was some kind of help. Hundreds of men were even worse off, left days together on the field of battle by the necessities of "strategic movements" without being tended at all, with scarcely any food, sometimes without water.

There is even no security that many half-dead men have not been thrown into the shallow burial holes made for the corpses; and the hideous human beasts of prey which

follow an army have been seen at night prowling about stripping and robbing dead men, and putting the dying to death, after the battles near Sedan. Hundreds of French, men and officers alike, were left here unburied for days, the peasants being too indifferent, or too little accustomed to act for themselves, to dare to touch the bodies, so that when the corpses were interred, they were so disfigured that no woman will ever be able to tell whether her husband or son had been killed on that field, nor where he lies. And this has been the treatment of brave men on both sides after fighting as heroically as any soldiers upon record; while, for the miserable inhabitants at the seat of war, pestilence is at hand, as the natural result of unburied corpses, famine, cold, and misery. The necessary horrors of the best-conducted war are beginning to be more fully understood by the nations at large. Yet it is hardly realised even now that though, in an agricultural and pastoral state of society, the desolation of war sweeps away both crops and herds, it is true, for a season, yet, when it is over, the land is there to be tilled as before, the sheep and oxen bring forth their increase once more, and for the nation, though not perhaps for the individual, prosperity may soon return; whereas, in our present highly artificial life, a generation will at least be requisite to restore the mills, the openings for trade, the aggregations of skilled workmen, the complicated arrangements necessary for an industrial population.

An unfortunate master spinner belonging to Mülhausen, who was met returning from Bâle, where he had been vainly striving to borrow money, gave an account of the kind of distress which thousands are suffering. The bank had refused him all help, saying that it could only just satisfy the calls of depositors, all drawing out their money, and could not do anything even for so old and valued a customer. He had spent twenty years in building up his business, had constructed a village for his eight hundred workpeople, their wives, and children; "we live all as one family," he said; and now he could get no cotton from Havre, no coal from Saarbrück, no money from Bâle, and even if he were able to spin, his produce was useless, as it was always woven in Germany, where no looms are now at work. There was nothing but ruin before him; his men were either being taken for the army, or scattered far and

\* Miss Nightingale, in one of her letters on the business of the Society, writes—"The widespread suffering dwarfs even that of the Crimea."



wide for work. "Il ne me reste plus qu'à mettre le clef à la porte, et damner l'Empereur!" he ended.

One may trust that so deep a conviction of these horrors will now arise among the governed as to compel their governors to remember that the cause must indeed be a holy one which can justify such atrocious defacement of God's image as our new weapons of destruction accomplish in its worst form—that every means of negotiation, every appeal to what has been called the "police of Europe," should be exhausted before dragging, not only hundreds of thousands of soldiers, but whole villages of unoffending peasants—wives, mothers, children—through such horrors as those of the burnt village of Bazeilles, and of the winter now impending upon whole hordes of these starving, homeless outcasts.

Both parties had signed a solemn agreement, binding themselves to submit any cause of hostility to the other powers of Europe before a declaration of war, yet both France and Germany rushed into this dreadful contest without any such preliminary.

With regard even to the hitherto victors, their army is so composed that the German losses imply a more painful destruction to the nation than that of mere ordinary troops; they mean gaps in the households of every degree, married men to a fearful extent; every profession, every class, has been stripped of its strong men. The lawyer, the shopman, the peasant, the professor, the artisan, are there; courts are shut up because the judge is gone; manufactories, because the workmen are swept away.

Who can restore these to their country? Will its supremacy in Europe be a sufficient equivalent for the blood, the treasure of life so frightfully poured out over hundreds of miles of misery to themselves and those who, after all, are their "neighbours" in the sight of God and man alike?

On the other hand, if France had succeeded in her most unjust invasion, we know that matters would have been even worse had the struggle taken place on the other side of the Rhine; and this is the result between two of the foremost nations in Europe of what we are pleased to call our Christianity and our civilisation.

In the face of such colossal needs, our best help can effect but little. As the Committee gently reminds us, "the subscriptions have indeed been large if we measure them as a spontaneous outpouring of British sympathy; but, after all, what are they when distributed among so many?"

Nevertheless, when we add up the numbers relieved by the different dépôts, the sufferers attended in the field, in towns and villages, the account of money disbursed, the stores sent out to the seat of war, subscribers to the fund must feel that their money has been spent to very good purpose, and we may hope that the amount of relief has been positively, though not relatively, very large.

#### MONEY DISBURSED, 24th October.

|   |         |
|---|---------|
| German wounded in the army round Paris, per the Crown Prince of Prussia . . . . .   | £20,000 |
| French wounded in the hospitals in Paris, per General Trochu . . . . .  | 20,000  |
| Remittances to various hospitals and persons, principally in the neighbourhood of the Rhine and throughout the seat of war in France . . . . .                  | 31,500  |
| Food, wine, and spirits . . . . .   | 8,750   |
| Medical stores, chloroform, &c. . . . .   | 5,680   |
| Surgical instruments . . . . .  | 5,300   |
| Clothing and bedding . . . . .  | 9,160   |
| Surgeons', dressers', and nurses' wages . . . . .   | 2,500   |
| French ambulances cut off from their natural source of supply by the operations of war, and kept in activity by subsidy from this Society . . . . .             | 4,000   |
| Ambulance under charge of Dr. Frank, also provided largely with stores . . . . .  | 2,500   |
| English army ambulance, now at Versailles, first payment on account . . . . .   | 6,000   |
| Cost of maintaining dépôts under Major-General Sir Vincent Eyre in France, and Captain Brackenbury on the borders of Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany . . . . . | 6,000   |
| Credits for various purposes, through Captain Brackenbury, our general agent . . . . .  | 10,000  |
| Loan to American ambulance at Paris . . . . .   | 200     |
| Salaries, wages, &c. . . . .  | 1,000   |
| Printing, stationery, telegrams, postage . . . . .  | 1,000   |
| Carriage of parcels, freight, &c. . . . .   | 800     |
| Advertisements in the <i>Times</i> and other papers . . . . .   | 6,000   |

#### OUTSTANDING DEMANDS AND LIABILITIES. ESTIMATE.

|  |        |
|--|--------|
| 1. Surgeons, dressers, nurses, and lay agents employed throughout the seat of war. In number about 250, maintained at a cost of more than £200 per day for 30 days . . . . .   | 6,000  |
| 2. Army ambulance for transporting sick and wounded, consisting of 12 waggons, store carts, horses, &c. . . . .  | 15,000 |
| 3. Complete field hospital, attached to above, arranged for 200 patients, with tents, surgical appliances, food, &c.; the whole under command of Dr. Guy, Deputy Inspector of Military Hospitals, assisted by 12 army surgeons . . . . . | 20,000 |
| 4. Cost of maintaining dépôts under Major-General Sir Vincent Eyre in France, and Captain Brackenbury on the borders of Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany . . . . .   | 10,000 |
| 5. Money and stores in course of distribution from time to time to hospitals and ambulances whose funds are exhausted, and who come to the English Society for aid to enable them to continue their work . . . . .                       | 10,000 |

Carried forward . . . . . £201,990

|   |           |
|---|-----------|
| Brought forward . . . . .   | £ 201,990 |
| 6. General expenses of the whole establishment and final cost of winding up . . . .   | 20,000    |
| 7. Cost of stores, chiefly food and clothing, to be sent out in readiness for the sick and wounded in Metz and other places . . . . | 15,000    |
| 8. Balance still available to cover all further contingencies and demands . . . . .   | 26,000    |

Present amount of subscriptions . . . £262,990

Signed, R. LOYD-LINDSAY, Chairman.

|              |                      |
|--------------|----------------------|
| SHAFTESBURY. | HARRY VERNEY.        |
| BURY.        | DOUGLAS GALTON.      |
| OVERSTONE.   | N. M. DE ROTHSCHILD. |

When we remember that, as the chairman, Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, says in the report of his visit to Versailles, in spite of the wonderful organization of the German armies, their hospital arrangements allow no difference of clothing or rations for the sick and wounded; that their blood-stained uniforms are their soldiers' only hospital suits; that they must eat the ordinary food, or starve; that there are no field tents; that hundreds of sick are now lying on straw even at head-quarters; that chloroform is considered a false humanity, and the screams of a bad operation terrify a whole ward, as was described in the *Times* of November 1,—we may well be glad to be able to administer some mitigation of such Spartan discipline.

On the other hand, the French are at present literally without the means of looking after their wounded, and the supplies, even at first, were as deficient as all their other war arrangements. The wounded brought in at Woerth, Sedan, &c., had been a week without proper rations, and on the last day had received next to nothing, so that to give them food was the first necessity. Since the late engagements about Orleans, large supplies have been sent there to M. Monod's ambulance, to Tours, Châlons, &c.; and £5,000 worth of warm clothing has been given out to the sick French prisoners in Germany.

The Committee have been thoroughly impartial in the distribution of help, and both sides have complained of our too rigid justice in the matter. An Indian Parsee merchant, Jehangeer Readymoney, of Bombay, who has sent £500 to each of the contending countries, has, however, expressed the feelings of all who have made such sacrifices in the cause,—“to serve my co-creatures in this great fearful slaughter and maiming of human beings with little money I can spare, and assist England's neighbours in their distress,” has been our privilege as well as our duty. Hitherto, the relief having been given on the Rhine frontier would appear, though falsely,

to have favoured the Germans. It will now, on the contrary—being chiefly distributed in the interior of France—appear, though falsely, to be given most to the French.

Some agreeable proofs have been lately received that, in spite of all small misunderstandings, our efforts to mitigate the sufferings of the wounded on both sides have been received by the two belligerents in the same spirit with which the help was offered.

The Crown Prince, for whom there exists a strong feeling in England, both for his own sake and that of his wife, *our* Princess (whose admirable War Hospital at Homburg has been quite a model in all its arrangements), writes—

“Head Quarters, Versailles, Nov. 2.

“The noble contribution brought by Colonel Loyd-Lindsay for the use of the sick and wounded from the English Society of which he is the director deserves somewhat more than a simple acknowledgment. In this, as on other occasions of distress, the help of the English public has been poured out with a liberal and impartial hand. The gifts, which have been offered in a truly Christian spirit, have excited a feeling of heartfelt gratitude among those in whose names I speak. In doing so I am repeating the feelings of the whole of my country-people, in this instance represented by those for whose special benefit these gifts are destined.

“FREDERICK WILLIAM, Crown Prince.”

The Queen of Prussia also sends word to the Committee—

“I have observed with sincere admiration the generous manner in which the English nation endeavours to alleviate the fearful sufferings of the present war, and to participate in the care of the numerous wounded by supporting the existing societies and hospitals, by the erection of their own hospitals, establishment of depôts, and the distribution of gifts. In my relations with the German societies, I feel it an urgent obligation to express this to the English Committee for aid to wounded and sick soldiers which directs this benevolent activity, and in their name, as well as in the name of my countrymen far and near whom this assistance has benefited, to offer the most sincere and deep-felt thanks. By such proofs of true humanity the nation does honour to itself, and preserves its old reputation of maintaining the interests of humanity as everywhere the first consideration. It may likewise rest assured that with



us in Germany what we owe to it in this respect is most warmly acknowledged and felt.

"AUGUSTA.

"*Homburg, Nov. 8, 1870.*"

The present Minister of War in France, General Le Flo, in acknowledging the gift of half a million of francs (£20,000), says that he "understands the wish of the English subscribers to be that the sum should be specially devoted to procuring for our sick and wounded such additions to the regular hospital allowances as may enable them to feel that a friendly hand has been extended for the relief of their sufferings. Allow me to express, in the name of the army and of our whole country, the sentiment of profound gratitude with which this brilliant manifestation of the sympathy of your generous nation inspires me. In happier and still recent times, it was granted to the soldiers of our two countries to fight side by side for a common cause, and the deed which you this day perform is a proof of the esteem with which you still regard us. I am deeply touched by it, as the interpreter of the grateful feelings of my nation."

The Committee have, as it were, had "greatness" (at least, of work) "thrust upon them." London was out of town when this great need arose, and seemed to have little desire to come back again. The duty of assisting the sick and wounded was one which all England desired to see accom-

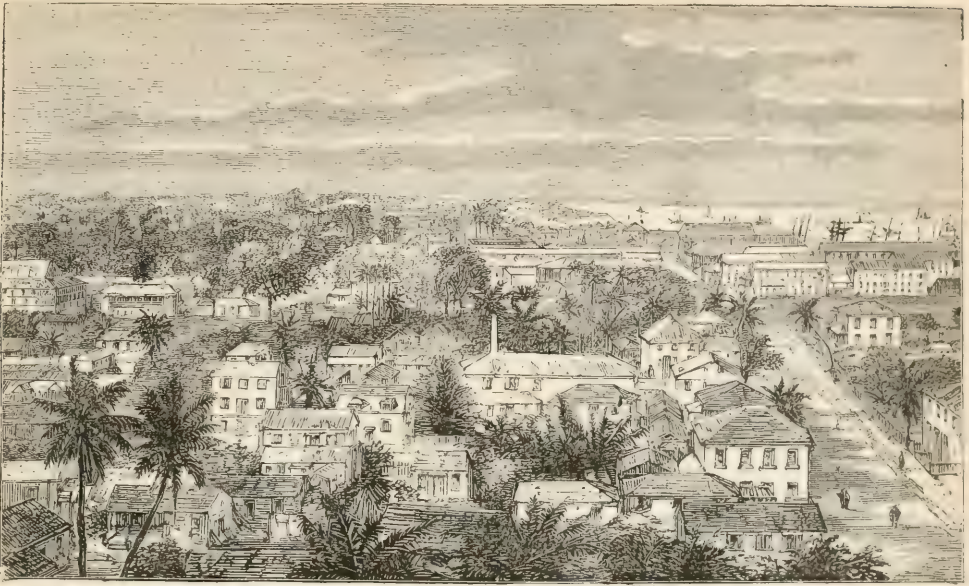
plished; and as the terrible accounts of the sufferings of the soldiers of both armies reached us, any amount of money and stores might have been obtained for them, but few seemed willing to sacrifice their holiday in the work of distribution.

The Committees, both of ladies and gentlemen, have given up their time and money—have gone through much anxiety and very real hard work in their most responsible position. There have been, no doubt, delays and failures occasionally, as was to be expected over so vast an area, and in an undertaking which grew up so suddenly, with no responsible or official heads having a right to command. But when the difficulties of the task are considered—how the great countries of England and France, with all their offices and organizations, failed to supply the sick of their armies in the Crimea; that the Prussian system does not even pretend to be able to afford such superfluities as hospital comforts to her soldiers; that France has a second time been found wanting, even more helplessly than before; and, finally, the extreme jealousy with which any volunteer efforts at remedying official lapses are always regarded by those in power,—the formidable obstacles to carrying out their work will be better understood, and the large amount of success obtained will call forth the gratitude of England towards those who have thus stood in the breach, and done their best to administer her benevolence.

## "REMEMBER NOT THE SINS OF MY YOUTH."

COULD I recall the years that now are flown,  
For evermore:  
Revive my early visions—long o'erthrown—  
And hope restore:  
How blest it were to mould my life anew,  
And all my broken vows of youth renew!  
Oh were I once again but free to choose  
As in past days,  
How oft the sun-lit path I would refuse  
For sterner ways!  
Content to turn aside from ev'ry road,  
Save that which kept me in the smile of God.  
But vain the dream: the strife is o'er with me:  
Dark days remain:  
I could not trust my heart if I were free  
To choose again:  
The dazzling morning might again deceive,  
Life be mis-spent, and age be left to grieve.  
I would not, if I could, recall the years  
That now are fled:  
Their cares and pleasures, labours, hopes, and fears,  
For me are dead:  
I ask but mercy for the weary past,  
And grace to guide me gently home at last.

JOHN MACLEOD.



Georgetown, Demerara—from the Lighthouse.

## THE COOLIE:

*A Journey to inquire into his Rights and Wrongs.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GINX'S BABY."

### INTRODUCTORY.

**C**OLOUR white and colour brown, Brahmin and pariah, domineering Anglo-Saxon and supple Asian, master and servant, lord and serf, Government and labourers, Planters and Coolies, are at this moment parties to a duel, in which, by the following pages, I would fain awaken the interest of home English people. Often has the world seen a similar controversy, the scene shifting with the shifting fortunes of races.

Of no small gravity are the issues of this duel to the parties concerned. To the planters, whose fortunes are staked upon fresh annual swarmings from the great Indian or Chinese hives—nay, to you also, all sugar-consuming bipeds—the question whether one hundred thousand hogsheads, more or less, shall be yearly extracted from the rich mudbanks that lie between the Essequibo, Demerary, and Corentyn rivers is somewhat personal and serious; is it not? It needs, therefore, only to be said that if Coolie proves stronger in the duel, the whole of that vast industry is endangered, with everything depending on it of capital and energy and commercial progress.

On the other hand, deeply interesting is the issue to the Coolie and the philan-

thropist. A hundred thousand hogsheads of sugar per annum in the world, more or less, is a trifle compared with the question—Whether the toilers who produce it are wronged and unhappy? Some fifty thousand immigrants, carried by long voyages from their own land and family and race associations, are—of their own free will let it be remembered—bound for a certain number of years to fetch and carry, to work and delve, for any master assigned to them by a Demerara executive: bound under a wonderfully complicated system, with legal balances and checks, devised, some say, to wrap them in inextricable bonds. How these people endure the change of life, how they are treated, their well-being or misery, and that of their children, are the subjects of an inquiry ordered by her Majesty's Government. This inquiry I have termed the duel of Coolie and Planter; and I venture to say it demands the fairest, keenest, strictest, most instant attention of that Great Mogul the British public.

For some one, assuming to himself the office of Coolie's advocate, has, to the Colonial Secretary, represented their state to be little other than that from which not many years ago the tillers of the same soil were redeemed by our generous fathers. Seduced from India



or China by false promises—so he seems to have averred—not duly notified of the legislation which would affect their relations when they reached the field of labour—assigned without due caution on the part of the executive to the power of unconscientious masters—wronged by the law and against law—daily injured, and unable to obtain redress, because of combinations between unjust magistrates, hireling doctors, and manœuvring planters—dying unrecked and unreckoned—I have tried faithfully thus to sum up this man's charges—such a fifty thousand British subjects, anywhere existing, would heat the sympathies of English hearts to boiling-point, and woe worth the Governor and Council, Court of Policy or impolicy, Combined Court or Electors' College, judges, magistrates, doctors, planters, managers, overseers, and "drivers," who were accomplices in that state of things! Most certainly, if he be true, this mudbank question is a heavy matter. One hundred thousand hogsheads of sugar *versus* fifty thousand human souls; your money or their life.

It will be seen that I was selected by two great philanthropic societies to represent the Coolies in this duel. I accepted and held their retainer as a counsel, not as a partisan. I not only am not but never was a member of either of the associations. No one can accuse me of prejudice either way when I went to Demerara. On the contrary, I determined to form an unbiassed judgment, and I claim for any opinion I may express the weight due to impartiality.

I do not mean to forestall the verdict of the commission appointed by her Majesty's Government, and shall endeavour to avoid trending on their lines. Nor do I wish to induce any person to form a judgment until the whole of the evidence is before the public. Yet I may do essential service by pointing out how grave the question is, by narrating, in an unvarnished way, my own experiences, and by describing, as picturesquely as may be, the field on which the parties are drawn up, and perhaps by indicating the drift of the evidence so far as it has been given.

My story will be very simply told, with whatever in the way of travellers' incidents and local or social observations may appear to me likely to fringe and enliven a sober subject.

#### ON THE WAY TO THE SUBJECT.

THE 17th of June, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy, I left Southampton for Demerara, West Indies. I think it was Mr. Hume who invariably spoke of that almost

fabulous place as an island, an error, I have been told, perpetrated and perpetuated in the House of Commons by the late Lord Stanley. Before I left England I knew what may not be known to every reader, that Demerara was a division or county of British Guiana, a colony lying between Surinam or Dutch Guiana, and Venezuela, on the north-west shoulder of South America. British Guiana is divided into three counties, named respectively after the great rivers which bound or transpierce them—Berbice, Demerara, and Essequibo.

Next let me state the dimensions of the colony. From the Corentyn river, separating it from Surinam, to the Barima river, which glides between it and Venezuela, extends a coast line of two hundred and eighty miles, from which line, in towards the Brazils, it stretches three and sometimes four hundred miles or more in breadth. It lies between latitude 8° N. and 3° 30' S. Tropical with a vengeance.

Seven days before I was travelling to Demerara, I had as much idea of visiting the moon; but when the Aborigines Protection Society and the Anti-Slavery Society offered me a retainer in an investigation concerning for right or wrong near half a hundred thousand souls, I could not hesitate about my duty or be tardy in my movements. So many Coolies and Chinese, imported by and for the purposes of British enterprise, were living and working for masters in that out-of-the-way colony. They had immigrated under a system approved by the Colonial Office. The Indian Government and that of British Guiana were also parties to it, as regarded the Coolies, and the Chinese Government as regarded its own citizens.

But it should be clearly understood that what I call "the Coolie question" is of far larger dimensions than is implied by the above statement. Other parts of the West Indies, like Trinidad and Jamaica, have their Coolies, and are eagerly looking for more; and in Mauritius alone over two hundred thousand of these expatriated people demand our protection and care. If it should be shown by this inquiry in Demerara that the Colonial Office has been hoodwinked, either in spite of itself or through its own inertness and stupidity, I apprehend that every Coolie-worked colony of Britain will have to set its house in order and stand a similar investigation.

These immigrants landed in Demerara almost every one of them, not free, but under a bond of indenture. By that indenture,

entered into in their own country with the Guiana Executive, they had agreed generally to serve for five years any master assigned to them by that Executive.

Here, for instance, let me give you a paragraph or two of the indenture of my friend and *quondam* host, Lum a Yung. "Made the 16th day of December in the year of the Christian era being the 3rd day of the 12th month of the 9th year of the reign of Hiefung according to the Chinese Imperial Calendar." By this document in bad English and good Chinese side by side the said Lum a Yung bound himself to "John Gardiner Austin, *Special Agent of the British Government for the regulating and encouragement of Emigration from China to the British West Indies.*"

"1. That the said party of the first part shall and will so soon as he shall be required embark on the ship *Dora* now lying at anchor in the harbour of Hong Kong and bound for the colony of British Guiana and remain on board the said ship henceforward until she proceeds to sea, and shall then proceed as a passenger on board the said ship to British Guiana, for the purpose of carrying out the stipulations hereinafter contained on the part of the said party of the first part.

"2. That the said party of the first part shall and will from time to time and at all times during the term of five years, to be computed, &c.,—well, faithfully, and diligently, and according to the best of his skill and ability, work and serve as an agricultural labourer, in the said colony according to the provisions hereinafter contained.

"3. That the said party of the first part shall and will work as such labourer as aforesaid for the space of seven hours and a half of each day during the aforesaid term of five years, on such estate as may be pointed out by the Governor of British Guiana, with a reservation of not less than five days to be set apart during each year as holidays at the China New Year by the said Governor, and of every Sabbath day."

In return for this the Agent of the British Government contracted, so long as the immigrant performed his part of the agreement, to cause to be paid to him weekly "the same rate of wages for the same proportionate quantity of work as may from time to time be paid to unindentured labourers working on the same plantation," and to cause to be provided for him house, garden-ground, and medical attendance free of expense.

Here, then, in a few authentic words have we sketched out for us a first outline of the whole scheme of Coolie Immigration—the

immigrant's contract and that of his employer—a transport system under direct supervision, through an agent, of the British Government. This contract is, however, to be performed in British Guiana, is affected in many ways by its laws, and is to be enforced in its courts. The laws, therefore, and the character of the persons who administer them, are of first importance to the Coolie. Seven hours and a half a day, six days a week, for two hundred and sixty consecutive weeks, is Lum a Yung's or Ramsahi's contract with an unknown master. Is he idle? Is he sick? Is he ageing and weak? Is he foxing? Is he cheated? Is he maltreated? Is he efficiently doctored—fed with good food when sick—carefully tended in hospital? Some one is needed of absolute shrewd independence to answer these questions, when occasion requires, authoritatively, yea or nay, in the interest of master or servant. Every one will see in a moment what a vast number of issues may arise out of this singular apprenticeship.

I cannot more readily and succinctly bring before my readers the nature of the issues involved in the present inquiry than by referring them to two woodcuts, copied from caricatures executed and brought to me in Georgetown by a clever Chinese immigrant, who had been a schoolmaster in his own country. The originals—obviously Chinese in style and execution, and I was assured original in their invention—are coloured, and several times larger than the spirited reproduction by the artist for these pages. Not only have they the quaint artistic ingenuity of the Chinese, but they give an idea of the shrewdness and cunning ability which are common to all the immigrants in stating and systemizing their grievances. The reader must regard them as mere caricatures which put in a concrete form the supposed case of the immigrant against the planter.

In Number 1 (p. 48) is a tolerably fair representation of a manager's house on its brick pillars. To the left, at the bottom of the picture, is a free Coolie driving his cattle. To the right a rural constable is seizing an unhappy pigtail to convey him to the lockup, being absent, as we see, from the band just above him, with his arms unbound. This indicates that he is trying to avoid the restraints of his indenture, and for this he is liable to punishment. Above him, on the right of the picture, is a group of Chinese, and on the left of the steps a group of Coolies, represented with their arms bound, an emblem of indentureship. They always speak of themselves as "bound" when under inden-



ture. At the foot of the steps, on either side, is a Chinaman and a Coolie, from whose breasts two drivers are drawing blood with a knife, the life fluid being caught by boys in the swizzle-glasses of the colony. A boy is carrying the glasses up the steps to the attorney and manager, who sit on the left of the verandah, and who are obviously fattening at the expense of the bound people below them. A fat wife and children look out of the windows. Behind, through a break in the wall, are represented the happy and healthy owners in England; to the right, under the tree, through

a gap in the fence, are aged Chinese, weeping over their unhappy relatives. In the right-hand corner of the verandah is the payable, with the overseers discussing and arranging stoppages of wages. The smoking chimney of the kitchen and the horse eating his provender seem to be intended to contrast with the scene in front. This, then, gives a picturesquely sentimental and satirical aspect of the general case advanced on behalf of the Coolies.

Picture Number 2 represents a more specific issue—that upon the point of treatment



in hospital. Here we have a hospital, a large, airy building. On the left, through the windows, two men are shown in the stocks. Whether these were used or not upon any estates was an important question in the inquiry. Next, to the right, are bedsteads, on which lie the patients. The nearest, a Chinaman, is just expiring, spite of the chicken soup—*vide* the chicken in the basin—which has been supplied to him *in extremis*. The question of the actual supply of nourishing food in the hospitals when ordered by the doctors was another raised by the Commission. Again, in the middle we see two stout immigrants whom the doctor, sitting in the chair,

is tenderly treating, while the manager drives down the steps a meagre wretch, too weak to be worth the curing. Another issue—are all the immigrants equally and properly treated in hospital? Look at the stout black nurse standing beside the “diet-list,” whereon is officially inscribed in Chinese, Indian, and English, the scale of diet, by which any patient who can read may ascertain whether the doctor’s instructions are carried out as regards him or his fellows. Beyond, in the room to the right, is the black man’s favourite, feeding on the dainties and porter ordered for the patients. A clear question raised here—Whether the subordinates do not cheat both

their masters and the Coolies? Below we see the doctor's horse, well fed; to the left, the manager's pigs, well fed; and about and under the house, crowing and fighting cocks, well fed; while thin wretches hoe the ground, and a desperate Chinaman hangs himself from the verandah. All this is powerfully satirical. And, lastly, we have the black cook issuing the rations, and stirring the chicken broth—but the chicken is running about safely outside the pot!

These illustrations, then, are curious as embodying in caricature much of the case

advanced on behalf of the Coolies, and the proof or disproof of which is so vitally serious to the planters. It is, perhaps, in favour of the latter, before any evidence produced either way, that an immigrant could treat the question with such humour—grim though it be. But Mr. G. W. Des Voeux's letter was serious. It was an indictment of the Government, magistrates, planters, and doctors of British Guiana. It brought such charges as are suggested by the caricaturist; and more than these. It was written by the administrator of the Government at St. Lucia, who had been



a stipendiary magistrate in British Guiana for five years.

The letter, dated Christmas Day, 1869, was addressed to the then Secretary for the Colonies, Lord Granville, who, after communicating it to the India Office, in March following, ordered an inquiry. Sir George Young, Bart., a junior barrister, but a man of distinction for his varied abilities, was appointed a Commissioner, and had gone out to join Mr. Charles Mitchell, of Trinidad, nominated under the direction of the Colonial Office by Mr. Gordon, Governor of that island. I expected to find the Commission at work on my arrival in Georgetown.

I need not here describe the voyage to St. Thomas, and down by the wonderful islands made familiar to the readers of *Good Words* by Canon Kingsley. I will only here pen with reverent gratitude a tributary line to the Father hand that smoothed the perilous seas, and testify my obligations to the good ship *Seine*, her officers and crew, for a strangely comfortable voyage. Her reputation for steadiness had brought together a very pleasant company: the General Commanding the Forces in the West Indies, his family, and two staff officers, other English officers, naval and military, the President of Montserrat, and a merchant-planter with his charming impedi-



menta, luckily going the whole way to my destination. If I had been travelling on the retainer of the Planters' Committee I could not have been more kindly treated than by M., one of the most influential of the colonial plutocracy.

We transhipped into the *Arno* at St. Lucia, and leaving the distinguished military party at Barbadoes, steamed gloomily on in the gathering heat. At last on Thursday afternoon, July the 7th, the officers went forward with their glasses to look for the lightship. Hurrah! There she is ten miles off; we shall be in by five o'clock. For fifty miles out we have been cleaving a dirty green liquid, tinged by the mud of the Essequibo, Demerara, perhaps even the Orinoco. Now we are in simple dun ditch-water, and the active nigger on the paddle-box, singing out the fathoms as he casts the lead, informs us that our floating resources are dwindling. Here's the lightship rolling in the swell, and here's the bar whereon we stick fast, but after several runs at the obstacle, at length cut through into Demerara water. The shore at this short distance looks no more than a long line of low bank with a light palisade of cocoa and cabbage palms marked against the sky. In front we presently see a stretch of sea-wall and some white houses: that is the garrison. Round the corner of the wall and past the lighthouse into a river—the broad, brown river, and at our left reach away the flats, the stellings, the stores and sheds, the low white jalousied houses, over which everywhere the graceful cabbage-palms spread their green wings. This is Georgetown, Demerara. Thermometer 85° Fahr., time five p.m.

#### GEORGETOWN, DEMERARA.

A LARGE place and a busy one. Here is a wide, muddy river, well hampered with shipping, from the beautifully-modelled schooners and sloops of Orinoco to the large iron Coolie vessels of the Forth or the Tyne, and alive, too, with small craft. The air was oppressive even in the late afternoon. The tide was out, and had left exposed along the shore, and beneath the stellings, or jetties, a fetid, ombreish mud, very suggestive of yellow fever to a fresh and doubting stranger. My friend M. rescued me from the troublesome inquisitiveness of the custom-house officers, and in a short time I was walking up the broad street to the hotel—Beckwith's, said to be the best in the West Indies—three negroes carrying my traps on their heads. I have landed on a mudbank as flat as a billiard-

table. The wide streets are bisected and intersected by canals and open drains, which strike me, as an old Sanitary Reformer, unpleasantly. I should have thought worse of it had I known, what I afterwards discovered, that these drains can only be emptied at low water. Yet my first reflection is, that if any one retains health with such surroundings, it is no small evidence of natural stamina. On either side of the streets are two-storied wooden houses, erected on brick pillars, and generally with jalousied verandahs. Round them, often in rich profusion, are splendid shrubs—the flamboyant, the oleander, frangipanni—and towering over these the cocoa or cabbage palm, the tamarind, and other tropical trees. So that looking down some of the best streets, the effect, with the smooth, broad canals, fringed with a yard or two of grass, is very pretty—albeit very Dutch. The large amount of land appropriated to streets and gardens and drainage requires for the population of some thirty thousand people a very extensive area, and the town stretches back from and along the river on a square of three or four miles. As the streets are laid out at right angles, the distances are, like those of Washington, "magnificent." It was therefore no small comfort to me to discover, the day after my arrival, that Anthony Trollope's hint about cabs had been taken, and that very decent vehicles could be hired at any time of day for one shilling sterling a quarter of an hour. Horses in the tropics are constructed to go at a uniform rate of speed, hence this arrangement is not so unfair as time contracts in London are apt to be.

Here we are at the hotel. Mine host is as stout and jolly an Englishman as the wolds of Yorkshire ever saw—a cattle farmer too; and mine hostess a kindly English lady, who forthwith recognises in me a big tropical baby, and treats me accordingly with infinite maternal benevolence. Beckwith's first floor is simply a wide verandah with a couple of large rooms inside it, the principal room being devoted to the gentlemen for all purposes but sleeping. I am shown along a passage to a chamber as comfortable as the house contains—"Where Sir George Young slept, sir!"—papered over the boards, the upper part of the partition consisting of open lattice-work. I can hear almost everything that is going on through the house. The heavy heels of the gentleman above me chronicle his motions; I can tell to a nicety when he throws off his boots, hangs up his coat, doffs his clothes and casts them on a chair, winds up his watch and jumps into

bed; nay, in the morning he produces an earthquake when he rubs the Macassar into his head. I can hear the gentleman who has been to a dinner-party roll along the passage, and pitch headforemost through his door. I can hear him swearing at his shins for knocking against the chairs; and, should he be taken with the nausea of intoxication, I am forced to accord him an unwilling sympathy. But is it not so in every Demerara dwelling? With all this, Beckwith's is as comfortable an hotel as heat and negro servants will admit of in those latitudes.

In half an hour I am seated at dinner at the *table-d'hôte*. Looking round curiously—it is rather crowded, being mail-day—I find I am among gentlemen. They are mostly of the Planter kin. They all know who I am, and on what unpleasant business I have come among them; but they neither stare nor seem to make remark. My neighbour talks genially about the climate, though much engaged in consuming what, out of the tropics, would be an honest couple of dinners to a hearty man. A stranger comes up to me, and offers to introduce me to the club—an old Harrovian, a Cambridge graduate, a travelled man, a gentleman, and afterwards in every way to me a friend was R. F. H., who thus genially tendered kindness to a stranger. A waiter approaches me with a tray and glasses, and says that Mr. C. desires the favour of wine with me. In fact, I am put at my ease immediately. As for impertinent commissions, and busy philanthropists, and troublesome inquiries, and cross-examinations, leave those to the future—sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Meantime, here is a waif cast upon Demerara hospitality, and Demerara hospitality is large-hearted, honest, and genial. Therefore when I go over to the club, pressing offers of “swizzles” come from all quarters, and I am told that honorary members are, by a rule of the club, forbidden to pay for their “drinks.” I cannot say that I avoided swizzles in British Guiana; but I took them cautiously. They are seductive and dangerous, with just enough of tonic element to make them plausibly medicinal, just enough of stimulating property to attract one wearied with the incessant heat; but without such vigorous self-control as I maintained during my brief stay, I am convinced that the first is, as a rule, a step to the second, and an appetite for stimulants in such a climate as that is a deadly snare.

The club at Georgetown is, to the gentlemen, its most important institution. It is a

huge wooden building, not without architectural pretensions, consisting of two floors—the club-room below, and a concert-room above. In the club-room are three billiard-tables; outside it, on the windward side, a large verandah, with tables for cards. Here, early in the morning, a few old stagers come before breakfast to take their swizzles; and in the afternoon every gentleman in the colony almost, who has nothing to do and is conveniently near, lounges from four to six. There is no charge for the billiard-tables, no high play, and the exercise is just arduous enough for a thermometer at 80°. I said this was an important institution for gentlemen; the ladies, unfortunately, have nothing to correspond. The huge room up-stairs is rarely used for balls or concerts. The Demerara folk complain loudly of their salaried leaders of society. It is even alleged that, although they receive an allowance for special entertainment, this is but meagrely applied; nay, it has been lately stated with some heat by the “planters’ organ,” that those who ought to be the heads of every amusement, as well as of graver matters, are more interested in securing a competency for old age than in maintaining the dignity of colonial office. I heard this complaint in other parts of the West Indies, and I fear the representatives of Her Majesty in some of these colonies have more reputation for thrift in their own affairs than for ability of administration. I shall take occasion to advert to this subject—one I conceive to be of no small importance—hereafter. I have said that you find yourself, in Georgetown, amongst *gentlemen*—men, some of them well-born, some of them well-educated—full of ideas of sugar and commerce, yet once of good English school and university; shrewd capitalists, but also sagacious observers of public affairs. I was at times almost ashamed to find how much they knew of English contemporary history. This strikes you everywhere in the colonies. It is partly owing to the many good summaries of intelligence which the home or colonial press supplies, and which often descend to minute details without involving the perusal of indifferent reflections or reports; but it is chiefly owing to the lively zest for information which delay and distance breed in English-loving hearts. I am almost beginning to think that England is far dearer to exiled affections than to the cold contents of home.

I was rather dashed to find that the Commissioners were not sitting. On the contrary, their operations were indefinitely postponed, and the two gentlemen had taken



advantage of a lucky expedition to the interior to go and view the wonderful Kaitour Falls, discovered by Mr. Brown. The truth was, that the planters were dissatisfied with the Commissioners. They knew nothing of Sir George Young—small odds to him—and alleged they knew too much about Mr. Charles Mitchell. In fact, they thought the latter far too young and inexperienced. They said so plainly and appropriately in a deputation to the Governor, begging him to communicate with Lord Granville, and ask for another commissioner; their organ, the *Colonist*, said so rudely, and with concomitant abuse of little credit to anybody actually or impliedly a party to it. So I was destined to wait six weeks for the new Commissioner.

When, the morning after my arrival, I slowly paced the hot streets under shadow of my umbrella, I marked with wonder the varieties of race, of dress, of aspect, of the people who thronged the wide business thoroughfare. With Saxon, Teuton, and Celt, in their white adaptation of European costume, there were blackest Africans, or tinted Creoles, or brown and copper Bengalees—the men's little loin-cloths, or *babbas*, leaving unswathed their polished limbs; the women, in slight, brilliant costumes, which set off their lithe figures and supple motions; yellow Chinamen in blue blouse and pigtail, with half-cunning, half-idiotic faces; rarely the short, staunch, brown figures of the aboriginal Indians, the "Bucks," as they are called, come from the interior to barter, the men, for the nonce, assuming some elementary garb of decency; but the women, with the modesty of innocence, absolutely reduced to no larger garment than the primitive fig-leaf. Was it not a surprise to see such variety within a mile of street? But I was looking specially for my Coolies, and here they were. Not a few of them, well made handsome fellows, stepped

along with light and vigorous swing, sometimes proudly sporting a shirt, or a white calico robe, or even a coat and trousers. Of the women many bore the evidences of wealth. A tight-fitting velvet jacket, blue or maroon colour, with a short skirt, and round the bosom and over the head, in graceful fold, a coloured scarf or muslin veil—and generally some silver or golden ornaments: bangles on the bare legs, bracelets on the brown well-turned arms, necklets of coins, the English florin being a favourite, earrings massive and numerous. I saw as many as half a dozen in as many holes in each ear, and nose-rings of gold, perhaps enriched with a gem. Astride upon the hip, in Hindu fashion, some carried a black-eyed piece of infant nudity, also heavily laden with silver baubles. I could not refrain from asking myself: "Are these chains? Can these be the wretched objects of avaricious tyranny, or have I landed in the wrong place?" Yet that question did not always press upon me. For not every one of them appeared to have been equally good-fortuned. Many carrying little but their dirty babbas—thin, obvious sons of earth-toil, and mayhap of sorrow; a few old and weakening, a few Lazaruses, with lameness, impotence, or ugly sores for dogs to lick. Of the other immigrants, the Chinese one saw were usually broad and even powerful looking men, not often so indifferent to clothing as the Coolies. Indeed, of the Chinese in Georgetown streets a large proportion were small shopkeepers from the country, busily driving bargains from store to store. It takes a Scotchman to match John Chinaman at shrewd barter,—I don't know whether this was the reason for the number of the Caledonian ilk who served behind the shop counters.

Such, then, were my clients as I saw them the first day in the streets of the capital.

## WAR AND JUDGMENT.

A Sermon preached before the Queen, and published by Her Majesty's command.

BY THE EDITOR.

"To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven. . . . A time of war."—ECCLES. iii. 1, 8.

YOU will not be surprised, in this crisis of European history, that I have selected "War" and "Judgment" as the subject of exposition to-day. The events which occupy the thoughts of the civilised world during every week-day, may surely occupy ours for a short time upon this day also, when we meet not only to worship God, but to learn his "ways" and the meaning of his "acts"

towards men and nations. In the earlier and more stirring periods of our national history, "preaching to the times," as it was called, was the rule, and not the exception, as it is in our epoch. Great questions were then at issue, national rather than individual; or, if individual, relating chiefly to the duties of the Christian as a citizen and member of the Church, and to the part he should take

in the battles then being fought to secure religious and civil liberty. At such times it could hardly be otherwise than that the clergy, from their relatively superior knowledge and influence, from the sense they entertained of the momentous consequences at stake, and from the scanty means of diffusing knowledge among the people, should have taken a prominent place as teachers and leaders in politics. But it is very different now. The increase of education, the vastly improved means of spreading information, above all the blessing of a representative government with freedom of debate—advantages secured by past struggles, revolutions, and sacrifices—have necessarily transferred much of the teaching of the pulpit to the press and to Parliament. We clergy are thus enabled thankfully to withdraw into other spheres of teaching and labour more congenial to our minds, and more suited to the specialities of our experience and calling. And yet, surely there are still occurring public events of vast importance, which the Christian minister, of all men, should earnestly endeavour to bring into the light of God's revelation of Himself. Such an event is war, and it cannot be either vain or presumptuous to inquire into God's will regarding it. Our Lord desired his disciples, as being no longer "slaves," but "friends," to possess an intelligent understanding of what He taught and did:—"I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known to you."

I purpose, then, in the first place, to consider in the light of Scripture that terrible visitation—"a time of war." In doing so, I shall confine myself chiefly to the question of the lawfulness of war. For if it is unlawful—if it is condemned by God—then no Christian, without incurring guilt, can enter the army or navy, nor can a Christian nation annually vote millions for the support of both, as we do. Nay, more, such a conclusion must affect our moral estimate of the whole past history of the human race, shroud in darkness every soldier's grave, and cause us to alter all our schemes for the preservation and progress of civilisation. On the other hand, if war is lawful, we surely owe it to our brave men by land and sea, to defend them from so terrible an interpretation of their professional life! They have exposed themselves to every peril, sacrificed the fellowship of those dearer to them than life, and given up the peace and comforts of

home for the rough usages of the stormy sea and of the camp, "counting not their lives dear to them," but have "endured hardness," and "waxed valiant in fight," to secure the liberties and peace of their country. And do we not enjoy, to a large extent, in our nights and days of peace, and in our sense of safety and freedom from all alarm, the fruits of their watchfulness and bravery? Let us, therefore, take heed lest we thoughtlessly add to their many troubles and anxieties the dread conviction that their work is sinful. Should we not endeavour, rather, to strengthen and encourage them by the assurance that the Lord of Hosts is ever ready to help them to do their duty, to bless them in the doing of it, to hear their prayer, and to "gird them with strength to battle?"

In dealing with this question, it is quite unnecessary to dwell on the horrors of war, far less at the present time, when we cannot forget them if we would, and when every day presents to our hearts such fearful pictures of human suffering. The spectacle of one dead or dying soldier on the battle-field, or of one bereaved and weeping family at home, would be sufficient to solemnise the mind, to say nothing of the awful picture visible within the whole scene of war, which the imagination in vain endeavours to realise—vast fields of torture and carnage; tens, ay, hundreds of thousands of widows and orphans and loving friends, who, in the soldier's grave, have buried their hopes and joys; provinces devastated; towns burnt; families ruined and exiled; the industry and comfort of millions everywhere blasted; and, worse than all, alienation caused between nations and races who should be united, not only by interests common to humanity, but by the ties of holy brotherhood. So far from exaggerating these horrors, I rather think that we are not sufficiently alive to their dreadful reality, and that it will not be out of place to warn you against the temptation to partake of these daily tales of war and suffering as stimulating food to nourish a love of excitement, rather than as a sacrificial banquet of death of which we should partake as members of a bereaved and sorrowing family. The teaching and warning on this point by a great poet, written more than seventy years ago, when our own country was threatened with invasion, are needed now as much as then:—

"Boys and girls  
Full off an insect's leg, all read of war,  
The best amusement for our morning meal!  
The poor wretch who has learned his only prayers  
From curses, who knows scarcely words enough  
To ask a blessing from his heavenly Father,



Becomes a fluent phraseman, absolute  
 And technical in victories and defeats,  
 And all our dainty terms for fratricide;  
 Terms which we trundle smoothly on our tongues  
 Like mere abstractions, empty sounds to which  
 We give no feeling and attach no form!  
 As if the soldier died without a wound;  
 As if the fibres of this God-like frame  
 Were gored without a pang; as if the wretch  
 Who fell in battle, doing bloody deeds  
 Passed off to heaven, translated and not killed;  
 As though he had no wife to pine for him,  
 No God to judge him! . . . .  
 And what if all-avenging Providence,  
 Strong and retributive, would make us know  
 The meaning of our words! . . . .  
     Spare us yet a while,  
 Father and God! O spare us yet a while!"

All honour indeed be to those who keep alive in us a sense of the horrors of war, that so the passion which, from vain and selfish motives, would welcome the conflict, may be subdued and rooted out.

But the more we realise the horrors of war, the more wonderful it is that war should have occupied up till now so prominent a place in human history, and should be waged by all nations,—the most cultivated and highly civilised as well as the most rude and savage. The history, indeed, of every nation is, to a large extent, a history of its wars. War is the theme of the earliest songs and grandest poems; the subject of the oldest paintings on temple and palace walls, and of the noblest sculptures of antiquity. Great warriors have ever been among the most honoured of men; and the profession of arms has always ranked among the most honourable. Therefore, bad as man is, there must surely be something in war higher and better than the mere gratification of base passions or the perpetration of murder and butchery. Indeed, save for that *something*, whatever it be, such a spectacle could not possibly, I think, be presented to the world, as this war now being waged by two of the most cultivated nations in Christendom.

Nor is the question affected by another fact—alas, too true!—that there have been unjust and wicked wars caused by pride, selfishness, ambition, love of conquest, and the worst human passions.

Those who condemn war as absolutely sinful, do so upon the grounds, that it is contrary both to the commands and to the spirit of Christianity. The following commands of Christ are quoted as clearly forbidding it:—"Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: but I say unto you, that ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel

thee to go a mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away" (Matt. v. 38—42).

Now, we may at once conclude that, as it is impossible to regulate our conduct by these commands, interpreted according to their letter, it cannot have been Christ's intention that we should do so, but that we should interpret them according to their "spirit and life," which clearly forbid personal hatred, retaliation, and revenge. It is further very obvious that obedience to the command, "resist not evil"—the only one here which can be applied to war—unless explained by that common sense and spiritual judgment which our great Teacher ever assumed to be present in those who would learn of Him, would destroy God's order in society, make government impossible, and law a nonentity; overturn the authority of judges, magistrates, and parents; deliver the righteous into the hands of the wicked; allow the most savage and barbarous nations to rule the world; and thus turn Christianity into a curse, by subverting God's great gift of civilisation.

It is further alleged, as I have said, that war is against the whole spirit of Christianity—whatever interpretation may be given of its specific commands—on the ground that it necessarily implies the indulgence of those passions of hate and revenge which, in all circumstances, are confessedly inconsistent with religion. But is this assumption, on which the argument is founded, justified by fact, or by the nature of the case?

War is, no doubt, carried on by persons, yet it is not on that account necessarily personal. Hate or revenge may no more exist in the breast of a soldier, taking the life of an "enemy" at the risk of his own, than in that of a juror bringing in a verdict of guilty against a criminal; or in that of a judge sentencing him to be executed; or in that of the official carrying out the sentence. In none of these cases is punishment the end in view. It is rather the upholding of law and righteousness, by depriving the wrong-doer of his power, and thus deterring others like-minded from following his example.

The feeling of society, moreover, which associates courage and fearless daring in war with the truly chivalrous and "gentle-man," affords unconscious testimony to a general belief in this absence of all personal hate and love of blood. The facts, too, of war corroborate the justness of this feeling, for on the eve of the sternest combat, when foe is about

to meet foe in deadly strife, let but the news of peace be proclaimed, let but the echo be heard from afar of "the soft peace march, which beats 'Home, brothers, home,'" and all signs of enmity will at once give place to mutual embraces and congratulations. Nay, the noblest combatants will honour each other in proportion to the bravery they have each displayed. Alas! it is quite possible that more of the hate condemned by Christ may be found within the bosom of the Church—in the war of ecclesiastical parties, when differing about the things which belong to the kingdom of peace; and "words sharper than swords" may be spoken or written against fellow-workers by the most enthusiastic opponents of war.

And I cannot but think that what inspires us with admiration and respect for those engaged in war, is the idea that it embodies and expresses on a great scale the sublime principle of self-sacrifice; that the battle-field on which thousands of our best and bravest, in obedience to command, and in the name of the nation, willingly suffer and die, because it is *right*, and because their country "expects every man to do his duty," becomes a consecrated altar. "The ideal warrior is thus the most Christian man, because he is able truly to offer himself unto God as a willing sacrifice; and the ideal nation is one whose soldiers and sailors are not mere paid and ignorant mercenaries, recruited from the off-scourings of society, but men of a very different mould, more fit to fight for it and to die for it—men of education and intelligence, God-fearing men, and therefore capable of engaging in war with a holy, devout, humble, and reverent spirit—such warriors as might be led to battle with military music like that to which the soldiers of Jehoshaphat marched, when he appointed "singers unto the Lord that would praise the beauty of holiness as *they went out before the army*, and to say, Praise the Lord, for his mercy endureth for ever!"

This being so, I am not surprised that war sacrifices are closely connected in history with great gains. It is through conflict, revolution, and suffering that the world has reached each successive step in its onward progress from age to age. By the terrible process of war, the stronger, more manly, and more skilful races have gradually and necessarily dominated over the weaker and more luxurious ones, and thus made government possible, by allying it with energy and skill. Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that Peace with her beautiful repose, Freedom

with her stately mien, and Civilisation with her many crowns, have oftentimes been the fair and immortal children of this grim and bloody parent. We may be disposed to look on war as a terrible cross laid on humanity, and as we gaze on the mere scene of suffering unto death which it displays, we may, naturally enough, turn away our eyes from the agonising spectacle, and beat our breasts in sadness and despair; yet how often after a while are we cheered by a Resurrection morning and the dawn of a brighter day, when unexpected and rich blessings come to us from this Cross and out of this grave, as the result of all the previous sacrifice and suffering!

Coming now to consider what is revealed in Scripture regarding God's dealings with nations in the way of "*judgment*." Let me say, generally, that the Old Testament is, above all things, the record of God's dealings with *nations*. He who made the world is ever revealed as its universal King. The very record of the dispersion of mankind in Genesis testifies to the fact of these scattered children being recognised by Him as still belonging to his family. If He specially educated one nation, He tells us why—that it was not on the principle of favouritism, which finds no place in Him, but to do most good to the whole by preparing the world through one for the coming of Christ, in whom the reign of God should be finally established in the hearts of living men. And if little, comparatively speaking, is recorded in the Old Testament regarding the history of some mighty monarchies that have played a great part, yet enough is told us to show that He never let go his hold, so to speak, of any of them; that He was the God, not of the Jews only, but also of the Gentiles, and "reigned among the kingdoms of the heathen." And because He was *their* Lord, He sent his prophets ever and anon to reveal his will to them, and to lay their "burdens" of warning and rebuke upon them, whether upon Egypt, Babylon, Nineveh, or the more immediately surrounding nations. It is thus that the Old Testament is the chief source of our information regarding the divine government of *nations*, in every place and in every age, and a revelation of what I may venture to term the politics of Heaven towards them. The more, therefore, we study the Old Testament, the more shall we receive light regarding God as the King of nations, ever dealing with them on the same principles of righteousness. And



if principles are revealed, by which the world moves onward, not mechanically from generation to generation, but steadily towards the brighter day, we ought not ignorantly to gaze on the dial-plate of Time, and watch the movements of the hands as if they were self-governed. We ought rather with an enlightened faith to discern an unseen and higher power behind, guiding and governing all, yet without trenching upon human liberty and responsibility.

After what has been said I need hardly point out that in the Old Testament, the idea of the nation as a corporate unity is everywhere recognised, whatever be the form of government—a unity, too, made up of individuals, implying a national conscience, and the power of committing national sins or performing national virtues, which bring down corresponding punishments or rewards, and demand national repentance or thanksgiving. The rulers and ruled were thus taught that they were not solitary units, but living parts of a great whole, members of a living body; that none of them could live or die to themselves, or be separated in well or ill doing from their fellow-men,—that all were bound up in the brotherhood of a common national life. Hence the deep meaning of the confessions and thanksgivings poured forth by the prophets in the name of the nation—"our kings, our princes, our fathers, and all Israel."

Having thus seen what is the true idea of a nation, we are the better able to enter into the teaching of the Bible regarding God's judgments. By which term I understand not only God's righteous decisions as to character or conduct, but also the punishments and forms of discipline by which these are followed up.

Now, there are a few characteristic features of such "judgments," or rather of the principles on which they were administered, which I shall briefly notice.

(1) The first is, that they were determined solely by moral causes. The one thing demanded by God was righteousness; the one thing which would not be tolerated by Him was wickedness. However patient, and merciful, and long-suffering He might be,—and we are told He "was not slack as some men count slackness, but was long-suffering, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance,"—yet to repentance they must be brought, or perish. "At what instant I shall speak concerning a nation, and concerning a kingdom, to pluck up, and to pull down, and to destroy it; if

that nation, against whom I have pronounced, turn from their evil, I will repent of the evil that I thought to do unto them. And at what instant I shall speak concerning a nation, and concerning a kingdom, to build and to plant it; if it do evil in my sight, that it obey not my voice, then I will repent of the good, wherewith I said I would benefit them."

Now, the sins condemned by God, as bringing down punishment, are not those of idolatry only—a sin, however, which cuts at the root of all religion and morality, by blinding the spiritual eye and hindering it from seeing God, who is invisible—but many others, which some people would possibly term common and of every-day occurrence. Here are specimens of the Lord's indictments:—

*Falschood.*—"We have made lies our refuge, and under falschood have we hid ourselves." "Judgment will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet, and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies." "This is a rebellious people, lying children, children that will not hear the law of the Lord, which say to the seers, See not, and to the prophets, Prophecy not unto us right things; speak unto us smooth things, prophesy deceit."

*Dishonesty and Greed.*—"Hear this, O ye that swallow up the poor and needy, even to make the poor of the land to fail . . . making the ephah small and the shekel great, and falsifying the balances of deceit; that ye may buy the poor for silver, and the needy for a pair of shoes, and sell the refuse of the wheat. The Lord hath sworn, Surely I will not forget any of your works."

*Slavery.*—"Therefore thus saith the Lord; Ye have not hearkened unto me, in proclaiming liberty, every one to his brother, and every man to his neighbour: behold, I proclaim a liberty for you, saith the Lord, to the sword, to the pestilence, and to the famine; and I will make you to be removed into all the kingdoms of the earth."

*Idleness, Pride, Selfishness, and Sensuality.*—"Behold, this was the iniquity of thy sister Sodom, pride, fulness of bread, and abundance of idleness was in her and in her daughters, neither did she strengthen the hand of the poor and needy. And they were haughty, and committed abomination before me: therefore I took them away as I saw good."

*Drunkenness.*—"But they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink, they are

swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink ; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment."

As a summing up of their sins, the Lord saith :—"And I will come near to you to judgment ; and I will be a swift witness against the sorcerers, and against the adulterers, and against false swearers, and against those that oppress the hireling in his wages, the widow, and the fatherless, and that turn aside the stranger from his right, and fear not me, saith the Lord of hosts."

From God's judgments upon all such sin, which snapped the holy bonds of the family and the state, and resulted in practical Atheism, there was no escape except by repentance. No amount of *religiousness* could be accepted in place of the religion of obedience to God ; no sacrifices to the Church or to the priesthood, no vain attempts to honour God by the exercise even of prescribed holy ceremonies, could avail :—"Bring no more vain oblations ; incense is an abomination unto me ; the new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with ; it is iniquity even the solemn meeting. Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth : they are a trouble unto me ; I am weary to bear them. And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes ; yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear : your hands are full of blood. Wash you, make you clean ; *put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes* ; cease to do evil ; learn to do well ; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow."

(2) In the "judgments" of God *no favouritism* to nations was ever shown. If there be a trace of any leniency, to one more than to another, it is not shown to the people of Israel, but to the heathen : as when, in the case of Nineveh, God says, "Should I not spare that great city, wherein are more than sixscore thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand ; and also much cattle ?" In regard to Israel, on the other hand, he says, "You only have I known of all the families of the earth : *therefore* I will punish you for all your iniquities." Hence there were no incursions by powerful enemies more frequent or more disastrous than those upon Judea ; no sieges more dreadful than those of Jerusalem and Samaria ; no captivities more unsparing than when the land was swept bare of her people, its cities left in ruins, and its once fruitful fields and vineyards given up to wild beasts. Moreover, there is no indica-

tion given that those chosen to execute his judgments were necessarily any better than those whom they afflicted. "O Assyrian," says the Lord, "the rod of mine anger, and the staff in their hand is mine indignation. I will send him against an hypocritical nation, and against the people of my wrath will I give him a charge, to take the spoil, and to take the prey, and to tread them down like the mire of the streets. *Howbeit he meaneth not so, neither doth his heart think so* ; but it is in his heart to destroy and cut off nations not a few. Shall I not, as I have done unto Samaria and her idols, so do to Jerusalem and her idols ? Wherefore it shall come to pass, that when the Lord hath performed his whole work upon mount Zion and on Jerusalem, *I will punish the fruit of the stout heart of the king of Assyria, and the glory of his high looks*. For he saith, *By the strength of my hand I have done it, and by my wisdom* : for I am prudent : and I have removed the bounds of the people, and have robbed their treasures, and I have put down the inhabitants like a valiant man : and my hand hath found as a nest the riches of the people : and as one gathereth eggs that are left, have I gathered all the earth ; and there was none that moved the wing, or opened the mouth, or peeped. Shall the axe boast itself against him that heweth therewith ? or shall the saw magnify itself against him that shaketh it ? as if the rod should shake itself against them that lift it up, or as if the staff should lit up itself, as if it were no wood."

Nor again was there any favouritism or partiality shown to their own people by the seers who pointed out the sins which called for judgment, and prophesied of their coming punishment. The injustice of kings and of nobles, of priests and of false prophets, and hardest task of all, those of the people, were exposed and denounced with equal justice, and all summoned to repentance. These holy men indeed saw God ! And so they rose high above all mere local and personal interests, and witnessed to the righteous will of the living God. "The *priests*," they cried in God's name, to the so-called religious people of the time, "said not, Where is the Lord ? and *they that handle the law* know me not ; the *pastors* also triumphed against me, and walked after things that do not profit." "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib : but Israel doth not know, *my people* doth not consider. *Ah sinful nation*, a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evil-doers, children that are corrupters ; they have forsaken the Lord, they have provoked the



Holy One of Israel unto anger, they are gone away backward !”

(3) Another feature of God's judgments is, that *they were sent directly by Himself*. The history of his dealings with cities and nations, and especially with the Jews, records many of these forms of judgment—such as the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah; the plagues of Egypt; the drowning of Pharaoh and his armies in the Red Sea; the visitations of plagues and pestilences; of famines caused by long droughts, or by locusts; the frequent invasions of the neighbouring nations; slaughter and suffering from the enemy in battles and sieges; and various captivities.

Now, such judgments are not represented as coming always in the way of natural sequence,—although, no doubt, in very many more cases than those recorded they did so come—but it is evidently the intention of Scripture to teach us that, while the instruments of punishment or reformation were furnished by forces existing in the world, and within either the sphere of material nature or human passion, yet that these were specially directed, by the living God, to effect his purposes. They were sometimes indeed supernatural, and designed to prove, by very many instances, *not* that “the good Lord was always on the side of the strongest battalions,” but, what was of infinitely greater importance for the world to know and believe, that there *was* a good Lord, who was on the side of righteousness and mercy, even when allied to weakness, and who could in his own way overcome and confound wickedness, even when leagued with material strength.

It is perhaps true that to connect the sufferings of individuals or of nations with their sins, may be a very difficult task nowadays, and one in which the vision of the wisest “seer” may be perverted by the darkness of ignorance and the bias of his own prejudices or passions. It may be also alleged that, so far as we can discover, God now leaves men to the sole operation of his natural laws, to be punished by the consequences of disobedience to them. But certainly the histories recorded in the Bible were not intended to teach us that, whatever else we need, we need not God Himself. Surely they are intended to impress us rather with the conviction that, over and above law, we have to do with the unseen Lawgiver Himself; that God is not one who came into the sphere of life and action long ago, and then departed for ever into the mysterious and distant heavens. And

if we have received this conviction, we have received a very precious gift, one calculated to inspire us with reverence and godly fear; to quicken our sense of responsibility to God; to induce us to watch the “signs of the times,” and so to read them, as to enable us to make a far nearer approach to their true meaning than would otherwise be possible for us: one calculated also to inspire us with a strong faith and glad hope in the progress and ultimate triumph of the glorious kingdom of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob—the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. And what though God be ruling over us and revealing his will to us, by general laws, what though we can no more discern the supernatural—if God and his government be supernatural, and not eminently natural!—are we not yet taught by Scripture that God can in his own way and time, and by fitting instrumentalities, judge the earth and carry out his holy purposes? Verily, though “the natural man” may see the natural only, yet the “spiritual man” can see a living God also, if not *in* his working, yet *by* his working; a God who, in perfect harmony with all fixed law, can, in the world of matter and of mind, touch far-off springs of power, by which forces be either produced or held in check, so as to do his will; a God who can give to or withhold from man wisdom, skill, genius, power; and can, in many ways, which no human eye may foresee, reward well-doing or punish wrong-doing, and that, too, even by letting the wicked “eat of the fruit of his own ways, and be filled with his own devices.”

(4) Another feature of God's judgments is what I dare to term *their awful earnestness*. There is no revelation in Scripture of that kind of God which is created by the imagination of a selfish and effeminate sentimentalism—a good-natured idol who reigns merely for the sake of helping to make sinners happy in any way they choose, and to save them from painful consequences of evil here and hereafter. The only living and true God is, indeed, perfect love, and He alone perfectly loves the sinner. But His love is the only love worthy of God or man,—a love of righteousness, as the only source of real peace, implying a corresponding hatred to all iniquity as the only source of real misery. The wrath of God against evil is measured only by his love of good. Hence it is that He will never spare punishment, however severe, if it be to save good from destruction. And it is in this element of righteous love that the character of God

as revealed in the Old Testament and in Jesus Christ is one and the same. If in the judgments recorded in the Old Testament God is revealed chiefly in his hatred to sin; and, in the facts recorded in the New He is seen in his love to sinners, yet his character in both is the same. If the prophecies of the old dispensation are full of awful pictures of woe to the impenitent, is it not equally so with those of the one prophetic book of the New? Amidst its mystic symbols, its clouds and darkness, what pictures of suffering and agony are visible! One ever hears the trumpet of woe sounding, and sees the vials of wrath pouring out, and beholds mighty battles raging, and cities and nations going down amidst signs of dread terror. A Person, too, is seen guiding and governing all—a Mighty One, who at one time appears as a meek and suffering “Lamb in the midst of the throne,” the symbol of self-sacrifice as the source of power; and anon appears as one who, although all love, yet rules the nations with a rod of iron, whose “judgments are true and righteous,” and who “in righteousness doth judge and make war!” If there is mingled with all these appearances of God as revealed in Christ a tenderness and gentleness of love which attract the heart alarmed by his solemn threatenings, even so it is with the same God as revealed through the prophets in the Old Testament:—in the touching pathos of his laments for evil; in his Fatherly longings and yearnings for the good of man; in his almost passionate and personal cries and pleadings to every prodigal, to induce him to return to the good and blessedness of a Father’s home. He surely thus remembers mercy in judgment, who, amidst the awful desolations of Jerusalem, and when he had no message of comfort to wicked princes, priests, or people, yet remembered the negro slave, Ebed-melech, saying to Jeremiah:—“Go and speak to Ebed-melech the Ethiopian, saying, Thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel: Behold, I will bring my words upon this city for evil, and not for good; and they shall be accomplished in that day before thee. But I will deliver thee in that day, saith the Lord; and thou shalt not be given into the hand of the men of whom thou art afraid. For I will surely deliver thee, and thou shalt not fall by the sword, but thy life shall be for a prey unto thee: because thou hast put thy trust in me, saith the Lord.”

It may be instructive now to inquire what response was given to God’s purpose of

judging the nations in righteousness and with “the rod of his anger.” There were, alas! then, as now, those who had lost all faith in God; fools who were “corrupt and did abominable works,” and who said, “There is no God;” and “wicked who blessed the covetous, whom the Lord abhorreth, who, through the pride of their countenance, would not seek after God, who was not in all their thoughts, and *whose judgments were far above out of their sight;*” who said, “God hath forgotten, He hideth his face, He will never see it.” For persons so proud, earthly-minded, and godless—without eyes to see, ears to hear, or hearts to feel, what could be done? “When Thy hand is lifted up, they will not see!” “Why should ye be stricken any more? Ye will revolt more and more!”

But there were others who were willing to be taught of God, and who would “hear his voice in the rod.” The truthful, who loved the truth, who had faith in God and reverence for his teaching, bowed before Him with joy because He was coming in judgment to put down wickedness and establish righteousness:—“The Lord reigneth, let the earth be glad!” “O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: fear before Him, all the earth. Say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth: the world also shall be established that it shall not be moved: *He shall judge the world righteously.* Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof. Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein: then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord: *for He cometh, for He cometh to judge the earth:* HE SHALL JUDGE THE WORLD *with righteousness, and the people with his truth.*” In the same spirit Isaiah says:—“Yea, in the way of Thy judgments, O Lord, have we waited for Thee; the desire of our soul is to Thy name, and to the remembrance of Thee. With my soul have I desired Thee in the night; yea, with my spirit within me will I seek Thee early: *for when Thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness.*” What a grand response did those who knew God thus give, in their prayers and confessions, to the righteousness of his judgments, however severe—those expressed, for example, in the Psalms, the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and the confessions of Daniel! The one cry is: “Lord, Thou art right, and we are wrong! Thou art seeking our good, and we bless Thee for Thy mercy in afflicting us, in order that we may receive it!” Nor was there any wish that they themselves should escape from God’s eye or God’s rod, nor selfishly separate



themselves from their sinful and suffering brethren. They desired that He should search and try them, and see if there was any wicked way in them, and prayed that He would only lead them in a path of righteousness. But they also experienced a holy sorrow—for a noble sorrow is ever cast by the light of joy—as a deep shadow from the body of sin. From their knowledge of God, their love to his people, and their sympathy with Him who judged righteously, they carried on their hearts as none others did the awful burdens of the sin and suffering laid on their brethren, willingly sharing all their privations, and, worse than all, suffering from the personal enmity of those whom they taught and loved, if only they might bring them back to God. In those children of God we thus behold reflected the image of the Perfect Son; we hear in their words echoes from the Rock of ages, and see in their sufferings the shadow of his cross.

God's judgments, then, were not wholly in vain, nor the teachings and sufferings of the prophets. A righteous response was at last given by the nation to God, and lessons were learned which were obstinately neglected for many generations. The captives on the banks of the Euphrates learned to renounce idolatry for ever; so that while the great idolatrous nations of antiquity have passed away, and their history is read only in their tombs, or in their ruined palaces, under heaps of rubbish, Israel yet lives. In all lands into which the "tribe of the wandering foot and weary breast" has been driven, the Jew witnesses for the being of the one living and true God; and his chastisement of nineteen centuries in exile has not alienated his heart from the land or from the God of his fathers.

What sublime pictures are displayed to us in the lives of those holy "seers," through whom God conveyed to the nations his dread messages of war, and threats of coming judgment! They habitually kept the eye open ready to receive light, come when and whence it might. And light was sent to them, in which to read God's mind and will, and the real state of their country, as well as God's purposes regarding it, because they spoke not their own word but the word of the Lord Himself. With tender consciences that trembled at this word, with tender affections which clung in love to their fellow-men, with loyal and passionate attachment to their people, whose grand calling and destinies they realised, these men received and hid the Word in the depth of their being, although they required thereby to die to

self in order to live to Him. Their flesh shrank from drinking the cup given them, for they were but men, and made of dust like ourselves. They would have fled in weakness from the awful presence of the Righteous God about to judge the earth; but they could not, for they were bound to Him by cords of love and truth. His word burned within them like fire in their bones; and they went forth sometimes to desert wildernesses to be alone with God, and to gird themselves by prayer for their great battle against evil. Then coming forth, "seeing Him who is invisible," they presented themselves to kings and princes, to priests and people. Pointing to heaven with their skeleton arms, they announced his "judgments," and piercing with glittering eye the hearts and consciences of kings and people, exposed their vain, false, and godless lives, until they trembled and felt that God was indeed speaking to them—a God to whom they must yield, or abide the consequences of their rebellion. What could silence such men as these? No opposition, no flattery, no bribes, no sufferings, no persecutions! For God they lived. They *knew* He had sent them; and when men would not hear them, in the agony of loving despair they turned to inanimate nature, and cried, "O earth, earth! hear the words of the Lord!" These verily were not men who could lie for God!

Where are our "seers" now? Where are those who with spiritual eyes search after God, whose powers of vision have been so cultivated by humility, faith, and love of truth, that they can discern his presence, and see the glory of his wisdom and righteousness in all his dealings with the children of men? Where now are the prophets among either clergy or laity—for "would that all God's people were prophets!"—who, rising far above the narrow circles of political party, church, sect, race, or nationality, can tell us what they themselves know of the God of the whole earth, and of his righteous judgments?—who can help us to sing our *Te Deums*, and our holy songs of thanksgiving for evidence of the triumph of right over wrong, of truth over falsehood, by whatever sufferings attained, and by whatever people, kindred, or tongue achieved, whether by friend or foe, if God only be thereby glorified? "Send forth, O Lord, thy light and thy truth!"

Shall we attempt to apply the principles we have been considering to the events now

taking place in Europe? It might be easy to connect the sufferings of which we daily read with immediate moral causes, and with others more remote, which would sufficiently account for much that has occurred during these eventful months. But I have no wish to do this, nor to seek to interpret current events; preferring to leave each one to do so as seems to him best, in accordance with the eternal principles of truth and righteousness. Of this, however, we may be assured, that if God ever interferes with the affairs of the world, its history is most surely being now affected, and its future moulded, by Him, on principles deeper than those involved in the mere politics of the time. The Living God is now dealing with nations, as of old. Be assured that He makes favourites of none; that in mercy, as well as in justice, He visits iniquities with stripes, wherever found; and that He is seeking, through the infliction of suffering, to induce men to feel after Him, to search and try their ways, to acknowledge wickedness and to repent of it, and thus establish that righteousness which alone exalts any nation, and is the only guarantee for its real strength, peace, progress, and happiness. It is our firm belief, accordingly, that the future historian will be able to trace, in some form or other, many great and permanent blessings to this war, in proportion at once to the sufferings endured by both combatants, and also to the spirit in which these may be received from God. This, at least, is our hope, and ought to be our fervent prayer. In the meantime we are thankful that the war has already been the occasion of calling forth so many generous gifts, and so many works and tokens of love both at home and abroad.

And what of our own beloved country? Most wonderful have been her peace and prosperity during a long period of history. While in this century the storm of war has swept over the world, and the capital of every kingdom, east and west, has been occupied by hostile armies, no invader has stepped on our shores; nor has the din of battle disturbed our repose. And when, in the discharge of the duties we owe to ourselves and others, we took our share of the sacrifices of war elsewhere, it cannot be denied that these brought decided gains to liberty and civilisation both in Europe and in India. It has been truly and beautifully said that—

"Ocean midst her uproar wild,  
Speaks safety to her island child."

Yes, we cannot but devoutly acknowledge the merciful protection of Him who "holds

the waters in the hollow of his hand," and who "stilleth the noise of the seas and the tumults of the people." How are we to account for this continual peace and prosperity? Are we entitled, without sinful and ignorant boasting, to look upon such mercies as a recognition of national well-doing? It may be so, and we think it is so, and that it is as wrong to blind our eyes to the existence of national virtue possessed by the grace of God, as to blind them to the existence of national sin. It humbly appears to me that, as a nation working through its Legislature, its magistrates, and its courts of justice, we have endeavoured, amidst many shortcomings and delays, to act justly, to do right to the slave and the poor, and to make the whole nation share in our common good, material, intellectual, and spiritual. And were it otherwise, our guilt, because of our light and our manifold advantages, would be tremendous, and such as might well call down the severest judgments of the Almighty. The battles fought, and the blood shed, and the sufferings endured by the heroic men of old to secure the civil and religious liberty which we enjoy, would condemn us. The glorious Reformation, which secured for us an open Bible and freedom of faith and worship, and a Gospel preached by tens of thousands of faithful ministers, and diffused by innumerable channels to all the families of the land,—this weight of blessing would but crush us if our nation, as a whole, were not righteous, if it were in such a state as could hinder us from believing that we were "blessed because our God is the Lord!" We should, however, beware of relying on any strength apart from that which comes from loyal obedience to our righteous and unseen King, lest "our heart be lifted up, and the mind hardened by pride." Remember God's words to Edom, once so great and secure, now empty and desolate:—"The *pride of thine heart hath deceived thee*, thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, whose habitation is high; that saith in his heart, *Who shall bring me down to the ground?* Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord."

But while, as a nation we have to thank God, without pharisaical pride, for what we are, yet, alas! when we come to the sins of individuals there is much to humble us. There are too many evidences of corruption among all classes—too many signs of it in the selfish and inordinate striving after wealth,



and that love of money which makes it a root of all evil, and causes many to "fall into temptation and a snare, and into foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction"—in a base sensuality which hardly conceals itself, in spite of a wholesome public opinion, and which threatens to destroy "the old domestic morals of the land"—in the intemperance and debauchery of many—in the culpable neglect of the thousands growing up in brutal ignorance of their duties to God and man—in the proud and daring attitude openly assumed by not a few against the Christian religion, as if it were for ever settled that it is not true, and that the faith of the living Church of God for nineteen centuries is a baseless superstition; as if there were no God to know and love, no Saviour to believe and obey, no consequences of sin to fear, and no immortality to hope for! Nor can I forget the want of that union among Christians which should make our various Churches practically one, in spirit, in life, in moral power:—a body of priests offering first themselves as living sacrifices unto God; a body of prophets witnessing for the one truth common to all; and a body of kings ruling by the irresistible might of the truth they preached, and

the truth they lived. Let us be assured that as national judgments are sent to punish and cure national sins, so will the righteous God come near in judgment, and search out and visit with stripes the iniquity of individuals as well as of nations, whoever they be, until they confess and repent of their sins. Better, infinitely better, any judgments upon men and nations, any sorrow or suffering, than the reign of ungodliness and immorality!

May God have mercy on all ranks and classes, on rulers and ruled, on the nation and on the Church, that individually and collectively we may feel our responsibility to Him, and serve Him with true and obedient hearts, and so make us a name and a praise among all the peoples of the earth! Amidst wars and rumour of wars may God be our refuge and strength; and may we, by the discharge of our duty, hasten on the time when universal righteousness shall reign, and with righteousness universal peace:—"For as the earth bringeth forth her buds, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth; so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all nations." Amen.

## THE DRESSMAKERS.

IN TWO PARTS.—I.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PEASANT LIFE IN THE NORTH."

IT is many years since Robert Stewart came to dwell among us. Previously he was a tenant in the Aird of Langrigs, where he rented a holding of some eighty acres of arable land, at a rent of £55. The farm had some "outrun"—uncultivated land—attached to it, which greatly improved its value; and, although it had the disadvantage of being too large for cultivation by one pair of horses, and yet was too small fully to employ two, on the whole it was easily rented, and he sat comfortably in it. He was a large-framed and stout man, sanguine and active of temperament; and while he did the work of his farm with his own hands, helped by his sons, of whom there were two, he so much interested himself in the affairs of the district and the private concerns of others, that his own work was not uncommonly in arrear at seed-time or harvest. He was an intelligent man, well versed in country matters, and as, unfortunately, his father had at one time been a messenger-at-arms, he had some smattering of legal knowledge, and

a turn for letter-writing and general advising. Indeed, in this he prided himself, and in pursuit of this hobby he had formed relations with certain lawyers at Inderwick, who were not the most scrupulous of their profession. To them he delighted to introduce his friends who thought themselves aggrieved. So distinguished was he for his readiness to interfere in this way, and for the general sagacity of his advice, that, popularly, he was known as "Counsellor Stewart."

He was a widower, and besides the two sons who helped him in the farm, he had also two daughters. In his circumstances, his daughters might reasonably have been held to work—to fill the manure-carts in spring, to thin the turnip-drills in summer, and to help in the harvest-rigs in autumn; but he would not so treat them. No doubt, in early days, when not at school, they had tended the cattle, and later they had learned to milk the kye and make butter. But on their mother's death, when the eldest was sixteen, he committed to them the whole

household work, with the care of the dairy and its produce, and would not in any way have them engage in out-work. Soon they understood how narrow was their father's income, how little economical he was, and to what straits he was sometimes reduced on the approach of rent-day. Then it was that the elder, who had acquired some knowledge of dressmaking from her mother—perhaps inherited from her a taste for it—quietly began to do “white seams” for the people of larger possessions in their neighbourhood, and by-and-by to make up printed cotton frocks, and other pieces of dress, for the rustic population around her. At first the father knew not of this industrial effort, and the younger sister murmured a little, because thereby an undue share of the burden of domestic work and of the dairy business was thrown upon her. But when at the end of one hard week of work, promptly paid for on the Saturday evening, three half-crown pieces were exhibited as the reward of the effort, the murmurers were stilled, and the sympathy and aid of the junior enlisted in the work.

Now the names of these sisters were Aileen, the elder; the younger, Annabel. You need not be surprised at these names, somewhat out of the common sort, for in the rough man their father there was not a little of a rude love of the beautiful, the untutored faculty of delighting in pleasant things. Therefore he had named his children pleasantly; and these were pleasant girls. At sixteen Aileen was a thoughtful little woman, careful about many things, a hard-working little woman too, who, knowing the beauty and merit of cleanliness and regularity, and the duties she owed to those around her, was wont to arise with the summer's sun, so that the family washing might betimes lie bleaching on the daisied green, or the butter-churning be completed, the family bread be baked, and other things be so ordered, that, when the men went out to the forenoon yoking, the day was at her own disposal. The after meals of the day, you know, being simple, their preparation could be attended to while she sewed in the kitchen. In all these duties the younger, Annabel, soon took a part and a pleasure, so that many mornings there were on which they could take to their seams even at six o'clock.

It is reasonable that I tell you a little of the personal appearance of these young people. Aileen was small of stature, less considerably than the average size of woman, but lithe and graceful of figure; her race was oval,

the mouth and chin well formed, and if the nose had been Grecian, she would altogether have been of classical beauty. As it was, she was a pretty little girl, ardent of temperament and keen of feeling, as you might see from the soft blue eyes and whole expression of her. Annabel, even at the immature age of fourteen, was larger than she, strong of frame and constitution, dark-haired and black-eyed, with the promise of much handsomeness as her womanhood developed. Such were the young girls who had charge of the little homestead at the Aird, who kept things orderly and clean for their father and brothers, were in all things pleasant and dutiful to father and brothers, and were, moreover, fired with the noble desire to help themselves with their needle, seeing that they were shut out from the ordinary modes of industry.

When the father came to know it, he was very indignant that “dochter o’ his wad tak’ on dressmaikin’.” They haed enuch adae about the toun. He wadna bide the steerin’ e’en o’ sic a notion. Mantie-maikin’, or-sooth! They maun drop it.” He had fault to find with the housekeeping in all possible ways that night, in evidence that there were things left undone through the sewing which ought to have attention. It was quite in his way, you know, to scout such an effort as this, to shut his eyes against its scope and motive. Annabel said, “Faither, the hoos’ is quite the same as ever it was. Whaur’s the stour or ony dust? Tell us onything that’s no in its plaice, or that’s neglected oot o’ raison, but dinna be misca’in’ a’ things this gait.” Then he called her a saucy gipsy, and sat down to smoke off his grumblings. Annabel was a saucy lass, I dare say, and perhaps, in consequence, was his favourite.

But next day he was afield when Annabel came running to him. Three men were in the house, “sherra-officers,” wanting him and money. Greatly downcast, he followed the maiden back to his domicile, for he had no money. Macfee, the officer, was collecting taxes: he wanted £1 10s. He was very civil to Mr. Stewart, but also very firm. “Ye see, Coonslar, thae taxes are lang in arrear, an’ the collector haes paid them himsel’, an’ ma orders are positieve tae distrain if ye dinna pay.” Counsellor Stewart was both angry and at his wits’-end. “I oucht to hae seen about it, Mr. Macfee, afore noo; but lat be till am i’ the toun on Friday, an’, o’ ma word, I’ll pay ye.” “That winna saitisfee ma instructions,” said the officer. And Stewart was feeling all the perplexity and confusion and disgrace of impecuniosity, when his



daughter Aileen silently put the money into his hands. "Sae ye'll nae wait till Friday, ye winna?" said the farmer, recovering his equanimity. "Ye'll no! We'll, here's yer siller. Gie me ma receipt, an' aff wi' ye. The king may com' i' the cadger's road, Mr. Macfee!" I think that settled the question of Aileen's industry. Her father never alluded to it thereafter, and she pursued it openly.

And with experience her skill and taste and power of imitating dresses she saw increased greatly. So also did her reputation;

and in the winter of the year that she was eighteen, she opened a sewing-class, to which came many young women from the adjacent braes, who not only paid her a fee of five shillings for the quarter's tuition, but by their work brought her no small gain. Thus, with much thrift and care and work, including much stitching, the girls climbed through their teens towards womanhood.

Yet life was not with them all care and stitchings. In Aileen there was much of that perfervid nature which, under favouring cir-



cumstances, will vent itself in poetic effusion. With her it broke out in the singing, no doubt in wild-note style, of our country's songs, and in the love of flowers, and all pretty things in life and nature. The handsome, ample Annabel did not care to sing, liked lovable things, of course, but was slow to emotion. Aileen could be gay and grave by turns, as often and as incomprehensibly as spring day may be diversified. Annabel was ever equable. Such was the difference of their natures.

In the long bright nights of summer, in July,

when the flood of work that set in on the payment of wages at Whitsunday had subsided, it was Aileen's delight to resort to the margin of the larch plantation, which stood a couple of hundred yards from their home, where, along the decayed turf mound that fenced "the planting" in its young days, grew the dwarf birch, the wild-briar rose, and the odorous alder, with many a wild flower and bell interspersed, and here and there a tuft of blooming heather. There in the fragrant shade the sisters would sit and work, and Aileen would sing her songs, ravalling in

her thrilling strains the wood-notes wild which filled the air around them. And often, as with the feathered songsters around her, the burden of her song was love. Not that love had found out her heart so as to inspire her song, but that full warm nature of hers was prescient of love that seemed only lacking to make her song seraphic.

So by the plantation she sits and sings. What wonder that this sewing syren shall attract a wanderer's steps to her leafy settlement! What wonder that William Marshall, son of the neighbouring farmer, at home for his holiday from a writer's office at the country town, shall risk the destruction of his trousers on the rough outer wall of "the planting," and all the thorns and brambles that intervene, so that he may there join the sewing sisters? He is a lad of twenty, gawky, and given to blushes, as becomes his years, with a turn for song, too, and addicted to the flute—a pleasant lad, certainly, liking lovable things, but sensible and modest withal. He will scramble over the fences and through the briars and the bushes, and sit with the sisters, and sing in the shade. Right and proper, O good boy, thus to follow things that are lovely and of good report!

Let there be no misapprehension. He never spoke of love, perhaps never thought of it. He came there to bear the pleasant girls a pleasant companionship, to exchange songs with Aileen, sometimes to mingle his voice with hers in the same song, to please both of them with his soft-breathing flute. That was it all. What if he wandered sometimes through the wood or adown the bank, when tired of singing, to gather a posie for each of the young ladies—posy of wild flowers and fragrant briar? There was nought in that but the spontaniety of his excellent nature. There was always one for each of them. And although he did sometimes, in presenting them, sing staves of that old song, "A posy for my ain dear May," the sisters were equally conjoined in the compliment implied, and neither posy was "tied round in the silken band of love." Indeed, the ordinary ligature was a good black thread, or it might be white, drawn from the recipients' reels. It was all very pleasant, no doubt, and the pleasure you can understand was mutual. But holidays will have their term and ending, and soon William Marshall said his farewell, and returned to his writing-desk.

They missed him very much when he was gone. Annabel, the strong-minded, said it was satisfactory to have a lad beside one sometimes who was not a brother. She

thought herself livelier and stronger for it. Aileen said he was so amiable, and sung so well, and had so pleasant a manner, that she missed him greatly. Indeed, for many nights after he went away, she took no pleasure in her evening covert, no pleasure in her wonted songs. But the evenings grow quickly short in August, you know, and she was liable to moods, changing on slight cause, I dare say. Perhaps the youth had shown more marked attention to her than to Annabel. She was not only the elder sister, but the singing sister, either of which things would account for it. Now that he is gone, pleasant recollections of him and of these evenings will remain with the girls. But the daily routine of household duties, and the steady practice of stitching may be expected soon to fill up the void which his departure caused. At least, that will be the natural course of things.

And, by-and-by, Aileen does sing again, but only the songs which this warbling clerk lad had taught her. She seems like never more to cease singing "Afton water," which was his master-performance. I suppose Annabel, quiet as she is, begs a respite from it, promising to distinctly remember that "Mary is asleep," protesting no wish to disturb her. Annabel is, also at a long interval, annoyed to find the crown of her winter bonnet discoloured by contact with a mass of vegetable matter and earthy stuff, which, on investigation, turns out to be a posy of wild forget-me-nots, gathered roots and all in the fields by that young man, and recklessly deposited by the elder sister in the bonnet which she mistook for her own. Thus, you see, the gap, caused as indicated, was quite a sensible thing, needing not a little to overlay or fill it up.

In September, "the ground officer" (bailiff) came to warn Mr. Stewart that the tenant of the shootings was to enclose that plantation, anew to the end that a few pheasants might be kept in it. The farmer regarded it as an act of arbitrary dealing on the part of his landlord. He had always considered its distant fence as the boundary of his farm. Its possession, however, was of little value to him. In fact, its only value was, that in the winter snows the hoggets, which ate off his turnips, and had the outrun of his holding, would shelter there from the north wind. In his family, however, he spoke of it, with loud voice, as an odious grievance put upon him. Aileen had pleasant memories of the wood, which, whatever it might be to the hoggets, had been gracious to her when the bee sucked the honey-laden July flowers, and



the choir of the woods rung its strongest with their melody. So she also thought it was a shame to deprive them of it. Thereupon the hasty and sanguine father resolved he would see his lawyer about it, would ride thirty miles to town the very next day for the purpose of having advice about his rights. Be assured that when Counsellor Stewart rode so far on this errand, his own mind was made up that he had "an excellent case." In his household, no voice was raised to stay him. Indeed, his children never dared to advise him in such matters. His opinion of his own sagacity would not have brooked it.

A man bent on litigation readily finds a lawyer to humour his inclination, and Counsellor Stewart was very soon involved in an action of interdict, in which he stood petitioner seeking to prevent all and sundry from enclosing that clump of wood. The question turned on this point: Was it or was it not part of the land of which he had the beneficial use as tenant? Unfortunately, his lease specified no boundaries. He got the farm as possessed by his predecessors, and they were scattered abroad. Thus, what was the limit of the farm became matter of probation, depending not only on his own actual possession, but on the testimony of the herds and servants of the farm for twenty, even thirty, years before, when the larches were first planted. So this insignificant subject became matter of serious contest and considerable expense. Meantime the sheriff refused the interdict, pending evidence of the farmer's rights to possess it, and the sportsman fenced the wood. But the Counsellor never flinched, never doubted of success, and over and over again promised the girls new frocks when he won the plea. Goodness knows, he was so little in the way of contributing to their dressing, that such a hazard was quite a fitting one on which to stake his doing so now.

William Marshall came into the district to get up the evidence on the part of his employer, the opposite law-agent. He had the aid, of course, of the estate officials. He came to call for Mr. Stewart and his daughters, and Stewart having introduced the subject, Marshall told him downright that he was wrong, that the evidence amounted to this, that until of late years, when the plantation had become an old one, and its fences had decayed, the tenants had been wholly excluded. But Counsellor Stewart would not listen; Marshall was but a young lawyer, and had heard but one side of the case. By-and-by the Counsellor would open his eyes.

So the weary proof was begun in the county-court of the sheriff, and a host of witnesses were conveyed to the scene of the conflict, each enlisted on one side or the other, prepared to swear stoutly to facts seen through the coloured medium of his sympathies. The quality of the evidence must be about equally low on both sides, which rendered it necessary to attend to the quantity, as what was likely to turn the scale of justice. Of course, it needed no small sum to defray the cost of this host of witnesses. So the crop had early to be thrashed out and sent to market, and a pair of the horses sold; and, what was worse than all this outlay and hazard, was the deteriorating effect on the Counsellor himself. Ever since this law plea was begun, he had been once, often twice, a week at Inderwick, and for continuous days he had scoured the country in search of witnesses. Often he came home in liquor, sometimes cross, always loud-voiced and excited. Thus the miserable wood-clump brought great vexation to the hearts of the daughters, who could but little understand the various stages and phases of the litigation, although they listened patiently to their sire's detail of them, could not sympathise with their recital, could only pray that the lawsuit were well at an end.

But at Candlemas there came another push for money, to make up the half-year's rent then payable. Aileen gave up her whole savings of the previous years, well-nigh £20, and the fear of an hypothecation of the farm stocking was removed. Unfortunately, in his elation, consequent on having the money in his hands, carried away too by the excitement of the struggle, he became more unwise, he would not pay the rent. He had claims of damages against his landlord, and, these unsatisfied, he would not part with his money. He consigned it in a bank. By this time his opponents had begun to warm to the work, which at first they had treated with the quiet indifference of their position, and forthwith, the rent being unpaid, proceedings were ordered for securing it by process of sequestration. The sheriff's officer appeared, and inventoried and set aside every movable thing upon the farm to abide the landlord's claim for rent, for satisfying which warrant was asked to sell the goods. But the Counsellor resisted, so that he now had two actions in hand; and he fought them bravely, persistently, from sheriff-substitute to sheriff-depute, and—for both were against him—to the Court of Sessions. There, as things were ordered at

that time, two years elapsed before a decision, so that Mr. Stewart had ample time to reflect on the headlong course he had pursued. To do him justice, he never faltered in his faith in his cause. The sheriffs, he declared, were swayed by the rank and wealth of his opponents. "Mind, I dinna say that they ken it; but rank an' walth will aye hae wicht on the minds o' sma' folk, lik' sheras. Bide till we get afore the Lords! They'll mak' sma' banes o' a terl!"

And to abide the law's delay was all that remained for him, save at times a feeling of satisfaction that the great legal machine, with its lords and who not were to be moved and troubled on his behalf, must form opinions and utter speeches about this case of his. And while he waited, his daughters worked and sewed away, increasing in the esteem of the neighbourhood, and in repute in their calling. With good heart for work, with no small pleasure in it, they persisted, although a cloud of care and uncertainty and fear hung over them in that depending suit. Marshall they sometimes saw. He had caught the notice of the factor while engaged in the litigation, and had been retained as accountant in his office at Kirktown of Glenaldie, where he was now residing. Apparently he had ceased to play the flute. As for singing or laughter, or compliment now, it was out of the question, for care had fixed upon the ladies, perhaps had also settled on him, for in his new sphere of business he was a man doing a man's work among men. Indeed, when any reference was made to that cause of anxiety by the Misses Stewart, his views only tended to increase their apprehension of evil to come.

Still to Aileen it was a secret pleasure to meet him, for hers was the fervid, feeling nature that will cherish a sentiment, even when fate has lopped off every branch of circumstances that clothed it with semblance of reality, has dried it up and left it a withered and dead thing. When now she sees him in mid-winter, he comes to her clothed and bright with the light of summer evenings, with breezes warm and song-burdened, and gay with flowers. So vivid is her imagination, her sentimentality, that what he once was that he shall ever be with her.

Indeed, her needlework was not the most suitable occupation for a young woman constituted like her. It gave her times and opportunities for pressing hard into her sensitive soul the tiny things of life, which in the open air and with muscular effort would have been wiped off and strained away wholly. She would picture every expression, intensely

every shade and colour of meaning, and every look of those around her. So she not seldom was unreasonably gay, more often vainly depressed, at all times open to exaggerated feeling and nervous sentiment, never needing much of physical or mental cause to effect the incessant change of her. One thing was certain and fixed in her—she was true to her ideas.

Such was the young woman who had initiated that industry of stitchings, who never ceased to stitch away while there was work to do; who had fired her larger and stronger sister with desire to share and advance the work; who taught that class of tall sewing girls, that assembled by eleven o'clock of the forenoon, in her father's ben-room, and stitched away till night fell on all of them: while those who reside not far off, returned to sew through the long winter evening. The rates at which they sewed were certainly not prohibitory—a shilling for a full-breasted shirt, fifteenpence for a cotton frock or gown, eighteenpence for a worsted one. For sixpence Aileen's deft fingers would trim up your straw-bonnet with such riband and "gum-flowers" as you chose to bring her, doing it with wondrous taste and nicety. But you ought to know that the mystery of her millinery was not exposed to the vulgar "uptake" of the class. It was strictly secret, transacted in the privacy of her bed-chamber, a work of wonder and admiration to the country-side. It was strange how much money a year's sewings would sum up to, notwithstanding the humble tariff which ruled it.

At Christmas, when these artistes were twenty and eighteen respectively, William Marshall came from his office at the Kirktown to spend the merry time with his parents. He came to see his friends, of course, at the little farm, and was gay and happy. And the sisters, withdrawing while he talked with their father, held serious consultation as to the possibility of entertaining him to tea, on some night during his stay. Their great difficulty was this—they had no wheaten bread, no biscuit; and they knew what was proper and becoming and genteel, and sorrowfully Aileen said to Annabel, in her soft Doric voice, "It wad delight us, nae doobt, dear, cud we hae managed it ony way, but we daurna think o' it wi'oot tea-bread an' jam. That we haena, an' we maunna disgrace ousels' afore him." "It's great grief we didna forejudge his comin'," Annabel said. "It's a' nanese, Aileen! He kens we haena the town shops tae rin till. He doesna expect but countra fare i' countra places. He'll be content wi'



what's gaein'." But the elder sister was inexorable.

When they returned to their father and Marshall, "See here, cummers," said the former, "Wullie Marshall wants ye an' the louns ower tae his faither's the nicht, tae bring in the Christmas. I hae tae step down tae the post lest there come ony letters, but I'll win tae ye betimes. Sae be buskit wi' haist. I'se warran' he'll hae Jock, the piper, waiting tae haet ye."—"Please come, Miss Stewart. It is bright moonlight, eight o'clock will not be too early for you?" and he told her the names of two or three other young people who were to be there. What made Aileen shrink from accepting hospitality such as a minute ago she was so eager to extend? Probably it was that sensibility of hers, which because she found herself balked in her own intended exhibition of kindness, would not have the pleasure in another form. She would excuse herself. She was not accustomed to pleasure. "It wad mak' a' her Christmas sad."—"We will gae wi' pleasure," said Annabel distinctly. "Aileen disna ken her ain mind. I'll undertake for her, William." "I'll come for ye baith. Ye'll nae disappoint me, Aileen. Our little play would be pleasureless without you," said Marshall gallantly and coaxingly, even tenderly he said it. Aileen flushed crimson. She did not answer, but at least Annabel knew that she consented.

Mr. Marshall's father's home and homestead were very similar to those of Counsellor Stewart's. In early days the young people were intimately acquainted with each other's firesides, although there was no doubt of the fact that the boy William was at least three times at the Aird farm for once the young Stewarts were induced to visit him. "Now they're man and woman grown," and as they grew the real distinctions of life had grown up to make for each of them his and her own separate existence, in which the sweet spontaneity and interfusion of young life cease to be. William Marshall was a man and an accountant. The girls were the women you know of. But together, and with the two lads, Mr. Stewart's sons, and half-a-dozen other young people, they supped on Christmas-eve under the presidency of the parents Marshall; and while they pledged the merry glass of whisky punch, hot and weak, and pass quiet jokes amid ready laughter, Aileen becomes the gay Aileen that she is sometimes, for she is by William Marshall's side, and he is solicitous to please her. "Come, let us sing, Aileen," he says aloud; "let us do 'The Flowers of the Forest' aince mair." And

they sing it together, each feeling fully the pathos which the other evolves. Life after all is pleasant, when seams and the sewing of them, and all the dark clouds of life are rolled back from the halcyon present, even though the pathetic song tells that when you taste life's pleasure, you shall certainly find its decay. What matter? Come to the barn, where the shrill pipe is screaming its rhythmic groans and shrieks, that shall urge you to the wild reel.

The barn was decorated with branches of larch, boughs of evergreen, and holly with its berries red, and William Marshall proclaimed that here and there among the foliage hung sprigs of the sacred mistletoe. Each youth was free to kiss the lady whom he found underneath it. "Mother," said he, "just look at it." And the old lady being thus beguiled beside him and beneath the mystic leaves, he set them all a laughing by saluting her then and there. "The rule is absolute," said her son. But on with the dance, why does it linger? for Aileen is to dance with this gallant so gay and winning. And in the rapid and hilarious reel, she loses herself in the movement and in his entwining arms, so that at its close, she is thoughtlessly with him under the mistletoe, and he imprints on her pretty pouting lips a kiss which thrills and burns to her heart and brain, half in astonished confusion, half in delight self-acknowledged. Then he led her to his mother and whispered to her as she sat down, "I have Annabel yet to catch. You know I love you both."

And Annabel was nothing loathe to be caught, nothing loathe to be kissed of him, I think, although she had resisted and repulsed James Graham, who first had danced with her. "Kissing goes by favour," you know, and very properly it should. But while, thereafter, the young man stood between the sisters, asking which would volunteer a second bus to him, the barn door opened, and in staggered their father, haggard of visage and wild with excitement. "Bairns! neebors!" he cried, "I'm a ruined an' a bankrup' man! I hae lost ma pleas at Embro'! Curse on them wha drave me till!" Instantly his daughters and his sons ran to him, but Aileen did not reach his side. She fell senseless on the floor.

Marshall raised her tenderly. "Counsellor, you should bear this reverse quietly, and like an old limb of the law," he said. "You should not so rashly have cast it into our little merry-making. You have hurt poor Aileen, I am afraid." Then the rough man

cursed himself and his reckless folly. He would have taken his daughter in his rough arms and lamented over her, but Marshall held her and kept him aside while they brought water with which he bathed her face. Slowly she revived and turned her soft blue eyes upon him whose arms sustained her with a smile ineffably sweet, so full of languid tenderness, that the young man, seeing it, feared she was really ill. He asked if she felt pain. None. "Then fetch her shawl and traps, and we'll go to the house." So the silvery stream of life "grew drumlie and black," even while it rolled under this tiny sunbeam of pleasure. And it rolled on into more broken, vexed shallows, for the father was driven into bankruptcy, and out of his farm, and came among us.

Thus it was that he came to our village, bankrupt in fortune, somewhat dilapidated in his personal appearance, but much regarded of the poorer sort, who counted not his reckless litigation for a sin, while greatly they esteemed the courage that had led him into the fray and its disaster. Not even the disaster diminished the reputation of Counsellor Stewart. One and all the common people believed that "the strongest purse aye cairries the day" even in the highest tribunals, the wrongous belief being simply the outgrowth of the too apparent disparity of the opponents, parasite of the generous tendency to side the weaker. Still was the disaster really a grave one. It broke up the little household, left them penniless, without a blanket, without a stool. Forthwith, before the day when the whole plenishing and effects of the little farm were sold off, the two sons took assisted passages, and went out emigrants to Australia, preferring very properly a hopeful expatriation to the cheerless prospect of farm labour, which alone lay before them here. The Counsellor, still upholding his large appearance before the world, still speaking out his loud tones, was fain to become tenant of the centre flat of a house in the village square, consisting of two rooms and two bed closets, the whole accommodation of his future home, save and excepting right to build his peat stack in the back yard. The remaining parts of the house were occupied by no less than four families.

William Marshall did not turn his back to them in this sad reverse. As accountant in the estate office, he was selected for the office of trustee in the bankruptcy, so that, officially, he was bound repeatedly to visit the farm before they removed from it, but he ever came as a gentle friend, not as the stern

representative of the creditors. He it was who gave the lads five pounds a piece to provide an outfit, taking their obligations to repay it by-and-by. He it was who engaged for the father and daughters their new home, which, humble as it was, was fully equal to their immediate prospects of an income. He also it was who, having received the consent of the other officials in the bankruptcy, let Aileen have with her such necessary articles of furniture as she chose to select at the official valuation, taking her obligation for payment at a year's date. He was kind and considerate as a brother might be, and withal he did it so gently, saying nought of it, that I am sure even Annabel, the hard to move, was touched by it all. Aileen, with her ready and mobile heart, gushed out towards him with a sense of obligation and a feeling of love, such as scarcely recognised any boundary but that genuine, feminine modesty which bent both heart and eyes in his presence.

It was a great and unpleasant change this that had come to them, to be transplanted from the free country breezes, country milk and produce, country scenes and associations, to that over-peopled house in the village square. Most of all they felt the change through the class of people who lived above and below them, seeing their own poverty more distinctly in the hard, narrow lives thus forced upon their knowledge. So for the first few days Aileen did little but cry, lying on the bed in the west closet, feeling much misery, in an indefinite way, much ailing of both body and mind. How were they to be fed, that was one pressing case, when the boll of meal and sack of potatoes, which Annabel and she had found in the kitchen-room, were exhausted? She did not know. She scarcely cared. This only she knew, that she could gladly die of want of food, rather than be fed by the hand of William Marshall. That was what she thought of principally in this question of food, and I daresay it came of her excessive, delicate sense of obligation, which, it is as well to own it, I fear was wholly love.

In these first days of their new home, William Marshall was in the country. So also was their father. Both, indeed, were at the roup of the farm things, and busy with many things which at term times press upon men connected with land. Annabel<sup>o</sup> said she longed for Marshall's coming. They would all get back some of the old home feeling when once they had the sight of a place they knew. Aileen said she did not wish



him to come. Why should he come? He was a great man in the village, and they were the daughters of a poor bankrupt. It would be right that he should stay away. She could not fashion her thought, so pure she was, to any notion that impropriety might lurk in his coming. She felt only that they were poor and he prospering, that as she could not bridge the gap between them, she would not have him come to them. Then she cried. But she cried so much in all those sad days, you know, that Annabel passed it with the wish that she were not "sae saft," setting it down mostly to a constitutional proneness to tears.

But the fifth day of their stay was Friday, an ordinary market-day, when many country folks with little errands came to the village, and not a few came to see the "Miss Stewarts," as they were called. Not a few, also, there were who brought them frocks and clothing of all sorts to be made up, so much that that one day heaped on them as much as a month could sew. Until that day neither sister had crossed the house door. Now Aileen had to go out to "the shop" to select materials for customers, to detail the quantities of linings, and tapes, and small wares needed for the equipment of the dresses; and the merchant was so excessively pleasant and courteous to her, so eager to meet all her wishes, that she recovered much of her ordinary spirits, at least, got rid for the time of that terrible despondency that had beset her, and took heart for work in her new field and sphere. You know all the time it was simply the trade habit of the shopkeeper. He was a wise man, who had so tutored and trained himself in a long life, that his habitual civility to all who gave him their money could scarcely make distinctions between the poor and the rich. He bowed and scraped, and said, "Yes, ma'am," to all. Poor Aileen thought he was personal, and it did her great good.

So when at night William Marshall did come in, knowing nothing of those days of weeping and sighs by-past, he found no small brightness, some energy, considerable effort in cutting and shaping of cloth for the sewing about to begin. He urged them to walk out every day, so that there might be less fear of evil results from their change of living, told them of the pleasant walks around, the crag at the bridge, the wood of wild hazel at Bught, and all the places about where Nature had cast her wild beauty abroad; and he promised to take them some afternoon to the top of romantic Benaladie. He did not

stay long, but his visit, as Annabel predicted, revived them not a little. Next time he came he would have tea with them. Meantime he would tell in the shops and public places that they were open to receive scholars.

On Saturday their father found his way to the new home. His heavy weight, as he went up the stairs, made the wooden staircase creak again, groaning underneath him. He found everything about the place distasteful, as no doubt the limited accommodation really was to his great mind. He was wretched and unhappy because compelled to stay indoors all the long Sunday morning. He would not go to church. Discontented and sulky, he alternated from the fireside to the closet bed, where he lay awake but without words, then back in restlessness to the fireside again. It was good that tomorrow he could go forth; to be thus cabined, cribbed, confined, would kill him.

But, by-and-by, their lives fell into more easy ways and run more smoothly. There was much to sew, and a few young people of the village as scholars. Aileen's tastefulness in millinery soon won recognition, too; and the merchant sent quite a number of bonnets to be trimmed, and had every week some shillings to pay her. Life thus had pleasure and hope once again. The father too began to meditate some course of dealing to bring some reward of money, and, after his nature, became hopeful in each projected vision, doomed only to be discarded and superseded by other visions as hopeful. He was not much at home during the day. His daughters, being up betimes in turns, scoured down the wooden landing-place and staircase, fetched in the day's supply of water and of peats, and did the other necessary housework—doing it so early of the morning that not a neighbour knew how it was done nor by whom. His breakfast was early ready, to be eaten as soon as he left his bed, the porridge and milk, the butter, and oatcakes, and eggs, and hot tea, all as abundantly as when the farm with bountiful store supplied all such things. They were paid, of course, out of the daughters' earnings. They ate their oat cakes dry, drank much weak tea in their busy days and nights; molasses, not milk, in the savouring of their porridge. The father went forth immediately after breakfast, and contrived somehow to pass his days away from the little home, but he ever returned sharp at nine o'clock, to rest and talk awhile at the kitchen fire before he went to bed. At last he found his way to a remunerative profession. He had ever been

much resorted to as the unpaid referee and valuator, in country matters, transfers of stock, claims of melioration, and the like. He took out an auctioneer's and appraiser's licence, and made a moderate charge for his services. One of his old friends readily helped him by a bill to the ten pounds, the heavy duty on his new calling. Still his ways were as I have told ; and it appeared as if he saw little need to help with coin the girls who stitched so hard, for of whatever he might be earning he gave them none. But many months had passed before he thus began to earn money, and another Whitsunday was drawing near, with its changes and its public sales. Perhaps his total earnings were but little in excess of the heavy licence duty.

And in those long months of that first year of village life, what of that love or

loving disposition of Marshall towards Aileen, or of Aileen towards Marshall ? Did it make no progress ? None that I could see—that the world could see. He called on the girls every Saturday evening with strictest regularity, and got a cup of tea. If they were busy he got his tea in the family room, apart from the scholars in the ben-room, and he sat a while with them, until perhaps some call for Aileen to supervise the work of the pupils made it apparent that he was in the way of progress. But over and over again on autumn afternoons he had a Saturday ramble with them. In her secret heart Aileen recognised the fact that this man, so constant, so kindly, so admirable in all a man's best qualities, gave her no more, or little more, than that considerate love that a brother might give her ; that and no more.

## A FROSTY DAY, ETC.

### I.—A FROSTY DAY.

GRASS afield wears silver thatch,  
Palings all are edged with rime,  
Frost-flowers pattern round the latch,  
Cloud nor breeze dissolve the clime ;  
When the waves are solid floor,  
And the clods are iron-bound,  
And the boughs are crystall'd hoar,  
And the red leaf nail'd a-ground.  
When the fieldfare's flight is slow,  
And a rosy vapour rim,  
Now the sun is small and low,  
Belts along the region dim.  
When the ice-crack flies and flaws,  
Shore to shore, with thunder shock,  
Deeper than the evening daws,  
Clearer than the village clock.  
When the rusty blackbird strps,  
Bunch by bunch, the coral thorn,  
And the pale day-crescent dips  
New to heaven a slender horn.

### II.—A HEBREW LAMENT AFTER DEFEAT.

THOU hast thrust us away to a corner  
As refuse beneath.  
Thou hast given our cheek to the scorner,  
And broken our teeth.  
Thou hast hired us to death without wages,  
Because of our sins.  
Thou hast fastened our feet into cages,  
And trapped them in gins.  
Thou hast shattered the joints of our harness  
And loosened our greaves.  
Thou hast made us light dross in the furnace,  
Gray blight in the leaves.  
Thou hast altered our marvellous places  
To pasture for cranes.  
Thou hast broken the flesh of our faces  
With leprosy stains.  
Thou hast wrought us reproof with thine arrow,  
Dismay with thy spear.  
Thou hast probed all our bones to the marrow,  
And slain us with fear.

The rebuke of thy wasting is grievous  
As death on our tribe.

Our glory and excellence leave us ;  
Fools mutter and gibe.

The beam of our sun's way is broken ;  
Our moon bows her head.

In the core of our sunset thy token  
Is darkness for red.

To the field we ran under thy mantle,  
Arrayed in thy name.

Behold us a fragment, a cantele,  
A city of shame.

They are slain, who arose in thy shelter,  
They lie gray in sleep.

In the plash of the vine-hills they welter,  
Like plague-eaten sheep.

They are snared in their trust. They are weaker  
Than sleep, who were strong.

Will they sit with the lute-string and beaker  
At feasting or song ?

Will they rise and reach lips to their spouses,  
And govern their hands ?

Will they rule with delight in their houses ?  
Weak are they as winds.

Will they whine to the snow that she spare them,  
Or harbour in rain ?

Can they tell thee the mother that bare them,  
Or pleasure from pain ?

All these have inherited silence,  
Past labour, past light ;

Thou hast sold them away to the islands,  
Whose ocean is night.

Out of mind in the desolate porches  
And precinct of shade,

They, desiring in dimness no torches,  
Forgot they were made.

Shall they smite with the sword, or be smitten,  
Bring spoil or be spoiled ?

They are past as a dream ; who has written  
In books how they toiled ?

They were sleek in all fulness of treasure,  
Sweet wine and soft bread ;



They shone, till a tyrannous measure  
Was dealt to them dead.  
Wilt thou speak? We are melted with trouble;  
They sleep, we remain;  
Wilt thou save, and restore to us double  
The blood of our slain?  
Bring again thine own flock to their feeding  
In sweet pasture ways.  
In thine hand there is fulness exceeding,  
All fatness of days.  
Thou hast broken thy vineyard in anger  
And wasted its shoots;  
Thou hast said to the son of the stranger,  
'Go, trample the fruits.'  
In rush-pits and reed-beds uncertain  
We wander till morn.  
We are clothed round with death as a curtain,  
Our raiment is scorn.  
Our slain people lie in each gate-way,  
Our city for shroud  
Has the smoke of her burning a great way  
Seen yellow in cloud.  
Remove as keen hoar-frost thine evil,  
Refresh drought with dew.

Restore our brave summers thy weevil  
And canker-worm slew.  
Bring delight in our desolate garden;  
Slay these whom we hate.  
Sprinkle ash in their eyes; give us pardon;  
Sow grass in their gate.

### III.—DAFFODILS.

I QUESTION with the amber daffodils,  
Sheeting the floors of April, how she fares;  
Where king-cup buds glow out between the rills,  
And celandine in wide gold beadlets glares.  
By pastured brows and swelling hedge-row bowers  
From crumpled leaves the primrose bunches slip,  
My hot face roll'd in their taint-scented flowers,  
I dream her rich cheek rests beside my lip.  
All weird sensations of the fervent prime  
Are like great harmonies, whose touch can move  
The glow of gracious impulse: thought and time  
Benew my love with life, my life with love.  
When this old world new-born puts glories on,  
I cannot think she never will be won.

J. LEICESTER WARREN.

## ON THE REORGANIZATION OF OUR MILITARY FORCE.

“NOT the nobility of England, not the feudal tenants, won the battle of Crecy and Poitiers, for these were fully matched in the ranks of France; but the yeomen who drew the bow with strong and steady arms, accustomed to use it in their native fields, and rendered fearless by personal competence and freedom. It is well known that each of these great victories was due to our archers, who were chiefly of the middle class.”\* The French army, sharply divided between military aristocracy and serfs, would not have understood such an appeal as:—

“And you, good yeomen,  
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here  
The mettle of your pasture.”

The most redoubtable military force which England ever possessed,—before which not only her own high-spirited gentry, but also the warlike people of Ireland and Scotland were shattered and subdued,—was raised for home service from persons superior in station and education to the multitude, men who were “sober, moral, diligent, and accustomed to reflect.”† “I have a lovely company,” wrote Oliver Cromwell to Oliver St. John. “You would respect them did you know them. No Anabaptists. They are honest, sober Christians. They expect to be used as men.”

The terror inspired by this army led to a great reaction, which has moulded the character of our military force to this day. “Preux chevalier,” was translated into “officer

and gentleman,” and the “feudal retainer” became the “common soldier,” while the feared and detested “middle class” was entirely excluded. A great gulf was fixed between the officer and the private, and a feeling of *caste* was engendered which approaches to the strictest type of Hinduism. To this was superadded a practice which engrafted the character of a plutocracy upon that of a military aristocracy, and introduced the huckstering of the Stock Exchange into the habits of the profession *sans peur et sans reproche*. The bankrupt government of Charles II., unable to provide retiring pensions, permitted the sale of commissions; and Charles himself set the example by buying the command of the regiment of Guards for his natural son, the Duke of Grafton, who had not previously been in the army. William III. vehemently denounced the practice; but his successors, finding themselves unable to suppress it, endeavoured to regulate it. A tariff of prices of commissions was fixed by authority; acts of parliament were passed making it penal to give more than the authorised sums; and officers were required to declare upon honour that they had not done so. But it was all of no use. The declaration was discontinued because it was evaded, and the acts of parliament have lately ceased to be cited in the Queen's Regulations and Orders for the Army. When the sale of a thing is permitted, it follows, of course, that the real value will be given.

A large book would not suffice to describe the morbid growth of this pernicious seed

\* Hallam.

† Macaulay.

planted at the worst period of our history. The only bitter thing which the late Sir Robert Inglis ever said in parliament was during the short reign of the railway-king:—"I can admire an aristocracy of talent; I can respect an aristocracy of rank; but an aristocracy of wealth is not to be endured." In his fifty-sixth year Havelock wrote as follows:—"I was purchased over, I used to say, by three sots and two fools, so that I presume I must persuade myself that it is a pleasant variety to be superseded by a man of sense and gentlemanly habits. Be this as it may, the horror of an old soldier on the point of having his juniors put over him is so sensitive, that, if I had no family to support, and the right of choice in my own hands, I would not serve one hour longer." However much an officer may devote himself to his profession, whatever he may undergo in the way of colonial and tropical service, and whatever pains he may take to acquire the various branches of military science, he is liable to the mortification and discouragement of being frequently passed over by persons inferior to him in every claim of service and professional ability, if he has not money enough to purchase his promotion. It is highly to the honour of our old English families that they spare neither pains nor expense to give their younger members a good education in order that they may freely compete with their countrymen in the open professions. But, owing to the various claims upon them, families of this class seldom have much spare cash; and, under the army purchase system, they must pay heavily for social distinction which they already have in its most assured form, or eschew a profession for which they have many special aptitudes. How would it be with the Prussian military aristocracy if they had to pay for their commissions like our officers? But our army is undoubtedly a land of promise to the aristocracy of wealth. The younger members of rich new families flock into it in order to take rank officially as "gentlemen," with the prospect of being promoted to the higher grades according to the rule of the longest purse.

"Oh cives, cives, querenda pecunia primum,  
Virtus post nummos.

However liberal the rates of pay may be, the officers derive no benefit from them, because (as in the case of the superior allowances of the Guards, the cavalry, and the rifle regiments) they are discounted in the commission market by the demand for a higher price. The grant of additional allowances is, indeed, a positive disadvantage to

all except the first recipients, because they are immediately converted into the means of new exactions from junior officers, and the army is thus rendered less open as a profession, and more full of hazard to the fortunes of individuals. The price of all previous commissions is forfeited on promotion to major-general. It is also forfeited in case of death from natural causes; and an officer is not even permitted to sell, in order to provide for his family, after he has fallen into a precarious state of health. Since the Crimean war a partial exception has been made in favour of the families of officers killed in battle, but only to the extent of the regulation price of their commissions, and this at the expense of a new burthen upon the public, for which there would be no occasion except for the existence of the purchase system. This is obviously no profession for a poor man, however well qualified he may be. Noncommissioned officers who have been rewarded by a commission have not the means of buying themselves on, neither can they bear the expense of messing, and of the general style of living among the officers. Sidney Herbert reported to the Treasury, when he was Secretary at War, that "the promotion of a non-commissioned officer is almost equivalent to ruin," and that he "is necessarily in debt, and his life is a perpetual struggle to free himself from the encumbrances which have been imposed upon him as a reward for his good conduct, and in this struggle he is frequently exposed to temptations which end in his disgrace. At best he must lead a life of self-denial and privation."

It will now be understood why the British army is composed of the two extremes of society, and the intermediate population, which is much the largest in point of number, as well as the most richly endowed with every valuable national quality, keeps aloof from it. As officers, none but the rich can expect to prosper; while to the men "hope never comes that comes to all." The great prevailing motive which is the mainspring of human exertion—the craving to rise to a higher condition in life—has no scope in the ranks of the army. No respectable artisan or agricultural labourer thinks of the army as an occupation for himself or his sons. Even Ireland, which used to be our best recruiting ground, has failed us since her population has attained a fair degree of prosperity. The ranks of the army are the cave of Adullam of our nation. "Sergeant Kite, all ribbons and lies," touts in the lowest haunts of our towns for the waifs and strays of society, boys "who



have got into trouble," scapegraces who, according to the popular saying, are "fit for nothing but to be food for powder." So natural to the English mind is the idea that the army is the sink towards which the dregs of society gravitate, that, when the magistrates of Bedfordshire lately announced as the result of their enforcement of the Habitual Criminals' Act at Luton, that "the criminal class became miserable, *some of them enlisted*," &c., General Sir William Codrington seemed to broach a new paradox when he remonstrated against this mode of emptying our moral cesspool. The announcement of Mr. Cardwell's recent levy of twenty thousand caused some excitement among the *habitués* of the casual wards, but, after this floating scum had been skimmed, the Westminster recruiting district relapsed into its usual stagnation; and so it must always be until we make our military service attractive to rational men. No employers of labour except ourselves have to tie ribbons round their hats and frequent low public-houses. Everywhere else the men go after the employers, not the employers after the men. Were such vast interests ever staked on so narrow and unsound a basis? This vagrant, ne'er-do-weel class, which we are striving by every description of moral agency to make a vanishing quantity, is relied upon as the bulwark of more than thirty millions of people against nations which are represented in their armies by the flower of every rank in society. From the insufficiency of our recruiting field it inevitably follows that there must be a long term of military service. Until the area of supply is enlarged we may save ourselves the trouble of discussing the relative advantages of short and long service. There is no resisting dire necessity. At present the alternative is between a long-service army and no army at all. So difficult is it to maintain our numbers that we do not even purge our army of the confirmed tipplers and irreclaimable scamps who make it the terror of respectable parents.

The primeval law, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the ground," cannot be violated with impunity. It is usual to point to notorious examples among the aristocracy, but idleness and high living are more certain to lead to evil among the uneducated, because the great resource afforded by intellectual and social pleasures and political pursuits is wanting in their case. For the first few months the time and strength of the young soldier are exhausted by his drill and musketry exercise,

but when the novelty has worn off and he has nothing more to learn, he loses heart and begins to deteriorate, if he has neither an early prospect of returning to civil life nor any hope of advancement in his profession. There is a passage of fearful significance in the report of the Inspector-General of Military Prisons for 1865:—"The principal increase is among soldiers whose services were from seven to fourteen years, of whom 2,166 were sentenced in 1865 against 1,325 in the preceding year. Indeed, it may be remarked that the increase of commitments among this class of soldiers has been steadily progressive from 335 in 1859 to 2,166 in 1865." In the absence of the natural influences which maintain the healthy tone and self-respect of the ordinary social state, can we be surprised at our soldiers taking refuge in the excitement of drink and debauchery? How is the strongest instinct of human nature dealt with in our army? Recruits are worked so hard that they no more think of marrying than undergraduates in their first year, but when they get beyond this they come under the portentous section of the Queen's Regulations and Orders for the Army, headed "Marriages to be discouraged." The long periods of service hitherto in vogue have made our army a school of immorality, the evil effects of which have overflowed upon our civil population. "*Hoc fonte derivata clades in patriam populumque fluxit.*" Accepting this state of things as inevitable, we have begun to apply a palliative to the physical consequences which is pregnant with deeper moral evil. The experience of France, and of our own great dependency India, shows that debauchery cannot be subjected to official regulation without giving it the sanction of authority, and making it easy and respectable. It is well that the ladies of England have protested against their sex being recognised by parliament as a *corpus vile* for the indulgence of irregular lust. If it were possible for them to explain the real extent of the outrage upon womanhood, there would be one universal cry for the repeal of the Act. While it is varnished over, the evil is also stereotyped and intensified by the official plan, and a long step is made towards reducing our moral state to the French standard. But is the evil inevitable in anything like its existing proportions? This is eminently a practical question. We will take the familiar instance of the Guards.

This force is quartered in various parts of the interior of London—St. James's Park, Charing Cross, the Regent's Park, and

Chelsea. The officers, however, are permitted to live where they please; and the non-commissioned officers, acting under the orders of the adjutants, are relied upon for the preservation of internal discipline. Officers of the Guards are more highly remunerated than those of the same grades in the line; and they take rank with those of the next higher grades in the line, so that a lieutenant in the Guards commands captains in the line, and a captain, lieutenant-colonels, whose commissions are of subsequent date. Absence from duty extends even to eight months in the year. The purchase system, which had its origin in the Guards, continues to flourish there, and the price paid for commissions is in proportion to the extra advantages. The pauperised, demoralised state of London is the scandal of our age; but few are aware how much of it is due to this large body of soldiers permanently stationed in the metropolis, without marriage or the hope of early marriage, at the period of life when the passions are strongest. The troops of women, lost to all sense of shame, who besiege the Wellington barrack-gate, within a stone's throw of Buckingham Palace, and the scenes nightly enacted on the "Isthmus of Barbarism," with its numerous low public-houses and two music-halls, opposite to the barrack of the household cavalry at Knightsbridge, have been again and again indignantly commented upon without any sign of improvement. This chartered debauchery is distinctly the result of the interpolation of the military into the heart of the civil population, for, except for this *imperium in imperio*, the reeling guardsmen and their infamous companions would be consigned to safe custody. As it is, the police look on unconcerned. The parks, which are intended for the innocent recreation of the people, are the chief laboratory for the manufacture of this miserable material. To all appearance it has nothing in common with the hideous character of the finished article. Once, indeed, I found the child of an acquaintance standing deserted in front of the barracks; but, generally, all that meets the eye is perfectly got up young dragoons in a more or less active state of flirtation with nursery maids. Every private of the Horse Guards is *ex officio* a gentleman; and it would not be half so bad if it was an infantry regiment of the line, or even an ordinary cavalry regiment. These irresistible *militaires* are stationed precisely in the quarter of the town where young families abound. For binding together high and low, and training the low to habits

of order and intelligence, there is nothing like English domestic service; but even our blessings may be cursed. The prestige of the military character, combined with youth and exquisite finish of outward appearance, is what few simple, inexperienced country girls can withstand. With all their asylums and penitentiaries, our benevolent ladies cannot restore these unhappy women half as fast as they are corrupted by persons paid and placed in their way at the expense of the State.

On the other hand, let us suppose the Guards reconstituted according to the Prussian system. The men would be enlisted for three years, during which they would go through a full course of instruction. The officers would be selected for their professional requirements, in the numbers actually required for doing the work, and they would receive their pay without being put to any charge for their commissions. They would live in quarters within the barrack-square, and would be fully occupied in maintaining the discipline and superintending the instruction of their men. The "Landwehr of the Guard" is one of the most reliable corps in the Prussian service. As our guardsmen completed their three years' service, they would be transferred to the "Militia of the Guard," which would be commanded by the officers who retire in large numbers on their marrying or succeeding to their family property. As regards the three regiments of household cavalry, the question occurs whether they are all really wanted for purposes of State. Even the Emperor of the French only had his *Cent Gardes*. No force can be less suited for keeping the peace of a crowded metropolis; and, as regards equipment for active service, the men-at-arms of the fifteenth century could not be more obsolete. The tall men and heavy horses would not have a chance against troops armed with breech-loaders. Two out of the three regiments might, with great public advantage and with manifest economy, be converted into light cavalry—a change which other regiments of heavy cavalry, the favourite resort of our plutocracy, are evidently destined to undergo. Under the altered conditions of war, cavalry is as necessary as ever, but of another sort. Instead of the old type of unreasoning, swaggering English dragoon, "with long sword, saddle, bridle," &c., we want light, active men, full of intelligence and patriotic devotion, fit to precede an army by twos or fours, not knowing whether they are about to accept the surrender of a town or going to certain death.



The present distribution of the Guards dates from the time when London was comparatively a small place, with less perfect means of communication, and when the people were so disorderly and the police so contemptible, that the military might, at any time, be called out in aid of the civil power. As the principle has now been admitted that it is better for worn-out soldiers and sailors to live on a higher rate of pension with their relations than to be collected in barracks, the vast ranges of public buildings at Greenwich and Chelsea, with their ample adjoining spaces, have become available for the Guards. There they might be concentrated on either flank of the metropolis, in easy communication by rail and steamboat with every part of it, leaving the interior of the town to the care of our semi-military police, supported by the military reserves at Chelsea, Woolwich, and Greenwich. As a military arrangement this would be much better than the existing plan of dispersing the troops in odd corners, where they might be cut off in detail in a serious *émeute*; and, having thus concentrated them under the immediate command of their officers, and to a great degree isolated them from the civil population, we should have the satisfaction of knowing that the evils arising from the neighbourhood of military bodies had been reduced to a minimum. The economy of this arrangement would be very great, for not only would the extensive public establishments at Chelsea and Greenwich be fully utilised, but a great deal of valuable building ground now occupied by the Charing Cross, Wellington, Knightsbridge, and Regent's Park barracks would be set free, greatly to the convenience and ornament of the town.

To proceed from the Guards to the rest of the army, the prominent faults of the present system are:—First. *Over-concentration at headquarters*. We have only one arsenal, and that in the most exposed part of England; and every sort of function has become heaped upon the War Office, until the machine has become so overloaded, that, if it were called into excited action by a national emergency, it would be liable to a disastrous breakdown, the probability of which has not been diminished by placing the provision of every description of materiel of war—ordnance as well as commissariat—under the charge of a single officer. The remedy for this is to divide the United Kingdom into suitable military districts, each with its army corps composed of all arms of the service, ready to take the field, at a few days' notice, com-

pletely equipped with all the requisite staff, commissariat, and materiel. Secondly. *The dislocated state of our military force*, which consists of the regular army, the special care of the War Office and Horse Guards; the volunteers, the favourites of the people; and the militia, which is well-nigh squeezed to death between the other two, and would be weakened and discouraged, at the commencement of a war, by having twenty thousand of its best men transferred to the line under the peculiar arrangement known as the "militia reserve." Nothing short of the incorporation of the militia with the line, by localising the line regiments, and adding the militia regiments to them as second or third battalions, will meet this case. And, thirdly. *The untrained state of our reserved forces*. When a man has once been thoroughly trained, a short annual exercise suffices to keep him serviceable; but the militiaman never arrives at this status. The time allowed in any one year is not sufficient to carry him, even in the most superficial manner, through the many necessary branches of instruction. The proposal is, that every man should be enlisted for a year, which would enable him to acquire a thorough knowledge of his duties; and that, at the end of the year, he should either join the militia for twelve years, or the regular army for a much shorter period. The local head-quarters of each regiment would be a school of instruction at which the officers and men of the line and militia battalions would be trained, and at which the volunteer officers of the district might conveniently learn their duty. The militia battalions would be filled partly by the one-year men, and partly by the men who had completed their service in the line; and the officers of the regiment would form one body, with one line of promotion, so that there would be suitable employment, both for the younger officers, who would take a tour of duty abroad, and for the elder married officers, to whom it would be an object to remain nearer home. The entire force of each military district, including the volunteers and the yeomanry cavalry, should assemble for ten days or a fortnight in each year for the purpose of testing its readiness for active service, and of instructing the officers and men in field manœuvres.

The year from eighteen to nineteen is the one which can best be spared in the life of a young man, standing, as he then does, on the edge of the labour market, without having taken up his place in it; and this year spent under discipline and instruction at the local

head-quarters would be well spent even in reference to success in civil life. His physique would rapidly improve under the influence of good food, clothing, and lodging. Drill and gymnastics would give him suppleness of limb and an erect, manly demeanour. He would acquire a sense of duty and a just appreciation of the value of character; and he would learn both to obey and to command. The striking improvement which has taken place of late years in the German nation is, to a great extent, due to the sort of university training afforded by the short period of service in the army after the completion of school education. When the regeneration of Italy first attracted attention, the remarkable position held by Piedmont, a small state sitting astride on the Alps, was accounted for by the military training of her population. United Italy relied upon the same training for converting the semi-barbarous Calabrians and Sicilians into orderly and obedient subjects; and now the Italian army is to be reorganized "on a territorial basis with special reference to the reserves, and with the object of collecting them more quickly for service." Even the Russian army is to be recast on the local, short-service principle. The finest corps in her Majesty's service is neither the Guards, nor the Artillery, nor the Rifles, but the Irish Constabulary, consisting of twelve thousand men. An officer of the Guards dare not send away men, taken indiscriminately from the ranks, alone to any part of this, or of any foreign country, on any particular duty; but this is constantly done in the Irish Constabulary, with full assurance that the man will perform the duty soberly and to the best of his ability, and will then return without delay to render an account of his trust. This is the nearest approach we have to a correct system, and there is no reason why the whole army should not be brought up to the same standard. Admission to the Irish Constabulary is regarded as a privilege, and dismissal from it is felt as a serious punishment, which is the true test of the healthy, self-supporting state of a voluntary army. Care is taken that every constable is able to read, keep accounts, and write an intelligible report; and the officers are selected by competition. This success has been achieved in Ireland, which is the least advanced and most turbulent part of the United Kingdom; and this constabulary force, which has always behaved with such exemplary fidelity and gallantry, is as thoroughly Irish as the Fenians themselves.

How, then, is our army, which is at present the last resource of the reckless, to be made a desirable profession to the most respectable and purposelike of our youth, who, preferring the future to the present, aim at achieving an honourable social position and a happy domestic settlement? Good-conduct pay, and rewards to sergeants on the non-effective estimate, have been tried and found wanting. All the resources of the exchequer would be insufficient to bring the pay of the army up to the level of the prevailing rate of wages; and even this would not atone for the absence of the natural advancement which is the reward of merit in every other line of life. There is a craving in human nature for a better and higher condition, which forms the self-supporting principle of every open profession. To open to the soldier the career of his own profession is the only possible course. At least one-third of the vacant commissions in every regiment should be given to non-commissioned officers, provided there are soldiers of that rank in every way qualified for promotion. The qualification should be, not superior proficiency in literature and science, but superior military attainments, and character and conduct befitting the position of an officer. Those who object argue in a circle; for they first deprive service in the ranks of every inducement which can render it attractive to any class above the lowest, and then they say that the class of persons who enter the ranks are not fit to be promoted. The conditions of the problem would be totally changed if the ranks of our army were made a profession for our middle class. It is a great mistake to limit our conception of the existing English middle class to farmers and shopkeepers. Owing to the spread of education, and the increase of industrial undertakings of many different kinds, the middle class has become immensely important merely in point of number; while in point of character, if it were fully represented in the army, it would leaven our military service to a degree which would amount to a complete transformation. The military profession is so attractive to young men, that many who have received a good education, and who now seek their fortune in India or the Colonies, or attach themselves to railways, or other industrial undertakings, would, in the case supposed, enlist in the army, expressly with a view to qualify themselves for the higher promotion. On a much larger scale we have to remodel the army on Cromwell's basis—men "who make some conscience of what they do"—in-



stead of "decayed serving men and tapsters." Our aim should be to make our army neither aristocratic nor democratic, but *national*; so that all the classes of which our national family is composed may be represented in it in due proportion.

But the army has an administrative as well as a combatant side. Military operations must be supported by an effective administration of provisions, stores, hospitals, transport; and an effective administration cannot be secured without the co-operation of every rank in the army. The reorganization of the civil departments of the army, which has lately been effected, is based upon the principle of selecting the members of the administrative corps from the officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates of the army. This gives at least five hundred civil appointments of a kind peculiarly suited to our industrial middle class.

After these arrangements have been made, the army may be accepted by all classes of our population as a national establishment in which they have a new and peculiar interest, because, whether they have a turn for business or for a purely military life, they will find in it a corresponding career, with liberal rewards to encourage them.

There is yet another inducement which may prove more potential than either of the others. The appointments in the lower grades of the civil service are numbered by tens of thousands, for which good health, ordinary education and intelligence, and the habit of faithfully and exactly performing any duty that may be given in charge, are the highest qualifications required. Of this kind are outdoor officers of customs; excise officers of various kinds; post-office clerks, sorters, and letter-carriers, in town and country; the general body of subordinate clerks, whose duties partake of a mechanical character; office-keepers and messengers everywhere; and the metropolitan, municipal, and county police and Irish constabulary. There could not be a better training-school for the qualities which are more especially required for this class of appointments than a few years' service under an improved military system. The first lesson the recruit learns is to perform a variety of detailed duties in a scrupulously exact manner, and to know the value of character. The spirit of our *regimental* system is also essentially economical; and it is no slight recommendation of this plan that it would be entirely in harmony with the new classification of the civil service; and, instead of the constant tendency to increased ex-

pense arising from the contrast, under the patronage system, between the social pretensions of the workman and the humble character of the work, the *élite* of a lower class would be rendered available for the lower portion of the civil service, through the medium of the singularly appropriate training afforded by the first few years of military service. As the antecedents of the candidates would be known, only persons of approved character and fitness would be selected, whereas even the most carefully devised system of examination must leave it doubtful how the young men will turn out. The Corps of Commissionaires is an experiment of this nature; and, although the inducement has not been such as to attract a high standard of qualification, it has been a decided success. In Prussia non-commissioned officers are rewarded by appointments to civil situations after a limited period of service. The remarkable efficiency of their regimental cadres, whereby the youth of the country rapidly receive a military training, is owing in a great degree to this practice; and the arrangement is highly economical, because the military pension is saved. The French gendarmerie is another example of constituting a branch of the civil service of the *élite* of the military force; there could not be a more trustworthy civil corps, or one which is less frequently heard of to its disadvantage. But of all the fields for an arrangement of this kind the United Kingdom is the best, owing to the vast extent of our civil service, and the prevailing higher standard of honesty. Conceive the glow of pride and pleasure with which a young man, who had left home at eighteen or nineteen, would look forward to returning, at twenty-three or twenty-four, with a civil office, the conditions of appointment to which would be in themselves a title of honour. Our recruits would thus become trained soldiers without losing their taste for civil life, and our trained soldiers would be placed, while still in the vigour of early manhood, in the public and private establishments throughout the kingdom which are most essential for national defence.

The difficulty of getting men is only felt in the regular army, and these inducements all have reference to it. There has never been much difficulty in getting men for the militia; and it is plain from the manner in which our youth came forward as volunteers in our fathers' time and our own, that they have not lost a particle of their military spirit. When the militia has been virtually embodied by requiring a full year's training as a preliminary

qualification, and has been placed on a secure and respectable footing, by attaching the militia regiments, as second or third battalions, to line regiments, the exuberant military feeling which has caused volunteer corps to spring up in every direction, will, to a great extent, be turned into the channel of the militia. If this should not suffice, then, no doubt, a limited application of the conscription would be necessary. Every able-bodied man is under a primary obligation to defend his country; and the conditions of national defence could hardly be made less burthensome than according to this plan.

But an army without qualified officers is no better than an armed mob; and, in order to obtain such officers, two conditions are necessary. 1st. That the officers should be properly remunerated; and, 2nd. That they should be freely selected. Without a "fair day's pay for a fair day's work" there can be no real working men in any rank of life. If servants are not paid, they must be taken on their own terms, which is the case of the great majority of military officers, who merely receive, in the shape of pay, the interest of the money they have invested in their commissions. Young men who have to depend for their advancement on their own exertions, and not upon their wealth and connections, are notoriously those who throw themselves into their work with the greatest energy and perseverance, and the army would soon reform itself if it had its fair share of them. This is not a class question. What is wanted is to get the best men of every class for the service of the State; and, when we consider the dangers which menace us from east and west, it is grim satire to exclude, by a money qualification, those to whom we should most look for help. While the purchase system lasts, every attempt to give military officers the just reward of their service merely enhances the price of commissions; so that, if we would escape from this vicious circle, and avoid indefinite increase of expenditure, landing us, at each successive stage, in a worse dilemma than before, we must begin by abolishing purchase. Happily the popular estimate of the compensation that would have to be paid is greatly exaggerated, being based upon the fallacy that the entire value of the existing commissions must be accounted for, without adverting to the fact that the whole amount could not be called for unless the army was disbanded. According to the regulations and customs of the service, only officers who retire from the army by sale are

entitled to the price of their commissions. Those who remain in the army and are promoted to be major-generals, or who retire on full pay, or take civil appointments connected with the army, do not recover the price of their commissions. Neither do the relatives of officers who die from natural causes receive anything. The committee appointed by the Secretary of State for War, in 1857, to report upon the proposals made by me to the Purchase Commission, estimated the cost of abolishing purchase at £2,355,288; and, adding one-third for the over-regulation prices, the compensation would amount to £3,140,384, which, however, would only have to be paid by degrees as officers retired. This is the price we should have to pay for the power of regulating our army at our pleasure, and of drying up, at its source, the morbid growth of expenditure, under many different heads, including an entire supplementary line of promotion on half-pay, known as "unattached," arising from the necessity of providing both for those who have paid heavily for their commissions and those who have been passed over for want of the means of payment. Compensation in some shape or other must be given, and the choice really is between making good the losses of successive generations of officers, or doing it, once for all, by terminating that abnormal practice which is the cause of all these losses.

The other condition of obtaining qualified officers is that they should be properly selected, for which purpose the field of selection must embrace every available source of supply. Many think that, in supporting the purchase system, they are upholding the position of our aristocracy. There cannot be a greater mistake. Our aristocratic families are so strongly impressed with the necessity of giving their sons the best possible education, and are regarded with such general favour and respect, that we need be under no apprehension about their obtaining their full share in this, as well as in every other competition. It is not our aristocracy, but our plutocracy, which is favoured by the present arrangement. Of late our military conservatives have derived fresh encouragement from observing that the majority of the Prussian officers belong to noble families, and the following ominous sentence occurs even in a recent review attributed to Mr. Gladstone:—"What is, if possible, yet more important is the resolute reform of our method of officering; and as Prussia is a country rigidly aristocratic, we trust that the adjustment



which has led there to such admirable results, may be found to be, either in its earlier or later form, applicable to our wants."

However aristocratic the tone of Prussian society may be, the privileged classes know how to subordinate their feelings to the public good. Every young gentleman who intends to follow the military profession has to serve at least six months in the ranks in order that he may become practically acquainted with the duties of a soldier, and that his character and capacity may be satisfactorily tested before he receives a commission. Young men who intend to follow other professions may commute the ordinary three years' service in the ranks at the expense of the State, for one year's service at their own expense, with the liability to a prolonged and much harder tour of duty in the event of war. It is true that they may choose their own associates, which they have no difficulty in doing in ordinary times, because the ranks of the Prussian army are full of highly educated young men; but in a campaign they must put up with such company as falls to their lot. This is an example worthy of imitation even by our middle class.

The Edinburgh Reviewer also observes that the system of short service for the men "must be established among us with due regard to the circumstances of difference which mark the British empire." These "circumstances of difference" happily are by no means confined to the men. The exclusiveness of the German aristocracy is such, that princely cannot marry with noble, nor noble with bourgeois families, except by the morganatic or left-handed form; and we are even now rejoicing that the invasion of this evil principle, which has long threatened our national manners, has been finally discomfited by a wise and popular decision of our gracious Queen. What has our English aristocracy in common with this? The strength and glory of the English aristocracy is that it is not separated by any perceptible line from the commonalty, and that it continually receives accessions from the hundred sources of our varied national existence. The undefinable rank of English "gentleman," to which all are admitted who prove themselves worthy by character and attainment, establishes a noble feeling of equality among all classes. If we are aristocratic like the Germans, we are also democratic like the Americans; and we must not be betrayed, by any false analogy with Prussia, into abandoning this vantage-ground, and depriving ourselves of the resources derivable from our highly developed

middle class. Our army alone is out of harmony with our national character and institutions. A factitious modern feudalism has been created there by the intrusion of the element of wealth; but when this shall be eliminated, and promotion shall be regulated by length of service combined with professional qualification, with an exception in favour of distinguished service, our army will be a real embodiment of the strength and spirit of the nation.

On one point we shall do well to note the "circumstances of difference" with a view, not to avoid, but to follow the example of Prussia. Whether the state of private morals is better or worse, there can be no doubt that the standard of public morality is higher in Prussia than it is in England on the main point of habitually postponing private to public interests. To this is due the commutation of the servile tenures; the establishment of an universal system of education; the remarkable economy with which the public expenditure is conducted, so that the English and American vice of jobbing may be said to have no existence there; and, above all, the national military organization which imposes such great sacrifices on all classes. This is the true secret of the success of Prussia. No doubt we have made some progress of late—the great sacrifices involved in the disestablishment of the Irish Church and in the Irish Land Bill, as well as the passing of the Endowed Schools and Elementary Education Acts are steps in the right direction; but, not to quote other instances, a solid phalanx of private interest and class prejudice bars the way to the reform of our military organization. This is vital. This is a crucial test. For this reform is quite as necessary in an educational as in a defensive sense, because, without it, our army cannot be converted, from being a prolific cause of demoralisation, into a national training school of the highest value for all classes of our population. We have a great deal to do before we can sit with comfort behind the "streak of silver sea" and exercise a "moral empire" over the world. Army purchase is no fit basis for the fulfilment of our national obligations in Belgium, in the old Eastern empire, in India and on the road to it, in Canada; and the military system built upon it certainly cannot form part of our "moral empire." We ought to set our old house in order, else, in these stormy times, it will be likely to fall down about our ears.

C. E. TREVELYAN.





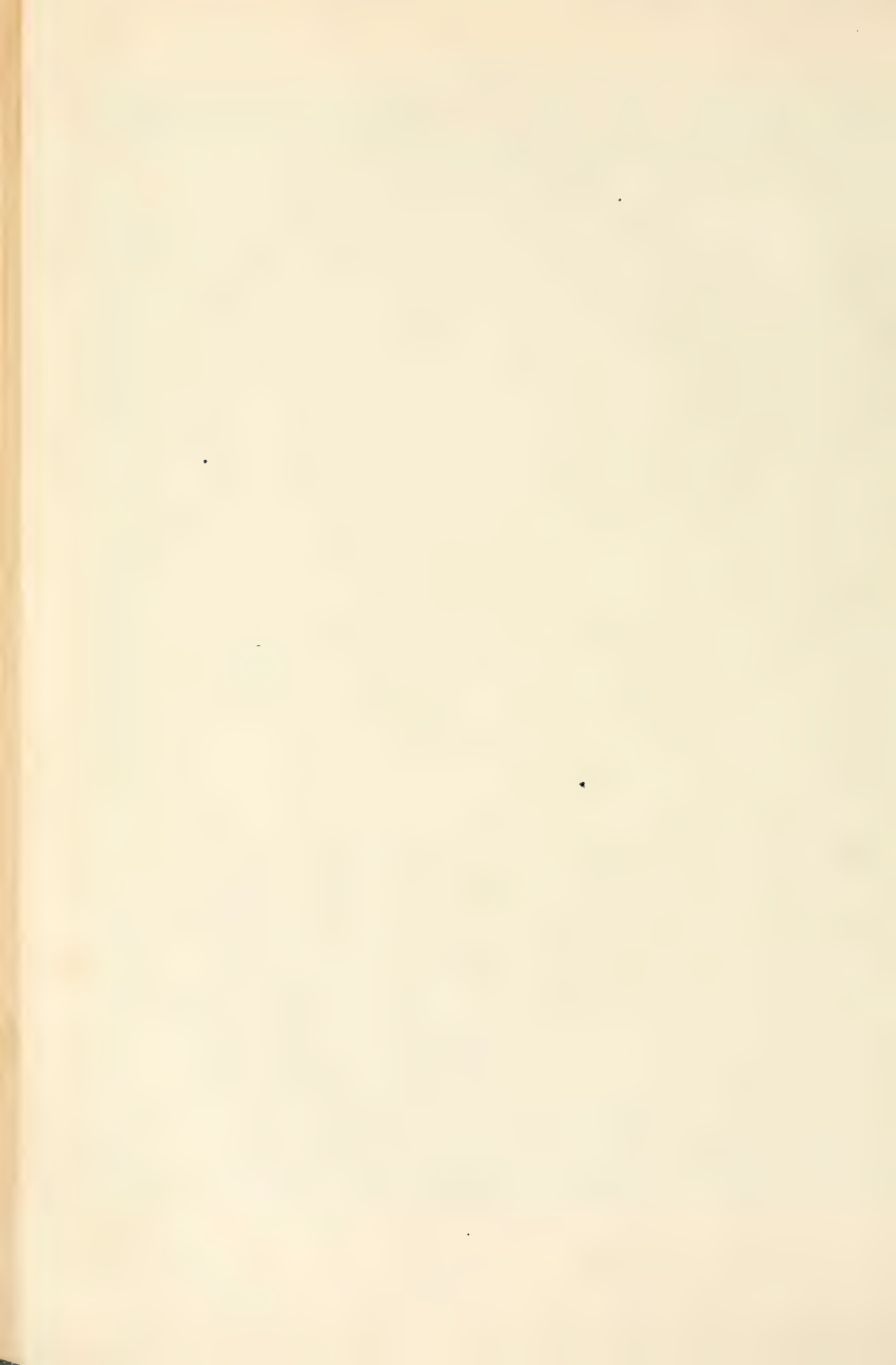






"AND I MAY DIE, BUT THE GRASS WILL GROW."





## THE SYLVESTRES.

BY M. DE BETHAM-EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "KITTY," "DR. JACOB," ETC.

## CHAPTER VI.—CLERICAL LOVE-MAKING.



WHAT with his concern for her spiritual and temporal welfare, the rector got little sleep on the night following Ingaretha's garden party. First, the apparition of the shabby foreigners disturbed him, and he saw following in their train a

nimble host of bright sovereigns and bank-notes that had been bewitched out of Ingaretha's pocket; he turned his head on the pillow, and lo! matters were not mended in the least, for now he saw Ingaretha plucking her roses for Carew when no one else was by, and Carew caught a stray lock of her beautiful hair and kissed it, she smiling gravely, but without affront. The rector, dreaming all this, and waxing more impatient than behaved a man of his calling, seized the pillow, gave it a violent shake, as much as if he thought the evil spirits would tumble out, and once more laid down his head. But the evil spirits seemed more lively than ever, and leagued hand and glove against him. He fancied himself becoming a veritable hailstorm of roses, pieces of money, bank-notes, blue ribbons; wry faces were made at him by no heads in particular; Ingaretha and Carew paid not the least attention to his troubles, but swam lazily among the water-lilies; at last, the foreigners, in their waltz, pushed him clean into the water, with which crowning agony he awoke.

To go to sleep again under such circumstances would have been folly, and the rector, having dosed himself with the first thing in the shape of medicine that came handy, put on his dressing-gown and began to write. He always wrote out any important speech he should have to make in

the course of the day beforehand, reconnoitring his forces much after the fashion of an anxious general, placing a phalanx of arguments in the van, lighter metaphors and airy hopes to arm weak places, and the invincible artillery of theological dicta in the rear. Now, it must be admitted that making love to a beautiful woman, and making war upon an aggressive Dissenter, are not quite the same thing; and the rector had not come out of the latter kind of warfare with such flying colours as to warrant any very rapturous results from the former. But his cause was good and his adversary was a woman, one of the "weaker vessels," in the language of the Church. He plumed himself vastly on belonging to the nobler order of created beings, namely, man, and the noblest order of social beings, namely, parsons. Carew certainly possessed the first privilege, but he was a poor creature, even according to Ingaretha's own showing: a dawdler, a dreamer, a writer of verses!

So the rector's pen flew over the paper, and the light veil of the summer night was drawn from the earth, and the thrushes began their rehearsals in his little garden ere he had done. He felt drowsy after such severe intellectual exertion, and putting the manuscript under his pillow, slept the sweet sleep of that incomparable anodyne, self-convicted sageness, for upwards of three hours. Refreshed and hopeful, he awoke. When breakfast was over, and the sermon for the following Sunday partly written, he walked about his fruit-garden, notes in hand, culling sweets of his own wisdom, and the sweets of his own cherry trees, alternately. First, a cherry, big, blood-coloured, dewy, was popped into the rector's mouth; next, an argument, rounded, unctuous, delectable, was lodged, as he fondly hoped, in the recesses of Ingaretha's understanding.

The lesson fairly learned, and the mid-day meal of corned beef and cabbage dispatched, he set out on a round of parish visits, intending to take Ingaretha by storm on his way home. Having administered a severe reprimand to the mother of some Sunday-school children, who had sent them to church with long curls and blue hat-ribbons, reminded a recalcitrant tithe-payer that the half-yearly sum of five shillings and fourpence arthing was somewhat overdue, and lectured a parishioner upon his non-appearance at church, he betook himself to the Abbey.



As luck would have it, the lady chanced to be alone. On his way through the hall he heard little snatches of song, and found her at the piano turning over the leaves of a music book.

"If you are a magician," she said, "charm Monsieur Sylvestre into singing at church. What a congregation you would soon have!"

"Has he a very good voice?" asked the rector, half piqued and half inquisitive.

"Of an angel. Just that and no more," and Ingaretha made the most bewitching little gesture of admiration, adding, "And if he is almost an angel, Madame Sylvestre is one quite."

The conversation was turning upon the very subject the rector had promised to treat so eloquently. To warn her of these people, to exhort her to prudence in dealing with them, to point out to her the consequences of harbouring atheists, freethinkers, social vagabonds—who could tell what else?—in the parish; then to open his arms and beg her there to seek safety and refuge for evermore. This was his programme. He began part the first.

"Are you quite sure, my dear Miss Meadowcourt—and being the parish priest, I speak as one having authority—are you quite sure that in such evil days of heterodox teaching and lax theology, you are acting discreetly when you invite foreigners, perhaps unbelievers, to take up their abode here?"

The misguided little sparrows, you see, had been telling tales to the rector.

Ingaretha resigned herself to a quarrel, sighing good-naturedly.

"You said a long time ago that you would not talk to me about heterodoxy any more. I never quite understand what you mean by it. As to these dear friends of mine, the Sylvestres, they have had little else but hardship and misfortune all their lives, and I certainly shall offer them a refuge now. Not to do so, would be to outrage the very doctrine of charity you so often preach about."

"But I preach about faith too," cried the rector briskly. "Where you cannot understand, have faith. I am your sincere friend, and if you were in the habit of submitting your judgment to mine when perplexed and divided between two minds, I feel sure the result would be satisfactory."

"To whom?" asked Ingaretha wickedly. "The Sunday before last you said, 'the wise woman buildeth her house,' and does not that text apply to me too? I try heartily to build my house, in other words, to make the best of my life."

"Ah, you are ensnared by the self-conscience of youth! Dear young lady, be warned by me. It is not so easy for a young person to manage spiritual and temporal affairs, single-handed, and especially amid the temptations that beset your sex. People will fawn upon you and flatter you, and get as much out of you as they can. They will do what is a hundredfold worse, beguile you into all kinds of dangerous doctrines and seductive theories. I see but too well that the tendency of your mind is to venture ahead of riper experience, and to act independently of older counsel. Take refuge in an affection that is not so extravagant as to mislead, and not so pretentious as to inspire mistrust."

He was about to add "Marry me," when she, divining the climax, interrupted him.

"I do try to do my duty, but I cannot do it after the apologetic fashion you hold so commendable in women. I own my shortcomings; though," she added quickly, "I do not recognise your authority to correct them."

"I am willing to take you with all your faults," said the rector touchingly.

"But I am unwilling to take you with all your virtues. For once and for all, let me speak out my mind. I could not marry you, Mr. Whitelock."

She rose in her impatience and walked from window to window, fain to escape but loth to offend. The rector dwelt at length and in a monotonous voice on the temptations and dangers to which she was sure to expose herself if she selected no clerical staff to lean upon early in life. Impostors would single her out and make a fool of her. Unbelievers would ensnare and bewitch her for their own wicked purposes. From both a worldly and a spiritual point of view she would be as a sheep having no shepherd, and what a shepherd lay at her feet! Ingaretha smiled and yawned behind her beautiful white hand. He was too good-natured to make her angry, and too much of a friend to be sent away cavalierly.

Tea occurred as a happy thought, and of this the rector partook with eagerness. So much talking had made him thirsty. She heaped his plate with strawberries, once, twice, thrice, before he made a feeble remonstrance. It was very pleasant to have her so kind to him, but what a heavenly pleasure it would be to take tea with her every day, and to have the right to bring down that proud spirit! A little masculine rule was all she needed to make her perfect in the eyes of man; a little theological rule to make her perfect in the eyes of angels. She refused

both chances of perfectibility and his own homage into the bargain. Inconsequence of women!

"How good these strawberries are!" she cried, smacking her lips with childish enjoyment.

"Excellent, indeed."

"Let us enter into a compact not to quarrel any more from this time henceforth and for ever."

"It is my desire to live at peace with all men," replied the rector, "though the plain speaking required of a priest oftentimes gives offence when no offence is meant. When I speak of your faults, for instance—"

"Miss Ingaretha's faults!" said the sweet voice of Monsieur Sylvestre at an open window. "Oh! physician, first make thyself whole and then prescribe for others."

The rector turned very red and rose from his seat, not knowing what to do. Ingaretha put her hand in Monsieur Sylvestre's arm with an affectionate smile and drew him to the tea-table.

With that suave dignity which accepts homage more as a right than as a privilege, the old man let her minister to him and adore him. The rector saw at once how matters stood. He made his adieux, awkwardly and in haste, feeling that he had no place among these enthusiasts. They used a language with which he was not familiar. They lived in a world as far removed from him as Capricorn from Cancer. He walked slowly homeward, looking back on the fine old Abbey, and the beautiful old trees, and the little river, with wistful though unlover-like sighs. He admired Ingaretha. He sadly wanted her to hand over the stewardship of her acres, and of her soul into the bargain, to him. It was very hard that women should have wills of their own, and he looked forward to feminine submission as one of the most desirable attributes of a millennium, should a millennium be decreed upon earth.

Freed from his company, Ingaretha and her guest were like singing-birds escaped out of a cage. They laughed, they talked, they sang. How eloquent he was, how witty, how inspiring! How lovely was she, how sweet and good!

All the mellow wisdom was brought out of him, all the sparkling vivacity out of her. They were as much in love with each other as the earth is in love with the spring. His beautiful old age moved, transported, exalted her, whilst the freshness and gaiety of her youth filled his soul with delight. Their

intercourse, compared to the frigid intercourse of every-day society, was as tropical verdure to wastes of sand, every step revealing new colours and new enchantments. When Madame Sylvestre came in, dusty and footsore, she found them discussing the Arcadia that was to be, namely, her husband's little farm, which was ploughed, sowed, and reaped ere any practical difficulties recurred to his mind.

"My banks shall be planted with strawberries, and my pillows shall be stuffed with thistledown," he said. "Nothing shall run to waste, and nothing shall bring forth less abundantly than generous nature bids. Euphrosyne shall have a cow to tend (may the spirit of one of her lost benefactors animate it!), a pig, and some poultry, whilst I sow my corn and till my ground happy as a king."

"But we must get the money first. I have already found pupils, and by dint of economy we may achieve a little capital."

"Oh! Madame Sylvestre," said Ingaretha reproachfully, "have I not money enough and to spare? At least, let an old friend do you that paltry service."

"We will put off talking of loans till to-morrow," Monsieur Sylvestre said, blithe as ever. "I readily admit to Miss Ingaretha that we arrived here destitute of worldly possessions, though rich in memories and hope." He turned out his empty pockets with the *naïveté* of a schoolboy, and added, "What is wealth material to wealth intellectual? Our dear hostess knows well enough that we are millionaires in a spiritual, if paupers in a worldly, point of view. Let us not be ungrateful, but accept the welcome things she gives us, pressing upon her our very best in return."

"You can give me so much," Ingaretha answered, holding out a hand to each. "How lonely I was till you came! How unloved and uncared for! If you will stay with me, and love me, and help me, you will repay a hundredfold any poor kindnesses of mine."

There was such unspeakable appeal and trust in her eyes, that they stooped to kiss her, answering her that way. The compact sealed, all talk of business was put aside for the rest of the day, and they gave themselves up to enjoyment. Monsieur Sylvestre had a voice of rare power and sweetness, and with Ingaretha for accompanist was content to sing for hours. They were equally content to listen. Melody after melody of the divine Schubert gave wings to the balmy hours. When the dinner came, which, with its flowers and shining silver services and



choice meats, seemed a daily banquet to the wanderers, a calm had fallen on the spirits of all three. Ingaretha forgot the love that troubled, and the friendship, under the guise of love, that intermeddled. The life she had chosen for herself, half in fear and trembling, half in aspiration and faith, seemed no longer what it had done a few weeks back—arid, isolated, narrow. Here, at least, she had two friends, on whose affection she could rely—not friends, it is true, of a decade's standing, much less was their friendship an inherited treasure, like pearls, family portraits, gold epergnes. But it is with friendship as with love. For a long time Life has droned and drowsed like the sleeping princess in the fairy tale, and, lo! on a sudden the voice of the enchanter breaks the spell. Monotony vanishes, stagnation breaks up into rainbow colours and golden light; the sound of the welcome voice is followed by a thousand echoes sweet as itself.

#### CHAPTER VII.—A ROMANTIC ADVENTURE.

MRS. MINIFIE took her carriage airing as regularly as an empress or state duenna. At two o'clock her cumbersome old hooded phaeton and sandy-coloured horse, as clumsy about the pasterns as his mistress about the ancles, would be led to the front door by Jabez the coachman. Whilst Smiler amused himself with a mouthful of clover stolen on the way, Jabez proceeded to put on his best hat and coat. First he fumbled laboriously for one armhole till he grew purple in the face, then he went on a voyage of discovery for the other. The second being found, he set his teeth and began to shake himself as if in a cataleptic fit. Having fairly wriggled into the coat, there remained the hat to be brushed, put on, taken off, brushed again, and readjusted, till the right medium was obtained. Then he dozed quietly till his mistress's appearance would be heralded by a succession of bundles which were thrown into the carriage one by one; after awhile Mrs. Minifie descended slowly.

Mr. Minifie chuckled behind his apple trees as he saw his wife get in, stockings down, bonnet awry, finger-ends of her gloves hanging down like claws of the plesiosaurus, one scarf tied round her throat as if it were the ribbon of the Legion of Honour, another worn loosely like a nun's rosary, a black lace sleeve on one arm, a white lace sleeve on the other, and unaccountable tags, bobbins, and tassels flying in all directions. As Jabez drove off, Mr. Minifie would whistle to himself, as much as to say, "What a trap!

What a scarecrow inside! What a turn-out!"

But Mrs. Minifie, though not insensible to her husband's sneers, felt happier upon these occasions than upon any other. Nature has no poor relations, and welcomes alike the noble and the insignificant; the birds sang and the wild-flowers blossomed for Mrs. Minifie as much as for the most beautiful soul going, and she had soul enough to rejoice in them. As she drove through the shady Suffoik lanes, a thousand things pleased, soothed, and exhilarated her. The common sunshine was something; and as she drove along, friendly faces of cottagers' wives nodded from their gardens, and little flaxen-haired children ran out to open gates for her, knowing well enough that they would receive a halfpenny and a smile. The prettiest received a penny and two smiles, but as the reason of this partiality was unknown, no angry feelings came into play.

Smiler had an awkward habit of going down on his knees when she happened to feel lazy, and Jabez happened to doze, which was pretty often. There were no hills to speak of for miles round, but just as a thief will steal without really fine opportunities, so Smiler would stumble upon the smallest provocation. The accident had occurred a hundred times, and yet it always created a certain amount of excitement; for, if a thing of beauty is a joy for ever, much more is a thing of comedy! And to see Smiler go down and the large wild figure of Mrs. Minifie go up, never grew a stale pleasure to the people of Peasemarsch. Mrs. Minifie's person, like the Cumean Sibyl, seemed to grow larger and larger under the influence of her agitation. Her unwieldy figure swelled and swelled till the capacious carriage was more than full. Her flossy, barley-coloured hair fell about her shoulders in trebled, quadrupled bulk, like that of the shock-headed Aissouia Arab when invoking the Djinns in his horrible dance. She stretched out her hands, she shouted, gesticulated, apostrophised, but from those empyrean heights no chivalrous St. Beowulfian had as yet delivered her. Appeal as she might, she knew well enough there was nothing to do but wait till Smiler was on his legs again, and Jabez restored to self-possession.

This day, however, as the stereotyped accident occurred, and half-a-dozen ploughmen and boys were looking on, open-mouthed—in this Bæotia one might fancy the brain was situated in the stomach, so invariably do people open their mouths when

trying to receive a new idea—Monsieur Sylvestre happened to pass that way. Never was mediæval damsel more gallantly rescued by noble knight than Mrs. Minifie by him. To scale the precipitous sides of the fortress-like carriage, to bear Mrs. Minifie safely to the ground, to soothe and inspirit her with a few tender phrases, to chide the apathy of the lookers-on, was the work of moments only. In the twinkling of an eye, the aspect of the whole affair was changed. The bacon-eating bystanders crept away crest-fallen, one even approached to offer a helping hand, Jabez bestirred himself with unwonted activity, even Smiler looked repentant. Mrs. Minifie was transformed, not only into a victim but a heroine.

"Madame must rest awhile before proceeding on her journey," said Monsieur Sylvestre with solicitude. "Madame will allow me to accompany her to the first neighbouring place that offers? Adjust the harness and follow us," he added to Jabez, waving his hand, then arm-in-arm, the rescuer and the rescued betook themselves to the curate's house, which was close by.

"What insensibility!—what gross selfishness!" he said, his sweet silvery voice and pathetic enunciation charming Mrs. Minifie as she had not been charmed for many a long year. "It is painful to see how seldom people care to exercise their best qualities. Every one of those peasants possesses a divine spark, yet because it has never been fanned into a flame, they remain dullards and egoists all the days of their lives."

"Oh! poor things! they are so ignorant, you know," Mrs. Minifie made answer. "They are too stupid to help a cow if it falls into the ditch."

"Why not teach them, dear lady? Is it not acknowledged to be the mission of women to enlighten by their instincts, inspire by their beauty, soften by their grace? You are a woman, and you despair of the progress of the world! Rather put your hand to the plough, and do your part to further it."

"I do what I can," answered Mrs. Minifie, flushing and stammering like a girl of sixteen. "I spend three pounds a year in homœopathic medicines and as much again in tracts and hymn-books."

Monsieur Sylvestre shook his head.

"Theology should be given in homœopathic doses, and physic not at all. Touch their intellects through their affections. A dozen *preux chevaliers* would have rushed to the rescue just now, had the imagination of these poor creatures been a little cultivated.

Oh! blindness of theological teachers, who make star-gazers of the multitude, and heed not the scratches and bespatterings they get in stumbling over thorny places!"

The curate's house was now reached, a poetic-looking thatched house, covered with lovely roses, and having a delightfully old-fashioned and productive garden; fruitful it could not be called, since, what with the children and the blackbirds, cherries vanished when red on one side only, potatoes were pulled up when no bigger than walnuts, apple trees were stripped long before neighbouring orchards reached their fulness of red and crimson glory, a locust-like devastation going on all the year round.

At the click of the gate, a wild untidy little crew rushed out to greet Mrs. Minifie and her companions: Sammie, a sharp practical little man of seven; Sabina, commonly called Bina, a large-eyed, anxious-looking girl of six; Pennie, a rollicking monkey of five; and two other toddlers possessed of no strongly-developed characteristics, except a capacity for demolishing peppermints. All the curate's children had the curious look of mixed babyishness and precocity about them that is seen in young owls at that stage of their existence when they are all fluff, eyes, and beak. Sammie, Bina, and Pennie were mere babies as yet, but premature experience of the troubles of life had sharpened their little faces and given unnatural sharpness to their eyes.

"My!" cried Sammie, "Miss Meadowcourt is here, and has brought us cake, and you have brought us gingerbread; won't it be funny? Cake and gingerbread both in one day!"

And he put his hands in his pockets and danced before Mrs. Minifie ecstatically inquisitive. Bina tried to draw him away, whispering that such conduct was ungentelemanly. Pennie got her rosy mouth ready for a kiss, and seemed delighted at the prospect of so much company.

In the little breakfast-parlour opening on to the garden, sat Amy Greenfield, the curate's wife, with her baby in her lap, and Ingaretha at her side, drinking tea.

"Naughty children," said Mrs. Greenfield, rising to greet her visitors, "to leave the tea-table when we have company! Bina and Sammie, take your bread and treacle to the window, and let Mrs. Minifie and the gentleman have your seats."

Bina obeyed, and having fetched clean cups, and wiped away crumbs and treacle drops with her little holland apron, motioned



the new-comers to sit down. Ingaretha introduced her guest. Mrs. Greenfield, a pretty, careworn, young woman, who loved company, and often accused herself of wickedness because she could not feel reconciled to her pinched, noisy, hand-to-mouth life, felt at home with Monsieur Sylvestre in a moment. The baby—a most sociable baby—crowded and kicked and entertained the company with all her might; Mrs. Minifie did her part; Monsieur Sylvestre narrated all kinds of interesting things. Never had there been such a merry tea in the curate's squalid house. All on a sudden Mrs. Greenfield called out to Bina—

"Bina, I am sure papa must have come back from the village. Go and tell him we have visitors."

After a long time Bina came back, and creeping up to her mother, whispered loudly in her ear—

"Papa is come back, and papa is in the study; but he won't come in till they're gone, he says."

"Hush!" Amy said, blushing painfully, for she knew well enough why her husband would not come in. His clothes were threadbare and patched, and Sunday suits had been foregone luxuries for years past. As the talk grew more and more sparkling—for Monsieur Sylvestre never talked down to his audience, but rather lifted them into the airy heights and golden spheres in which his fancy dwelt both on working days and festivals—she blamed him for letting pride stand in the way of so much enjoyment. First, her visitor related a tragic, then a comic adventure, and at last stood up and recited moving passages from Alfred de Musset, Béranger, and the Socialist singers of modern France. Mrs. Minifie, whose French did not extend beyond the first dozen of the phrases in Murray's Traveller's Talk, wept copiously nevertheless. Ingaretha listened with a smile, having been let into the secret of her old friend's vanity long ago. Amy's eyes sparkled and cheeks glowed at the unwonted excitement. The children did not make much noise till all the cake was done. At last the party broke up, and then the curate emerged from his hiding-place, tired, impatient, parched with thirst. Pennie and one of the younger children ran up to him and caught hold of his hands.

"Oh! papa, we have had such a cake! But it's all gone; poor papa, to have no cake!"

He let go the sticky little fingers and sat down, looking ruefully at the besmeared deal

table, the blackened crust of the home-made loaf, sole remainder of the feast, the rows of little tin mugs, the teapot handle mended with string, the poverty-stricken aspect of everything.

"Bina, go and see if there is any milk left in the pail, and if not, ask Keziah to try and get a little more from the cow. There is some tea, though rather weak," Amy added, pouring out a cup of pale brown fluid, into which baby straightway mischievously thrust her little red foot, turning it over.

"Oh! never mind," groaned the curate. "Give me some water."

But Amy put the baby in his arms, poked up the kitchen fire, laid a few sticks between the bars, and by-and-by the kettle began to sing. She searched in the cupboards and found a loaf of bread and a fragment of butter. Bearing these and the kettle triumphantly to the dining-room, she sat down again.

"Miss Meadowcourt has invited us all to go to see her to-morrow," she said.

"Well, what of that?" asked the curate.

"Why should we not go? We are to have music—which you are very fond of," Amy answered soothingly.

"As well give tarts to starving beggars as music to us," the curate rejoined, in the same bitter tone. "Who wants a finer voice than your own? but from want of a piano you have forgotten how to sing. No, Amy, go to the rich people as much as you like, but don't ask me to go with you. I wasn't born to be a beggar, and I can't take up the rôle with a good grace now."

But Amy's heart was set upon going, and, of course, Amy had her way. The children shrieked at the bare notion of giving up the promised treat; the baby, as if leaguely with them, had a pathetic attack of spasms; the whole house echoed with juvenile weeping and wailing. No wonder that the curate, tired as he was, rushed out of doors. He had come home sick to death of the parish and parish work. It was only a shade less wearing than the kind of recreation to be had at home. He read to a couple of bed-ridden old women whose cottages happened to lie handy, then sat in a shady corner of the churchyard reading a stale *Times* the rector had lent him, till it grew dusk.

#### CHAPTER VIII.—THE RICH SENT EMPTY AWAY.

INGARETHA was certainly playing the democrat with a vengeance. She had said to herself in settling down at the Abbey that

she would dispense hospitality rather according to people's deserts than according to their expectations. The result of such a practice was to scandalize the few and to delight the many. That the mighty should be put down from their seat, in scriptural phrase, and the humble and meek exalted, though a simple interpretation enough, was quite out of keeping with the existing order of things, in other words, not to the taste of the mighty. So, when carriage after carriage deposited its burden of silk, feathers, and lace on Ingaretha's lawn, and she emerged from a shabby little group to do the honours, great was the discomfiture of the new-comers. For there was Madame Sylvestre in the broad-brimmed brown straw hat tied under the chin, and Monsieur Sylvestre in his almost Harlequin habiliments, and Mrs. Greenfield in a muslin gown not fit for a housemaid, and Bina and Sammie, of whose toilettes it could only be said that they were for once clean. What cared they, happy little souls, whether they were tatterdemalion or no? Childhood is essentially communistic. "Voir, c'est avoir," sings Béranger. This smooth lawn, the sumptuously-spread tea-table, these tame swans, and glades, and aviaries seemed as much their property as Ingaretha's. Hand in hand they explored, prattled, moralised, and, like sly little birds, plucked a flower or strawberry when they found themselves unheeded. The kind lady who possessed such beautiful things, and lavished her beautiful things on others, was like a fairy godmother to the poor curate's little ones.

"I say, Bina," said Sammie confidentially, "when I am big, and wear a coat, would Miss Meadowcourt marry me, do you think? Wouldn't it be nice to be here every day?"

Bina thought and thought.

"No, Sammie dear," she said authoritatively, "Miss Meadowcourt wouldn't marry you because you make too much noise, and delight in teasing the poor frogs. And then, how you run up and down-stairs with your dirty boots on! I am sure Miss Meadowcourt would never put up with that."

"But how nice it would be! Just look at that cherry tree, and Miss Meadowcourt has dozens. Don't I wish I were a blackbird."

"And never learn any catechism? Fie," retorted Bina. "You may well repeat the text about the heathen imagining a vain thing. If we were blackbirds we should not have such dear babies to play with."

"And no screaming though," cried Sammie, putting his hands in his pockets, and rattling his marbles. "That would be jolly!"

The little people thought a summer day had never before been so long, so beautiful, and so happy. There were places to play in without number; there was a kind and ingenious young gardener—as good as a page in a fairy tale—who contrived swings, seesaws, and other delights for them. There was a pretty little colt, and a pair of sweet-tempered, silky-coated grey donkeys, and wonderful peacocks. And when they had seen all this, there yet remained a long time before going home!

A child's blissful day—who can describe its sports, its romance, its abounding never-to-be-forgotten exhilarations? Well would it be for us if we could retain your magnifying powers, oh, wise, childish hearts! Their joys, like little stars viewed through a telescope, turn suddenly into big round moons; filmy tracks of light become, as if by magic, stately phalanxes of silvery orbs; and the big moons and phalanxes are remembered only, and not the little stars and filmy tracks. Bina and Sammie felt themselves transformed into the hero and heroine of a story-book. Young as they were, they had experienced hardships enough, and to be fêted was as novel to them as it was delightful. Here, at least, Ingaretha's policy of feasting Lazarus and letting Dives starve, answered admirably.

Meantime, mixed tragedy and comedy were being acted on the lawn. Carew, after trying vainly to get ten minutes' *tête-à-tête* with his hostess—was ever hostess so bewitching as the lady of the Abbey to-day with her golden hair and dress of the colour of a wild hyacinth?—took Madame Sylvestre into his confidence.

"I am going abroad in a week or two," he said, speaking French. "I give up happiness as a bad job," and then he laughed bitterly at his brutal way of putting it. "She values my love about as much as she values the friendship of these people." He inclined his head scornfully towards the crowd and went on,—“Oh, madame, you are my best friend, and hers too. Don't let her get into trouble. I would stay near her, but I cannot. I am eating my heart out."

Madame Sylvestre looked at him wistfully with her large, unspeakably pathetic brown eyes. There was no need for her to say how much she suffered with and for him, and how gladly she would have taken his sorrow upon her own shoulders, had that been possible. This is the secret of real sympathy. He who would suffer for us, loves us indeed. "Wait for a happy chance, dear friend," she said tenderly. "I think it will come in time."



He shook his head.

"Nay, we have had happy chances enough! Have we not travelled together, undergone hardships, even dangers, together; seen, as it were, new worlds in each other's company? Are you quite sure she does not care a little for our good comrade René? She was always twice as kind to him as to me."

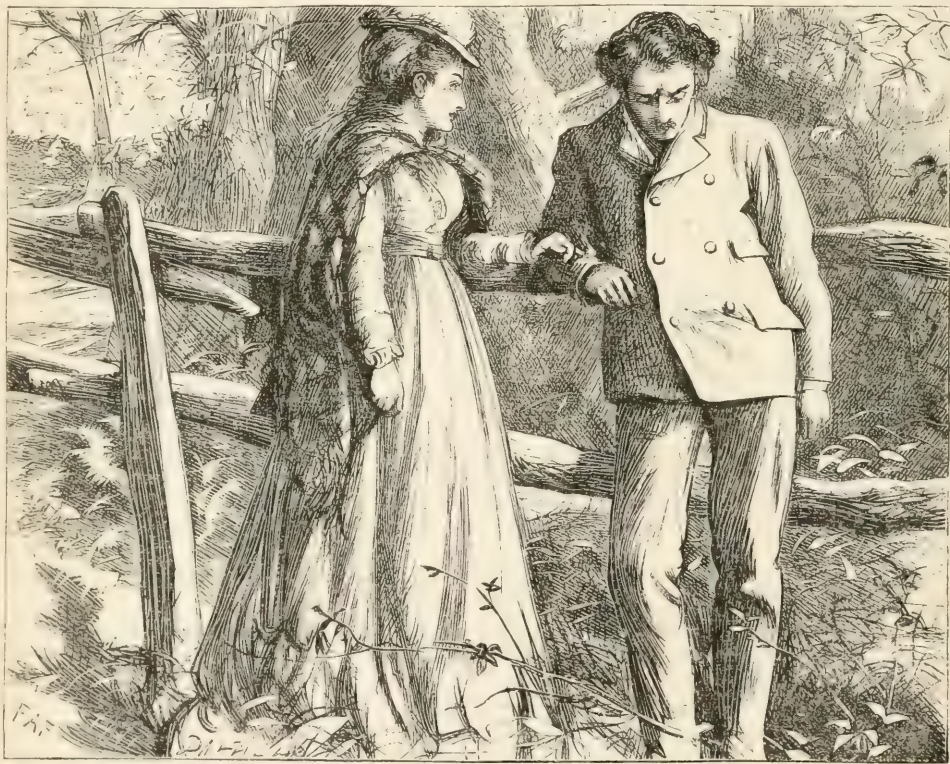
"Oh, impossible, monsieur. René is an angel but as poor as a church mouse, and Mademoiselle Ingaretha is a rich lady. It would be like a princess marrying a beggar."

"Before the summer is out he will be here."

"All the more reason why you should stay," Madame Sylvestre answered, with womanly insinuation. "I love René as if he were my own son, but he must not marry Ingaretha. I wish my husband would advise him to stay away from England on that account."

Then, after some further talk about Carew's love-affair, they discussed Monsieur Sylvestre's plans.

"Tell me," asked Madame Sylvestre



Page 92

eagerly, "may we expect two harvests a year here as in our beautiful Algérie?"

"Dear madame," Carew answered, "I fear not; but why disquiet yourself about the future? You know that anything I have is entirely at your service?"

"How can we so abuse the goodness of our friends! But to go back to the farming. If our kind Ingaretha lends us the money to take it with, could we repay the loan in a year's time?"

"Of farming I know less than you do, madame. Of one thing, however, I can assure you. There is another person who will joyfully

replace or repay your loan, whatever the crops may be."

He had been turning the matter of his promise to Ingaretha over in his mind, and could hit upon no better way of fulfilling it than this. Yet no sooner were the words spoken, calling up a look of pain into Madame Sylvestre's face, than he wished them unsaid, and blamed himself for such an off-hand, indolent way of doing kindnesses. How differently would Ingaretha have put it!

"And there is another thing that makes me anxious," pursued the Frenchwoman, after thanking him painfully. "My husband will

never rest till he is again concerting some Socialist scheme or other, and how can he do that without compromising our kind protectors? Alas! my heart sinks within me when I contemplate the trouble we may bring upon you and upon her."

"For myself," Carew said soothingly, "I am utterly indifferent to the terror of being compromised, and I know Ingaretha—Miss Meadowcourt—would feel that she suffered in a good cause. If she cared for me half as much as she cares for Monsieur Sylvestre and Socialism, I should esteem myself happy indeed."

"It is true that she loves him dearly, and has the most enlightened ideas; but I look backwards and forwards in doubt and dismay. Can you wonder at it, knowing what you do?"

Just then an acquaintance of Mr. Carew's came up, and the *tête-à-tête* was at an end. She retired into a quiet corner looking very sad. Of a proud spirit was Madame Sylvestre, and to live upon the perpetual providence of affection seemed unendurable to her. Was the beautiful level friendship of equals she so coveted a Utopian dream, never to be fulfilled?

How she envied her husband's happy unconcern! Whether his cruse of oil and his measure of meal were replenished by a miracle or by friendly hands, troubled him as little as the scantiness of both. There he stood in the midst of a group of new admirers, eyes sparkling, cheeks flushed, head erect, charming the dull people of St. Beowulf's as easily and naturally as he had charmed his enthusiastic followers in the land of exile. What a noble figure was his, in spite of the threadbare habiliments! Among all present none had so fine a bearing as he; and the poor woman accused herself for having reproached him, however meekly, the minute before. Did not that very inconsequence of character go far to make it the sweet and guileless and bewitching thing it was? She wiped away tears of thankfulness at seeing him so happy. After all, what mattered her own poor pride—pride forsooth!—and she a woman whose best years of life had been spent in idolizing this man! For his sake she might surely eat uncomplainingly of the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table.

During long years of out-door toil she had acquired a habit of dropping asleep whenever she found herself in a quiet place, and the summer-house to which she had retired being screened from the gay lawn by a laurel hedge, she was soon dreaming like a child. The

life of the last few weeks faded from her vision as coast-land from hastening sail. Once more she was in beautiful, treacherous Algérie. Once more she breathed the thyme-scented air of the Metidja, and gazed on the golden and purple hills. Under the burning sun of the south, she toiled and rested with friendly fellow-workers. There was René, the beautiful, the beloved, the eloquent, whose words, sweeter than honey and stronger than fire, intoxicated and inflamed the hearts of all listeners; there was his boon friend and adopted brother, Maddio, the ugly, the gay, the child at heart and the lover and teacher of little children. There was Blaise, whom they thought dead—the melancholy, tender-hearted, spiritual Blaise; and all were happy, for famine and pestilence and earthquake had not come. She murmured in her sleep as these visions flitted by, and half-woke herself once or twice. At last she was aroused in earnest. A familiar voice sounded in her ear, a well-known hand was laid on her arm. Looking up, she found herself between the two she had just seen in her dreams, René and Maddio, and Ingaretha between, smiling, held a hand of each.

Madame Sylvestre rose with outstretched hands and swimming eyes. The younger man kissed her hand. The elder saluted her, brother-like, on the cheek; then a volley of questions and answers ensued. Whence had they come? Where were they housed? How was this friend and that? Was René quite cured of his fever, and Maddio of his rheumatism? For a little Ingaretha left them. How Ingaretha's guests stared and tittered at the odd appearance of the newcomers may be easily imagined. The advent of Monsieur and Madame Sylvestre had seemed queer enough, but the new apparitions were infinitely queerer. He whom they called Maddio, for instance, with his white cotton blouse, broad-brimmed straw hat, loose *pantalons*, and round close-shorn head, was ever such a figure of fun? Surely, a runaway from some madhouse, said one or two, and punned mercilessly upon the poor man's name. The younger and less peculiar looking of the two might possibly be in his senses, since his clothes were more after the fashion of other people; but he was evidently as veritable a gipsy as the rest. He was, without doubt, extremely handsome, the ladies said, though not nearly tall enough. What a beautiful brown skin! What bewitching dark eyes! What glossy curls! What a fine expression! Was he some foreign lover of Miss Meadowcourt's?



When the newly-arrived pair emerged from the summer-house Ingaretha begged leave to introduce them to one or two of her friends. Signor Maddio, she said, was a distinguished naturalist, and a traveller over all parts of the world. Monsieur René was an author, and also a great lover and student of nature. Both, like Monsieur Sylvestre, were political exiles. Certainly Maddio and René proved themselves adepts in the art of making themselves agreeable. St. Beowulf taste and St. Beowulf propriety were shocked, though St. Beowulf inquisitiveness was fairly aroused. People stayed and stayed till they could learn nothing more of the bewitching vagabonds the lady of the Abbey delighted to honour, then returned home wondering what would happen in the way of scandal next. One thing seemed pretty certain—that if Ingaretha pursued this reckless system of hospitality they should have to stay away from her house altogether. There were some eccentricities flesh and blood could not stand, and to be invited to meet not only the curate's tatterdemalion wife and dirty children, but a host of tag-rag-and-bob-tail political exiles, was one of these. The very name of exile had something disreputable and portentous in the sound of it, suggesting Lord George Gordon No Popery riots, Smith O'Brien and cabbage-beds, &c.

"The truth is, my dear," said Mr. Stapleton, an old country magistrate, to his wife as they drove home, "it all comes of poor Meadowcourt taking his wife to hear the corn-law debates a few weeks before Ingaretha was born. I told him what would happen."

"I suppose Mr. Meadowcourt was what you gentlemen call a Radical," asked meek Mrs. Stapleton.

"A red republican. That's what he was; and but for that, as good a fellow as ever sat in the House," growled Mr. Stapleton, and the growl was followed by a snore.

"Mamma," demanded the youngest Miss Stapleton, who thought it would be as well to get up a little knowledge of politics before having another conversation with that delightful Monsieur René, "who are Radicals?"

"The people who read penny papers, don't believe in eternal punishment, and wear wideawake hats, I believe; but ask your papa. Thank God I was never brought up to have opinions," answered Mrs. Stapleton. But Miss Stapleton made no further inquiry about Radicals.

Perhaps the rector was more disconcerted than anybody. That very night he selected four tracts; one for Madame Syl-

vestre, one for her husband, and one for each of the new-comers. Things had transpired in the course of the afternoon that convinced him it was high time to bestir himself. Was not this democratic spirit like the leaven that leaveneth the whole lump? Good heavens, what words he had that afternoon heard! Socialism, fraternity, equality! His hair stood on end.

#### CHAPTER IX.—A SOCIALIST'S CONFESSION.

RENE and Maddio, lodged humbly at the village ratcatcher's, esteemed themselves happy as kings. They were accustomed to privation, had lain hard and fared scantily all the days of their lives, had endured heat and cold, hunger and thirst, ungrateful toil and ill-repaid long-suffering. To find themselves free from care in this rich lordly England, within reach of their beloved master and teacher, Monsieur Sylvestre, and their adored mistress, Ingaretha, for the present seemed enough. Both were ardent disciples of the one and faithful worshippers of the other. Monsieur Sylvestre's eloquence and Ingaretha's beauty made life a happy thing and the world a desirable place to them under any circumstances. They looked neither backwards nor forwards, but accepted the pleasant Capua, dreaming, adoring, enjoying.

At early dawn Maddio would be up and stirring, and after a hearty breakfast of dry bread and coffee, each went his own way; Maddio, satchel on shoulder, would start on a botanising expedition; René, after dawdling among his books and papers till the sun was high, would also set out on a voyage of discovery, his pockets full of *brochures* and memorandum books. There was plenty to enchant both; rustic scenes with which Constable and Gainsborough have familiarized us, pastoral life set to music by Blomfield and Crabbe. How René delighted in the low fragrant meadows; the little rivers running amid silvery-leaved willows and tangles of forget-me-not; in the large brown ponds, haunt of water-hen and king-fisher; in the corn-fields ripening into reddish gold; above all, in the stately parks! He would sit for hours under the shade, watching the fawns at play or making acquaintance with the large-eyed, lustrous cattle cropping the luxuriant grass; or he would lie on his back and, shutting his eyes, dream some reformer's dream, half hearing the notes of thristle and stock-dove. Sometimes Ingaretha chanced to come that way, and her golden hair and white dress were sure to be heralded by a prophetic joy in his heart. He always felt

her presence before she was near, and she saw it and knew it, in spite of his well-acted comradeship and frank, boyish homage. Before the eyes of the world she was his patroness, his "sovereign lady the queen," his benefactor and friend; nothing more. When they found themselves alone, there was an end of etiquette and forced reticence. René, ever inclined to moods of sudden gaiety and sudden gloom, became inspired with all kinds of fancies, would sing, recite poems, dance, commit a hundred playful and unexpected vagaries; or he would pour out the sad experience of his chequered, unfortunate life, kindling into poetic fervour under the influence of her sympathy.

One day, when she had come upon him so suddenly that there was no time to prepare himself for that exquisite presence, she found big tears streaming down his pale cheeks. He smiled whilst wiping them away, said something about the caprices of an enthusiast, and began to talk of other matters. But after a few forced phrases he burst out on a sudden,—

"Don't accuse me of brutal ingratitude if when I am happiest I wish I were dead. But I see nothing at the end of my happiness—except misery. There you have it. I have no more to say. To-day I possess all and more than I want; yesterday I had nothing; to-morrow I should like to go to sleep—and you know the rest."

She reminded him of her friendship, past, present, and to come. She knew what it was to lose friends that way, and begged him not to "take the name of Death in vain." This she said solemnly and appealingly.

"Well, have it as you like. I would live a hundred years to please you, as you know well enough—ay, a hundred years like the thirty I am familiar with, and they have not been all delicious. To want bread is not much; to be a social pariah from childhood very little; blows, kicks, and bruises also go to be forgotten at ten years of age; but there are unforgettable things that happened as early as that not so easy to forget. The miserable consciousness of being born into a world without being wanted, and without being able to get out of it; the heathenish—I might say fiendish—jealousy of the children who wear satin shoes and eat tarts; the insupportable necessity of having to do battle with society, begging, pillaging—don't blush, sweetest lady, I never quite descended to that—the devilish rage induced even in a young heart by hunger and thirst and cold. Oh, I pray to Heaven to forget all this, and Heaven does not grant my prayer. Intercede for me with

those powers which are said to be merciful."

He covered his face with his hands and wept again. She wept with him, and that was all.

"Don't you see the consequence of all this early suffering?" he asked after a time. "It turns men into Christians without Godhead; into martyrs without sanctity. I can't help or save my fellow-men, but I don't forget for an hour how they suffer. Amid all this happiness it is present with me. Hundreds and hundreds of thousands of unfortunates find no Ingaretha to pick them out of dirt."

"We were both mere children," he continued, breaking ever and anon into rapturous smiles, "when you found me out in Rome. If ever subject offered itself to a painter, it was that of the golden-haired, rosy-cheeked, white-robed English girl and the bare-footed, squalid, care-browed beggar-boy, who made a childish compact of friendship on the steps of St. Peter. Then were the much-abused names of equality and fraternity hallowed indeed! I have believed in a God and good spirits since that hour."

She caught up his narrative, eagerly, proudly,—

"Don't call yourself a beggar-boy. Were you not a genius, and is not genius royal always? How pleased was my dear father to recognise your great gifts! How good and tractable you were! And, ah! what days we had together the next spring, at Frascati—on the Pincian—in the Borghese Gardens! How the flowers smell in Italy! How the air caresses! Again and again I have dreamed that I was poor and a wanderer, and that we were roaming about the streets of Rome together."

"Would that the dream were true!" he said; adding immediately after, "Forgive me. I often know not what I say!"

"Would that it were!" she said, bending her head low; and he saw, in spite of the shadow of her broad-brimmed straw hat, how pale she was, how sad, how moved.

"Is that so?" he asked.

"You feel it, you read it in my face, or you would think so badly of me that you would never cross my threshold again. I love the same things you love. I cannot have them here, and I dare not go away. I must fulfil the duties my father bequeathed me. To live out of England"—with *you* was on her lips; but she blushed scarlet, and checked the unbidden words—"would be to let this beautiful place go to ruins, and its



owners be represented by such men as Mr. Minifie. You don't yet know how much I have to do here nor what faith my father had in me—my dear, dear father—"

Tears stopped her from saying more; and he, forgetting everything but concern for her distress, brought out his pocket-handkerchief, and wiped away her tears ere they fell.

"What is the use of crying?" she said at last, holding out her hands to him with a sad smile. "We cannot make things right. I must go my ways, and you yours, content to see each other and help each other sometimes."

"That is not making things right!" he answered very bitterly.

"Then tell me what to do. I want all the world to be happy, and you and your poor Ingaretha too."

"Do you love me a little, then?" he asked.

"Have I not loved you a good deal for ten years?" she said, smiling through her tears.

"Oh! I know but too well that I was in purgatory, and that you were the angel who came to me from heaven. For the first time when I asked for bread, I got no stones, and this went on for years; hungry, you fed me; forsaken, you cared for me; homeless, you housed me. And the end is, the bitterest ingratitude that ever turned the heart of man into a hell!"

She looked up in wonder and dismay, and touched his arm with her hand—that exquisite hand he rejoiced to have in sight at all times. But he took no heed. Head bowed down, eyes fixed on the ground, he went on—

"How can it be otherwise? Your angelic goodness stands up as a barrier between us two. I can't forget that I am a man, and your lover in the sight of Heaven, and an outcast, and your *protégé*, hanger-on—call it what you will—in the sight of man. Have you not loved me a good deal for ten years, you say? ay, and you could go on loving me for ten years longer in the same fashion; but what kind of love is that? You are willing to give all and receive nothing. Oh, Equality! what sins are committed in thy name! Here is a man who loves a woman, and a woman who, according to her own showing, loves a man, and calls him her equal. Yet she is content to play the part of Providence to him all his life, as if love lived by bread alone!"

He laughed bitterly.

"Am I content?" she asked, humbly and sorrowfully. "You forget what I said just

now. I shrink sometimes from the sacrifice I have imposed upon myself. I know that a happier lot might have been mine"—tears rose to her eyes, a flush to her cheeks, and her voice faltered, as she added—"with you."

Seeing that he had no word to say, she went on in a still more appealing voice—

"Life is difficult to women: you don't know how difficult it is. It seems to me that when we try hardest to do right, we get most blamed. I care more for you, dear René, than for anybody else in the wide world. All that I have done for you has been done for dear love's sake. How can I make you believe it?"

He made no answer, and did not change his rigid attitude. He seemed to see nothing but a small blue butterfly that had alighted on a blade of grass at his feet.

"Won't you believe me?" she said coaxingly, as if he were a child, and she the tenderest mother God and the angels ever compassionated. "Oh! you must believe me!" and then, childish compassionately, hardly knowing what she did, so overwhelmed was she with the sense of his long-suffering, she stooped low, and kissed him on the forehead. What a sight was that for the wood-sprites and oreads! She, rosy-red, golden-haired, blue-eyed, sweet and serious, as fair a woman as the sun shone on that summer day; he, with his bronzed skin, dark curls, delicate throat, and large sad eyes, beautiful enough to be a god, but a god of sorrow and not of love! The impassioned nightingales might well accompany such a love-poem; and the clouds that hid the sun on a sudden, and made the beech-grove a solemn place, was surely in league with the tragedy of those two hearts.

"And even a kiss cannot make things right," he said, holding both her hands, and looking into her eyes with inexpressible emotion. "The world is too unhappy to be so healed, Ingaretha. You and I might rejoice in each other, and leave the rest—if we could get rid of our souls. We can't do that. We can't forget the work we have to do, which leads us as far apart as the east is from the west."

"If we could only work together!" she said, crying bitterly.

"How might that be? Am I not a son of the people, a Socialist, moreover, which means an enemy of your class, an iconoclast of your household gods? You have noble ideals. Cherish them, embody them, glorify them, with what strength you may;

you cannot join hands with me and mine. The time is coming when such things shall be. The signs are at hand for those to read who run; but I cannot sacrifice you. I cannot stand by and see you sacrificed. Let me go, then, and keep for ever the fond dreams I have dreamed of late. Oh! the happy, happy days! I did not know what a queen you were till I came to England, and saw you in your father's house. Hold me in your heart for a day, and then forget that such a person as René ever lived and suffered!"

What could she say? What could she do? All the abounding tenderness of her nature and all the experiences of her young life pleaded for him. Sitting by his side that summer day, she almost wished that this favoured lot, this princessdom and inherited prosperity were but a dream, or would melt like a dream, and that she, with René, had no portion beyond love and youth. For a long time they were silent, he growing sadder and sadder, she more and more pitiful. At length some stray word or look of hers—one never knows how these things happen—turned the tide of his dreary thoughts. Hope and joy, like sunshine rippling on waves, coloured his inner vision. He laughed, sang, dreamed. The park became again an enchanted place, and life wore a friendly face.

#### CHAPTER X.—WHAT SHALL SHE DO WITH IT?

POOR Ingaretha grew sadly puzzled to know what she should do with it. These beloved and bewitching friends of hers had one fault which they showed pretty equally. They were as unpractical people as you would find if you searched the four quarters of the globe in that especial quest. Certainly they had experienced more ups and downs than fall to the lot of most of us; had tasted ingratitude, treachery, persecution, triumph; also, short-lived prosperity, and the fame of the world. But the only effect of all this teaching was to make them more childishly confident in unexpected providences, and more unfit to deal with rugged realities. They could never believe ill of their fellow-creatures, and accused a malevolent chance or pernicious law whenever harm had come to them through the medium of personal enemies. But their trustfulness went even further than this. To think well of one's fellow-creatures is an excellent specific against premature age, crabbed temper, and bodily disorders; but to think so well of the existing order of things as to take no thought for the morrow, is to rub the Lamp of Evil, and

summon not one but a thousand ministering slaves thereof. Ingaretha knew well enough that her friends were all capable of gaining their bread, and one of them, Madame Sylvestre, capable of gaining her butter also. She knew well enough that they never had gained it, and never would gain it, and were too proud to partake of her abundance. Could she stand by and see them starve in the midst of it?

She thought the matter over night and day, bringing her small experience and large generosity to bear upon it. Innumerable difficulties stood in the way of any plan. There was Madame Sylvestre's pride to contend with, and Mr. Minifie's niggardly officiousness; Monsieur Sylvestre's idealism, and Maddio's hopeless contentment; lastly, there was René's sorrowful passion, and Carew's cavalierly love. Never, surely, was a lady more overburdened with cares and perplexities! Of course the simplest solution of the difficulty was to hire a farm for Monsieur Sylvestre, and to marry Mr. Carew. But then there was no farm to be had for love or money, and she had not the slightest inclination to marry Mr. Carew. With regard to the first, it was a case of "Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink." She had land in plenty, and Mr. Carew had land in plenty, but the one being a woman and the other a poet, both were at the mercy of their steward, who could not be called unjust, but was certainly narrow. Mr. Carew was ten times more in awe of Mr. Minifie than Ingaretha, and was utterly wanting in her keen interest in practical matters. To him she knew she must not look for help, and if not to Carew, to whom?

Good angels go about the world in strange disguises, and as luck would have it, Mrs. Minifie, from the date of that romantic adventure before described, had pledged herself to befriend Monsieur Sylvestre and to circumvent Mr. Minifie. The opportunity lay at hand, tempting as ripe strawberry to five-year old truants in forbidden Edens. The choice little farm of seventy acres before mentioned was to be sold, and Mr. Minifie, in spite of his promises to Ingaretha, was secretly negotiating for the purchase of it for himself. Was ever such an adopted son of the father of wiles? Mrs. Minifie did not stop to think over the subject, and weigh her duties to her husband in one scale and her duties to pleasant people in the other, but determined to pay him in his own coin.

Accordingly, she appeared at the Abbey one morning, and begged to see Miss Mea-



dowcourt for a few minutes on business. The two betook themselves to the library, Ingaretha's blue eyes twinkling with amusement. For the large flexible person of Mrs. Minifie floundered hither and thither like a seal in mud, or a balloon without ballast. It seemed hard to believe that she had any centre of gravity, and that the levers, pulleys, and pivot-joints of her anatomical system had ever been in working order. That nature indeed had made an exception in her case seemed the likeliest conclusion, giving her, as to the jelly-fish and oysters, merely a rudimentary organization. When at last she was fairly settled—for the act of falling upon the first surface of support that offers, and there sticking, can hardly be called sitting down—the mystery exploded.

"Oh! my dear Miss Meadowcourt, pray thank Heaven you have not a husband. I assure you, the baseness of the male sex makes my hair stand on end without a moment's notice. There's Mr. Minifie trying to buy the very farm you want for your friends. Pilgrim's Hatch, in the parish of Hoo-cum-Hessett—you know it, I daresay—seventy acres of capital land, and a snug little house."

"Oh, I remember Pilgrim's Hatch quite well," answered Ingaretha, brightening. "I have ridden there many a time. Is it really to be had?"

"You may well ask that, for it seems just the sort of thing that is too good to be true. But for the first time in my life I am in luck, and Mr. Minifie will be caught like a fox in his own trap. Ah, what a consolation it will be on my dying bed to think that I have for once cheated Mr. Minifie of a few hundred pounds—a hundred shillings would be something! Well, will you put on your hat at once, and drive with me to Pilgrim's Hatch?"

Ingaretha hesitated.

"Dear me," Mrs. Minifie cried, "you don't mean to say that you can hesitate—and with such a decided kind of a name too! I'm sure Shakespeare was wrong about names, and that a rose wouldn't be a rose if it were called a thistle! I think my own name will drive me mad sometimes. Janey this, Janey that, Mr. Minifie calls all day long till I feel ready to run away. It is cruel of parents to christen their children without conscience, and if mine had called me Helen or Ethelinda I might have been a happy woman. But you will go to Pilgrim's Hatch, won't you?"

Ingaretha ventured to suggest the desirability of a straightforward course. She would prefer, for many reasons, to speak openly to

Mr. Minifie, even at the risk of a misunderstanding, as she doubted her business capacities too much to enter into negotiations of her own accord.

"Don't think I like double-dealing, my dear. I beg pardon, my dear young lady, I meant to say. I detest it as much as you do, but what good ever came of plain-dealing with a fox? You lose twice as many chickens, and don't make him a bit more respectable. Now if ever a man was an adept in the art of trickery, it is Mr. Minifie. By little and little, he has got every bit of property out of my hands, till I am often without a shilling in my pocket for weeks at a time; and before I was married, my two sisters and myself had just upon a thousand a year among us to spend as we liked. That comes of having to do with men, or anything else you don't understand. But pray make your mind easy about getting the farm away from him. I assure you Mr. Minifie is worried to death by being over-rich already. His low spirits are frightful sometimes. I believe the end of it will be suicide."

"I always look upon Mr. Minifie as a particularly cheerful person," Ingaretha said.

"Oh yes, he knows how to deceive good people. Bad spirits mean something sinister, and in a money-getting man look suspicious. So he whistles wherever he goes as gay as a lark, and keeps his gloomy fits for my benefit. But do go to Pilgrim's Hatch with me, and get it for Monsieur Sylvestre. It is a case of Now or Never when Mr. Minifie has a finger in the pie."

And Ingaretha, who cordially detested her land-steward, and whose healthy young appetite was whetted for a little downright fun, at last consented to go.

The two ladies set off in Mrs. Minifie's lumbering old vehicle, and drove at a snail's pace, sometimes through winding lanes, now one vast tangle of wild clematis and honeysuckle, and sometimes alongside broad golden pastures, amid which wound Ingaretha's little river, the Thet, purling musically and turning mill-wheels here and there. Under the shadow of beech and elm were gathered the shining red, meek-eyed cows, and little lambs, all as like each other as twins, frisked at the heels of proud and happy dams.

By-and-by they crossed a common, glowing with gorse, sweetly-scented, and alive with shrill-voiced rook and happy lark. A few hundred yards of lane brought them to as pretty a farm as the neighbourhood of St. Beowulf could show. It was neither exactly romantic nor picturesque, but lacking

that quality, had every other dear to the heart of a farmer or lover of rural life. The house was small and compact, and stood in the midst of gardens, orchards, stack-yards, and stables. At the back was a large meadow and a pond overgrown with bulrushes; on either side rose gentle sweeps of corn-land and root-crops. That good farming had been the order of the day one saw at a glance. Pigs of the best breed, long in the barrel, shiny-black, small in the extremities, short-snouted, short-eared, scuttled away from the carriage-wheels; dark-red cows, of the stock dear to Suffolk farmers, polled, neat, and glossy, grazed under the apple trees, almost knee-deep in the grass. The corn was thick and clean, and showing the ear. The clover in bloom was heavy; hoers were busy among the beetroot and swede turnips; the hedges were well kept, and not a square yard of foul land was to be seen anywhere. A couple of stacks of bright copperish Talavera wheat stood in the shed, and it was the last week in June — always a sign of prosperity. Hens with broods of plump chicks clucked about the farm-yard. A pretty little carrot-coloured colt sported with its mother in a small inclosure. All betokened peace and plenty. Ingaretha's heart bounded at the thought of her dear old friends being fairly settled here for the rest of their days. Surely this was an Eden indeed,—not an Eden of ideas, but of reality.

They were shown into a neat little keeping-room, as the best parlour is called in Suffolk, and after waiting some time, Mr. Moyse, the owner and occupier, came in, blushing crimson at having to encounter two ladies, and especially the young and handsome lady. Mrs. Minifie, who never kept her own counsel, blurting out domestic details in and out of season, rushed at once *in medias res*; Ingaretha trying as vainly to hold her back as a steady little lad who does his best to feel the mouth of some strong and frisky two-year-old colt.

"Of course you must please yourself, Mr. Moyse," she went on; "but if I had to choose between Mr. Minifie and Miss Meadowcourt, to do business with, I should no more deliberate than a child between a big cake and a little cake. Here she is, offering to pay you a good price, and you know that her money is quite as good if not better than Mr. Minifie's. What on earth are you waiting for? Do you think the angel Gabriel will come down and bid for it next? or who? For my part, when anybody says Snip, I say Snap, and strike a good bargain with the first willing—"

"But we must go into particulars," In-

garetha said; "Mr. Moyse knows well enough that I wish to pay a fair price for the farm, and that, as I especially want it, I should esteem it a favour to have the first bid."

Mr. Moyse scratched his head, blushed, and at last got out a sentence.

"What if I go to your lawyer, Mr. Mede, about it?" he said, feeling utterly incompetent to treat with a tall, elegant young lady, who spoke beautifully and wore a white muslin dress on working days!

"To speak the honest truth," Ingaretha answered, "Mr. Mede strongly disapproves of purchasing land."

"That's awkward," the farmer said.

"One man is just as like another as two peas in a pod," Mrs. Minifie broke in warmly. "Mammon, Mammon, Mammon! they sell their souls to filthy lucre, and set women a-praying for them! You are afraid we shall be too sharp for you, Mr. Moyse, is that it?"

"It isn't that. I don't want more than two shillings and sixpence-halfpenny for my half-crown, but it's a queer concern to do business with ladies. Leastways, I'm not used to it."

"If Miss Meadowcourt doesn't understand farming, I do," Mrs. Minifie said. "Come, what do you want for stock, crop, and valuation?"

"No, no, Mrs. Minifie. I can't play pitch-halfpenny with those who don't know heads and tails when they see 'em. Miss Meadowcourt is welcome to the farm, but I must talk to Mr. Mede or some one in breeches about it. That's my meaning, shell and husk and kernel."

Ingaretha smiled and reflected a moment.

"Perhaps you are right. I will ride to St. Beowulf's to-morrow morning, and will get Mr. Mede to make an appointment with you. But may I count upon the farm?" she added insinuatingly.

"I never reckon on a calf myself till I've seen it with my own eyes; but others do, and the calves come all right. That's as you please, Miss Meadowcourt."

"In any case, you will keep your own counsel till the matter is settled for once and for all?"

"My own what?"

"You will not mention the matter to any one meantime. Mr. Mede must, in fact shall," she added, smiling, "be persuaded to do as I wish."

"Mum's the word with me, whether I'm buying or selling; and a safe one, I take it," Mr. Moyse said, growing more at ease as he saw the ladies rise to go. "Will you like to



take a look round?" he went so far as to say.

Mrs. Minifie would fain have peered into every nook and cranny, but Ingaretha preferred to wait. They took their leave, and proceeded homeward in high spirits, the elder lady descanting on the ignoble bearing of the stronger towards the weaker sex.

"Just take such a man as Mr. Moyse or my husband—or, to go a step lower, Jabez, my coachman. Now, there isn't one of the three who doesn't look down upon a woman as a fool, and treat her worse than a man simply because she is a woman. It's like boys and cockchafers, they tease 'em, and stick 'em through with pins, and tear off their wings, for no better reason than that God made 'em cockchafers."

"Oh! Mrs. Minifie, I hope we are not going to have our wings torn off."

"I'm so old that I forget the time when I had any. But you are young, and, oh, how pretty! I wish you had a mother to take care of you, my dear."

And Mrs. Minifie took hold of Ingaretha's hand with a rough tenderness that touched her.

"I never knew my mother; but my father was an angel to me," she said; "life was very easy then."

"You must marry and shift your responsibilities on a man's shoulders. Husbands are bad enough, but the cares of single life are worse. The world marries you to Mr. Carew."

"That is a very old story," Ingaretha said, a little affronted.

"Well—I marry you to a very different person!" Mrs. Minifie added slyly.

Ingaretha blushed crimson, and changed the subject.

## THE COOLIE:

A Journey to inquire into his Rights and Wrongs.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GINX'S BABY."

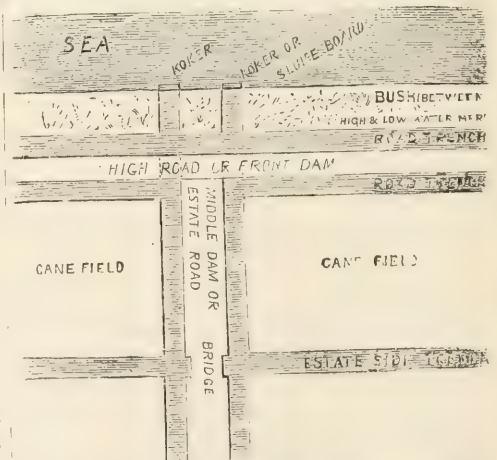
SECOND PAPER.

THE ESTATES—I. "WINDSOR FOREST."

FIVE days after my landing I set out with my friend, R. T. H., to visit Windsor Forest and Haarlem, two estates belonging to the Colonial Company. Little freshness has early morning in Demerara: the fiery globe sends its horizontal beams along the landscape, striking madly on your face and "knocking you silly," as my ingenious friend the A.D.C. had expressed it on board the *Arno*.

Windsor Forest was over the river, and some three or four miles down the coast. On reaching the stelling we found that the asthmatic steamer which was to have ferried over ourselves and our "trap" had been obliged to knock off for a few hours, and her substitute—a still more invalid creature—was not yet ready, so we whiled away the time by ascending the lighthouse, an operation which was like climbing up a mammoth red-hot corkscrew in a chimney flue. I never did it again. But here we are at the top, looking far away over the flat country, and this affords me an opportunity of describing the general face of the field on which the Coolie works. If the reader will look at a map he will see that from the far north-west on the Arabian (more properly Aroebeise) coast to the extreme south-east, on the River Corentyn, the shores and river-banks are fringed with

estates laid out in lines narrow and long. From end to end you would be hard bested to find a hillock, and on the east and west coast, which I could see from the lighthouse, the ocean was walled out by dams. These, called the *front-dams*, constitute the high-roads to the estates. They lie between the cultivation and the sea, and the burden of



maintaining them in good order, as public highways, lies upon the adjacent estates. The carking sea is constantly eating his way into these huge works, so that thousands of

pounds have been spent by the Colonial Company alone in resisting his encroachments. As there is no stone within fifty miles, the roads are topped with clay roughly burned into brick. On either side of the dam are broad deep trenches or canals. Into these on the land side, strike, at right angles, the *middle dams* of the estates with their two long drainage and navigation trenches. The rough diagram on the previous page will give some notion of the relative positions.

The plantations vary in breadth, but I was told there were some as narrow as two hundred rods. Their lines run "back" a prodigious length—four, five, or even six miles to the Savannah; no pleasant meadow, but a great watery swamp, covered with rank yet magnificent vegetation, wilds where man rarely, if ever, roams, and whence in the rainy season sweeps down a deluge of brown bush-water. Against this incursion the cautious manager erects his *back-dam*. The intermediate space of the quadrangle between this and the front dam is crossed at regular intervals by side trenches, cutting the estate into rectangular fields for the canes. These fields again are subdivided by smaller trenches and drains, till the wonderful system brings you at last to a *bed*—a space nine feet wide by thirty-six feet long; and here, with this drainage and drilling to make it comfortably dry, grows the juicy cause of all this labour and of the Coolie question in Demerara. It is said that on one estate alone there are a hundred miles of trench-work. No nation but the Dutch would ever have attempted to inaugurate so gigantic a water-system on such a mud-bank as the one stretched out below me. The water system prevails through the whole colony, and there are many abandoned estates on which you may mark the remains of the Dutchman's marvellous energy to this day. One could not help thinking as one looked at these traces of the old slave times, how many tears and drops of blood had flown down those still trenches, carrying to the ocean the strength and hopes of thousands of our fellow-men. Now, however, they are chiefly maintained by free labour, the blacks far surpassing the Coolies in the qualifications for this heavy and dexterous clay-cutting. If we cannot help wondering at the Dutch, neither can we withhold our meed of admiration from our British fellow-countrymen, whose capital and energy are freely spent in works so costly and gigantic. When I looked at the little English community of British Guiana, and compared what it was doing with its number, I had no hesi-

tation in according to them the palm among all the vigorous money-makers I have ever seen in any quarter of the world.

But let us look out from the lantern a moment or two longer. East, west, and southward up the river-banks we see the tall chimneys of the sugar-buildings, throwing up into the clear day their jets of smoke. There is Bel-air, Turkeyen, La Penitence, Ruinveldt, Rome, and Houston, and beyond the river Vriedenhoop, and Versailles and Malgrétout, the fine palm avenue of Houston springing up into the air. The names of estates, it will be seen, are international. Some are romantic. Bathsheba's Lust, Vried's Lust, Beterverwagting, Maria's Pleasure, De Kinderen, all seem tokens of some quaintness in the names. But you should hear a Chinese try to pronounce some of these names.

Descending the corkscrew, we are in half an hour across the river and driving along the dam. After passing one or two abandoned estates we come to a village, with all the wretched characteristics of negro habitats in this colony. Small wooden rattletrap sheds in a dirty yard or rank half-cultivated garden, undrained—a morass in the rainy weather; the men or women sunning themselves on any dry spot, the naked youngsters rolling in their native mud; and, most curious mark of all, a white-frilled or embroidered petticoat and a muslin dress bleaching on some scraggy aloe for next Sunday's chapel. Here and there along the road is a Portuguese shop, more neat and clean than the homes of its patrons. Opposite we see some estates' houses for the Coolies. They look in this instance bad enough. There is a magistrate living within sight of them, and his hospitable flag waves an invitation to breakfast, but we cannot stay. The houses are all old sheds of wood, and huts of wattled palm. I was repeatedly assured that the Coolies preferred these rude tabernacles of their own construction, with their clay floors, to the best houses you could build them. In one case I was shown one built by a Chinese during Sunday, into which he had moved his family from a wooden cottage, and from which the manager did not like to evict him. The mud about them, however, the foetid lines of drains, so-called because the water never runs out of them, are not necessary concomitants of an immigrant's home. Yet here were many lissom, brown younglings, born and bred in these dubious places, running about naked in the sun, or undergoing at their mother's hands the process of cerebral investigation or of anointing with oil. One little bright-eyed



imp, with a solitary garment on—a silver dollar suspended by a string round the waist—runs out and cries to us “How dee, Massa!” Happy little Eveling, who even in these quarters is as yet in her garden of Eden.

We are passing cane-fields, and at length turn sharp off the road—no fences or gates here—up an indifferent avenue of tamarinds: seeing on the left the range of immigrants’ dwellings, still called the negro-yard; on the right the overseer’s house and the hospital; pulling up at length opposite a garden blooming with splendid shrubs and flowers, among which stands the broad-galleried house of the manager. Except the garden, everything on the estate is rough and ready. The bank and trench in front of the Coolie cottages are muddy and unclea—such a state of things as you may see in Ireland or the Highlands of Scotland, where drainage is casual—*i.e.*, conducted by the housewife’s arm straight out of the door or window. I was not asked to visit these houses, but shall be able to describe those of other estates.

Before breakfast we had time to view *the buildings*, the work in which I must describe in detail. They consist of huge sheds protecting the machinery from the weather. On many estates they are new and well built, on others antiquated and rickety; but hurricanes never test British Guianian architecture. So long as the rain keeps out, what matter? We cross the megass yard, at the rainy season a stretch of fine black mud. This stuff is a mixture of soil with the fetid lees from the rum-still. A whiff from it before breakfast tests your stomach sadly. I saw some Creole Africans digging in it for the foundation of a new still-room, and fairly ran away, wondering how they could live in the effluvium for ten minutes. To dispose of the lees is a problem not yet solved in Demerara. Whether they are useful as manure is a disputed question; and the cost of collecting, storing, and distributing over back lands would be very great. Between cost and laziness, the planters have generally suffered the dregs to overspread the large yards of their buildings, impregnating the damp soil with dangerous filth, and dispensing sometimes for miles a nauseous stench. I was told of an instance of the death of several Coolies, unused to the country, through their having been inadvertently quartered in a house too near such a yard. When I mention that one of the finest houses in the colony—that at Houston—has such a yard to windward of it, no one can suspect of malicious cruelty to Coolies persons who so treat themselves.

Long ranges of open sheds are filled with what looks like dried shavings, which bare-legged Coolie women and boys are carrying swiftly in baskets to a row of fires, where men thrust them in with long iron feeders. This is megass. Entering the grinding room, we see at once what megass is, for here is a huge machine at work. From the shed to the adjacent canal, on an incline, stretches a covered way. A punt-load of canes fresh from the fields is discharging. The canes vary in length from two to five feet, and are one to two inches in diameter. Coolies in the punt lay the canes on a broad traveller, up which they pass slowly, other Coolies meanwhile picking out the defective stalks and trash. At the top they are gripped by two iron rollers, which draw them into their ponderous jaws, and with Titanic force squeeze out the juice, leaving a flattened fibre—megass—to pass out beyond. Coolies receive it in large boxes, and wheel it away to the megass *logie* or shed.

From the sides of the machine runs out the slatey-coloured liquid into a well, whence it is pumped up to clarifiers, which are heated with steam-pipes. Indian and Chinese men, with boy assistants, all reeking with the damp swelter, manage the clarifiers, and when they have prepared the juice allow it to run down wooden troughs to the copper-wall—a range of brick furnaces, thirty feet or more in length, in which are sunk huge iron hemispheres called “coppers.” We ascend the stage and watch the juice boiling violently, while the naked Chinese deftly sweep away the scum with large flat blades of wood. Hot work my masters! All this boiling is produced by the burning megass, which we saw the women carrying just now.

Up into the pitch of the shed rises the shining dome of the vacuum-pan, whither the syrup is pumped from the copper-wall, and where it is boiled again. Re-descending to the floor, we find the result in a tank of thick brown matter. Take up an inch on your finger, you see among the molasses the sugar crystals. Sleek and swarthy Chinamen fill their wooden troughs here, and empty them into the centrifugals—a row of hollow drums, which, revolving rapidly, drive the crystals to the side of the drum and the molasses through its sieve-like lining, until the pure white sugar is left there clinging to the side like a snow-drift. Other workmen empty the drums and convey the contents to the sifting-room, where—shall I tell it?—I saw a couple of naked fellows walking about as they worked the sifter. Our


sugar is now ready for its huge hogsheads. I need not follow the molasses to its cisterns, or the dregs to the rum-still. The very sweepings of the floors are made available. A bottle of the stuff from which fine rum is made, if hung up alongside the article, would preach a temperance sermon to many a stomach. Lastly, we visit the steam-engine and boilers, all of best Scotch or English make, the fires fed from numerous hogsheads of coal lying about the yard. The negroes, and occasionally the Chinese, make good engineers.

Altogether from sixty to eighty people may be at work in the buildings. It is hard sustained labour. How many hours? The commissioners must answer. Mr. Russell, the planter of planters, said in his evidence, twelve, fourteen, sixteen hours. Many Coolies afterwards complained to me of long hours in the buildings—twenty or even twenty-four, they said, at a stretch. But the statement must be taken for what it is worth. The gist of their complaint was that they had no extra pay for it. Mr. Russell, on the other hand, stated that on his estates they had. It may be found that a good deal depends on the pressure for "grinding." If the estate has enough labourers, the gangs can be relieved; if not, the same people may at times be forced to go on. Canes get sour if not soon ground after cutting, so that there is a temptation to push to the utmost. But let us look at home. A London printer told me that some of his men worked forty-eight and sixty hours at a stretch. I cannot help thinking that a little trades-unionism brought to bear in a legitimate way on the permission of such suicides as that would be a healthy thing. To me it is no palliation to say that the labourer is paid for his extra work. You cannot pay a man for exhausted tides of life, and shorter years, and a premature old age. Surely, whether it is sugar or instruction, mankind must stand by and wait for it while the purveyors take their needed rest. Nay, we the public are taking terrible lessons about this sort of thing in the results of the long hours on our railways.

This hospital I will not describe, as I visited larger ones thereafter. I saw a few wretched invalids, male and female, squatting in Indian fashion on their haunches in the verandah, and others fever-stricken on the beds. It was airy and in good order.

Breakfast! Anthony Trollope was not too enthusiastic about Demerara breakfasts—they are right noble meals. My host was a powerful Scotchman, and peculiarly interested in the commission. There were Coolies nursing

nice grudges against him. Of this I was ignorant as I sat at the board groaning with its hospitality. It required some nerve after a meal like that to go out into the mid-day sunshine and get on a stubborn mule to perform the feat technically called "going back," that is, up the middle walk to the back dam through the cultivation. Mule and I established proper relations fortunately; for the air was that of an oven, the glare that of a furnace. I was wet through in a moment in the exercise of mounting, and had not my hack permitted me to carry an umbrella over my head, would not, I verily believe, have survived the trial.

Along the dam, three mules in file. Here first are Coolies leading the mules which drag the deeply-laden punts down the canals to the factory. Their babbas are toil-stained, and their brown skins, dotted with mud, look dry in the terrible heat. Some wear old turbans or caps, some face the sun with no covering but their thick black hair. They salute us gravely as we pass. The middle walk is muddy, full of holes, with constant breaks for the rickety wooden bridges this shape  over the cross trenches, and encumbered by the rapidly-growing weeds. My mule and umbrella agree; but I am an undistributed middle. Down the trench comes a Coolie wading to his breast, dragging a load of floating brushwood for his home fire. The sun flames upon the water and glints over his slippery limbs. Next an Indian woman, choosing the same damp causeway, who, with pretty modesty, dips up to the neck in the brown water, and watches us soberly with her great black eyes.

We have been passing fields of young cane, and the light gangs, consisting of women and weakly men, are weeding among them. I have explained that a bed is a space about nine feet by thirty-six. Through this again lengthwise run shelving drains, dividing it into spaces. The canes are planted along these in what are called cane holes. On one side is a clean bank, on the other a trash-bank. You may take the field, therefore, to be reduced to three-feet spaces. Mr. Russell, in his evidence, showed how this simplified calculation for wages or expenses. "The fields are always laid out in three-feet spaces, and to those who understand decimals, it is a nice way of calculating work. There are one hundred such beds to an acre, so if you pay one cent. for each bed, it amounts to one dollar an acre; eight cents. per bed, to eight dollars an acre." The young canes may be two or three feet high.



The weeders hoe out the weeds from the nine-foot space, and lay them on a three-foot space adjoining. Weeds in British Guiana are incredible plagues—vicious, pertinacious, domineering, tolerant of no other vegetation beside them, growing out and up with utmost rankness and rapidity. The work is done generally by the task. A man or woman agrees with the overseer to do one or more openings for a sum certain. An opening is the number of nine by thirty-six feet spaces across the field—that is, twelve of those beds taken in a straight line. At this work, a new immigrant working steadily might make, on a good estate, one shilling sterling in about six hours; or supposing him to work from six A.M. till twelve noon every day but Sunday—and few will do more than five days' work—his earnings are six shillings a week. When we come to consider the Immigration Law we shall find that the minimum of work required from him is five tasks of one shilling in value, or five shillings' worth per week.

A couple of miles back we come across the cane-cutters. They are the strongest Coolies on the estate, or more frequently African Creoles. They also take their work by the opening. At each end of the opening runs the canal, and our cutter must pile his canes on the bank ready for the punts. Stripped to a rag, he takes his cutlass, a peculiar weapon in one piece, and cutting off the cane near the ground, trims away the long leaves and head. This head forms the plant or seedling to supply again the fields from which it is cut, or new land brought into cultivation. The leaf-trimmings, called *trash*, are gathered up by the weeding gang, and laid on the bank alongside the cane-holes. There it dries and rots, and is then buried in the middle of the trash-bank as manure. When he has cut one hundred canes, the cutter, gathering them into a bundle weighing perhaps a hundred pounds, carries them on his head to the canal. If he is cutting in the middle beds, he has to cross and recross five beds, and the intermediate drains to the water and back again. No wonder he streams with the sweat of toil. At such work as this a strong man may make, it was said, two or three guilders or more a day. A guilder is 1s. 4d. Some of the Coolies were magnificent men. Their tall figures, deep broad chests, and moulded limbs, showed that they, at all events, could show good fight to want. Several had been Sepoys in India. A few of such men I saw elsewhere engaged in another operation, trench-digging. The subsoil is like the Lon-

don blue clay. Digging out a trench seven feet deep and twelve or fifteen wide, you see a dozen mud-spattered fellows, with convex shovels like long scoops, having handles six feet in length. Standing firmly on his feet, every muscle in tension, the labourer drives the scoop into the clay by the action of his arms and shoulders, lightly throwing it twenty feet or so out of the trench. Good hands are fond of this work, and earn a dollar a day at it.

We went all the way to the back dam, tiring of the endless rows of canes, albeit a splendid cultivation, round to Haarlem estate, down its middle walk, and, after seven miles of it, my face and brain on fire, I was glad to get under the cover of the trap, and drive rapidly against the air.

## II.—SCHOON ORD.

On the nineteenth of July I accompanied Mr. Black, of the firm of Samuel Barbe and Co., to visit Schoon Ord, on the west bank of the Demerara River. This is one of the finest properties in the colony. Crossing once more to the Pouderoen stelling, we diverged to the left instead of the right, driving past other plantations and through two or three freehold villages, occupied by blacks and Portuguese. The contrast presented on opposite sides of the road was remarkable, and is worthy the attention of those who make the negro's cause specially their own. The Portuguese, mostly from Madeira and other islands, are as acclimatised as any of white blood could be—so much so that they can work in the sun, and their little children sustain its fiery rays bareheaded. But the Creole Africans are perfectly acclimatised. This is the *beau-ideal* of a climate for them. In it they thrive, are muscular and well-conditioned. If there was in them any corresponding energy, they could of themselves double the production of British Guiana, and enhance their own position. There must be at least seventy thousand of them distributed through the colony, many living on small freeholds purchased after the apprenticeship. On these they squat, listless about anything but a full stomach and an occasional gala dress, working, when hunger impels them to it, three days or even less a week, suspicious always about the price of their labour. Whereore should they work? The plantain and the yam supply their wants, with the mango and various other fruits they help out their table, and the trenches everywhere yield abundance of fish. You may find such people in the environs of Georgetown; but I am referring more particularly to the straggling

villages in the country. There was such a village on our right, consisting of dirty, tumble-down structures, surrounded by rank vegetation, around and amid which we could see men, or women, or children, stretched in what seemed to be a perpetual siesta. On our left better and brighter houses, with cultivation about them, and the evidences of trade or thrifty activity, marked the homes of the Portuguese.

Here is Schoon Ord. Turning out of the road, we pass a neat house pointed out as the doctor's—for this great estate boasts its resident physician. The manager's house stands behind a handsome garden, wherein the bread-fruit, lime, orange, papau, banana, cocoa-nut, and cabbage palms rise above splendid shrubs and flowers. We were welcomed by the manager, Mr. Arnold, a man hale and well on in life—thirty years in the colony and only two months away! The capitalist who owns this estate had, with great pluck and persistence, and spite of doubtful nodding of colonial wisacres, expended on its development an immense sum, sunk in buildings, and vacuum-pans, in centrifugals, in multitubular and Cornish boilers, in tramways, and in Coolie houses; but sunk to some purpose, for I was told that last year the estate netted an Earl's income. And Schoon Ord has only 1200 acres in cultivation.

I did not wish to "go back" again, I had enough of that at Windsor Forest. We went through the buildings—few, if any, so large and complete in every way as to be seen in British Guiana, and even then new machinery was being erected to double the manufacturing power; but I need not describe again the interior of a sugar-house. Coming out of the factory, a surprise awaited me. There stood a long line of little children, of each sex and every shade of brown, from the delicate tint of the Madrassee to the ebony polish of the hill tribes. I looked at them carefully as they grinned a welcome, nothing to obstruct a clear survey of their figures. Most were sleek, well-formed, and many handsome—the delicately carved nostrils and little pouting lips, the well-rounded, finely-proportioned limbs, and the healthy elasticity of motion, suggesting a higher caste than I knew them to belong to. Some of the smallest chits wore silver bands on wrists and ankles, or a necklace of small coins. They called off their numbers in English, and then gave three cheers for the strange buckra gentleman. Thirty rows of teeth were shining at once, and sixty small arms waving lightly as we went away, some of them holding out

their hands and crying, "How dee, Massa"—the sight did one good.

In the middle of its own field was the hospital. When I say field, do not picture to yourself a grass compound, but a suriace of damp soil, not very level. The building resembled the other hospitals of the colony—as our Chinese artist represented them in last number—two storied, with wide galleries, and open jalousies, allowing the air to play freely through. The lower ward was for men, the upper for women. A good English barn with a pine floor would give a fair idea of the interior. The beds were arranged in rows, and were simply constructed of painted wood; the mattresses and pillows stuffed with the cheap but sweet and soft-dried leaves of the banana. To prove their quality, the officious nurse forced open a pillow and held it to my nose! The latrines are placed at the end of a covered passage, but so indolent are the patients that it is difficult to enforce the use of them. The men were lying or sitting listlessly on the beds—several with ulcers, often aggravated by the lazy or filthy habits of the patient. The Hindoo is not generally strong in skin or bone. A man who had been a temporary sick nurse in one of the hospitals told me that as an overseer he had sometimes given way to his wrath so far as to knock down a labourer, but at two *post mortems* had an opportunity of comparing the skull and ribs of a negro and a Coolie. He was so startled at the difference—at the comparative weakness of the latter—that he never ran the risk of manslaughter again. As in India, so in Demerara, a very common cause of death is ruptured spleen, sometimes from comparatively slight shocks or excitement. Instead of being an excuse for its frequent occurrence, this susceptibility should be rather a reason for extra carefulness of treatment. Slight abrasions received in the field are difficult to heal in an Indian, and managers accuse the people of irritating their sores in order to escape work. On this ground stocks were kept in some of the hospitals—not at Schoon Ord certainly. Not to speak without book, I transcribe the evidence of the Medical Inspector of Hospitals, Dr. Shier:—"I have observed stocks, but not in all hospitals. They were forbidden very recently. When the present hospital system came in force there were already hospitals throughout the colony. They had existed under the old *régime*, and the stocks were in them, or at least in many of them. On the very first inspection I made I discovered some of these stocks, and the matter was reported to the



Executive. But on an attempt being made to remove these stocks by the Executive, some of the medical men intimated to the Governor that they were essentially necessary in hospitals in the treatment of patients. The Governor, not wishing to interfere with the medical men in their practice, did not order their removal, but made it a condition of using them that it should only be done by the medical attendant, and by an order in the case-book. I may state that during the years I had visited these estates I have very seldom indeed found a case in which they had been used. A case, however, occurred about two years ago where an overseer in the absence of the manager, and without authority, placed an immigrant in the stocks. The result was that the manager lost his situation. It was on Plantation Affiance, Essequibo. In these stocks there was something peculiar. They had never been in the hospital before. They had been introduced. I only saw them once in the Court of Justice. I had never seen them on the estate. The apertures in the stocks appeared to be more elevated than in any I had ever seen, and the consequence was that unless the person confined in them had been placed in a chair, it would have been almost impossible to put him in. It was not done under pretence of treatment—I believe by way of punishment. The subject is one which has given a *very considerable* amount of *uneasiness* (?) to the Executive at all times; and on the very last occasion of its coming to the notice of the government they were suppressed entirely." The case here referred to occurred but a short time previous to my arrival in the colony. A Dr. Dufey had improperly confined in the stocks a woman named Putea; and Dr. Shier's naïve remark on this was, "When this case occurred, where a medical man had actually applied them to an improper use, *his Excellency said it was time they should be removed!*" It is no unfair comment on this, that "his Excellency" and his Excellency's predecessor were a long time coming to this conclusion, after the exhibition of the "something peculiar" stocks of Plantation Affiance in a court of justice. His Excellency's name is John Scott; his predecessor was Sir Francis Hincks.

A diet list in English, Hindoo, and Chinese is hung up in the hospital, designating certain scales of diet. Over each bed the doctor chalks the prescription and the diet, so that any patient who can read can check the administration of food and medicine. At Schoon Ord I do not doubt the patients receive the

rations, but our Chinese satirist has hinted there are estates regarding which that is a moot question.

We next reach the Negro-yard. To this place I always looked as affording the most trustworthy indication of the spirit of a manager towards his workpeople. Good houses and enforced cleanliness about them would show that he looked upon them as brother beings, not as mere brutish hinds. At Schoon Ord new ranges of cottages were in course of erection on a plan suggested by Dr. Shier. There were rows of well-built wooden sheds a single storey high, each house consisting of one room, which reaches to the pitch of the roof. They are set upon clay floors, raised about a foot or eighteen inches above the soil, to protect the inmates from the ground-damp. The provision for ventilation is good, but *that* the coloured races abhor. On the hottest night, half-a-dozen crowding into such a room will close tightly both doors and shutters. If, like the European houses of the colony, these immigrant dwellings are raised on pillars or double-storied, they are rife with quarrels and dirt. The Chinese will utilise the under space as a pig-pen, or, taking up a board in the floor, convert the under part into a general cesspool. Or the upper-storey people disturb the placidity of their lower neighbours by presenting them with uncalled-for surprises, either through the cracks of the floor or the open windows. This led Dr. Shier to devise the dwellings I have described, which are now generally adopted when new ones are required, but a large number of the old barracks still remain throughout the colony.

The back-roof of the ranges at Schoon Ord jutted out a few feet, enabling the women to use the shade for kitchen purposes. Here they had neatly moulded clay fire-places for their pots. Along the verandah we could see the women preparing their food—some tritulating the rice, and others boiling it in pots. I stepped into one of the rooms—closed and dark, the floor cleaned with chunam. A dirty piece of calico was hung up as a screen to divide the room into two parts. The furniture is a rough seat, a simple rickety bamboo cot, a few clothes hanging against the partition, some sticks and implements, a few pots, and a wood engraving from some penny weekly, Mr. Spurgeon, the Duke of Wellington, or President Lincoln—I forget which, and certainly the inmates did not know or care. Not a place you or I would like to stay in long; but give the Coolie

twice the money he earns, and it is doubtful if he would desire a better home. Let him have rice, a little curry, some oil to anoint himself withal—cover his wife with silver ornaments and dress her in a gala dress—invest his own person, when off work, with a clean white babba and a gay cap or muslin turban, or, better still, a bright scarlet uniform of some extinguished regiment—and your Coolie will not thank you for a furnished house. At least, that was the impression I gathered. It seemed to me the Chinese were much more anxious to have comfortable homes, and their ideas of health and comfort were far in advance of Indian notions.

Along the ranges are trenches. In scarcely any estate I visited were these properly drained and cleaned. The unconquerable flatness of the ground presents great difficulties, but zeal and a single Coolie told off to the labour might keep the surroundings of the yard more neat and healthy—would, I am certain, save in the better condition of the people all the cost of the work.

Several of the women were laden with silver, so much so as to excite my wonder that it did not impede their usefulness. Three or four rings of solid silver, as thick as one's little finger, rattling round their ankles, must have tried their endurance. One rather handsome woman wore large bangles, several heavy armlets, two necklets of rod silver, one or two more composed of silver coins, gold rings in her ears and nose, and several on her fingers!

"Well, how dee?"

"How dee, Massa?"

"Very rich," said the manager, at which she laughed softly. She was flattered by our examination of her ornaments.

"She has a lot of cows, and plenty money in the Savings-bank. How many cow?"

She held up seven fingers.

"She pays a man to take care of them. How many dollar in bank?"

She shrugged her shoulders. She did not care to tell that.

I believe some man lived with her as her reputed husband, perhaps the cow-herd aforesaid, but her wealth was probably acquired at the price of her honour. Hitherto not the least serious defect in the Coolie system has been the deficiency of women. Efforts have latterly been made to remedy this, and the proportion of women to men is now nearly 40 per cent.

There are still at Schoon Ord several houses of the old two-storied type, which judged by a European standard would be

considered questionably fit for human beings. But you may see as bad or worse in Ireland, and some Scotch Highlanders revel in no better.

Round the Chinese quarter were attempts at gardening. Women were working up the ground with hearty goodwill. They wear the blue cotton costume of their country, and their hair is as elaborately unnatural in its contortions as that of any English belle. Under a shed of one of the houses was a sturdy Chinaman amusing himself with the ladies of his family. He was not disconcerted by the manager's gentle hint.

"Ah! no gone to work to-day, Ching-ching?"

"No. No think work."

I paid my next visit to the handsome properties of Montrose, Better Hope, and Vryheid's Lust, respecting which I need only add a few notes. In these the resident attorney is employing his great agricultural skill in improving the method of cultivation by subsoil drainage and steam-ploughing. Bricks and pipes are manufactured and burned on the estate. As we turned up the middle dam of Montrose, the large wet fields on either side, grass-grown and partly overrun with low bush, seemed alive with cattle. These lands had been invaded by the sea, and were unfit for canes, so that the proprietors permitted the Coolies to pasture their cows upon them. Many of them were valuable, and in fine condition. The immigrants will pay eighty or a hundred dollars for a cow, and tend it with the utmost care. I have seen an Indian woman diligently picking out the ticks from the animal's hair with one hand, while she softly smoothed the skin with the other.

Coming down through Better Hope, we met a handsome young Chinaman who had given himself a holiday. He laughed at the attorney's remonstrances. On reaching the buildings we found the manufacture at a standstill. The manager being a new one, the Creole "back" had struck for higher wages. A new manager is considered fair game for annoyance, and striking in the midst of grinding is a very shrewd way to test his patience.

Coming back along the coast from Better Hope, we passed a huge village. It consists of a number of freehold sheds built by negroes and free Coolies, miserable places enough some of them. Here are four thousand inhabitants, yet not half-a-dozen work on the adjacent plantations. They either go five or six miles up the coast to show their independence of



the neighbouring managers, or do not work at all; plantains and bread-fruit grow at the back of the village with little trouble. They love to fish in the morning, and lie with full stomachs watching the slow wings of Time. There is an Anglican church here, the rector of which tries hard to wake the people from their apathy. Not long since, he succeeded in getting a draining-engine erected to keep the village free from water. The koker or sluice-board on the shore gave way, and the water, breaking through the bank, soon surrounded the houses. Mr. McG. told me that he went down on the morning after the oc-

currence and found a couple of hundred blacks, who had been turned out of their houses by the flood, sitting on the bank eyeing the inundation.

"What you sit there for? Get up, and go into the trench and bank it up."

"Oh, massa, who pay us for doing it? Want dollar a day for work like dat."

They were unwilling to purchase the luxury of safety without the additional incentive of wages. The condition and characteristics of these people set before me a problem almost as terrible and quite as insoluble as that of the Irish peasant.



## ON CORAL AND CORAL REEFS.

THE marine productions which are commonly known by the names of "Corals" and "Corallines," were thought by the ancients to be sea-weeds, which had the singular property of becoming hard and solid, when they were fished up from their native depths and came into contact with the air.

"Sic et curallium, quo primum contigit auras  
Tempore durescit: mollis fuit herba sub undis,"

says Ovid (*Metam.*, xv.); and it was not until the seventeenth century that Boccone was emboldened, by personal experience of the facts, to declare that the holders of this belief were no better than "idiots," who had been misled by the softness of the outer

coat of the living red coral to imagine that it was soft all through.

Messer Boccone's strong epithet is probably undeserved, as the notion he controverts, in all likelihood, arose merely from the misinterpretation of the strictly true statement which any coral fisherman would make to a curious inquirer; namely, that the outside coat of the red coral is quite soft when it is taken out of the sea. At any rate, he did good service by eliminating this much error from the current notions about coral. But the belief that corals are plants remained, not only in the popular, but in the scientific mind; and it received what appeared to be a

striking confirmation from the researches of Marsigli in 1706. For this naturalist, having the opportunity of observing freshly-taken red coral, saw that its branches were beset with what looked like delicate and beautiful flowers, each having eight petals. It was true that these "flowers" could protrude and retract themselves, but their motions were hardly more extensive, or more varied, than those of the leaves of the sensitive plant; and therefore they could not be held to militate against the conclusion so strongly suggested by their form and their grouping upon the branches of a tree-like structure.

Twenty years later, a pupil of Marsigli, the young Marseilles physician, Peyssonel, conceived the desire to study these singular sea-plants, and was sent by the French Government on a mission to the Mediterranean for that purpose. The pupil undertook the investigation full of confidence in the ideas of his master, but being able to see and think for himself, he soon discovered that those ideas by no means altogether corresponded with reality. In an essay entitled "Traité du Corail," which was communicated to the French Academy of Science, but which has never been published, Peyssonel writes:—

"Je fis fleurir le corail dans des vases pleins d'eau de mer, et j'observai que ce que nous croyons être la fleur de cette prétendue plante n'était au vrai qu'un insecte semblable à une petite Ortie ou Poulpe. J'avais le plaisir de voir remuer les pattes, ou pieds, de cette Ortie, et ayant mis le vase plein d'eau où le corail était à une douce chaleur auprès du feu, tous les petites insectes s'épanouirent. . . . L'Ortie sortie étend les pieds, et forme ce que M. de Marsigli et moi avions pris pour les pétales de la fleur. Le calice de cette prétendue fleur est le corps même de l'animal avancé et sorti hors de la cellule."\*

The comparison of the flowers of the coral to a "petite ortie" or "little nettle" is perfectly just, but needs explanation. "Ortie de mer," or "sea nettle," is, in fact, the French appellation for our "sea-anemone," a creature with which everybody, since the great aquarium mania, must have become familiar, even to the limits of boredom. In 1710, the great naturalist, Reaumur, had written a memoir for the express purpose of demonstrating that these "orties" are animals; and with this important paper Peyssonel must necessarily have been familiar. Therefore, when he declared the "flowers" of the red coral to be little "orties," it was the same thing as saying that they were animals of the same general nature as sea-

anemones. But to Peyssonel's contemporaries this was an extremely startling announcement. It was hard to imagine the existence of such a thing as an association of animals into a structure with stem and branches altogether like a plant, and fixed to the soil as a plant is fixed; and the naturalists of that day preferred not to imagine it. Even Reaumur could not bring himself to accept the notion, and France being blessed with Academicians, whose great function (as the late Bishop Wilson and an eminent modern writer have so well shown) is to cause sweetness and light to prevail, and to prevent such unmannerly fellows as Peyssonel from blurring out unedifying truths, they suppressed him; and, as aforesaid, his great work remained in manuscript, and may at this day be consulted by the curious in that state, in the "Bibliothèque du Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle." Peyssonel, who evidently was a person of savage and untamable disposition, so far from appreciating the kindness of the Academicians in giving him time to reflect upon the unreasonableness not to say rudeness, of making public statements in opposition to the views of some of the most distinguished of their body, seems bitterly to have resented the treatment he met with. For he sent all further communications to the Royal Society of London, which never had, and it is to be hoped never will have, anything of an academic constitution; and finally took himself off to Guadaloupe, and became lost to science altogether.

Fifteen or sixteen years after the date of Peyssonel's suppressed paper, the Abbé Trembley published his wonderful researches upon the fresh-water *Hydra*. Bernard de Jussieu and Guettard followed them up by like inquiries upon the marine sea-anemones and corallines; Reaumur, convinced against his will of the entire justice of Peyssonel's views, adopted them, and made him a half-and-half apology in the preface to the next volume of the "Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire des Insectes;" and, from this time forth, Peyssonel's doctrine that corals are the work of animal organisms has been part of the body of established scientific truth.

Peyssonel, in the extract from his memoir already cited, compares the flower-like animal of the coral to a "poulpe," which is the French form of the name "polypus,"—"the many footed,"—which the ancient naturalists gave to those soft-bodied cuttle-fishes which, like the coral animal, have eight arms, or tentacles, disposed around a central mouth. Reaumur, admitting the analogy indicated by

\* This extract from Peyssonel's manuscript is given by M. Lacaze Duthiers in his valuable "Histoire Naturelle du Corail" (1866).



Peyssonel, gave the name of *polypes*, not only to the sea-anemone, the coral animal, and the fresh-water *Hydra*, but to what are now known as the *Polyzoa*, and he termed the skeleton which they fabricate a "*polypier*" or "polypidom."

The progress of discovery, since Reaumur's time, has made us very completely acquainted with the structure and habits of all these polypes. We know that, among the sea-anemones and coral-forming animals, each polype has a mouth leading to a stomach, which is open at its inner end, and thus communicates freely with the general cavity of the body; that the tentacles placed round the mouth are hollow, and that they perform the part of arms in seizing and capturing prey. It is known that many of these creatures are capable of being multiplied by artificial division, the divided halves growing after a time into complete and separate animals; and that many are able to perform a very similar process naturally, in such a manner that one polype may, by repeated incomplete divisions, give rise to a sort of sheet, or turf, formed by innumerable connected, and yet independent, descendants. Or, what is still more common, a polype may throw out buds, which are converted into polypes, or branches bearing polypes, until a tree-like mass, sometimes of very considerable size, is formed.

This is what happens in the case of the red coral of commerce. A minute polype, fixed to the rocky bottom of the deep sea, grows up into a branched trunk. The end of every branch and twig is terminated by a polype; and all the polypes are connected together by a fleshy substance, traversed by innumerable canals which place each polype in communication with every other, and carry nourishment to the substance of the supporting stem. It is a sort of natural co-operative store, every polype helping the whole at the same time as it helps itself. The interior of the stem, like that of the branches, is solidified by the deposition of carbonate of lime in its tissue, somewhat in the same fashion as our own bones are formed of animal matter impregnated with lime salts; and it is this dense skeleton (usually turned deep red by a peculiar colouring matter) cleared of the soft animal investment, as the heart-wood of a tree might be stripped of its bark, which is the red coral.

In the case of the red coral, the hard skeleton belongs to the interior of the stem and branches only; but, in the commoner white corals, each polype has a complete skeleton of its own. These polypes are sometimes

solitary, in which case the whole skeleton is represented by a single cup, with partitions radiating from its centre to its circumference. When the polypes formed by budding or division remain associated, the polypidom is sometimes made up of nothing but an aggregation of these cups, while at other times the cups are at once separated, and held together, by an intermediate substance, which represents the branches of the red coral. The red coral polype again is a comparatively rare animal, inhabiting a limited area, the skeleton of which has but a very insignificant mass; while the white corals are very common, occur in almost all seas, and form skeletons which are sometimes extremely massive.

With a very few exceptions, both the red and the white coral polypes are, in their adult state, firmly adherent to the sea bottom; nor do their buds naturally become detached and locomotive. But, in addition to budding and division, these creatures possess the more ordinary methods of multiplication; and, at particular seasons, they give rise to numerous eggs of minute size. Within these eggs the young are formed, and they leave the egg in a condition which has no sort of resemblance to the perfect animal. It is, in fact, a minute oval body, many hundred times smaller than the full-grown creature, and it swims about with great activity by the help of multitudes of little hair-like filaments, called cilia, with which its body is covered. These cilia all lash the water in one direction, and so drive the little body along as if it were propelled by thousands of extremely minute paddles. After enjoying its freedom for a longer or shorter time, and being carried, either by the force of its own cilia, or by currents which bear it along, the embryo coral settles down to the bottom, loses its cilia, and becomes fixed to the rock, gradually assuming the polype form and growing up to the size of its parent. As the infant polypes of the coral may retain this free and active condition for many hours, or even days, and as a tidal or other current in the sea may easily flow at the speed of two or even more miles in an hour, it is clear that the embryo must often be transported to very considerable distances from the parent. And it is easily understood how a single polype, which may give rise to hundreds, or perhaps thousands, of embryos, may, by this process of partly active and partly passive migration, cover an immense surface with its offspring. The masses of coral which may be formed by the assemblages of polypes which spring by budding, or by dividing, from a single polype, occasionally attain very con-

siderable dimensions. Such skeletons are sometimes great plates, many feet long and several feet in thickness; or they may form huge half globes, like the brainstone corals, or may reach the magnitude of stout shrubs, or even small trees. There is reason to believe that such masses as these take a long time to form, and hence that the age a polype tree, or polype turf, may attain, may be considerable. But, sooner or later, the coral polypes, like all other things, die; the soft flesh decays, while the skeleton is left as a stony mass at the bottom of the sea, where it retains its integrity for a longer or a shorter time, according as its position affords it more or less protection from the wear and tear of the waves.

The polypes which give rise to the white coral are found, as has been said, in the seas of all parts of the world; but in the temperate and cold oceans they are scattered and comparatively small in size, so that the skeletons of those which die do not accumulate in any considerable quantity. But it is otherwise in the greater part of the ocean which lies in the warmer parts of the world, comprised within a distance of about 1,800 miles on each side of the equator. Within the zone thus bounded, by far the greater part of the ocean is inhabited by coral polypes, which not only form very strong and large skeletons, but associate together into great masses, like the thickets and the meadow turf, or, better still, the accumulations of peat, to which plants give rise on the dry land. These masses of stony matter, heaped up beneath the waters of the ocean, become as dangerous to mariners as so much ordinary rock; and to these, as to common rock ridges, the seaman gives the name of "reefs."

Such coral reefs cover many thousand square miles in the Pacific and in the Indian Oceans. There is one reef, or rather great series of reefs, called the Barrier Reef, which stretches, almost continuously, for more than eleven hundred miles off the east coast of Australia. Multitudes of the islands in the Pacific are either reefs themselves, or are surrounded by reefs. The Red Sea is in many parts almost a maze of such reefs; and they abound no less in the West Indies, along the coast of Florida, and even as far north as the Bahama Islands. But it is a very remarkable circumstance that, within the area of what we may call the "coral zone," there are no coral reefs upon the west coast of America, nor upon the west coast of Africa; and it is a general fact that the reefs are interrupted, or absent, opposite the mouths of great rivers.

The causes of this apparent caprice in the distribution of coral reefs are not far to seek. The polypes which fabricate them require for their vigorous growth a temperature which must not fall below 68° Fahrenheit all the year round, and this temperature is only to be found within the distance on each side of the equator which has been mentioned, or thereabouts. But even within the coral zone this degree of warmth is not everywhere to be had. On the west coast of America, and on the corresponding coast of Africa, currents of cold water from the icy regions which surround the South Pole set northward, and it appears to be due to their cooling influence that the sea in these regions is free from the reef builders. Again, the coral polypes cannot live in water which is rendered brackish by floods from the land, or which is perturbed by mud from the same source, and hence it is that they cease to exist opposite the mouths of rivers, which damage them in both these ways.

Such is the general distribution of the reef-building corals, but there are some very interesting and singular circumstances to be observed in the conformation of the reefs, when we consider them individually. The reefs, in fact, are of three different kinds, some of them stretch out from the shore, almost like a prolongation of the beach, covered only by shallow water, and in the case of an island, surrounding it like a fringe of no considerable breadth. These are termed "fringing reefs." Others are separated by a channel which may attain a width of many miles, and a depth of twenty or thirty fathoms or more, from the nearest land; and when this land is an island, the reef surrounds it like a low wall, and the sea between the reef and the land is, as it were, a moat inside this wall. Such reefs as these are called "encircling" when they surround an island, and "barrier" reefs when they stretch parallel with the coast of a continent. In both these cases there is ordinary dry land inside the reef, and separated from it only by a narrower or a wider, a shallower or a deeper, space of sea, which is called a "lagoon," or "inner passage." But there is a third kind of reef, of very common occurrence in the Pacific and Indian Oceans, which goes by the name of an "Atoll." This is, to all intents and purposes, an encircling reef, without anything to encircle; or, in other words, without an island in the middle of its lagoon. The atoll has exactly the appearance of a vast, irregularly oval, or circular, breakwater, enclosing smooth water in its midst. The



depth of the water in the lagoon rarely exceeds twenty or thirty fathoms, but, outside the reef, it deepens with great rapidity to two hundred or three hundred fathoms. The depth immediately outside the barrier, or encircling, reefs, may also be very considerable; but, at the outer edge of a fringing reef, it does not amount usually to more than twenty or twenty-five fathoms; in other words, from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty feet.

Thus, if the water of the ocean could be suddenly drained away, we should see the atolls rising from the sea-bed like vast truncated cones, and resembling so many volcanic craters, except that their sides would be steeper than those of an ordinary volcano. In the case of the encircling reefs, the cone, with the enclosed island, would look like Vesuvius with Monte Nuovo within the old crater of Somma; while, finally, the island with a fringing reef would have the appearance of an ordinary hill, or mountain, girded by a vast parapet, within which would lie a shallow moat. And the dry bed of the Pacific might afford grounds for an inhabitant of the moon to speculate upon the extraordinary subterranean activity to which these vast and numerous "craters" bore witness!

When the structure of a fringing reef is investigated, the bottom of the lagoon is found to be covered with fine whitish mud, which results from the breaking up of the dead corals. Upon this muddy floor there lie, here and there, growing corals, or occasionally great blocks of dead coral, which have been torn by storms from the outer edge of the reef, and washed into the lagoon. Shell-fish and worms of various kinds abound; and fish, some of which prey upon the coral, sport in the deeper pools. But the corals which are to be seen growing in the shallow waters of the lagoon are of a different kind from those which abound on the outer edge of the reef, and of which the reef is built up. Close to the seaward edge of the reef, over which, even in calm weather, a surf almost always breaks, the coral rock is incrustated with a thick coat of a singular vegetable organism, which contains a great deal of lime—the so-called *Nullipara*. Beyond this, in the part of the edge of the reef which is always covered by the breaking waves, the living, true, reef-polypes make their appearance, and in different forms coat the steep seaward face of the reef to a depth of one hundred or even one hundred and fifty feet. Beyond this depth the sounding-lead rests, not upon the wall-like face of the reef, but on the

ordinary shelving sea bottom. And the distance to which a fringing reef extends from the land corresponds with that at which the sea has a depth of twenty or five-and-twenty fathoms.

If, as we have supposed, the sea could be suddenly withdrawn from around an island provided with a fringing reef, such as the Mauritius, the reef would present the aspect of a terrace, its seaward face, a hundred feet or more high, blooming with the animal flowers of the coral, while its surface would be hollowed out into a shallow and irregular moat-like excavation.

The coral mud, which occupies the bottom of the lagoon, and with which all the interstices of the coral skeletons which accumulate to form the reef are filled up, does not proceed from the washing action of the waves alone; innumerable fishes, and other creatures which prey upon the coral, add a very important contribution of finely-triturated calcareous matter; and the corals and mud becoming incorporated together, gradually harden and give rise to a sort of limestone rock, which may vary a good deal in texture. Sometimes it remains friable and chalky, but, more often, the infiltration of water, charged with carbonic acid, dissolves some of the calcareous matter, and deposits it elsewhere in the interstices of the nascent rock, thus gluing and cementing the particles together into a hard mass; or it may even dissolve the carbonate of lime more extensively, and re-deposit it in a crystalline form. On the beach of the lagoon, where the coral sand is washed into layers by the action of the waves, its grains become thus fused together into strata of a limestone, so hard that they ring when struck with a hammer, and inclined at a gentle angle, corresponding with that of the surface of the beach. The hard parts of the many animals which live upon the reef become imbedded in this coral limestone, so that a block may be full of shells of bivalves and univalves, of sea-urchins, and even sometimes encloses the eggs of turtles in a state of petrification. The active and vigorous growth of the reef goes on only at the seaward margins, where the polypes are exposed to the wash of the surf, and are thereby provided with an abundant supply of air and of food. The interior portion of the reef may be regarded as almost wholly an accumulation of dead skeletons. Where a river comes down from the land there is a break in the reef, for the reasons which have been already mentioned.

The origin and mode of formation of a

fringing reef, such as that just described, are plain enough. The embryos of the coral polypes have fixed themselves upon the submerged shore of the island, as far out as they could live, namely, to a depth of twenty or twenty-five fathoms. One generation has succeeded another, building itself up upon the dead skeletons of its predecessor. The mass has been consolidated by the infiltration of coral mud, and hardened by partial solution and redeposition, until a great rampart of coral rock one hundred or one hundred and fifty feet high on its seaward face has been formed all round the island, with only such gaps as result from the outflow of rivers, in the place of sally-ports.

The structure of the rocky accumulation in the encircling reefs and in the atolls is essentially the same as in the fringing reef. But in addition to the differences of depth inside and out, they present some other peculiarities. These reefs, and especially the atolls, are usually interrupted at one part of their circumference, and this part is always situated on the leeward side of the reef, or that which is the more sheltered side. Now as all these reefs are situated within the region in which the trade-winds prevail, it follows that, on the north side of the equator, where the trade-wind is a north-easterly wind, the opening of the reef is on the south-west side; while in the southern hemisphere, where the trade-winds blow from the south-east, the opening lies to the north-west. The curious practical result follows from this structure, that the lagoons of these reefs really form admirable harbours, if a ship can only get inside them. But the main difference between the encircling reefs and the atolls, on the one hand, and the fringing reefs on the other, lies in the fact of the much greater depth of water on the seaward faces of the former. As a consequence of this fact, the whole of this face is not, as it is in the case of the fringing reef, covered with living coral polypes. For, as we have seen, these polypes cannot live at a greater depth than about twenty-five fathoms; and actual observation has shown that while, down to this depth, the sounding-lead will bring up branches of live coral from the outer wall of such a reef, at a greater depth, it fetches to the surface nothing but dead coral and coral sand. We must, therefore, picture to ourselves an atoll, or an encircling reef, as fringed for one hundred feet, or more, from its summit, with coral polypes busily engaged in fabricating coral; while, below this comparatively narrow belt, its surface is a bare and smooth expanse of coral sand, supported

upon and within a core of coral limestone. Thus, if the bed of the Pacific were suddenly laid bare, as was just now supposed, the appearance of the reef-mountains would be exactly the reverse of that presented by many high mountains on land. For these are white with snow at the top, while their bases are clothed with an abundant and gaudily-coloured vegetation. But the coral cones would look grey and barren below, while their summits would be gay with a richly-coloured parterre of flower-like coral polypes.

The practical difficulties of sounding upon, and of bringing up portions of, the seaward face of an atoll or of an encircling reef, are so great, in consequence of the constant and dangerous swell which sets towards it, that no exact information concerning the depth to which the reefs are composed of coral has yet been obtained. There is no reason to doubt, however, that the reef-cone has the same structure from its summit to its base, and that its sea-wall is throughout mainly composed of dead coral.

And now arises a serious difficulty. If the coral polypes cannot live at a greater depth than a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet, how can they have built up the base of the reef-cone, which may be two thousand feet, or more, below the surface of the sea?

In order to get over this objection, it was at one time supposed that the reef-building polypes had settled upon the summits of a chain of submarine mountains. But what is there in physical geography to justify the assumption of the existence of a chain of mountains stretching for a thousand miles or more, and so nearly of the same height, that none should rise above the level of the sea, nor fall a hundred and fifty feet below that level?

How again, on this hypothesis, are atolls to be accounted for, unless, as some have done, we take refuge in the wild supposition that every atoll corresponds with the crater of a submarine volcano? And what explanation does it afford of the fact that, in some parts of the ocean, only atolls and encircling reefs occur, while others present none but fringing reefs?

These and other puzzling facts remained insoluble until the publication, in the year 1840, of Mr. Darwin's famous work on coral reefs—in which a key was given to all the difficult problems connected with the subject, and every difficulty was shown to be capable of solution by deductive reasoning from a happy combination of certain well-established geological and biological truths. Mr. Dar-



win, in fact, showed, that so long as the level of the sea remains unaltered in any area in which coral reefs are being found, or if the level of the sea relatively to that of the land is falling, the only reefs which can be formed are fringing reefs. While if, on the contrary, the level of the sea is rising relatively to that of the land, at a rate not faster than that at which the upward growth of the coral can keep pace with it, the reef will gradually pass from the condition of a fringing, into that of an encircling or barrier reef. And, finally, that if the relative level of the sea rise so much that the encircled land is completely submerged, the reef must necessarily pass into the condition of an atoll.

For, suppose the relative level of the sea to remain stationary, after a fringing reef has reached that distance from the land at which the depth of water amounts to one hundred and fifty feet. Then the reef cannot extend seaward by the migration of coral germs, because these coral germs would find the bottom of the sea to be too deep for them to live in. And the only manner in which the reef could extend outwards, would be by the gradual accumulation, at the foot of its seaward face, of a talus of coral fragments torn off by the violence of the waves, which talus might, in course of time, become high enough to bring its upper surface within the limits of coral growth, and in that manner provide a sort of factitious sea bottom upon which the coral embryos might perch. If, on the other hand, the level of the sea were slowly and gradually lowered, it is clear that the parts of its bottom, originally beyond the limit of coral growth, would gradually be brought within the required distance of the surface, and thus the reef might be indefinitely extended. But this process would give rise neither to an encircling reef, nor to an atoll, but to a broad belt of upheaved coral rock, increasing the dimensions of the dry land, and continuous seawards with the fresh fringing reef.

Suppose, however, that the sea-level rose instead of falling, at the same slow and gradual rate at which we know it to be rising in some parts of the world, not more, in fact, than a few inches; or, at most, a foot or two in a hundred years. Then, while the reef would be unable to extend itself seaward, the sea bottom outside it being gradually more and more removed from the depth at which the life of the coral polypes is possible, it would be able to grow upwards as fast as the sea rose. But the growth would take place almost exclusively around the circumference of the reef, this being the only region in

which the coral polypes would find the conditions favourable for their existence. The bottom of the lagoon would be raised, in the main, only by the coral debris and coral mud, formed in the manner already described; consequently, the margins of the reef would rise faster than the bottom, or, in other words, the lagoon would constantly become deeper. And, at the same time, it would gradually increase in breadth; as the rising sea, covering more and more of the land, would occupy a wider space between the edge of the reef and what remained of the land. Thus the rising sea would eventually convert a large island with a fringing reef, into a small island surrounded by an encircling reef. And it will be obvious that when the rising of the sea has gone so far as completely to cover the highest points of the island, the reef will have passed into the condition of an atoll.

But how is it possible that the relative level of the land and sea should be altered to this extent? Clearly, only in one of two ways; either the sea must have risen over those areas which are now covered by atolls and encircling reefs; or, the land upon which the sea rests must have been depressed to a corresponding extent.

If the sea has risen, its rise must have taken place over the whole world simultaneously, and it must have risen to the same height over all parts of the coral zone. Grounds have been shown for the belief that the general level of the sea may have been different at different times; it has been suggested, for example, that the accumulation of ice about the poles during one of the cold periods of the earth's history, necessarily implies a diminution in the volume of the sea proportioned to the amount of its water thus permanently locked up in the Arctic and Antarctic ice-cellars; while, in the warm periods, the greater or less disappearance of the polar ice-cap implies a corresponding addition of water to the ocean. And no doubt this reasoning must be admitted to be sound in principle; though it is very hard to say what practical effect the additions and subtractions thus made have had on the level of the ocean; inasmuch as such additions and subtractions might be either intensified, or nullified, by contemporaneous changes in the level of the land. And no one has yet shown that any such great melting of polar ice, and consequent raising of the level of the water of the ocean, has taken place since the existing atolls began to be formed. Furthermore, as the assumed rise of the sea thus produced must have been universal, the conditions

which have given rise to atolls in any one part of the ocean must have existed everywhere, and thus all reefs must be atolls—which is, notoriously, the reverse of the fact.

In the absence of any evidence that the sea has ever risen to the extent required to give rise to the encircling reefs and the atolls, Mr. Darwin adopted the opposite hypothesis, viz., that the land has undergone extensive and slow depression in those localities in which these structures exist.

It seems, at first, a startling paradox, to suppose that the land is less fixed than the sea; but that such is the case, is the uniform testimony of geology. Beds of sandstone or limestone, thousands of feet thick, and all full of marine remains, occur in various parts of the earth's surface, and prove, beyond a doubt, that when these beds were formed, that portion of the sea-bottom which they then occupied underwent a slow and gradual depression to a distance which cannot have been less than the thickness of those beds, and may have been very much greater. In supposing, therefore, that the great areas of the Pacific and of the Indian Ocean, over which atolls and encircling reefs are found scattered, have undergone a depression of some hundreds, or, it may be, thousands of feet, Mr. Darwin made a supposition which had nothing forced or improbable, but was entirely in accordance with what we know to have taken place over similarly extensive areas, in other periods of the world's history. But Mr. Darwin subjected his hypothesis to an ingenious indirect test. If his view be correct, it is clear that neither atolls, nor encircling reefs, should be found in those portions of the ocean in which we have reason to believe, on independent grounds, that the sea-bottom has long been either stationary, or slowly rising. Now it is known that, as a general rule, the level of the land is either stationary, or is undergoing a slow upheaval, in the neighbourhood of active volcanoes; and, therefore, neither atolls nor encircling reefs ought to be found in regions in which volcanoes are numerous and active. And this turns out to be the case. Appended to Mr. Darwin's great work on coral reefs, there is a map on which atolls and encircling reefs are indicated by one colour, fringing reefs by another, and active volcanoes by a third. And it is at once obvious that the lines of active volcanoes lie around the margins of the areas occupied by the atolls and the encircling reefs. It is exactly as if the upheaving volcanic agencies had lifted up the edges of these great areas, while their centres had undergone a corre-

sponding depression. An atoll area may, in short, be pictured as a kind of basin, the margins of which have been pushed up by the subterranean forces, to which the craters of the volcanoes have, at intervals, given vent.

Thus we must imagine the area of the Pacific now covered by the Polynesian Archipelago, as having been, at some former time, occupied by large islands, or, may be, by a great continent, with the ordinarily diversified surface of plain, and hill, and mountain chain. The shores of this great land were doubtless fringed by coral reefs; and, as it slowly underwent depression, the hilly regions, converted into islands, became, at first, surrounded by fringing reefs, and then, as depression went on, these became converted into encircling reefs, and these, finally, into atolls, until a maze of reefs and coral-girdled islets took the place of the original land masses.

Thus the atolls and the encircling reefs furnish us with clear, though indirect, evidence of changes in the physical geography of large parts of the earth's surface; and even, as my lamented friend, the late Professor Jukes, has suggested, give us indications of the manner in which some of the most puzzling facts connected with the distribution of animals have been brought about. For example, Australia and New Guinea are separated by Torres Straits, a broad belt of sea one hundred, or one hundred and twenty miles wide. Nevertheless, there is in many respects a curious resemblance between the land animals which inhabit New Guinea and the land animals which inhabit Australia. But, at the same time, the marine shell-fish which are found in the shallow waters of the shores of New Guinea, are quite different from those which are met with upon the coasts of Australia. Now, the eastern end of Torres Straits is full of atolls, which, in fact, form the northern termination of the Great Barrier Reef which skirts the eastern coast of Australia. It follows, therefore, that the eastern end of Torres Straits is an area of depression, and it is very possible, and on many grounds highly probable, that, in former times, Australia and New Guinea were directly connected together, and that Torres Straits did not exist. If this were the case, the existence of cassowaries and of marsupial quadrupeds, both in New Guinea and in Australia, becomes intelligible; while the difference between the littoral molluscs of the north and the south shores of Torres Straits is readily explained by the great probability that, when the depression in question took place, and



what was, at first, an arm of the sea, became converted into a strait separating Australia from New Guinea, the northern shore of this new sea became tenanted with marine animals from the north, while the southern shore was peopled by immigrants from the already existing marine Australian fauna.

Inasmuch as the growth of the reef depends upon that of successive generations of coral polypes, and as each generation takes a certain time to grow to its full size, and can only separate its calcareous skeleton from the water in which it lives at a certain rate, it is clear that the reefs are records not only of changes in physical geography, but of the lapse of time. It is by no means easy, however, to estimate the exact value of reef-chronology, and the attempts which have been made to determine the rate at which a reef grows vertically, have yielded anything but precise results. A cautious writer, Mr. Dana, whose extensive study of corals and coral reefs makes him an eminently competent judge, states his conclusion in the following terms:—

"The rate of growth of the common branching madrepore is not over one and a half inches a year. As the branches are open, this would not be equivalent to more than half an inch in height of solid coral for the whole surface covered by the madrepore; and, as they are also porous, to not over three-eighths of an inch of solid limestone. But a coral plantation has large bare patches without corals, and the coral sands are widely distributed by currents, part of them to depths over one hundred feet where there are no living corals; not more than one-sixth of the surface of a reef region is, in fact, covered with growing species. This reduces the three-eighths to *one-sixteenth*. Shells and other organic relics may contribute one-fourth as much as corals. At the outside, the average upward increase of the whole reef-ground per year would not exceed *one-eighth* of an inch.

"Now some reefs are at least two thousand feet thick, which at one-eighth of an inch a year, corresponds to one hundred and ninety-two thousand years."\*

Halve, or quarter, this estimate if you will, in order to be certain of erring upon the right side, and still there remains a prodigious period during which the ancestors of the existing coral polypes have been undisturbedly at work; and during which, therefore, the climatal conditions over the coral area must have been much what they are now.

And all this lapse of time has occurred

within the most recent period of the history of the earth. The remains of reefs formed by coral polypes of different kinds from those which exist now, enter largely into the composition of the limestones of the Jurassic period; and still more widely different coral polypes have contributed their quota to the vast thickness of the carboniferous and Devonian strata. Then as regards the latter group of rocks in America the high authority already quoted tells us:—

"The Upper Helderberg period is eminently the coral reef period of the palæozoic ages. Many of the rocks abound in coral, and are as truly coral reefs as the modern reefs of the Pacific. The corals are sometimes standing on the rocks in the position they had when growing: others are lying in fragments, as they were broken and heaped by the waves; and others were reduced to a compact limestone by the finer trituration before consolidation into rock. This compact variety is the most common kind among the coral reef rocks of the present seas; and it often contains but few distinct fossils, although formed in water that abounded in life. At the falls of the Ohio near Louisville, there is a magnificent display of the old reef. Hemispherical *Favosites*, five or six feet in diameter, lie there nearly as perfect as when they were covered by their flower-like polypes; and besides these there are various branching corals, and a profusion of *Cyathophyllia* or cup-corals."\*

Thus, in all the great periods of the earth's history of which we know anything, a part of the then living matter has had the form of polypes, competent to separate from the water of the sea, the carbonate of lime necessary for their own skeletons. Grain by grain, and particle by particle, they have built up vast masses of rock, the thickness of which is measured by hundreds of feet, and their area by thousands of square miles. The slow oscillations of the crust of the earth, producing great changes in the distributing land and water, have often obliged the living matter of the coral builders to shift the locality of its operations; and, by variation and adaptation to these modifications of condition, its forms have as often changed. The work it has done in the past is, for most part, swept away, but fragments remain; and, if there were no other evidence, suffice to prove the general constancy of the operations of Nature in this world, through periods of almost inconceivable duration.

T. H. HUXLEY.

\* Dana, "Manual of Geology," p. 591.

\* Ibid., p. 272.



# "THE MIST AND THE RAIN."\*

Music by Mr. Sullivan to Words by Mr. Tennyson.

*Allegro molto e agitato.*

VOICE

PIANO.

*p*

The mist and the rain, the

mist and the rain! Is it ay or no? And

*f*

Ped. \* Ped. \*

ne - - ver a glimpse of her win - - - dow - -

*p*

- pane! And I may

*f* *dim.* *p*

die, but the grass will grow,

*dim.*

\* "The Window ; or, the Songs of the Wrens." Twelve Musical Compositions by Mr. Arthur Sullivan to words written for him by Mr. Tennyson, is just published by Strahan & Co.



*Piu animato.* *f* *3* *Tempo mo.* *3* *3*

And the grass will grow . . . when I am gone, And the wet west wind and the world will go

*f* *dim.*

on.

*f* *sf* *dim.*

*Con energia.* *f* *p*

Ay is the song of the wed-ded spheres, No is trou-ble, and cloud, and storm; Ay is life for a

*f* *sf* *sf* *sf* *p* *f*

*p* *p*

hun-dred years, No will push me down to the worm, And when I am there, and dead and gone, The

*p* *sfacc.*

*rall.*

wet west wind and the world will go on, The world will go on.

*a tempo agitato* *rall.* *p* *cres.*

The wind and the wet, The wind and the wet!

*f* *p*

Wet west wind, how you blow, you blow! And ne - - ver a

*p*

line from my la - - - dy yet!

*f*

Is it ay or no? Is it

*dim.*

ay or no? Blow then blow . . . and

*ff Piu animato.*

When I am gone, The wet west wind . . . and the world may go on

*rall. al fine*

*colla voce.*

*ff*

*sf*

*sf*



## THOUGHTS ON THE TEMPTATION OF OUR LORD.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil."—MATT. iv. 1.

## I.—THE TEMPTER.

I WISH to offer to the readers of GOOD WORDS a few thoughts on the Temptation of our Lord, as a contribution to the practical study of this deeply interesting portion of the Gospel history.

In what light are we to consider this transaction? Was it a trial of principle which addressed itself to our Lord from within, through his conceptive faculty presenting certain possibilities of wrong-doing, involving temptation to evil, which, however, would not itself be evil unless yielded to by the will? Can we account for this dread occurrence by any such inward thoughts or suggestions, coming from the soul of the pure and sinless Jesus, and these too being such a source of suffering to Him; or by the theory of a vision created by his imagination; or by accepting the narrative as a parable or myth, symbolical of the operation of the principle of evil in the soul of man?

Instead of these and other theories, I believe the temptation to have been historically true; and that the suggestions to evil were put before Christ by an evil person whose will had consented to be guided by evil principle, which is Self as opposed to God. This is certainly the impression which the narrative conveys. It is recorded by three of the Evangelists, but omitted by St. John, not, I think, because his Gospel was intended more especially to reveal the Divine Son of God, and therefore One who was not liable to temptation, but because it is supplementary to the other Gospels, and does not therefore repeat events which they have sufficiently narrated. St. Mark does not give any detailed account of the Temptation. He simply and briefly records the mere fact, and that in terms which leave no doubt that he recognised it as a real transaction. He says "He was in the wilderness forty days tempted of Satan, and was with the wild beasts, and the angels ministered unto Him." The "wilderness," and the "wild beasts," are thus not alluded to as things more real than "Satan," and the "angels." It must be remembered, too, that whatever impressions were received by the Evangelists regarding the Temptation must have been conveyed to them by Christ Himself; for there were no spectators of that mysterious

scene, nor did any eye besides His own discern what was taking place in the unseen world. The story must either have been told substantially to them as we have it, or have been invented by themselves, and embodied among the events of the life of our Lord. To all this evidence of its historical reality must be added the entire harmony subsisting between it and other momentous events of the past and subsequent history of the kingdom of God, which I will endeavour to point out as we proceed.

Meantime I shall confine myself to an investigation regarding the existence of the Tempter.

That any such wicked spirit as the devil is represented to be should exist in the universe of God, I frankly admit to be indeed a great mystery, and one which it may be impossible at present to explain. But for myself, I cannot see it to be a greater mystery than the existence of wicked persons in this redeemed world of light, of life, of glory. I can indeed conceive of beings, inhabiting a world into which no evil had ever entered, who, through faith and obedience, possess such a knowledge of God and of the glory of his character and purposes, as to have a difficulty in imagining how any responsible or rational beings elsewhere who had heard of the same living God, should not share their feelings of reverential awe and profound admiration towards Him; and whose scepticism, accordingly, if they had any, would not be as to the possible existence of others like minded, but of any who could be differently minded from themselves. But that we, in a world like this, in which every one who has ever existed but One has been a sinner; in which temptation is rife; in which vice often so triumphs over virtue as to make some question the supremacy of law and government in the universe;—a world where every form of iniquity runs riot, and genius seems to exhaust itself in creating new and horrible forms of it;—that the inhabitants, I say, of such a world as this should be sceptical, not as to the existence of good angels or of holy persons in any other sphere, but as to the possible existence of personalities as wicked even as themselves, seems to me to imply a degree of moral blindness suffi-

cient to suggest the existence of a wicked Tempter to whom it must owe its origin.

But after all conjectures are exhausted, we must fall back upon authentic information, if there be any such, as to the existence of an evil Personal Spirit;—just as we seek information from the honest and competent traveller regarding the existence, character, and habits of the inhabitants of some distant island, or some hitherto unknown portion of the globe, which he alone has visited. Now it is a remarkable fact that our chief sources of information regarding the existence of the devil are the Gospel narratives, including not only the teaching of Jesus Christ Himself, but also of the Apostles who have spoken in his name. Not in the Old Testament do we hear most about Satan. It is not indeed silent regarding his existence, for he has a place in the very first record of the history of man; and there are several indications in other portions of it, as in the Book of Job, proving a knowledge and current belief in his being. But yet the fact remains, that to Jesus and his Apostles we owe almost all our knowledge of the devil and his work. And here let me say that it is difficult to account for this on the supposition of a personal evil spirit being the creation, as many allege it to be, of a dark and therefore superstitious age. It is quite true that a rude and barbarous people, contending, as these must ever do, with such adverse powers of nature as hunger and thirst, storm and darkness, disease and death, should attribute all these to some present and unseen power adverse to man's happiness. And hence the demon worship and "religion" of fear, which has everywhere existed, and the offering up of human sacrifices, as in the case of some of the aboriginal tribes in India, who seek thus to appease wrath by satisfying the love of suffering attributed to the deity of hate, whom they fear and worship.

But if such a prince of darkness be only the creation of persons living in darkness—if such an object of fear from without be but the personification of superstitious fear within—why is there so little said about the devil in the Old Testament, and in those early and comparatively ignorant and dark ages? How is it, on this supposition, that our knowledge of the wicked one comes, as I have said, from those to whom we owe all our highest knowledge regarding the character of God and of spiritual religion; whose mission was one of love, to deliver

men from the bondage of ignorance, the power of darkness, and the "fear which hath torment." Why is it that the Apostle John—of all the Apostles!—so eminently spiritual in his teaching, so eminently the apostle of love, should allude so frequently to the evil one, and be the reputed author of the book of Revelation, which, whatever may be its meaning, assumes from first to last the existence and power of the devil? All this can be accounted for on the supposition only that there is such a being, whom it was not for man's good, however, to reveal, until the time came when there was also revealed the Lord of light, of life, and of peace, who came to destroy his works, and to furnish us with weapons by which we can resist and "overcome the wicked one."

The earliest fact, recorded by three Evangelists, is this one of the temptation of our Lord by the devil. Our Lord Himself, in all his teaching, assumes his existence, agency, and power:—as when He tells us, for example, that "the devil was the enemy that sowed the tares;" that the tares "are the children of the wicked one;" that "the devil takes the good seed of the word out of the heart," &c. Add to this the testimony which He gives of the influence of wicked spirits in connection with demoniacal possessions. For whatever be the history of those mysterious forms of suffering, it can hardly be questioned that Jesus Christ, in speaking of and dealing with them, gives us the impression that He was not coming in contact with mere forms of physical or moral disease, but with wicked personal spirits, with whom He held most significant conversations, and who were driven out of wretched sufferers, in one case, at least, entering by his permission into other bodies. Thus his life on earth is described as being that of one who "went about doing good and healing all who were oppressed of the devil." If we pass from the testimony of Jesus to the other records of the New Testament, we have the same evidence continued. In the book of Acts, which has been called the Gospel of the Spirit, dealing, as it chiefly does, with the work of the Holy Ghost in the church after Pentecost, there are many references to the existence and power of the devil. When the Christian church was being organized, "Satan" is said to have "filled the heart of Ananias to lie." The work of an Apostle is described as turning the people "from the power of Satan to God." In all the Epistles too there are constant references to the same wicked one. He is called "the god of



this world," "the prince of darkness," "the liar and murderer from the beginning," our "adversary the devil," &c. St. John says "He that committeth sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil;" and he speaks of young men who were strong and had "overcome the wicked one." In the book of Revelation, which professes, amongst other things, to deliver messages to the churches from Jesus Christ, Smyrna is called a "synagogue of Satan," and Pergamos "Satan's seat," "where Satan dwelleth." It is said of him there, "Behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days: be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." And the millennium is ushered in by the "binding of the dragon, that old serpent which is the devil and Satan." And thus revelation begins and ends with the recognition of his existence, wickedness, and power.

Now, the Bible professes to state facts, not to create them. It no more creates than the telescope does, when it reveals the existence of an otherwise unseen foe. We may reject the testimony of Scripture, and by some process explain away all the grounds of our faith in the existence of the devil, yet we do not thereby get quit of what is earthly, sensual, and devilish in human nature. All the evil which our conscience cannot but condemn; all the evil manifested through the senses,—the spiritual wickedness of malice, envy, jealousy, lying, selfishness, and hatred to God and men would still remain as facts in human history. Bible or no Bible, devil or no devil, sin exists in every form, in every city and village, among every class, blinding us, hardening us, and making "the king's sons embrace dunghills." It does not lessen evil, but rather increases its mystery, and makes us more hopeless of deliverance, to deny the existence of a wicked tempter from without, an alien to man, an enemy who hath done, and still does this injury to us. To account for evil by an inherent wickedness in human nature—a taint natural to it and incurable—a doom under which we must lie—is this more in harmony with experience, with hopes of ultimate deliverance, than the granting of the existence of an evil one who tempts to evil, and seeks to destroy our souls as surely as he sought to destroy that of Jesus?

But the reticence of Scripture regarding Satan is as remarkable as the information it

gives about him. Outside the Bible we have descriptions of him conceived in a rude age, and embodied in song and legend, calculated not so much to inspire fear as to excite to laughter and contempt,—descriptions in which the evil one is represented as a half wicked, half idiotic creature. We have also creations of a higher and very different type, like that of the fallen angel of Milton, the grand personification of majestic power and high intellect without love, and suffering the punishment of everlasting fire; or like that of the Mephistophiles of "Faust," with his intellectual wiles, bitter sarcasm, and low cunning, communicating with high and unseen powers of good and evil, yet, if we may say it, little better than an unprincipled *roué*. But no such details are given in Scripture. Nor does Revelation answer questions which our curiosity might naturally prompt, such as:—What are the conditions of existence, the degree of responsibility, the extent of power, belonging to Satan? In what respect does he differ from human beings who possess soul, spirit, and body? What is Satan's past history? How does he stand related to the Son of God, by whom all things were created, visible and invisible? When and how did he fall? By what thoughts and conceptions was he induced to attempt to solve the problem of life in Self without God? What displays have been made of the sparing mercy, forbearance, and goodness of God towards him? What is the nature of his present sufferings, and what are the motives which sustain his undying energy? What are evil spirits? How are they employed? What is their power? These and similar questions are left in the region of the unknown. We may speculate about them, and form opinions upon them, which possibly may be in harmony with fact; but God in his wisdom, as I have said, has been pleased to refuse us any such information regarding them, or to gratify mere curiosity in any way. He adjusts the light on this as on other subjects to our eye, or to the practical necessities of our journey; so as to save us on the one hand from superstitious fear, and on the other from such ignorance as might produce self-sufficient carelessness. Surely this is calculated to inspire us with a sense of the solemnity of life, to deepen our convictions of the dangers of temptation, and to strengthen our faith in Christ as our only sure refuge and deliverer from evil.

We are apt to fall into two extremes regard-

ing the power of Satan—exaggerating it on the one hand, or making light of it on the other. In regard to the first tendency: many seem to me to invest him with nothing short of the attributes of God, and to think of him as omniscient and omnipotent; as cognizant, like the Almighty, of the condition of every heart, “searching and trying the reins of the children of men;” and as suggesting every evil thought to every human being.

Now, whatever power Satan as a wicked spirit may possess, still let us never forget that his power is limited.

It is limited, in the first place, by the fact that he is a mere *creature*. His birth as compared with eternity is as yesterday. As a creature he can therefore never possess any of the prerogatives of Deity. Whatever knowledge he may have, wherever his presence may be, in whatever way he may act, yet in these, and in all other respects, he is still a mere creature, limited in every faculty and in every power as really as a child is.

Secondly, his power is limited *by the providence of God*. He is infinitely more under His inspection and control, and no doubt that of the holy angels also, than the villain who is known to and watched by the police of the best government on earth. The Lord knows when and how to keep back his wicked hand; to arrest his wicked actions; to frustrate all his wicked plans; to banish him into darkness, and to say to him, “Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther.” There are laws which govern moral as well as physical storms. He is an independent power, no doubt, in so far as any personal spirit is so, inasmuch as he has a will, and therefore can do that which is against the will of God, as every act of a sinful will is. But he is not therefore an irresponsible power, nor can he ever change or defy God’s eternal laws by which he is bound. He is under the government of Jesus Christ, to whom as Mediator all power is now given. Nay more, the Lord will not permit even such an evil spirit as this to exist as a waste power in the universe; for although he is essentially evil, He will yet so control him, while permitting him to do his worst, as to make him the occasion of good. He can make the power of this enemy the occasion of training his own soldiers to endure hardness, and become valiant in fight; and He can make the very darkness of Satan’s kingdom, the occasion for displaying with more brightness the glory of His own kingdom of righteousness, peace, and joy; and He can make the very selfishness of the evil one

the occasion of revealing His own glory of love and of self-sacrifice both in Himself and in the history of those who by grace share the same spirit. Whatever, therefore, the power of Satan may be, God’s power alone is supreme; whatever his hatred may be to the cause of righteousness, God’s love is infinitely greater; however subtle his wiles may be, God’s wisdom is infinitely deeper. God and God alone, whose name is Love, is the one ground for the existence, the one security for the stability of the universe, the one hope for the triumph of right over wrong. In everything and at all times, “greater is He that is for us than he that is against us.”

Again, Satan’s power is limited *by man’s will*. This will he cannot force by the might of all the powers of darkness. He may tempt it, try to persuade it, bribe it, threaten it, lie to it, and exhaust every means to gain its consent, but so long as the “I will” or the “I will not” commands the fortress and refuses to yield to Satan, that fortress is impregnable! “Resist the devil, and he will flee from you”—whoever thou art!

Finally, his power is limited by the fact of his *wickedness*. The eye of a spirit which loves not the spiritual becomes blind to its existence. The memory of a past holy affection cannot itself reproduce the spiritual: it becomes a fact remembered as belonging to the past, but not therefore a possession for the present. What we cease to love in spiritual things we cease to understand. Thus it is that unless a man is born again, and his spiritual eye is opened, “he cannot see the kingdom of God.” “The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit, for they are foolishness to him, neither can he know them because they are spiritually discerned.” The wicked eye, if I may so speak, sees only in the dark. There the evil one is at home, and understands the forces which direct and the things which attract those who, like himself, “prefer darkness to light.” But the kingdom of God, because of its brightness, blinds him, so that it is practically to him like his own kingdom, “a land of darkness, as darkness itself; and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is a darkness.” His greatest puzzle, therefore, is a good man. He cannot comprehend, or, as we say, *make out* a holy, loving, and consecrated soul which sees and rejoices in the glory of God, and is subject to His holy laws, irreely choosing to be governed by them, because of their moral beauty and righteousness. To such a mystery of iniquity as Satan, great indeed must be the “mys-



tery of godliness," especially when that is revealed in God manifest in the flesh! Thus is the wicked one limited in his power, because bound in chains of darkness, the spiritual chains of his own dark will and malignant passions—chains more heavy and binding than those which all the power of earth could forge from the iron of the everlasting hills. It is thus that even in this world the worst persons, though not yet devilish, may become so saturated with vice as almost to lose the capacity of believing in the good, and are therefore always disposed to ridicule it as a pretence or hypocrisy, and as being a thing which is wholly the effect of circumstances. Such persons attribute the difference between themselves and others to their respective temptation, natural temperament, or education, or to anything rather than to an essential difference of character. Of the reality of invincible principle in any one, and of the love of right as right, they are sceptical, and assume that every man has his price, by which he could be purchased did they only know him. Their opinion of good men is truly set forth in the picture of Satan in the Book of Job, where he is represented as having no faith in the existence of any genuine or unselfish love to the Master for his own sake, but only for what the Master gives. Hence it is, too, that no greater mistakes are made, no more unwise plans adopted, no greater folly perpetrated, than by a wicked spirit in the pursuit of evil or self-gratification in defiance of the claims of righteousness. For sin is confusion; it is a "false nature, and not in the harmony of things." Starting with false means for a false end, it mistakes the road; and after pursuing it without a chart through mists of error, it ends where it began, in falsehood and a sense of bitter disappointment and failure. Whatever, therefore, the power of Satan is, we may be assured that there is no one more frequently perplexed, or no one who makes greater mistakes. His most cunningly-devised schemes ever prove the very means of his being baffled and overcome by the simplicity of truth.

But if for these reasons we ought to beware of exaggerating the power of Satan, so let us beware of underrating it. We dare not treat the teaching of Christ and his Apostles as if they encouraged gross superstition and narrated childish dreams; for assuredly to them does the Church owe its belief in the truth which I have been defending and explaining. If these be indeed facts resting on divine authority, and if he who tempted our Lord has now such power on earth as warrants his

being called the "god of this world," and is still, in some way or other, man's "tempter," "adversary," and "accuser," "working in the children of disobedience;"—if it be a fact that "we wrestle not with flesh and blood only, but with principalities and powers," surely then it becomes us to act in conformity with such a solemn revelation, and to "put on the whole armour of God," that we "may be able to stand in the evil day." If there be "wiles of the devil" with reference to ourselves, ought we to disbelieve them or to "resist" them? If there be "snares" ought we not to avoid them? If there be "devices," dare we be "ignorant" of them? If he "goes about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour," does it become us to despise the warning, and not rather to believe it and "to be sober and vigilant?" It is not necessary for us, or the Lord would have given us the information, to know *when* Satan is present, or *how*, or in what circumstances he may tempt us. Enough to know the facts revealed about him as our foe, and of our dangers from evil without as well as from within, to make us avail ourselves of the only means of defence, deliverance, and final victory by walking circumspectly, by watching unto prayer, by being humble and meek, and by abiding in Christ, and ever yielding ourselves to the Holy Spirit of God, who alone is always with us and in us.

If instead of this we despise the teaching and warning of our Lord and his Apostles, and assume that we are better informed than they were regarding man's dangers and man's enemies, and that our religion is more spiritual, more rational, more in accordance with the truth and reality of things, than theirs was, we may do so; but it is at our own peril. And our peril is not small if, by wilful ignorance, we become thus entangled in the very net which Satan has spread for us, and fall into the very pit which he has dug for us!

I conclude this paper in words, which I adopt as my own, spoken by one who will not be charged with an acceptance of mere traditional beliefs or of conventionalisms:—"I cannot conceal my conviction, the result of my own experience, that your minds will be in a simpler, healthier state, that you will win a real victory over some of the most plausible conventionalisms of this age, that you will grasp the truth you have more firmly, and be readier to receive any you have not yet apprehended, when you have courage to say, 'We do verily believe that we have a world, a flesh, and a DEVIL to fight with.'"

\* Maurice's "Theological Essays," p. 54.

## MICHAEL FARADAY.

PERHAPS no man who ever rose to a world-wide reputation in scientific discovery, succeeded more completely than did Faraday in keeping his religious life intact from all invasions of the doubts and difficulties which science tends to engender in fine and ardent natures. Great as was the value of the actual contributions he made to scientific knowledge, we are not sure but that, to the mass of men, this is the most important fact of his history. Indeed, he himself would have recognised it as such.



Nay, we fancy he would have said that, but for this, he would never have achieved the victories he did achieve. He is not very consistent, however, in the terms he uses to express this fact; and it is quite possible that his words in reference to it might be easily misinterpreted.

When, with the simplicity that comes from greatness alone, he wrote, "There is no philosophy in my religion," he could scarcely have meant to imply the converse of the

statement, "There is no religion in my philosophy." Yet now and again, from the urgent terms in which he holds that philosophy and religion have been kept apart by him, a cursory reader might almost leave him with this impression. To regard the intellectual life as being completely detached from the emotional and religious life, would simply be to split the man up into two mediums or centres of energy; whereas the beauty of Faraday's character lay in the harmonious union of his



varied powers, and the placid, equal movement which this harmony imparted to them. He was never a divided man—duty and pleasure were ever one with him. Nature was full of wonders, inexhaustible in secrets and mysteries, and only sent him back in the last resort to anew read and receive strength from the all-including truths of heart and conscience in the page of Revelation.

If, then, Faraday's philosophy did not do much for his religion, his religion did much for his philosophy; and this is, in our opinion, what he really meant. Speculatively, his religion and his philosophy were kept apart; practically, his science and his religion were never for a moment disjoined or opposed to each other. There was no truth for him but the truth of God; but then a real truth-lover must be very jealous of erecting his own imaginations into master-truths—the great temptation against which the man of science must be on his guard. Truth lay around him infinite, ever-widening, sphere on sphere. Every new fact won by human intelligence was no sooner won than it resolved itself afresh into a centre of greater mysteries. "That ozone, that oxygen, which makes up more than half the weight of the world, what a wonderful thing it is, *and yet I think we are only at the beginning of the knowledge of its wonders.*" Again, speaking of silica, he says: "It startles us by the strange places in which we find it. These things are unaccountable at present, but show us that, with all our knowledge, we know little as yet of that which may be known." And such is his ever-recurring watchword. The great end of his science is to open the eye to wonders and mysteries, and so to keep clear the sphere of faith. His philosophy, though it does not openly profess to be so, is at once a protest against scientific dogmatism, and a protest against religious sectarianism. In this spirit he wrought unremittingly, with no end in view but truth; so that his achievements were transfigured in the light of lofty purpose. So absolutely untainted was he by any touch of self-interest or worldly ambition, that of him, more than of almost any other, it may be said that he worked in the spirit of a child. Hence his humility and rare contentment; his patient self-reliance and reverent persistency, no less than his purity and tenderness, which were untouched by a suggestion of desire after fame or riches.

The too common notion is that the great man of science is only a cold intelligence, elevated above ordinary sympathies and trials, abstracted from the needs of his fellows, as

he walks in a bodiless world of cause and law. Faraday is in himself the completest refutation of this fallacy. He is moved by the lightest touch of other men's hopes or fears, their pains or pleasures. At the time when he declined, with a suggestion of impatience, the invitation to fresh inquiries into spiritualism, he was engaged amidst failing faculties in writing long letters of comfort to those who were under bereavement. He is as sensitive in every fibre of his nature as a young poet, we had almost said as a young girl. Had it not been for the permeating power of his religion, he must often have staggered under his great thoughts and his tender affections, and become a dreamer rather than a worker. But he had no skeleton in his closet; he knew no persecution of morbid fears or superstitious fancies. Yet his imagination was intense, and of the kind that may easily be dominated by one tendency. Still he never became the slave of his own ideas. His reverence for fact had its religious side, for it taught him severity towards that element in his nature from which arose his greatest tendency to egotism and selfishness. Often when he retired weary and disappointed from his laboratory, after Nature declined to flatter him by affirmative deliverances, he took the hand of religion all the more gladly and went up to worship. The expansion of his intellect under the heat of new knowledge caused no shrivelling up of the affections. His imagination was so great, through sympathy, that it grasped what was at odds with words; and so he retained through life a singular ingenuousness alien to all pride. What was gained was but a little pearl from the fringe of Truth's great robe of light; he looked to the revelation that was to follow. "Faraday was more than a philosopher," writes Professor Tyndall eloquently; "he was a prophet, and often wrought by an inspiration to be understood by sympathy alone. *The prophetic element in his character occasionally coloured and even injured the utterance of the man of science;* but subtracting that element, though you might have conferred on him intellectual symmetry, you would have destroyed his motive force."

But the fibre of Faraday's imagination, which was the source of his reverence and exhilarating gladness of spirit, was so wrought into the structure of his religious being, that they cannot be viewed apart from each other. He was devoutly religious and believing, and this because he was a scientific man and a prophet of nature, and not in spite of it. It was

because of the harmony that subsisted between these that he could be so reticent, and could respect so thoroughly the convictions of others; while yet his influence, shed abroad through kindly words and ready helpfulness, was distinctly a religious influence. Faraday himself has indicated with a master-touch the point in which his scientific passion met, and steadied itself in the embrace of his religious faith. He is writing to his brother-in-law, Edward Barnard, who had been suffering under melancholy from imaginary evils:—

“Do not imagine that I cannot feel for the distress of others, or that I am entirely ignorant of those which seem to threaten friends for whom both you and I are much concerned. I do feel for those who are oppressed either by real or by imaginary evils, and I know the one to be as heavy as the other. *But I think I derive a certain degree of steadiness and placidity amongst such feelings by a point of mental conviction, for which I take no credit as a piece of knowledge or philosophy, and which has often been blamed as mere apathy. Whether apathy or not, it leaves the mind ready and willing to do all that can be useful, whilst it relieves it a little from the distress dependent upon viewing things in their worst state.* The point is this:—in all kinds of knowledge I perceive that my views are insufficient and my judgment imperfect. In experiments I come to conclusions which, if partly right, are sure to be in part wrong; if I correct by other experiments, I advance a step—my old error is in part diminished, but is always left with a tinge of humanity, evidenced by its imperfection. The same thing happens in judging of the motives of others; though in favourable cases I may see a good deal, I never see the whole. In affairs of life 'tis the same thing; my view of a thing at a distance and close at hand never correspond; and the way out of a trouble which I desire is never that which really opens before me. Now, when in all these, and in all kinds of knowledge and experience, the course is still the same, ever imperfect to us, but terminating in good, and when all events are evidently at the disposal of a Power which is conferring benefits continually upon us, which, though given by means and in ways we do not comprehend, may always well claim our acknowledgments at last, may we not be induced to suspend our dull spirits and thoughts when things look cloudy, and, providing as well as we can against the shower, actually *cheer our spirits* by thoughts

of the good things it will bring with it? And will not the experience of our past lives convince us that in doing this we are far more likely to be right than wrong?”

If we admit that Faraday here speaks from experience, what could be more conclusive as to the influence his religious faith had upon his work? It kept a clear, steady stream of energy flowing through the worn channels of his daily pursuits. The writer of the early description of Faraday, which appeared in the *Quarterly Night*, a magazine which he and some of his friends started in 1816, shows not a little insight in closely associating, as he does, freedom from errors of mind with freedom from guilt of soul; thus making the root of his genius religious:—

“Of understanding clear, reflection deep;  
Expert to apprehend, and strong to keep.  
His watchful mind no subject can elude,  
Nor specious arts of sophists ere delude;  
*His powers unshackled, range from pole to pole;  
His mind from error free, from guilt his soul.”*

On the leading facts of Faraday's life there is no need to dwell. Who that reads English does not know them? The child of poor, but simple-minded, high-thinking parents, he was sent while only twelve years old to be errand-boy to Mr. Riebau, a bookbinder in Blandford Street. After some time he became Mr. Riebau's apprentice; his indenture bearing that he was taken without premium “in consideration of faithful services.” He worked so conscientiously during his apprenticeship that his master remained to the end one of his most attached friends. He used to read the books given him to bind; and got his first incitements to scientific study in this way. The works to which he was most indebted were Mrs. Marcet's “Conversations on Chemistry,” and the article on “Electricity,” in the “Encyclopædia Britannica.” Experimenting soon became a passion with him. All his spare pence were spent for materials. One can easily imagine his parents in the stinted two rooms over the coach-house in the Mews, somewhat puzzled over the studious disposition of the lad, little dreaming that these ill-tended seeds of industry and devotion would grow into such a mighty harvest of knowledge and of good both to England and the world. His mother lived to see her son recognised as one of the best and greatest men of his day; and, though she was quite incapable of entering into his pursuits, she showed no incapacity for motherly admiration. “She was very proud of her son; so much so, that Faraday asked his wife not to talk to his mother so much about him or his honours, saying she was quite proud enough of him, and it would not be



good for her"—a caution which was likewise very characteristic of Faraday.

Quietly pursuing science in his spare time while with Mr. Riebau, Faraday soon became the centre of a group of young inquirers. He had no fancy for trade; but his attachment to Mr. Riebau made it more palatable to him than it would otherwise have been. His apprenticeship expires, however; and he gets work under a master of a very different character—a passionate French emigrant, who "gave his assistant so much trouble that he felt he could not remain in his place," although the master held out every inducement to him to stay, and even said to him, "I have no child, and if you stay with me, you shall have all I have when I am gone." But in spite of such tempting promises, the desire to escape from trade now became imperious; M. De la Roche doubtless never dreaming what benefit his ill-temper was conferring on the world when it made the modest journeyman take the bold step of making himself known to Sir Humphry Davy. Faraday had written out notes of a course of lectures, which he had heard Sir Humphry deliver; and he sent these to Sir Humphry, with a letter expressing his desire to escape from trade and to be engaged in scientific research. Evidently the letter and the notes impressed the great scientific man with some promise of capacity. Instead of throwing them into his waste-basket, he sent for Faraday, and by-and-by procured for him the post of assistant in the laboratory of the Royal Institution, where the young man speedily obtained the respect and confidence of all connected with it. He went on a voyage of scientific inquiry as assistant to Sir Humphry in the years 1813-14. He saw Paris, Switzerland, Rome, and many other places of note, and met with experiences which were of much value to him in after-life. To the credit of the scientific men of the Continent be it said, that they were the first to discover and frankly acknowledge that splendid scientific genius, which as yet hid itself under the utmost modesty of thought and demeanour.

His after-life was uneventful, and closely bound up with the history of the Royal Institution. He married happily, and saw friend after friend pass away around him; but he had an assured hope and confidence. He wrought incessantly with placid self-devotion, finding relief now and then in a trip to the Continent; and till his death he was continually delighting the world with his matchless discoveries, and enriching it with new elements of comfort and progress. His

researches fill many volumes, and are as remarkable for fine suggestion and reach of imaginative insight as for experimental decision and severity of scientific test. He was offered a pension by Government, but there arose a difficulty owing to Lord Melbourne not treating the philosopher with the respect to which he felt he was entitled. His lordship had to apologise for words he had permitted himself to use before Faraday would consent to receive anything. Our philosopher thus did very much the same to deliver scientific men from the reproach of vulgar unappreciative patronage, as Dr. Johnson had done for literature and literary men a century before. He declined a title, which was repeatedly offered, wishing to be "plain Michael Faraday" to the end. The use of a house at Hampton Court was granted him by the Queen in the year 1858, and here he died in 1867 in his seventy-fifth year.

The great mass of Faraday's discoveries are not of a kind to bear popular description in themselves, although sometimes their practical applications have proved so abundantly useful and beneficent as to make his name a household word over the world. It is his electricity which is now universally used for purposes of healing in paralysis and epilepsy; it is his currents which carry messages along those mysterious wires that nowadays guard, like magic fences, all our railway lines. To him we owe the secret of the exquisite aniline dyes so valuable in manufacture. Other countries have shown as ready a regard to his honour as our own, for his discoveries had no professional or local reference. Strangers in Paris will perhaps be surprised at coming on the Rue Faraday, one of Napoleon's spacious new streets. He dealt in such abstruse matters as the magnetisation of light, the unity and convertibility of force, the identity of electricities; and he weighed and compared and calculated the effect upon each other of the most subtle and impalpable elements of nature. He tracked conceptions to their secret cell, and won many secrets from reluctant nature.

The prime quality in Faraday's nature was his simplicity. Nothing could destroy or corrupt it. He tells us that Sir Humphry Davy smiled at his notions of the high moral feelings of scientific men, and said that he would leave a few years' experience to correct his impressions on that score. But Faraday's relations with scientific men generally proved that experience had never cast out his ingenuous trustfulness, or cooled his delight in communicating what he had gained. The strength

of his friendships lay to a great extent in this ; and some of the firmest of these were with men of science ; proving that his painful early passages with Wollaston and with Sir Humphry Davy had not made him suspicious or unsympathetic. No man was more willing to view men on their good and hopeful side—to believe that others were, like himself, above sordid and selfish motives. No man ever had a nobler gift of forgetting. And such simplicity has its own inalienable power in the world. Faraday was seldom overreached or injured. He made it impossible for men to injure him, indeed, by never suspecting that they could have the will to do so.

And yet it would be wrong to suppose that he had no force or capability of asserting his own rights when they were put in jeopardy. Once touch him on a point of feeling or of honour, and it was not easy to move him from an attitude of opposition which was not active only because he was very prudent and self-controlled. His simplicity of character lay very near to a severity of truthfulness which was terrible in the very kindness of its rebuke. How characteristic it is that, when he is compelled to prove to the ignorant, pompous Welsh doctor that there *is* a difference between nitric acid and muriatic acid, he should write:—“*I was really ashamed to correct the doctor, and if I had not been under the necessity of vindicating my contradiction of him, should have left him in ignorance. . . . I could scarcely afterwards look at the man.*” If he had any feeling—and he appeared to have a considerable stock of pride—he must have felt himself extremely lowered in the eyes of strangers. . . . Had I seen nothing more than his haughty dictatorial manner to a poor woman who came in with a prescription and a bottle in her hand, I should have concluded him to be a man who had attained the utmost knowledge of and confidence in his art.”

Faraday's sensitiveness was of a very peculiar kind. It was properly shame for others. He could not bear to think ill of others ; and he was ashamed that any one should injure his self-respect by thinking ill of him. This explains the tone of his letters to Dr. Wollaston in that delicate matter at the outset of his career ; and it also explains how, when he had experienced kindness from any one, he would not allow himself to think of injuries that had been done to him. It is almost certain that Sir Humphry Davy—who had scarcely realised what was expected of him—was moved by a kind of jealousy to oppose Faraday's election to a fellowship in

the Royal Society. And yet when this was mentioned in after-years, Faraday rose, with the tears in his eyes, and said he had received kindnesses from Davy, and only wished to remember those.

From this arose likewise his tendency to explanations, which sometimes look youthful and feminine, rather than the deliberate expression of a man of experience. But this tendency does not spring so much from the desire of satisfying himself and putting himself right, as from a sense of shame that others should fancy he had disappointed the good opinion to which he was entitled. On one occasion, just shortly after he had joined the Royal Institution, one of his companions had said, probably in joke, that Faraday was forgetting his old friends. Faraday had some doubt whether the remark was made in joke or not ; but he felt a kind of shame for his friend, and wrote a letter to remove any such impression.

What is surprising is that neither experience nor years brushed off this bloom of ingenuous truthfulness from Faraday's gentle nature. From this sprang the innocent abounding freshness of his letters, which were youthlike to the last, untouched by the blight of that cold cautiousness that comes of the shrewdness which commerce with the world generally induces. Yet this is something rather of the spirit than the manner. A watchfulness over his ideas, and a suspicion of fine phrases and sentiment, sometimes impart a kind of baldness to the expression. The charm lies in what is suggested rather than in what is said. This is particularly true of his letters to his wife, some of which are exquisite. Instead of losing this quality, they rather gain in it as the writer gets older. What could be more expressive in this regard than the following letter, one of those which were written before their marriage in 1820?—

“I have been thinking all the morning of the very delightful letter I would send you this evening, and now I am so tired, and yet have so much to do, that my thoughts are quite giddy, and run round your image without any power of themselves to stop and admire it. I want to say a thousand things—and, believe me, heartfelt things—to you, but am not master of words fit for the purpose ; and still, as I ponder and think on you, chlorides, trials, oils, Davy, steel, miscellanæ, mercury, and fifty other professional fancies swim before and drive me further and further into the quandary of stupidity.”

Let the reader note that the next letter



was written in 1862, when Faraday was seventy-two years old, and say whether our remarks are not correct:—

"Dearest,—Here is the fortnight complete since I left you, and the thoughts of my return to *our home* crowd in strongly upon my mind. Not that we are in any way uncared for, or left by our dear friends, save as I may desire for our own retirement. Everybody has overflowed with kindness; but you know their manner, and their desire, by your own experience with me.

"I long to see you, dearest, and to talk over things together, and call to mind all the kindness I have received. My head is full, and my heart also; but my recollection rapidly fails, even as regards the friends that are in the room with me. You will have to resume your old function of being a pillow to my mind and a rest, a happy-making wife." . . .

The tenderness with which he clings to early associations, and the openness of the delight with which he courts remembrance of them and fondly dwells upon them, are half-feminine too. One of his nieces says that he rarely saw a newspaper boy without making some kind remark about him; and another recalls his words on one occasion—"I always feel a tenderness for those boys, because I once carried newspapers myself,"—that being part of his duties when message-boy with Mr. Riebau. In his little journal, kept when he had retired, sick, to the Swiss Alps to recruit his energies, he writes:—"August 2, 1841. Cloutnail-making goes on here rather considerably, and is a very neat and pretty operation to observe. I love a smith's shop, and anything relating to smithery. *My father was a smith.*"

"Twelve or thirteen years ago," says Professor Tyndall, "Mr. Faraday and myself quitted the Institution one evening together, to pay a visit in Baker Street. He took my arm at the door, and pressing it to his side in his warm, genial way, said, 'Come, Tyndall, I will now show you something that will interest you.' We walked northwards, passed the house of Mr. Babbage, which drew forth a reference to the famous evening parties once assembled there. We reached Blandford Street, and after a little looking about he paused before a stationer's shop, and then went in. On entering the shop, his usual animation seemed doubled; he looked rapidly at everything it contained. To the left on entering was a door, through which he looked down into a little room, with a window in front facing Blandford Street.

Drawing me towards him, he said eagerly, 'Look here, Tyndall, that was my working place. I bound books in that little nook.' A respectable-looking woman stood behind the counter; his conversation with me was too low to be heard by her, and he now turned to the counter to buy some cards as an excuse for our being there. He asked the woman her name—her predecessor's name—his predecessor's name. 'That won't do,' he said with good-humoured impatience; 'who was his predecessor?' 'Mr. Riebau,' she replied, and immediately added, as if suddenly recollecting herself, 'He, sir, was the master of Sir Charles Faraday.' 'Nonsense!' he responded, 'there is no such person.' Great was her delight when I told her the name of her visitor; but she assured me that as soon as she saw him running about the shop, she felt—though she did not know why—that it must be Sir Charles Faraday."

His extreme dislike to falseness and affectation in every form has given a sort of restraint to his epistolary style; but sometimes in his journals, where he is writing merely for his own eye, he escapes into the freedom of genuine enthusiasm. Occasionally his prose approaches poetry. All his foreign journals are exquisite in this respect, and show more of literary power than the letters for most part. Occasionally there is a gentle ripple of humour—just sufficient to stir the surface of the thought—but he is chary of sentiment or pathos.

The self-restraint and jealous watchfulness over his own tendencies, which we have noticed as characteristic of his letters, finds expression also in his properly scientific work. No man highly endowed with speculative gifts—with an imagination ever active in framing theories—more persistently tried to hold his own excesses in rein. Nothing occurs more frequently in his letters and journals than protests against speculations—loose theories: "I think it likely," he says in the conclusion of a letter to Mr. Phillips, "that I have made many mistakes in the preceding pages, for even to myself my ideas [on Ray Vibration] appear only as the shadow of a speculation, or as one of those impressions upon the mind which are allowable for a time as guides of thought and research. He who labours in experimental inquiries knows how numerous these are, and how often their apparent fitness and beauty vanish before the progress and development of real natural truth." "Our varying hypotheses," he says again, "are simply the confessions of our ignorance in a hidden form,

and so it ought to be, only the ignorance should be openly acknowledged." "*All this is a dream,*" he cries; "still examine it by a few experiments. Nothing is too wonderful to be true, if it be consistent with the laws of nature; and in such things as these experiment is the best test of consistency." And he even waxes clear and deliberate in warning:—"As I begin by a warning against *speculation* so end by a warning against too much *assurance*. . . . We may be sure of facts, but our interpretation of facts we should doubt. He is the wisest philosopher who holds his theory with some doubt; who is able to proportion his judgment and confidence to the value of the evidence set before him, taking a fact for a fact, and a supposition for a supposition; as much as possible keeping his mind free from all sources of prejudice, or where he cannot do this (as in the case of a theory) remembering that such a source is there." These utterances, we think, reveal the humility, the patient self-denial, the reverence and the truthfulness, which we have said were characteristic of Faraday. In a truer sense than it could ever be said of Galahad, he lost himself to save himself.

He was very averse to the exchange of religious commonplaces, and was slow to speak of matters that concerned the spiritual life. But to a few he confidently revealed himself, and some of his religious letters are pregnant with wisdom and depth of faith. It would, perhaps, be wrong, since we have said this much, were we not to let Faraday speak for himself. This letter to a lady breathes of Faraday's humble devotedness from first to last:—

"You speak of religion, and here you will be sadly disappointed in me. You will, perhaps, remember that I guessed, and not very far aside, your tendency in this respect. Your confidence in me claims in return mine to you, which, indeed, I have no hesitation to give on fitting occasions; but these, I think, are very few, for in my mind religious conversation is generally in vain. There is no philosophy in my religion. I am of a very small and despised sect of Christians, known, if known at all, as Sandemanians, and our hope is founded on the faith that is in Christ. But though the natural works of God can never by any possibility come in contradiction with the higher things that belong to our future existence, and must with everything concerning Him ever glorify Him, still I do not think it at all necessary to tie the study of

the natural sciences and religion together, and, in my intercourse with my fellow-creatures, that which is religious and that which is philosophical, have ever been two distinct things."

As the lines of force have their roots in the magnet, and though they may expand into infinite space, do yet eventually return to it; so the sublime speculations of Faraday take their rise from the beauty and simplicity of his character, and hovering for a time on the very verge of the dim unknowable, return to it finally with guerdon of ever-new elements of attraction. The boldest of our philosophical thinkers was also the simplest and most lovable of men: a giant in intellect, he was a child in heart, and each aided the other. Purity, Strength, and Caution were lovingly yoked together, and ran fair abreast in his life. He never forgot that affection and reverence are alone the forces that abide and bear beneficent rule. Direct asseverations and self-conscious confessions are of slight value; by the spirit of the life must we judge; but this letter written to Professor Schönbein, when Faraday was sixty-four years old, is surely as frank and beautiful and childlike a confession of faith as scientific man ever penned:—

"It is quite time I should write you a letter, even though I may have nothing to say; *and yet I surely have something to write, though it may not be philosophy, for I trust affection will last out philosophy: and indeed, were it not so, I should fear that I were indeed becoming a worn-out, worthless thing.* But your last letter abounded in all matter, both the *philosophical* and also the *domestic* and *kind*: and I thank you heartily for it. That one day in the country! How I wish I had been with you! But I could not now walk in Switzerland as I have done in former years. All things suffer a change. May your changes be long deferred, for you must be very happy as you are; and so am I, but my happiness is of a quieter kind than it used to be, and probably more becomes a man sixty-four years of age. *And as we—i.e., my wife and I—go on our way together, our happiness arises from the same things, and we enjoy it together with, I hope, thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift.*"

And with this we close: the flowers which such a man as Faraday gladly gathered in the hope of pleasing others and benefiting them, form the best wreath that those left behind can weave to cast upon his grave.

H. A. PAGE.



## LOVE IN WINTER.

I.

**B**ETWEEN the berried holly-bush  
 The Blackbird whistled to the Thrush:  
 "Which way did bright-eyed Bella go?  
 Look, Speckle-breast, across the snow,—  
 Are those her dainty tracks I see,  
 That wind toward the shrubbery?"

II.

The Thristle pecked the berries still.  
 "No need for looking, Yellow-bill;  
 Young Frank was there an hour ago,  
 Half-frozen, waiting in the snow;  
 His calow beard was white with rime,—  
 Tchuk,—'tis a merry pairing time!"



III.

"What would you?" twittered in the Wren;  
 "These are the reckless ways of men.  
 I watched them bill and coo as though  
 They thought the sign of Spring was snow;  
 If men but timed their loves as we,  
 'Twould save this inconsistency."

IV.

"Nay, gossip," chirped the Robin, "nay;  
 I like their unreflective way.  
 Besides, I heard enough to show  
 Their love is proof against the snow:  
 Why wait, he said, why wait for May,  
 When love can warm a winter's day?"

AUSTIN DOBSON.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF FRANCE AND ITALY.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

## II.

## NÔTRE DAME.

HÔTEL DE LOUVRE, *January 11th.*—Though the day was so disagreeable we thought it best not to lose the remainder of it, and therefore set out to visit the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame. We took a *fiacre* in the Place de Carousel, and drove to the door. On entering we found the interior miserably shut off from view by the stagings erected for the purpose of repairs. Penetrating from the nave towards the chancel, an official person signified to us that we must first purchase a ticket for each grown person, at the price of half a franc each. This expenditure admitted us into the sacristy, where we were taken in charge by a guide, who came down upon us with an avalanche or cataract of French, descriptive of a great many treasures repositied in this chapel. I understood hardly more than one word in ten, but gathered doubtfully that a bullet which was shown us was the one that killed the late Archbishop of Paris on the floor of the cathedral.

[But this was a mistake. It was the Archbishop who was killed in the insurrection of 1848. Two joints of his backbone were also shown.] Also, that some gorgeously-embroidered vestments, which he drew forth, had been used at the coronation of Napoleon I. There were two large, full-length portraits hanging aloft in the sacristy, and a gold, or silver-gilt, or, at all events, gilt image of the Virgin, as large as life, standing on a pedestal. The guide had much to say about these, but, understanding him so imperfectly, I have nothing to record.

The guide's supervision of us seemed not to extend beyond this sacristy, on quitting which, he gave us permission to go where we pleased, only intimating a hope that we would not forget him; so I gave him half a franc, though thereby violaing an inhibition on the printed ticket of entrance.

We had been much disappointed, at first, by the apparently narrow limits of the interior of this famous church; but now, as we made our way round the choir, gazing into chapel after chapel, each with its painted window, its crucifix, its pictures, its confessional, and afterwards came back into the nave, where arch rises above arch to the lofty roof, we came to the conclusion that it was very sumptuous. It is the greatest of pities that its grandeur and solemnity should, just now, be so infinitely marred by the

workmen's boards, timber, and ladders occupying the whole centre of the edifice, and screening all its best effects. It seems to have been already most richly ornamented, its roof being painted, and the capitals of the pillars gilded, and their shafts illuminated in fresco; and, no doubt, it will shine out gorgeously when all the repairs and adornments shall be completed. Even now, it gave to my actual sight what I have often tried to imagine in my visits to the English cathedrals—the pristine glory of those edifices, when they stood, glowing with gold and picture, fresh from the architects' and adorners' hands.

The interior loftiness of Nôtre Dame, moreover, gives it a sublimity which would swallow up anything that might look gewgawy in its ornamentation, were we to consider it window by window, or pillar by pillar. It is an advantage of these vast edifices, rising over us and spreading about us in such a firmamental way, that we cannot spoil them by any pettiness of our own, but that they receive (or absorb) our pettiness into their own immensity. Every little fantasy finds its place and propriety in them, like a flower on the earth's broad bosom.

When we emerged from the cathedral we found it beginning to rain, or snow, or both, and as we had dismissed our *fiacre* at the door, and could find no other, we were at a loss what to do. We stood a few moments on the steps of the Hôtel Dieu, looking up at the front of Nôtre Dame, with its twin towers, and its three deep pointed arches, piercing through a great thickness of stone, and throwing a cavern-like gloom around these entrances.

The front is very rich. Though so huge, and all of gray stone, it is carved and fretted with statues and innumerable devices, as cunningly as any ivory casket in which relics are kept; but its size did not so much impress me. . . .

*January 12th.*—This has been a bright day as regards weather; but I have done little or nothing worth recording. After breakfast, I set out in quest of the consul, and found him up a court, at 51, Rue Cammartin, in an office rather smaller, I think, than mine at Liverpool; but, to say the truth, a little better furnished. I was received in the outer apartment by an elderly, brisk-looking man, in whose air, respectful and subservient, and yet with a kind of authority in it, I recog-



nised the vice-consul. He introduced me to Mr. —, who sat waiting in an inner room; a very gentlemanly, courteous, cool man of the world, whom I should take to be an excellent person for consul of Paris. He tells me that he has resided here some years, although his occupancy of the consulate dates only from November last. Consulting him respecting my passport, he gave me what appear good reasons why I should get all the necessary *visés* here; for example, that the *visé* of a minister carries more weight than that of a consul; and especially that an Austrian consul will never *visé* a passport unless he sees his minister's name upon it. Mr. — has travelled much in Italy, and ought to be able to give me sound advice. His opinion was, that at this season of the year I had better go by steamer to Cività Vecchia, instead of landing at Leghorn, and thence journeying to Rome. On this point I shall decide when the time comes. As I left the office the vice-consul informed me that there was a charge of five francs and some sous for the consul's *visé*, a tax which surprised me—the whole business of passports having been taken from consuls before I quitted office, and the consular fee having been annulled even earlier. However, no doubt Mr. — had a fair claim to my five francs; but, really, it is not half so pleasant to pay a consular fee as it used to be to receive it.

Afterwards I walked to Nôtre Dame, the rich front of which I viewed with more attention than yesterday. There are whole histories, carved in stone figures, within the vaulted arches of the three entrances in this west front, and twelve apostles in a row, above, and as much other sculpture as would take a month to see. We then walked quite round it, but I had no sense of immensity from it—not even that of great height, as from many of the cathedrals of England. It stands very near the Seine; indeed, if I mistake not, it is on an island formed by two branches of the river. Behind it, is what seems to be a small public ground (or garden, if a space entirely denuded of grass or other green thing, except a few trees, can be called so), with benches, and a monument in the midst. This quarter of the city looks old, and appears to be inhabited by poor people, and to be busied about small and petty affairs; the most picturesque business that I saw being that of the old woman who sells crucifixes of pearl and of wood at the cathedral door. We bought two of these yesterday.

I must again speak of the horrible muddiness, not only of this part of the city, but of

all Paris, so far as I have traversed it to-day. My ways, since I came to Europe, have often lain through nastiness; but I never before saw a pavement so universally overspread with mud-paddings as that of Paris. It is difficult to imagine where so much filth can come from.

After dinner I walked through the gardens of the Tuileries; but, as dusk was coming on, and as I was afraid of being shut up within the iron railing, I did not have time to examine them particularly. There are wide, intersecting walks, fountains, broad basins, and many statues; but almost the whole surface of the gardens is barren earth, instead of the verdure that would beautify an English pleasure-ground of this sort. In the summer it has doubtless an agreeable shade, but at this season the naked branches look meagre, and sprout from slender trunks. Like the trees in the Champs Elysées, those, I presume, in the gardens of the Tuileries need renewing every few years. The same is true of the human race—families becoming extinct after a generation or two of residence in Paris. Nothing really thrives there; man and vegetables have but an artificial life, like flowers stuck in a little mould, but never taking root. I am quite tired of Paris, and long for a home more than ever.

#### LYONS.

*Hôtel d'Angleterre, Marseilles, January 15th.*  
—On Tuesday morning (12th) we took our departure from the Hôtel de Louvre. It is a most excellent and perfectly ordered hotel, and I have not seen a more magnificent hall, in any palace, than the dining-saloon, with its profuse gilding, and its ceiling, painted in compartments; so that when the chandeliers are all a-light, it looks a fit place for princes to banquet in, and not very fit for the few Americans whom I saw scattered at its long tables. . . .

By-the-bye, as we drove to the railway, we passed through the public square, where the Bastille formerly stood, and in the centre of it now stands a column, surmounted by a golden figure of Mercury (I think), which seems to be just on the point of casting itself from a gilt ball into the air. This statue is so buoyant, that the spectator feels quite willing to trust it to the viewless element, being as sure that it would be borne up as that a bird would fly.

Our first day's journey was wholly without interest, through a country entirely flat, and looking wretchedly brown and barren. There were rows of trees, very slender, very prim and formal; there was ice wherever

there happened to be any water to form it; there were occasional villages, compact little streets, or masses of stone or plastered cottages, very dirty, with gable ends and earthen roofs; and a succession of this same landscape was all that we saw whenever we rubbed away the congelation of our breath from the carriage windows. Thus we rode on, all day long, from eleven o'clock, with hardly a five minutes' stop, till long after dark, when we came to Dijon, where there was a halt of twenty-five minutes for dinner. Then we set forth again, and rumbled forward, through cold and darkness without, until we reached Lyons at about ten o'clock. We left our luggage at the railway-station, and took an omnibus for the Hôtel de Provence, which we chose at a venture among a score of other hotels.

As this hotel was a little off the direct route of the omnibus, the driver let us down at the corner of a street, and pointed to some lights, which he said designated the Hôtel de Provence; and thither we proceeded, all seven of us, taking along a few carpet-bags and shawls—our equipage for the night. The porter of the hotel met us near its doorway, and ushered us, through an arch, into the inner quadrangle, and then up some old and worn steps, very broad, and appearing to be the principal staircase.

At the first landing-place an old woman and a waiter or two received us, and we went up two or three more flights of the same broad and worn stone staircases. What we could see of the house looked very old, and had the musty odour with which I first became acquainted at Chester.

After ascending to the proper level, we were conducted along a corridor paved with octagonal earthen tiles. On one side were windows, looking into the courtyard; on the other, doors, opening into the sleeping chambers. The corridor was of immense length, and seemed still to lengthen itself before us as the glimmer of our conductor's candle went farther and farther into the obscurity. Our own chamber was at a vast distance along this passage, those of the rest of the party were on the hither side; but all this immense suite of rooms appeared to communicate by doors from one to another, like the chambers through which the reader wanders at midnight in Mrs. Radcliffe's romances. And they were really splendid rooms, though of an old fashion; lofty, spacious, with floors of oak or other wood, inlaid in squares and crosses, and waxed till they were slippery, but without carpets. Our sleeping-room had a

deep fire-place, in which we ordered a fire, and asked if there were not some saloon already warmed where we could get a cup of tea.

Hereupon the waiter led us back along the endless corridor, and down the old stone staircases, and out into the quadrangle, and journeyed with us along an exterior arcade, and finally threw open the door of the *salle à manger*, which proved to be a room of lofty height, with a vaulted roof, a stone floor, and interior spaciousness sufficient for a baronial hall: the whole bearing the same aspect of times gone by that characterised the rest of the house. There were two or three tables, covered with white cloth, and we sat down at one of them and had our tea. Finally, we wended back to our sleeping rooms,—a considerable journey,—so endless seemed the ancient hotel. I should like to know its history.

The fire made our great chamber look comfortable, and the fireplace threw out the heat better than the little square hole over which we cowered in our saloon at the Hôtel de Louvre. . . . .

In the morning we began our preparations for starting at ten. Issuing into the corridor, I found a soldier of the line pacing to and fro there as sentinel. Another was posted in another corridor, into which I wandered by mistake; another stood in the inner courtyard, and another at the *porte cochère*. They were not there the night before, and I know not whence nor why they came, unless that some officer of rank may have taken up his quarters at the hotel. Miss M—— says she heard, at Paris, that a considerable number of troops had recently been drawn together at Lyons, in consequence of symptoms of disaffection that have recently shown themselves here.

Before breakfast, I went out to catch a momentary glimpse of the city. The street in which our hotel stands is near a large public square; in the centre is a bronze equestrian statue of Louis XIV.; and the square itself is called the Place de Louis le Grand. I wonder where this statue hid itself while the Revolution was raging in Lyons, and when the guillotine, perhaps, stood on that very spot!

The square was surrounded by stately buildings, but had what seemed to be barracks for soldiers—at any rate—mean little huts, deforming its ample space; and a soldier was on guard before the statue of Louis le Grand. It was a cold, misty morning, and a fog lay throughout the area, so that I could scarcely see from one side of it to the other.



Returning towards our hotel, I saw that it had an immense front, along which ran in gigantic letters its title—

HÔTEL DE PROVENCE ET DES AMBASSADEURS.

The excellence of the hotel lay rather in the faded pomp of its sleeping-rooms, and the vastness of its *salle à manger*, than in anything very good to eat or drink.

We left it, after a poor breakfast, and went to the railway station. Looking at the mountainous heap of our luggage, the night before, we had missed a great carpet-bag; and we now found that Miss M——'s trunk had been substituted for it; and, there being the proper number of packages, as registered, it was impossible to convince the officials that anything was wrong. We, of course, began to generalize forthwith, and pronounce the incident to be characteristic of French morality. They love a certain system and external correctness; but do not trouble themselves to be deeply in the right; and Miss M—— suggested that there used to be parallel cases in the French Revolution, when, so long as the assigned number were sent out of prison to be guillotined, the jailer did not much care whether they were the persons designated by the tribunal or not. At all events, we could get no satisfaction about the carpet-bag, and shall very probably be compelled to leave Marseilles without it.

This day's ride was through a far more picturesque country than that we saw yesterday. Heights began to rise imminent above our way, with sometimes a ruined castle wall upon them; on our left, the rail track kept close to the hills; on the other side, there was the level bottom of a valley, with heights descending upon it a mile, or a few miles away. Farther off, we could see blue hills, shouldering high above the intermediate ones, and themselves worthy to be called mountains. These hills arranged themselves in beautiful groups, affording openings between them, and vistas of what lay beyond, and gorges which, I suppose, held a great deal of romantic scenery. By-and-by, a river made its appearance, flowing swiftly in the same direction that we were travelling—a beautiful and cleanly river, with white pebbly shores, and itself of a peculiar blue. It rushed along very fast, sometimes whitening over shallow descents, and even in its calmer intervals its surface was all covered with whirls and eddies, indicating that it dashed onward in haste. I do not now know the name of this river, but have set it down as the "Arrowy Rhone." It kept us company a long while, and I

think we did not part with it as long as daylight remained. I have seldom seen hill-scenery that struck me more than some that we saw to-day; and the old feudal towers, and old villages at their feet, and the old churches, with spires shaped just like extinguishers, gave it an interest accumulating from many centuries past.

Still going southward, the vineyards began to border our track, together with what I at first took to be orchards, but soon found were plantations of olive-trees, which grow to a much larger size than I supposed, and look almost exactly like very crabbed and eccentric apple-trees. Neither they nor the vineyards add anything to the picturesqueness of the landscape.

On the whole, I should have been delighted with all this scenery, if it had not looked so bleak, barren, brown, and bare; so like the wintry New England before the snow has fallen. It was very cold, too; ice along the borders of streams, even among the vineyards and olives. The houses are of rather a different shape here than farther northward, their roofs being not nearly so sloping. They are almost invariably covered with white plaster; the farm-houses have their out-buildings in connection with the dwelling—the whole surrounding three sides of a quadrangle.

#### MARSEILLES.

We travelled fast into the night; swallowed a cold and hasty dinner at Avignon, and reached Marseilles, sorely wearied, at about eleven o'clock. We took a cab to the Hôtel d'Angleterre (two cabs, to be quite accurate), and find it a very poor place.

To go back a little: as the sun went down, we looked out of the window of our railway carriage, and saw a sky that reminded us of what we used to see, day after day, in America, and what we have not seen since; and, after sunset, the horizon burned and glowed with rich crimson and orange lustre, looking at once warm and cold. After it grew dark, the stars brightened, and Miss M——, from her window, pointed out some of the planets to the children, she being as familiar with them as a gardener with his flowers. They were as bright as diamonds.

We had a wretched breakfast, and J—— and I then went to the railway station to see about our luggage. On our walk back we went astray, passing by a triumphal arch erected by the Marseillais in honour of Louis Napoleon; but we inquired our way of old women and soldiers, who were very kind

and courteous—especially the latter—and were directed aright. We came to a large, oblong, public place, set with trees, but devoid of grass, like all public places in France. In the middle of it was a bronze statue of an ecclesiastical personage, stretching forth his hands in the attitude of addressing the people, or of throwing a benediction over them. It was some archbishop, who had distinguished himself by his humanity and devotedness during the plague of 1720. At the moment of our arrival the piazza was quite thronged with people, who seemed to be talking amongst themselves with considerable earnestness, although without any actual excitement. They were smoking cigars; and we judged that they were only loitering here for the sake of the sunshine, having no fires at home, and nothing to do. Some looked like gentlemen, others like peasants; most of them I should have taken for the lazzaroni of this southern city—men with cloth caps, like the classic liberty-cap, or with wide-awake hats. There were one or two women of the lower classes, without bonnets, the elder ones with white caps, the younger bareheaded. I have hardly seen a lady in Marseilles; and I suspect, it being a commercial city, and dirty to the last degree, ill-built, narrow-streeted, and sometimes pestilential, there are few or no families of gentility resident here.

Returning to the hotel, we found the rest of the party ready to go out; so we all issued forth in a body, and inquired our way to the telegraph-office, in order to send my message about the carpet-bag. In a street through which we had to pass (and which seemed to be the Exchange, or its precincts), there was a crowd even denser—yes, much denser—than that which we saw in the square of the Archbishop's statue; and each man was talking to his neighbour in a vivid, animated way, as if business were very brisk to-day.

At the telegraph-office we discovered the cause that had brought out these many people. There had been attempts on the Emperor's life—unsuccessful as they seem fated to be, though some mischief was done to those near him. I rather think the good people of Marseilles were glad of the attempt as an item of news and gossip, and did not very greatly care whether it were successful or no. It seemed to have roused their vivacity rather than their interest. The only account I have seen of it was in the brief public despatch from the Syndic (or whatever he be) of Paris to the chief authority of Marseilles, which was printed and posted in various conspicuous places. The only chance

of knowing the truth with any fulness of detail would be to come across an English paper. We have had a banner hoisted half-mast in front of our hotel to-day as a token, the head-waiter tells me, of sympathy and sorrow for the General and other persons who were slain by this treasonable attempt.

J—— and I now wandered by ourselves along a circular line of quays, having on one side of us a thick forest of masts, while on the other was a sweep of shops, book-stalls, sailors' restaurants and drinking-houses, fruit-sellers, candy women, and all manner of open-air dealers and pedlars; little children playing, and jumping the rope, and such a babble and bustle as I never saw or heard before; the sun lying along the whole sweep, very hot, and evidently very grateful to those who basked in it. Whenever I passed into the shade, immediately from too warm I became too cold. The sunshine was like hot air; the shade, like the touch of cold steel, sharp, hard, yet exhilarating. From the broad street of the quays, narrow, thread-like lanes pierced up between the edifices, calling themselves streets, yet so narrow, that a person in the middle could almost touch the houses on either hand. They ascended steeply, bordered on each side by long, contiguous walls of high houses, and, from the time of their first being built, could never have had a gleam of sunshine in them, —always in shadow, always unutterably nasty, and often pestiferous. The nastiness which I saw in Marseilles exceeds my heretofore experience. There is dirt in the hotel, and everywhere else; and it evidently troubles nobody,—no more than if all the people were pigs in a pigsty.

Passing by all this sweep of quays, J—— and I ascended to an elevated walk, overlooking the harbour, and far beyond it; for here we had our first view of the Mediterranean, blue as heaven, and bright with sunshine. It was a bay, widening forth into the open deep, and bordered with heights, and bold, picturesque headlands, some of which had either fortresses or convents on them. Several boats and one brig were under sail, making their way towards the port. I have never seen a finer sea view. Behind the town there seemed to be a mountainous landscape, imperfectly visible, in consequence of the intervening edifices.

#### OFF MARSEILLES ON THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA.

*Steamer "Calabrese," January 17.*—If I had remained at Marseilles, I might have



found many peculiarities and characteristics of that southern city to notice; but I fear that these will not be recorded if I leave them till I touch the soil of Italy. Indeed, I doubt whether there be anything really worth recording in the little distinctions between one nation and another; at any rate, after the first novelty is over, new things seem equally commonplace with the old. There is but one little interval when the mind is in such a state that it can catch the fleeting aroma of a new scene. And it is always so much pleasanter to enjoy this delicious newness than to attempt arresting it, that it requires great force of will to insist with oneself upon sitting down to write. I can do nothing with Marseilles; especially here, on the Mediterranean, long after nightfall, and when the steamer is pitching in a pretty lively way.

(Later.) I walked out with J—— yesterday morning, and reached the outskirts of the city, whence we could see the bold and picturesque heights that surround Marseilles as with a semicircular wall. They rise into peaks, and the town, being on their lower slope, descends from them towards the sea with a gradual sweep. Adown the streets that descend these declivities come little rivulets, running along over the pavement, close to the side-walks, as over a pebbly bed; and though they look vastly like kennels, I saw women washing linen in these streams, and others dipping up the water for household purposes. The women appear very much in public at Marseilles. In the squares and places you see half-a-dozen of them together, sitting in a social circle on the bottoms of upturned baskets, knitting, talking, and enjoying the public sunshine, as if it were their own household fire. Not one in a thousand of them, probably, ever has a household fire for the purpose of keeping themselves warm, but only to do their little cookery; and when there is sunshine they take advantage of it; and in the short season of rain and frost they shrug their shoulders, put on what warm garments they have, and get through the winter somewhat as grasshoppers and butterflies do, being summer insects like them. There certainly is a very keen and cutting air—sharp as a razor; and I saw ice along the borders of the little rivulets, almost at noonday. To be sure, it is mid-winter, and yet in the sunshine I found myself uncomfortably warm; but in the shade the air was like the touch of death itself. I do not like the climate.

There are a great number of public places

in Marseilles, several of which are adorned with statues, or fountains, or triumphal arches, or columns, and set out with trees, and otherwise furnished as a kind of drawing-rooms, where the populace may meet together and gossip. I never before heard from human lips anything like this bustle and babble, this thousandfold talk, which you hear all round about you in the crowd of a public square; so entirely different is it from the dulness of a crowd in England, where, as a rule, everybody is silent, and hardly half-a-dozen monosyllables will come from the lips of a thousand people. In Marseilles, on the contrary, a stream of unbroken talk seems to bubble from the lips of every individual. A great many interesting scenes take place in these squares. From the window of our hotel (which looked into the Place Royale) I saw a juggler displaying his art to a crowd, who stood in a regular square about him, none pretending to press nearer than the prescribed limit. While the juggler wrought his miracles his wife supplied him with his magic materials out of a box; and when the exhibition was over she packed up the white cloth with which his table was covered, together with cups, cards, balls, and whatever else, and they took their departure.

I have been struck with the idle curiosity, and, at the same time, the courtesy and kindness of the populace of Marseilles, and I meant to exemplify it by recording how Miss S—— and I attracted their notice, and became the centre of a crowd of at least fifty of them, while doing no more remarkable thing than settling with a cab-driver. But really this pitch and swell is getting too bad, and I shall go to bed, as the best chance of keeping myself in an equable state.

#### FROM GENOA TO ROME.

*Palazzo Larazani, 37, Via Porta Finciana, Rome, January 24.*—We left Marseilles in the Neapolitan steamer *Calabrese*, as noticed above, a week ago this morning. There was no fault to be found with the steamer, which was very clean and comfortable, contrary to what we had understood beforehand. Except for the coolness of the air (and I know not that this was greater than that of the Atlantic in July), our voyage would have been very pleasant; but for myself, I enjoyed nothing, having a cold upon me, or a low fever, or something else that took the light and warmth out of everything.

I went to bed immediately after my last record, and was rocked to sleep pleasantly enough by the billows of the Mediterranean;

and, coming on deck about sunrise next morning, found the steamer approaching Genoa. We saw the city, lying at the foot of a range of hills, and stretching a little way up their slopes, the hills sweeping round it in the segment of a circle, and looking like an island rising abruptly out of the sea; for no connection with the mainland was visible on either side. There was snow scattered on their summits and streaking their sides a good way down. They looked bold and barren and brown, except where the snow whitened them. The city did not impress me with much expectation of size or splendour. Shortly after coming into the port our whole party landed, and we found ourselves at once in the midst of a crowd of cab-drivers, hotel-runners, and commissionaires, who assaulted us with a volley of French, Italian, and broken English, which beat piteously about our ears; for really it seemed as if all the dictionaries in the world had been torn to pieces and blown around us by a hurricane. Such a pother! We took a commissionaire, a respectable-looking man, in a cloak, who said his name was Salvator Rosa; and he engaged to show us whatever was interesting in Genoa.

In the first place, he took us through narrow streets to an old church, the name of which I have forgotten, and, indeed, its peculiar features; but I know that I found it pre-eminently magnificent, its whole interior being encased in polished marble of various kinds and colours, its ceiling painted, and its chapels adorned with pictures. However, this church was dazzled out of sight by the cathedral of San Lorenzo, to which we were afterwards conducted, whose exterior front is covered with alternate slabs of black and white marble, which were brought, either in whole or in part, from Jerusalem. Within there was a prodigious richness of precious marbles, and a pillar, if I mistake not, from Solomon's temple; and a picture of the Virgin, by St. Luke, and others (rather more intrinsically valuable, I imagine), by old masters, set in superb marble frames, within the arches of the chapels. I used to try to imagine how the English cathedrals must have looked in their primeval glory, before the Reformation, and before the whitewash of Cromwell's time had overlaid their marble pillars; but I never imagined anything at all approaching what my eyes now beheld—this sheen of polished and variegated marble covering every inch of its walls; this glow of brilliant frescoes all over the roof and up within the domes; these beautiful pictures, by great masters, painted

for the places which they now occupied, and making an actual portion of the edifice; this wealth of silver, gold, and gems, that adorned the shrines of the saints, before which wax candles burned, and were kept burning, I suppose, from year's end to year's end; in short, there is no imagining or remembering a hundredth part of the rich details. And even the cathedral (though I give it up as indescribable) was nothing at all in comparison with a church to which the commissionaire afterwards led us, a church that had been built four or five hundred years ago, by a pirate, in expiation of his sins, and out of the profit of his rapine. This last edifice, in its interior, absolutely shone with burnished gold, and glowed with pictures; its walls were a quarry of precious stones, so valuable were the marbles out of which they were wrought; its columns and pillars were of inconceivable costliness; its pavement was a mosaic of wonderful beauty, and there were four twisted pillars made out of stalactites. Perhaps the best way to form some dim conception of it is to fancy a little casket, inlaid inside with precious stones, so that there shall not a hair's breadth be left un-precious-stoned, and then to conceive this little bit of a casket increased to the magnitude of a great church, without losing anything of the excessive glory that was compressed into its original small compass; but all its pretty lustre made sublime by the consequent immensity. At any rate, nobody who has not seen a church like this can imagine what a gorgeous religion it was that reared it.

In the cathedral, and in all the churches, we saw priests, and many persons, kneeling at their devotions; and our Salvator Rosa, whenever we passed a chapel or shrine, failed not to touch the pavement with one knee, crossing himself the while, and once, when a priest was going through some form of devotion, he stopped a few moments to share in it.

He conducted us, too, to the Balbi palace, the stateliest and most sumptuous residence, but not more so than another which he afterwards showed us, nor perhaps than many others which exist in Genoa THE SUPERB. The painted ceilings in these palaces are a glorious adornment; the walls of the saloons, incrustated with various-coloured marbles, give an idea of splendour which I never gained from anything else. The floors, laid in mosaic, seem too precious to tread upon. In the royal palace many of the floors were of various woods, inlaid by an English artist, and they looked like a magnification of some exquisite piece of Tunbridge ware; but, in all respects,



this palace was inferior to others which we saw. I say nothing of the immense pictorial treasures which hung upon the walls of all the rooms through which we passed ; for I soon got so weary of admirable things, that I could neither enjoy nor understand them. My receptive faculty is very limited, and when the utmost of its small capacity is full, I become perfectly miserable, and the more so, the better worth seeing are the things I am forced to reject. I do not know a greater misery : to see sights, after such repletion, is to the mind what it would be to the body to have dainties forced down the throat long after the appetite were satiated.

#### LEGHORN.

We set sail for Leghorn before dark, and I retired early, feeling still more ill from my cold than the night before. The next morning we were in the crowded port of Leghorn. We all went ashore, with some idea of taking the rail for Pisa, which is within an hour's distance, and might have been seen, in time for our departure with the steamer. But a necessary visit to a banker's, and afterwards some unnecessary formalities about our passports, kept us wandering through the streets nearly all day ; and we saw nothing in the slightest degree interesting, except the tomb of Smollett, in the burial-place attached to the English chapel. It is surrounded by an iron railing, and marked by a slender obelisk of white marble, the pattern of which is many times repeated over surrounding graves.

We went into a Jewish synagogue,—the interior cased in marbles, and surrounded with galleries, resting upon arches above arches. There were lights burning at the altar, and it looked very like a Christian church, but it was dirty, and had an odour not of sanctity.

In Leghorn, as everywhere else, we were chilled to the heart, except when the sunshine fell directly upon us ; and we returned to the steamer with a feeling as if we were getting back to our home ; for this life of wandering makes a three days' residence in one place seem like home.

We found several new passengers on board, and among others a monk, in a long brown frock of woollen cloth, with an immense cape, and a little black covering over his tonsure. He was a tall figure, with a grey beard, and might have walked just as he stood, out of a

picture by one of the old masters. This holy person addressed me very affably in Italian ; but we found it impossible to hold much conversation.

Elba was presently in view ; and we might have seen many other interesting points, had it not been for our steamer's practice of resting by day, and only pursuing its voyage by night. The next morning we found ourselves in the harbour of Cività Vecchia, and, going ashore with our luggage, went through a blind turmoil with custom-house officers, inspectors of passports, soldiers, and *vetturino* people. My wife and I strayed a little through Cività Vecchia, and found its streets narrow, like clefts in a rock (which seems to be the fashion of Italian towns), and smelling nastily. I had made a bargain with a *vetturino* to send us to Rome in a carriage, with four horses, in eight hours ; and as soon as the custom-house and passport people would let us, we started, lumbering slowly along, with our mountain of luggage. We had heard rumours of robberies lately committed on this route, especially of a Nova Scotia bishop, who was detained on the road an hour and a half, and utterly pillaged ; and, certainly, there was not a single mile of the dreary and desolate country over which we passed where we might not have been robbed and murdered with impunity. Now and then, at long distances, we came to a structure that was either a prison, a tavern, or a barn, but did not look very much like either, being strongly built of stone, with iron-grated windows, and of ancient and rusty aspect. We kept along by the sea-shore a great part of the way, and stopped to feed our horses at a village, the wretched street of which stands close along the shore of the Mediterranean, its loose dark sand being made nasty by the vicinity. The *vetturino* cheated us, one of the horses giving out, as he must have known it would do, half-way on our journey ; and we staggered onward through cold and darkness, and peril too—if the banditti were not a myth—reaching Rome not before midnight. I perpetrated unheard-of bribes on the custom-house officers at the gates, and was permitted to pass through and establish myself at Spillman's Hotel, the only one where we could gain admittance, and where we have been half frozen, and have continued so ever since.

And this is sunny Italy, and genial Rome !

# GERMAN MINERS.

IT has become the custom to tell the public incidents of holiday travel, and the custom seems good. Most of us keep in the tourists' route, which is generally the best, as long experience has proved; but it may become to familiar that less beautiful scenery will be preferred, especially if it be accompanied with something unusual to us in manners. It is only in a very literal sense that we can say that all the world lives in the nineteenth



century. If we pass through Europe we shall find persons living in the manners and the spirit of the long past, and it may even be said that all ages of mankind exist at the present time.

I was staying with a friend in the north of Britain, when his son told me of the manners and customs of the imported colliers living

around and employed by them. I shall only give the mode of keeping Sundays and holidays.

The men got up very much depressed on Sunday, because of the great amount of drink which they had on Saturday night. In order to remove the languor they drank a little more spirit. They then went out to walk with



their friends and their dogs. To amuse themselves, they tried dog-races. When the dogs were tired running, the men set them to fight. The dogs are unwilling in most cases, but after a good deal of irritation they begin to snarl. The dog-blood then rises, the fighting commences in earnest. Some one generally thinks his dog has not got fair play, perhaps two have set upon one, or a large one has attacked a little one, and so the men argue, but not being easily persuaded, they use their hands to separate the dogs; this brings the masters near each other, and they swear and then they fight above, whilst the dogs are fighting below amidst their confused mixture of feet. Fighting, snarling, cursing, and barking goes on till blood runs, some are thrown down, and then men and dogs fight on the same level on the ground. With blood and tearing of clothes, and a feeling of being beaten, a part go off, determined to have revenge on some one they can master; others feel themselves to be masters, and determine to remain so. With this spirit they go home, and meeting their wives, they show their power, and men and wives fight again, until the dogs howl at the contest and the children come to interfere. The women run off and beat the children, and the men lie down to rest on the floor or on the bed, hoping to recover soon, that they may have the same fun over again.

In the instances to be spoken of we have education, but no hope; on the contrary, depression. In the colliery above, we have abundant vitality and some enjoyment of life, but no culture.

These incidents brought to my recollection some notes which I made when I had occasion to visit mining districts in Germany, and to read the old books of the German miners. I fear we cannot show such a literature in connection with any one of our arts. I shall quote only a few sentences from the old books, and a few more from the new, only remarking that both departments form a field which the literary man has not yet worked, and if a little patch here given pleases any of them, he may be induced to begin some very interesting work. If, however, he undertakes the older books, he must be prepared for some very dull reading in a dialect considerably different from that spoken by the modern professor.

The religious soul of old Germany had not forgotten to enter the mines, and the first common proverb quoted in one of the volumes (by Loehneys) is—

“Work and never cease to pray,  
And so your doings will make way;  
Remember, miners always must  
In God and fortune put their trust.”

Then we find the following:—

“On beginning the instruction to miners, the first thing to be observed, is to pray to God, the giver of all gifts.”

“In the mining towns, or wherever there are mines, there shall be the word of God. Law and justice, discipline and honour shall rule. Justice shall be administered to the poor and rich without respect of persons, and judgment shall not be given from favour or friendship.”

“And whilst it is necessary that so many duties should be fulfilled for the successful progress of the work, so it is needful that everything should be done by peaceful, honourable, and intelligent people; for at a mine there must be no disunion, quarrelling, untruth, theft, unfair advantage, deception, scandal, or vice. Union makes a little great, but quarrels consume great possessions.”

These principles are laid down with great simplicity, but they are not merely in the first chapter, to be afterwards neglected. Before the miners go down the shaft they are told to meet and to pray thus:—

“Almighty and most merciful God, who hast made all things that are in heaven and earth, we pray Thee heartily that Thou wilt give success to this Thy creature, bringing a blessing on his work for the purpose of bringing to him a continuation of the nourishment he requires. We thank Thee that Thou hast so graciously preserved us to this hour, and in a fatherly way hast sustained us; and we beg Thee to continue Thy undeserved goodness and mercy, and to keep us from all danger and from all hurt, that we may win the daily bread for ourselves and ours, using them so as not to forget the heavenly and eternal; but for ever thank Thee and praise Thee for the sake of Thy dear Son Jesus Christ, who, with the Holy Ghost, lives and reigns as God praised in all eternity. Amen.”

There are also prayers given for other occasions, but I need not transcribe more. The miners' ten commandments are interesting. I may give some:—

1. First, the miners must believe that the blessing comes from God. If He gives not, their work avails not.

2. They shall also pray and work constantly, and not forget their baptismal oath, &c.

3. Those who obtain rich ores from God must not forget the churches, the schools, and the poor people, but share it with them.

After these directions the mode of working is examined and described with such details as only Germans can attend to. The calm spirit which gives them the religious view of life keeps them quietly at their work, which is not interrupted by variety, and if done

slowly is so long and so carefully continued that the tortoise beats the light-footed hare.

I did not expect to find the same scenes in Germany as I found in the German books, but having occasion to visit the mines, there seemed to be no change. There were the very men who were drawn by Agricola, faces that I had seen nowhere before but in his pictures. I fancied myself very familiar with Germany, having been in nearly all the great towns, and having wandered into numberless villages, and I was not at all prepared to find persons who kept up the old religious habits of the land. But on standing with English friends at the mines, one of them said, "Is that music?" We listened. It was a sacred tune, sung by many voices. We were told that the afternoon shift was preparing to go down the mine. This was about half-past three o'clock. We entered, and sat down with about fifty miners, each with a book in his hand, singing with melodious and impressive voices. It would surprise many here who have looked on Germany chiefly as a place where thoughts are too free in books, and insufficiently so in speech. I have seen our miners rushing wildly to the pit mouth, leaping recklessly into cages or buckets, or hanging carelessly by a chain, with little support for the feet. There we saw men in a similar position of life, who although paid less, were better dressed, calmer, and more contented-looking, committing themselves to the protection of Heaven, soothing their cares by music and by prayer, and as solemnly as dignitaries of the Church itself or the House of Lords, going down to do that work which has made Saxon miners famous throughout the world. Of course one of our first cares was to get one of the books. It was read with eagerness, although the feeling with which it was viewed ended in sadness. The hymns are intended both for the mining and smelting establishments, and they have been written by people who have the gloomiest ideas of these occupations. Hope is almost wanting, indeed it is quite absent from the view taken of this world. The people are viewed as oppressed with poverty, from which they can never rise, and to be labouring under a double share of that uncertainty of life which all men feel. I cannot say that the picture drawn by men who ought to know them is untrue, nor do I say that every poem is as dismal as this one, although it differs from the others, chiefly in being more intense :—

"With sulphur fumes I daily fight,  
And slack in rivers red;  
And turnaces made glowing white,  
And poison-fumes of lead.

"With ores in heavy waggon loads  
I'm often to be met;  
Through fiery, smoky, dusty roads,  
In blackness, heat, and sweat.

"These are my foes that bring disease  
And pain and death; but be my shield;  
For if in mercy Thou shalt please  
To drive them backward from the field,

"A longer life may still be mine,  
And hope of health in me may rise;  
Oh, be it then Thy holy will;  
If not, I know that Thou art wise."

The gloominess of the volume struck me excessively, and the fact that frequent reference was made in such compositions to the dangers of the occupations there, seemed strongly to prove that these dangers made up a great portion of the thoughts of the people. Here we have the delight at leaving the pit or mine :—

"And when with joy I leave this place,  
I thank Thee, God, how good,  
That Thou shouldst bring me safely home,  
And give me rest and food.

"And should the gloomy depths around  
Bring danger, Thou shalt be  
A shield, a confidence, a guide  
To mine and unto me."

The allusions to the ladders are also frequent; the men fall from them sometimes because of actual fatigue weakening their movements, or rendering them less expert, sometimes because of the bad air, sometimes because of broken steps or rotten wood.

"Who filled the shaft with freshened air,  
When choked with fumes and heat;  
And on the dangerous ladders high  
Brought safely to our feet,  
And kept the falling rocks aloof,  
Preserving firm the vaulted roof."

But of all things, the bad air is considered the most dangerous, and more frequent allusion is made to it than to any other danger. One hymn runs thus :—

"Who saves us from the deadly air,  
From falling rocks and death that there  
Seem threatening to end us?  
How glad and often have I fled!  
'Twas God that did defend us.

"Still often in the levels dark,  
Or on the ladder's height,  
Or in the stifling 'end,' my face  
Is pale with deadly fright.

"Let no choke-damp or want of air  
Increase the toil to me;  
But make it easier in Thy grace,  
The task was set by Thee."

The "end," or "dead end," is the extremity of a gallery, so that it can have no draught passing through it. I did not stay long enough to find it this religious feeling was the spontaneous evolution of the present people, but I saw clearly that the melancholy was so, and the depressed state of mind; and it seemed that those who looked on had long, even for centuries, observed it, although it appears to be more prominent now. In these circumstances, the Government has acted in such a way as to secure at least a living to each, and had, in fact, made of the mining



district a great union, in which every man had bread secured to him for life in a respectable manner, and without the degradation of pauperism. The living was not great for the able-bodied, and still less for the infirm; but it was better than existence in a workhouse, and, indeed, I would not compare the men who had retired to the greater part of those in our workhouses. Living in their little cottages, they felt that they had done their work, and were deserving of all they got. I look on the management of these mining districts in Saxony and the Harz as a great triumph of a government in which a kindly heart had united with great capacity of arrangement to complete the work of benevolence. The end had been attained, and that without any desire on the part of the rulers to do more than to keep the people. The love of money was clearly absent, as many of the mines had long ceased to pay. They did not say, "These men are not wanted; let them go." They not only tried their utmost to keep them comfortable, but looked still further beyond, and have attempted to provide for their posterity. In this probably they have made a mistake. They have actually brought upon themselves the difficulty which they now cure with so much care. They went too far; whilst the outside world has been driving and increasing wealth, these people shut themselves out, carefully abstaining from using the mine too rapidly, lest it should go done—lest the treasures of the world should be expended, and the Creator should have no more to give. They were striving to feed their posterity, and they ended by starving themselves. There may be conditions in which this course is correct. The Saxon Government, at any rate, thought so; and, if it has not done all that could be done to enrich the people, it has at least shown that it could keep them long in quiet contentment on a little. Had they adopted the method now brought into use by the late director—Beust—the results might not have been so fortunate in early times as they certainly promise to be now. The mines are now less under the State. Leaving out the question of labour, we learn that a government may do much to make a very poor population contented, giving it all the necessities of a decent life, with some education, and infusing into it a spirit of order, regularity, and general civilisation.

As to the slow and careful mode of working the mines, it would be of little use to teach it in England, where we should be told that if posterity cannot provide for itself it must

starve; and the answer, within limits, is correct. If the wealth of a mine must fail, we may eke it out, but the end must come; and it is not common to look with strong sympathy to events in the future which do not affect either our own happiness or that of our friends and known relatives.

But surely the Saxon Government triumphed in making people so respectable and contented with wages which give neither luxuries nor hope. Germany has answered the question, Can Governments educate the people? There, compulsory education has nourished freedom—a sufficient answer to objections made amongst us. With children the same thing happens.

England has long had in Cornwall a mining population, kept in great barbarism, until the Methodists entered and did for that county more even than the Government did for the German miners. Some will add—proving, after all, the value of self-development—but in both cases aid came from without. In the time when Cornwall was rudely active, Saxon miners had made a rich literature for themselves, and developed the art of mining with all the aids science could give. The Saxon enters after a solemn hymn and prayer; but it may be said the Cornish man is heard coming up the man-engine with his spontaneous shouts of equal import, and his character is one of which we may well be proud in all respects. And here we meet with the point which has kept down the German: although taught and tended successfully, the want of true freedom has checked his development. How much may we expect when both conditions are wisely allowed him—liberty and educational constraint!

In one of the prayers for the miners, bound up with the hymns, we read—

"Thou hast given us an occupation of great danger, requiring much attention, and consideration, and great exercise of strength; on every side there is so much that threatens us, that we cannot wonder if, soon after saying this prayer, one or other should lose his life. Protect the feet of the miner, so that he may not stumble on the ladders; hold up the rocks, that they fall not and destroy him; drive away the foul air, that it may not suffocate him; preserve the worker in the smelting house, that he be not hurt by the heat of the fires before which he must stand so long, and strengthen him to resist the heat of the poisonous vapours."

If the work, then, is so melancholy, from what arose the ancient enthusiasm that came out of ages lost to accuracy, and remained

long enough to elicit songs from Novalis and Körner? The feeling is not all gone. In 1848 the Saxon Government felt the advantage of its care—not one of the miners rose against it. An old dream of Aladdin's cave, long ago dreamt by a German who first came on a rich lode, has been told in winters' tales to hundreds of thousands of people, and has power enough to keep somewhat active the bodies of generations. Taught by their nurses, the dreams have become a religion. No army power could bring into instant action such a force. The glory lingers around the miner—he is no mere farm servant; his wages are steady, but small; the farm servant's wages are larger, but unsteady. The sermon (by Dr. Reinhardt, of Altmügeln) speaks of long work for miners; but the country-people have too many days of leisure, much against their will, for their wages then cease. The miner has his Sunday entire, half his Saturday, and twenty-three holidays in the year. All these things are advantages; but people will not consider the early difficulty of breathing and shortened life. It is clearly proved that uneducated man looks little forward; he relies on the uncertainty of death, but not on the certainty of the laws which bring it. There are many thousands of our population who, to save a shilling a week, live in dens where from forty to fifty out of a thousand die annually, instead of living where twenty, or even seventeen only may die.

The oldest miners' songs I found collected were in a little volume entitled "Bergreien, eine Liedersammlung des XVI. Jahrhunderts, nach dem Exemplare der Grossherzoglichen Bibliothek zu Weimar, herausgegeben von Oscar Schade." Weimar, Hermann Böhlau, 1854.

They are mostly religious; as they have no very distinct reference to mining life, I do not quote any. A collection of one hundred and seventy-three has been made by Dr. Moritz Döring, under the title of "Sächsische Bergreyhen," in three small volumes published in Freiberg. They are under various heads—"The Fatherland," "The Miners' Work," "Feast and Drink Songs," &c. All are for miners, and seventy of them speak of mining, and it is here especially that the spirit of the people is shown.

One of the oldest, picked up at Iohannengeorgenstadt, and entitled, "To God the honour," seems to strike the note in which so many have sung afterwards. A few lines only need be here given.

"My hammer and my chisel  
Must win the children's bread,  
A sad experience teaches us  
How many are found dead.

"How many too are wounded,  
How many break their bones,  
When blasting with the powder  
We burst the hardest stones.

"We easy mining fellows  
In black are always found,  
Black kirtles and black leathers,  
And blackness all around.

"We all must dress in black,  
In mourning till we die,  
Many are killed, and at the end  
Of some long level lie."

The older poems do not appear to have so much sorrow in them as the later, and it may be remembered that the later are frequently made by on-lookers; but this one shows that the same spirit has been present long.

Let us take No. 12, vol. i. :—

#### THE MINER'S LOT.

"I dive into the deepest pit,  
You'd tremble where I stay,  
And through the rock and glittering ore  
My arm must break its way.

"I cannot breathe the summer air,  
Nor see the roses blow;  
No scent of flowers can meet me there,  
No freshness where we go.

"Though every element declare  
That death's at every turn,  
I fear no dark abyss if but  
My little lamp should burn.

"Nor do I fear the threatening cliff  
Precipitous o'er head,  
Nor yet the wild and gushing stream  
That tears its rocky bed

"Nor yet the blue and ghastly flame,  
From which comes poisoned breath,  
Blown out to bring us suddenly  
Into the jaws of death.

"I boldly bore into the hill,  
And split the hardest rock,  
God grant the grace: I light the match,  
And wait the dreadful shock.

"I boldly dig from mountain depths  
The veins that lighten dearth,  
And bring from out of rocky gulfs  
The marrow of the earth.

"How beautiful at first! but soon  
We see an idol rising,  
They worship it, forge ting us,  
And God Himself despising.

"I open many a golden lode,  
And many a silver vein;  
And when the rich take up the prize,  
What think you is my gain?

"Stiff rheumatism in my limbs,  
And oft a beggar's stave;  
Dry bread with but a little salt,  
And oft an early grave.

"True many a miner passing by  
Weeps when he sees my end;  
And having blessed my ashes, says,  
'Kest well, rest well, my friend!'

"So glimmer on, my little lamp,  
For certain, soon or late,  
With many a brave and noble man,  
The grave will be my fate."

The author of this is Ch. F. Weisse; it has not come from unknown generations of singers, but the spirit is still the same, and the argument of the existence of a melancholy life is powerful, whether seen by the men themselves, or those who observe them. We can show that both parties see it clearly.

Wandering about the village, this little effusion was impressed on us by every con-



versation. It was the spirit of the people and of the place; it was illustrated by the homes and the persons; it was a tradition of the occupation and of the race, and seemed to be ineradicable.

Two of our party spent some time in a village, whilst other two were down a mine. Those above ground wandered about the little gardens, under the guardianship of the cab-driver, who knew every one, and took them into the houses. Some of them were very clean, and the diligent hands of the women were making a kind of lace with "klöppel" or a great many bobbins. These people seem depressed as if scarcely able to become accustomed to their condition, although it never had been better. They sat in pretty large rooms, but caused much surprise by the tale of their earnings and their tribulations. Having disturbed a quiet household, and listened to a tale of sorrow, the visitors could not leave without giving some trifle. The influence of the trifle showed the truth. At the moment of going away, a man with a bundle of grass on his shoulder and a reaping-hook in his hand, looked in by the window, and the driver explained to him the small act of generosity, and said that these two took an interest in miners. He looked with a dreamy, but lifeless eye, and said, "Surely that will be the miners' friend." He seemed to have looked all his life for a friend to come to his race, and now was in hopes that he had come at last. The man was only forty-two years of age, but was old-looking, and incapable of going more than three times a week into the mine, as his breathing was bad, from the effects of the air below, no doubt, and the long ladders. They then went to other houses: at one place was an old man who very much wanted to receive something, but the neighbours protested against it, as he had spent all the last money he had got on plums. This shows the economy of the people; this poor man had probably never in his life had as many plums as he could eat, as Dr. Johnson never had his fill of peaches. The idea of a miners' friend had gone before the two visitors, and many children and women, with a few old men, gathered round. They were fast collecting a weakly crowd, to whom they would for a short time be heroes. They were glad to be off before raising unfounded expectations. Another man who was disabled at about forty-two years old spent his time rearing birds. He made only about twenty shillings a year profit to add to his allowance. These disabled men had a most helpless look.

They looked like men scared by one of the cobolds, who are so distinctly described in old German books, either by the terrible Annebergius, who killed twelve men by one blast of his breath, or the more corporeal Snebergius.

Unfortunately the statistics of disease are not very full, so we cannot tell the exact mischief done by bad air. The violent deaths seem few. There is, however, visible in the mines a care quite unknown to us in England, and a willingness rather to lose than to gain by the sufferings of the people.

I must give another example. If these people have sorrow, they must sometimes look out of it. The following has no author's name appended. It is as gloomy as the sermon, and the longing for consolation is pathetic, but very small and distant is the amount which is offered.

It is difficult to imagine a better picture of a miner trying to prove himself jolly under all circumstances than we have in this very artificial and gloomy attempt:—

#### A MINER'S CONTENT.

- "Devoted to a miner's life,  
I am as I should be;  
There's honour in my station,  
Though lowly as you see.
- "I've laboured bravely as a boy,  
I'll work hard as a man:  
My lot is very bearable,  
I'll bear it, and I can.
- "And even if unto the death  
I sweat in heat or frost,  
And noth'g have but bread and salt  
To feed on at the most;
- "I have at least a merry heart,  
If want should ever frown;  
I'm far from feeling half the pain  
That drags most others down.
- "We trust in God, we feel content,  
Our blood is pure and sound;  
No wonder then that courage should  
And cheerfulness be found.
- "And calmly down the shaft we go,  
Before which cowards quake;  
And toiling through the hardest rock,  
An easy road I make.
- "I see the raging elements  
On every side I turn,  
But fear no death so long's I find  
My little candle burn.
- "Nor fear this weight of mountain  
Which hangs above my head;  
Nor this wild weirdy water,  
Through rocky mazes led.
- "I do not fear the flames of blue,  
The dismal deadly fire;  
Nor poisoned air with fumes of death,  
Which here we must respire.
- "I boldly cut the mountain veins  
In galleries long and narrow,  
And bring from dark and rocky pits  
Earth's fatness and its marrow.
- "The country's wealth, the king's display,  
His comfort and his pride,  
The hero's crown of victory,  
Come from the mountain side.
- "Although our wage is very small,  
We cannot mend our fate,  
Enough the miner's bitter sweat  
Is useful to the state.

"And blessed therefore be our toil  
Which so much wealth has made,  
Supporting well our fatherland,  
And all its us'ful trade.

"But, Lord, the glory's only thine,  
To Thee our songs ascend,  
To Thee I give myself, and bring  
All praises without end."

In Saxony there were failing mines, a poor population, with its resources administered carefully, and an education as great as circumstances would permit. The power of government is remarkably shown there—first to foster education, next to bring comparative content.

In Cornwall we had a more flourishing condition of the mines and a better paid population, that by degrees rose up to self-culture, and that now seeks to disperse itself in part when the mines begin to be less productive, instead of remaining and dividing the proceeds amongst all equally, thereby increasing the number of the poor.

Amongst the drunken dog-racers we have men with abundant wages, and no education or insufficient. We have given them that of which we seem to have had most—namely, money. It will be long before they can rise to do for themselves what the Cornish did, or at least the Methodists for them; but the Government or the owners can probably hasten it rapidly, and the care paid in Germany, united with that expansive freedom which showed its fruits in Cornwall, will

surely, when added to abundant wages and their exuberant health and powerful frames, make up a class of which any nation may be proud. With them there is no fear, and, so far as I know, there are no goblins in coal mines.

The rhymes had other interesting points besides their melancholy, and I intended to give the proofs of long culture found in them. I have sought for similar poetry among our own miners, but I can find none; or if I do, I am more ashamed of it than otherwise, with two exceptions lately published. One of the writers is David Wingate, of Motherwell, the other Mrs. Hamilton, of Coatbridge. The first is a miner, the second lives in a mining district; but as neither of them speaks much of mines, it is not easy to compare.

It is, however, interesting to observe that the first poem in Mr. Wingate's volume has the same melancholy as that observed in the German. At the same time there is a healthier, stronger spirit rising above the condition, and there is a cultivated style. It is scarcely to be considered as that of a mere miner.

The translations from the German were made by two persons. It seems to me that they are very literal, and that the spirit is well retained, along with the simple form of the originals.

R. ANGUS SMITH.

## THE DRESSMAKERS.

IN TWO PARTS.—II.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PEASANT LIFE IN THE NORTH."

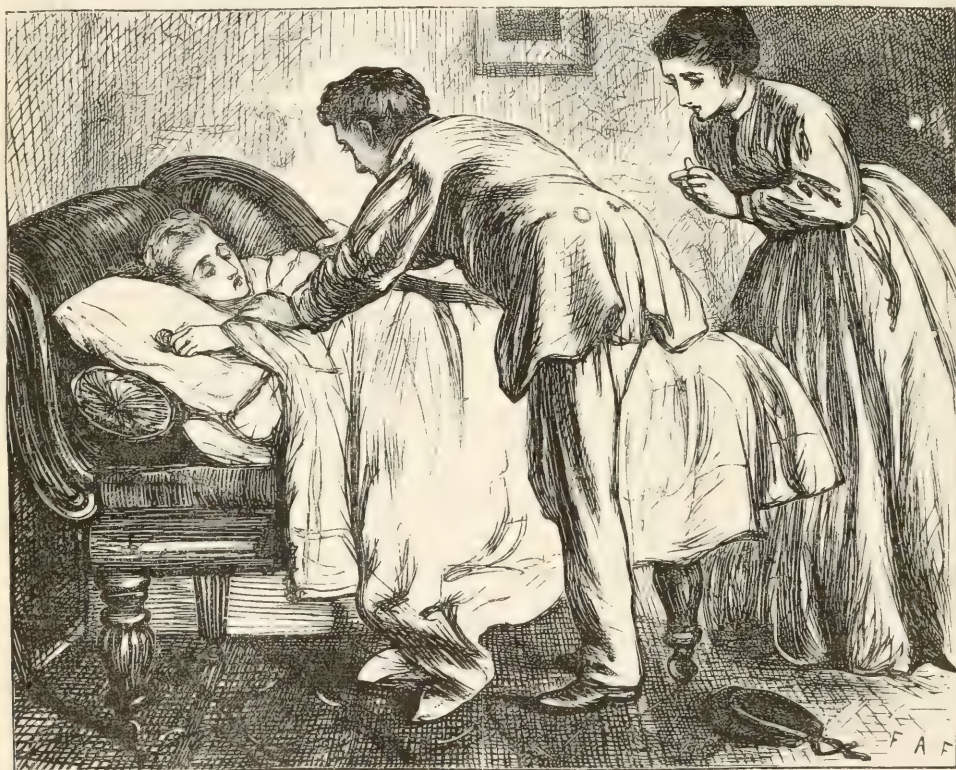
DID Aileen accept the state of things we have described, and wean her heart from its incipient affection? Ah, reader! hearts are supremely difficult of treatment. Obstinate and wayward when we seek to win them; most obstinate and wayward to be weaned. And the heart of this girl Aileen, so worthy to be wooed and won, with its eagerness, its purity, its gratitude, its idiosyncrasies, like tides of impulsive feeling, was it to be constrained by any course of treatment? Was hers the voice to say, with hope of quietude, "Peace, be still?" She did feel that a terrible conflagration might break out, from the little spark of her affection, to consume her heart and life, and she heaped on it all the weight of reason and of circumstances, hoping to extinguish it. She tried

oftimes, too, with her tears to cool and quench it—a bad, bad remedy, I tell you. Love is like heat in this at least—we do not understand it much, we cannot grasp it, and, in certain cases, it cannot be controlled. But, indeed, she believed that she had smothered it, that all that remained was the reasonable interest in this faithful friend which neither you nor I, much less she, could desire her to upgive or put away. "Nae, whilst I leeve I'll aye bear him depth o' gratitude, store o' haurtfeelin', walth o' a' guidwill—but it's no luvè that I bear noo." It is well that she can say and think it. She is a woman of keen, clear intellect; but do you believe her? "Keep thy heart with all diligence," O reader; "for out of it are the issues of life."



We are in that April in which the father took that high-priced licence, twelve months and more after they had settled in the village. The sewing is not oppressive, because, you know, the purchasing of clothing is mostly deferred till the great money term, the approaching Whitsunday. But there is some sewing, and the girls know that they will be strained and pushed hardly enough when the term arrives. Brilliant sunshine waits not for the term, and there are glorious, balmy spring evenings, with soft western breezes. Yet has not Mr. Marshall proposed to the

sisters a single walk this season. Since spring came round in assured geniality, he says he has been overworked, kept hard at figures and accounts, and it seems to be the fact. Well, quiescent hearts long not for rambles, perhaps think it well that they should not gad about, find comfort in the fact they see—he goes to work at his office hours punctually. He is never to be seen idle in the square or highway. Be still, O heart, that longs for the green trees budding, for the lark's wild song. Is he not shut up from them also? And what were the distant



Page 152.

greenwood, the loving lark songs, unless he were there? Aileen bears the confinement of the winter thus prolonged into the sunny days, calmly at least. Annabel, the quiet, had enough to do with her work.

The evening sun goes down in the west, of course, here as elsewhere, but here it throws the shadow of Benaldie, in long projection, over the north side of the village square, whose eastern angle is lighted up with the setting splendours of the orb of day. The bright spot looks even weirdly dazzling from the contiguity of shade. Aileen pauses in

her stitching at the window to look into the sheen, at once so dazzling and so tender. That dingy warehouse, "the merchant's shop," glows in the golden sunset, an emporium of celestial beauty, where angels, not grimy men and women, might resort. Wearily she is staring at it, with idle needle the while, when, suddenly, out of the dark shade into the bright light come two figures, surely angelic they are, so graceful and bright, each the fitting companion and complement of the other. So graceful and bright they seem that they draw from Aileen an unconscious ex-

clamation, "Oh!" Long-drawn and peculiar it is, and it brings Annabel to her side. "Marshall and Barbara Ross," said Annabel quietly. "I thought it was something extraordinary!"

Now Barbara Ross was "the merchant's" daughter, and he was a rich man and a worldly. He stood "high" in the community, and his daughter was "a young lady" of no small expectations. She had been educated in the south, at Edinburgh and London, it was said. She was no acquaintance of our poor dressmakers, for all her things were made either in the county town or further away. She dressed handsomely too, and was a girl fair to look upon. Aileen could hear her silvery laugh come softly through the shadows that lay between them, could hear faintly the clear tones of his voice. They were parting, parting gaily, happily, as if there was happiness in certainty of meeting again. He bowed, uncovering his head, an act of courtesy rarely to be seen in these parts, save when the ungraceful rustic, with rude action, doffs his cap to his superior, the factor or other potent man of the Strath. In Aileen's eyes this ordinary courtesy of Marshall appears as the perfection of grace, as she sees it executed in that celestial sunlight from her little workroom, shabby and dingy, buried in the shade. You know that in the long months by-past she thought that she had made herself mistress of her heart and her emotions, yet now is her chest oppressed, heaved with a breathing, protracted and broken, and at her heart was a sickening pain. Ah me! can this be a dead love, the thorns of which are so sharp to prick? Well, perhaps the thorns of your dead rose are more prompt to wound because there are no green leaves, no living flower to intercept them, even in part. She could not eat her bit of dry cake that night, when, her seam being laid down, she took some tea.

"Ailee, I'll boil an egg for ye," said Annabel, "ye scarce ait oucht at a'."

"I canna ait! Deed I dinna ken what is comin' ower me! Am no feelin' lik' mase!"

Can any one feel like herself, I wonder, whose heart is cut out and carried away, leaving only pain and hollowness where the fount of life should be?

They had no dainties wherewith to coax appetite. You know how much nice morsels will do to stimulate semblance of heart action. How could they have things which implied cost when they had so much to do to wipe off the debt contracted at their settlement there? They had paid their half-year's rent

at Martinmas. Last Saturday they had paid to Mr. Marshall the last pound of the ten pounds' worth of furniture he had given to them. They had the Whitsunday term at hand, and rent to pay then. Other debts they had none; but to have lived and done so much inferred that the living must have been of the barest. It is wonderful on how little life can be supported, with how little some quiet show and appearance of the better things of life may be made to the world without.

But what was all the outward show, what the real success which had kept them and fed them and paid off their debts, when there was no heart for the work, only nimble fingers and a heated, weary brain to guide them? What is even the pleasure of that Saturday visit, when the visitor comes calmly and as of duty, with no greater emotion than he bears about in the every-day life of him, certainly with little of that grace and brightness which he puts on with Miss Ross? Indeed, life's yearnings are painful, its sickness great, its faintness irrequent, when thus it sits in the cold shade, stitching much and eating barely, mainly feeling its own lovelessness, while sunshine and beauty and grace are abroad in the world. Aileen must pull wearily on at her stitching, must prick her soul often in the silent stitching, I fear.

Yet it is good that he will come on Saturday evenings, evenings longed for, notwithstanding the unsubstantial pleasure they offer. You see that as she tells herself she is not in love, that she has put away all love from her, she feels free to long for those visits, finding some solace in them through his presence; now and again, some pain. She thinks the pain proof that she has conquered her love. Indeed, she will not own to herself that she ever loved this man. She would only have loved if she had not resolved that she must not.

He comes again, pleasant as ever, gayer than for many weeks. He has heard of an engagement in a far-off land, the manager-ship of a great estate and many men in one of the colonies, which will suit him, to which he hopes he shall be appointed. It will make life clear before him, make him a man of position and of promising fortune. Annabel is loud in her pleasure in his prospects, and shares his gaiety and his hopes. Aileen can scarcely wish him success.

"Come, I can sing to-night, Aileen. Let us do 'The Flowers of the Forest' together once again."

"I canna sing, Marshall," she said.



"I canna tell you, William, how dispirited and feeble she has been for weeks past. I don't know what to make o' her," said Annabel. "You maun take us tae walk."

"I *maun* tak ye, Annabel; quite right, for I am bound to take you. I met Miss Ross the other night, and she asked me to a picnic on Benaldie. I said no, that I was under promise to go there with you two, and that with you I must go first. So, when shall it be?"

And this was what he had been saying in the bright light, this was what had pained and troubled her so sorely! How could she guess that in the bright sunshine he had withstood the appeal of the rich girl, and said her "nay," remembering them? Aileen will warm and thrill with emotion at this proof of his goodness. Now she can sing, for the warmth and light of his loving-kindness fall gently on and around her. But while she sung the mournful song in concert with him, to the excitement of the occupiers of the premises above and below them, the utter hollowness of her happiness struck her, struck her as with blow of strength and rudeness, and she burst into tears.

He would comfort her with loving words, wounding and distressing her the more, causing her tears to flow the faster. He thought she was really ill, and almost lost his presence of mind in his sympathy. Annabel urged him to let her alone. "She maun hae her cry, Marshall. She'll come round in a wee bit, if she's let cry hersel' oot."

How could it be that they did not guess her malady?

On May-day he went with them to the summit of Benaldie, and the rugged crag shed no shadow upon Aileen, although the sunshine was very brilliant. He waited upon her steps with tender assiduity, helped her up each steep part of the way, sat beside her resting in the sheltered nooks, gathered for each of them a posy of yellow primroses and harebells, violets and hyacinths wild, and fringed them round with the deer-grass green, and the posies were as rudely picturesque in colour as was the form of the rock from which they were gathered. This was to live again, this was to live and know a joy in life, and for the time she was radiant as the day itself, as gay as the wild birds that screamed or whistled in the crags, feeling as little as they the hollowness of life, the evanescence of sunshine.

Dreamily and exhausted she sunk down on the summit, on the mossy bank lipped round with out-cropping rock, gazing down

and afar into the projected strath below, where the lively green of the corn was interspersed with wood clumps, and the meandering rivers flowed by rocky defile and by widespread pool through the rich land, and all things rejoiced in the glory of sunshine. Dreamily and exhausted she sat and saw it; dreamily and exhausted, too, she was happy in her soul's prospect, not defining it, for it was lost in the radiance around her, and the eye could not see for the light that oppressed it. She felt the landscape's richness and beauty, although no definite picture was given to her soul, felt it and was soothed and quieted and gladdened in the feeling of it. Woe is me, for it is but a Pisgah view of a land that her life shall not enter. She knows it not, and is happy in the present faith and hope, which are almost sight.

He had his pockets laden with comfits and choice little biscuits, had this good fellow, and he had also a great flask of milk. In his country travels, which were frequent, he always carried this flask of milk, for he drank nothing stronger. He regaled and refreshed his two pretty friends with these. When he shall come back from that gold-bearing region of his hopes in the far southern sea, Miss Aileen will be a plump little lady, and she must come to this crag-top with him. "If she is not fit to come up without your help now, how will she manage the hill when she's fat?" said Annabel. "Well, we'll carry her up!" he said, although how she was to be carried was not at all clear, by a balloon or some such thing, I suppose; and he would spread a sumptuous table for them among the rude pines, and lacqueys should wait on them, eager to supply every wish. That would beat Miss Ross's picnic, he was sure. "We must get up some such great affair for Aileen, I think, before I go, Annabel," he cried in his glee and folly: what could he mean? She was so happy to-day that she asked not what he meant, did not even apply herself to thought of the sorrow which thought of his going from her should impart.

Her May-day illusions remain with her. She is bright and gay when term day comes with its scores of print frocks, and merino gowns, and gay jackets, and what not, all to be shaped and sewn by her and her few scholars, for most of the pupils of the winter have left for their summer avocations. Mr. Marshall's fate or fortune is still undetermined, but, while anxious, to her he is ever the same, solicitously thoughtful and tender. He has been once or twice lately to Inverwick; and, lo! the secret of her abiding

brightness. He has brought back his photograph in a gold brooch, one for each ; and Aileen wears it on her breast every day, all day, so that in some sort he is ever with her. Annabel lays hers by with her Sunday gloves.

I remember them well in those days, knowing them mostly by their appearance in church-going. Their father went regularly with them, his portly figure attired in a black surtout with ample skirts. On his right tripped Aileen, slight, fragile-looking, and graceful ; on his left stalked the stately and handsome Annabel. The daughters were habited alike, in merino frocks of a russet green, that pretty green which emulates nature in her shading when she tinges her green with brown and yellow in incipient autumn. Over these frocks they wore pale-tots of black cloth, models of manufacture, which displayed, perhaps enhanced, the handsomeness of the younger, the *petite* figure and grace of the elder sister. They were, what they looked, nice girls, tasteful and sincere, pure-minded, lovable.

The human mind is a strange study, in its ever-varying moods and phases. Ofttimes it is full of foreboding fears, great pain, and sorrow when there is nought, in fact, to excite it to such feeling. Ofttimes when real causes for anxiety present themselves the mind will not feel them, sucking comfort and sweetness from even the bitter things around it, assimilating them to its own pleasantness for the time—so now with Aileen. When reference was made to Marshall's probable departure, Annabel looked grave, and spoke of it in serious wise. Aileen seemed to hug the notion of his going, a pleasant thing coming to her. How was this, I wonder? She was happy, you know, soul-satisfied ; she knew not wherefore, asked herself not why. Could it be that she anticipated a joyous day, a day of crowning joy in the fête he had talked of getting up for her before he should go away? Or did she, knowing the man's integrity and steadfastness, know also and trust to his love unspoken, unspoken only because with his slender income and the demands on it, he would not whisper his love till his fortune and power to consult his own happiness were secure? It were hard to say. Suffice it ; she was happy, even excited in the glow and warmth of her happiness, feeling not the hours long through which she stitched from early morn till midnight ; feeling no need of food nor burden of changeless labour in the peace and pleasure of her soul.

I missed them from church one Sunday, the third Sunday of June it was, and I saw the doctor go to the house, and then I sent to inquire for them, deeming it due to these nice girls, the model girls of our village, to show them my regard, really feeling much regard for them. Aileen had awakened that Sunday morning with throbbing, painful head, lethargic, and feeble, scarcely able to say that she was ill, certainly unable to rise. She had sat till eleven o'clock of the night before, hard stitching to finish a large parcel of mourning garments for the family of the ground officer deceased. She was exhausted, worn out. Annabel hoped that it was but a passing ailment, but the doctor looked grave. There must be no more of this late sewing, he said. She must eat more, and go out of doors very much more, if she wished to live and to be well.

All that Sunday, all through that Sunday night, and on until the Monday, Annabel tenderly watched and cared for her, and she lay, not moaning much, making but little plaint, but very restless, feeling back or side sore and bruised when she had lain still but for a little. What was her soul full of? Was it of peace, or of unrest such as tossed her poor, thin frame? I cannot tell.

But on Monday evening there came to her bedside, I was about to say, a messenger of peace and life, but I dare scarcely say it. True, he came saying with honest intent, "Be still and live," and he knew not, dreamed not, that he was bringing and ensuring to her unrest and death. But Marshall came with gentle step and voice, asking what ailed her, urging her to get better,—she must get better for his sake. And he kissed her flushed cheek and burning brow, gently, tenderly, and whispered kind, even loving words, and breathed into her soul somewhat of his own strength and life. Long he sat in the little closet, while Annabel sat sewing her seams on the bedside, and the sick maiden was calmed and revived ere in the summer twilight he went his way. O, ailing one ! is he not your true physician? Does not your soul burn within you while he sits and talks, consuming away all fear and doubt and painful misgivings in his presence, in which are peace, and assurance, and gladness, and strength? She feels that she can get up and fly away, her spirits are so enlivened. Alas ! when she raises her head, her bodily weakness is so great that she sinks back exhausted.

Reassured and reinvigorated of mind, Aileen would scarcely admit her bodily weakness. At any rate, the weakness yielded



speedily to the simple cordials they gave her. July found her seated at the open window, enjoying the sunshine, often also found her in the evening in grassy lane and by sheltering hedge-row, leaning on Marshall's arm, and followed by Annabel the composed. They did not stitch much in those days, because the busy season was past, and further because Annabel thought fit, as the manager of affairs in the meantime, to refuse certain pieces of work which were offered to her. Still would the moods of Aileen vary, from listless despondency to morbid gaiety, while no one could tell the causes which induced the one or promoted the other. A look, a word, a gesture of that accountant, nay, even the failure to see the look, to hear the word which she would hear or see, sufficed to account for it all.

But in that same July came a bright surprise. Aileen was sitting at the open window and full of moodiness. "If the sewin' fail us, what shall we dae? There is nae wark! We haena won twa crouns i' the month gane, and the lang winter comin' on! I'm but a sair burden on ye, Annabel!" Annabel said it was nonsense. They had made five pounds since the term, and it was right to rest awhile. Indeed, she longed to bid good-bye to sewing altogether. To Aileen, in her present mood, this sounded like flat rebellion. In her livelier hours, no doubt, she could have participated in the longing, and felt no sin. At present, she referred her sister's desire to herself and her own weakness. Because she could not work as she used to do; because "the management" as well as what seams were to be sewed, had all devolved on Annabel, therefore was Annabel disheartened and longing for relief. So thinking, the tears came into Aileen's eyes, and she gulped down her ever-ready emotion to find it sticking hard in her throat. When, most unusual at that hour of the evening, they heard their father's footsteps hastily on the staircase, and he almost rushed, not as he was wont to do into the kitchen, but into their little room, Aileen instantly concluded that some disaster had befallen him, and got up in trepidation, excitedly asking what evil it was. "Nae ill, my dochters!" he said aloud; "far frae ill is ma errand! Gudeness kens hoo aft ma hairt wus sair, seein' ye twa shewin' awa for bare life, an' me winnin' naething, or neist tae naething, weel nigh a warthless sornor on yer eident wark. It's ended noo, clean dune an' by-gane! I can keep ye noo as I ne'er did afore. Am the new grun' officer! thank God and Willie Marshall!"

Aileen sunk down on her chair, and clasped her hands. "Was this man's goodness ever to encompass her life?" she thought surely it must be for ever. Annabel very composedly said she was glad to hear it, that indeed she had been longing for it, because for a month she knew Marshall was using all his influence to bring it about, resolved to speak of it only in the event of success. Now she trusted that he himself should get the appointment he desired, and which was depending for so long. And thereupon, in the midst of what was matter of rejoicing, Aileen broke out into tears, knowing not, I dare say, what caused her to weep, feeling soreness somehow because their true friend had confided to the strong-minded Annabel what he had withheld from her weakness.

"Gudesakes, lassie! are ye greetin' for joy?" cried the father.

Annabel was so used to her sister's melting moods that she spoke not of it at all.

"Dinna tak' on, Aileen," said the father soothingly; "ye helpit an' uphaudit me in ma straits. I'll keep ye sweet an' aisy, dear lass, while am spaired hencefoorth."

This touch of happy fortune, you see, had softened the rugged nature of the man. But, indeed, he loved his daughters and was proud of them; and they, you must own, were worthy of all the love he had or could bestow.

And Marshall, the beneficent, came as usual, of course; came without word or sign of the goodness he had done. And, oh, it were difficult to pourtray the feelings of intensified love—love that was almost reverence—with which one of these sisters awaited his coming, feelings that would have had their highest gratification if she could have done aught to show somewhat of them, could show some little abasement of herself before him in testimony of her love and reverence, even like the woman of old, who wiped the feet of Him adored of her with the hair of her head. But this man gave her no chance of such exhibition, for the tender solicitude and regard were all showed forth by him when he came, and no room was left for even the casual expression of the emotion which choked her, which only found indication in her face.

He had arranged that the widow of the late bailiff would vacate the official cottage at the Lammas term, 1st August, when they should be free to possess it. They knew the pretty cottage well, with its rustic porch and woodbine and honeysuckle, and the arched

gateway of the entrance-garden, wreathed with tangled hops, and the acre or more of garden and grass land whereon fed the sleek-skinned, roan-coloured cow. Why, there was health and strength, as well as love and gratitude, in the bare thought of it to the poetic fancy of this girl Aileen. She could have poured out her thanks, she would most certainly have betrayed the feelings stronger than gratitude which filled her; but when she would have begun it, Annabel said, "Noo, nae nanesense, Aileen, nane o' yer thank-givin'; William kens oor hearts ower weel tae require the lik' o' that."

And William said it was true. But more, for the first time, he spoke of love; they knew he loved them both, and he knew they loved him; and what was a kindness between them? "I'll tell you what, Aileen, dear, if I get this managership, I have a secret to tell you before I go away, and you must gather health and strength before I tell it." The blood flowed back from Aileen's fair face, leaving it deadly pale, and it swelled around her heart in surging tide, which choked her voice while her heart and breast were full to bursting. "Was this the secret of his love?"

The cottage stood about a quarter of a mile from the village square, five minutes' walk or so; and Mr. Robert Stewart and his daughters with their household goods were transferred to it in the early days of August. But before they took possession, Annabel had several days' hard work alone in the cottage, sweeping, and whitewashing, and scouring it, all alone in the work of it, for as yet Aileen had not strength to help her; indeed, was too weak to go out. There was no doubt about it, the cleaning up of the cottage, which it were wrong and ill-will unmistakable for their predecessors to leave clean and swept and garnished at their incoming, was all done by the hands of the stately Annabel. Day by day she went across the square, handsome and neatly dressed as she always was to be seen, and she tripped along the lane up to the cottage, as proud of mien as handsome girl might look, stepped like a queen through the cottage-gate and garden, perhaps stayed a little while to dally with the flowers before she let herself into the cottage. She had carried thither her scrubbing-brushes, and her whitewash and her water-supply the night before, and now her outer garments so pretty were laid aside, and she went to the rough work with that thoroughness and steady zeal which intelligence and will to work give to sound and ready muscles. The little parlour

and their own bed-room she papered with a paper choice although cheap, as neatly as the most skilful workman could do it. That was the character of these girls, you know. A fulness of womanly dignity, a high natural refinement that made them the equals of the best people of any class, and which took no stain from the necessities of their position, demanding toil for food, or effort and toil like this for the amelioration of their home life. Then when her day's work was ended, and she had washed up and dressed again, again she stepped out into the evening light, the queen she was, dallied with the flowers again, selected the choicest to carry to Aileen, and went her stately way.

At length they were all transferred to the cottage, and were happy in its pleasantness and comfort. The new ground officer was earnest in his resolution that he should now supply all their wants. He addressed a letter to the factor, empowering his daughters, or either of them, to grant receipts for his salary, which was £5 per month. His daughters must manage everything, spend all that money, or save it if they could. He would handle none of it. Was there not great cause for thankfulness in this turn of fortune, wholly propitious, laden with happiness and goodness?

In the garden, under the beech-tree, fenced about with a thicket of roses, Mr. William Marshall had a rustic seat set up, where, in the warmth of the August evening, Aileen could sit and yet not be oppressed with the glare of sunshine; and there she was contented to sit under the shadowy boughs, amid the perfume of roses. There, too, he often sought her; for the cottage lay on his way to his own home. There also he came with his flute to rival the thrush and the blackbird as of old, with song and roundelay; and peace and great blessedness came to these sisters with his coming, albeit they were so different of nature. Annabel, calm, almost bearing a look of indifference even when most pleased, that is, when he strove most to please her; Aileen, ready to swell at chest and throat, and to break out in tears that flowed from the happiness infelt of her, if he passed the bounds of his constant, steady kindness, spoke one tender word. I am sure she behaves quite sillily in the matter of that brooch and photograph. She will wear it, with reason or without, always bearing it on her bosom, who knows how often wetting it with her tears, while her hand holds it and none is by. I am sure Annabel would do no such silly thing. Yet Annabel, I do not doubt it,



rejoiced in her still and quiet way on his coming. Aileen's quiet and peace were bounded wholly by his presence, perhaps, in some measure, because then she would bind and coerce herself. When he went away, then oftentimes, as when wintry suns have set and gone from the world, cold winds and dreary, dismal darkness set upon her soul forlorn, oppressed by doubts and sore with painful longings.

He says she must get strong for his sake, that he may walk out with her, that she may be able to bear his little secret before he goes away. He says it with soft glee that is almost tender. Again, she asks herself what can it be but his love concealed by the silence which just now it were unwise to break? She thinks much of it, hopes much of it, is comforted much by it. But she dare not say she is strong enough, she is not strong enough to hear him tell that he loves her. Be still, O throbbing heart, that so flutters and beats in the faith of his secreted love! It would burst and bleed in the full assurance of it.

But herein was not only a motive to gather strength, but a cordial to give it. So she slowly began to creep about the fuchsias and the roses, to select a posy for him of the daintiest fragrance and choicest colouring within the garden's compass. Strength to walk about came to her gradually, helped in its coming, probably, by the abundant milk from their own cow, with which Annabel assiduously fed her. But then, again, ever when she felt strongest came those throbblings of heart and alternate flushing and paling of cheek, which made her limbs bend and tremble, made her fain to lie down to seek to still her soul. In fact, the constant ebb and flow of emotion in her was the real obstacle to convalescence. Yet still the recuperative force of life is strong at twenty-two, will fight a hard fight before it renders up itself; and here, too, life was oftentimes strengthened by hours of hope, even of hope assured and blessed, so that it seemed ultimately life would triumph. Annabel never doubted it. But Annabel knew nothing of the conditions of the struggle for life which her sister was enduring, believed, as did all around this ailing one, that her illness was the result of over-work and harassment.

Shall she ever gather strength, I wonder, to bear the secret for which she longs, yet which she dreads to hear in her perverse sensitiveness? Surely she shall; for as the days wane in August, she is able to greet him with a smile and a posy at the garden

gate. Yes, more, she is able, with Annabel, to loiter out in the lane, to wander somewhat wearily to the neighbourhood of the farmhouse where he lodges, wondering in which room he sits, in which room he sleeps of nights, while he, you know, is busy over his rent-rolls in his office in those sunny hours. Nature and the power of life in her and the power of hope and love in her are stronger than the wasteful, heartless yearnings that consume her soul and life because they have no oil of assurance wherewithal to maintain their flame. Then in the latter end of August came Mrs. Marshall, mother of this accountant, to spend a week with her son before harvest began, for on their hill-lying farm harvest came late even in genial seasons like this one.

She was a pleasant old matron, womanly, motherly. She had little to occupy her during her son's office hours, and therefore she spent most of those hours with her old neighbours the Misses Stewart. She was, of course, very proud of her son, not in an unreasonable, foolish way, but in that quiet, satisfied, glad way that calms and widens a mother's judgment through her heart's fulness of assurance of her children's worth. Thus she had been with them for a number of pleasant days, talking much of her William and his prospects, speaking much also of his goodness, speaking mostly of him to Aileen. Aileen, as an invalid, engaged her most, you know. Aileen could not venture to speak much of the man's goodness in response; but Mrs. Marshall knew, knew by trembling voice and moistening eye of her, that her heart was full of a sense of her William's worth. She had no petty jealousy, this mother, that a poor maiden like one of these might steal her son from her.

But one day she came to them, to Aileen lying on her couch in the forenoon, resting before she undertook the fatigue of a walk, and Mrs. Marshall came with mysterious nods and smiles, which dimpled on her happy old face in a way that seemed to say, "I know all about it, and am not displeased, as you may see." She had been to the village with William, and of course began speedily to talk of him. And, by-and-bye, she began in a happy way to chidingly speak of that son of hers as "close," and "secret-keeping," and so forth; and then she bent down to Aileen, saying, "He lat me ken he winna gang abraid alane, gin God sends him. Noo, which o' ye's tae gae wi' him?"

The blood flowed up to Aileen's face in crimson-heated torrent, and as suddenly

streamed back again to her heart, leaving her pained and quivering as with chill of fever. She could not reply.

Annabel was darning a stocking, and she set it down from her lap in the quietest way imaginable, while she said, "He'll get aither o' us he likes, o' coorse, Mrs. Marshall; but which wad ye wish him tae tak'? Pit in a gude word for me." She said it with that sweet smiling simplicity of hers, that absence of emotion which seemed to say there was no heart loving within her.

"Deed," said Mrs. Marshall, "I'll dae naething o' the kind, Annabel. Ye're a cauld, prood minx, han'some though ye be! If I hae a word tae say, I'll say it for saft-haired Aileen. She's mair tae ma taste, lassie."

"Weel, am vera willin' tae be yer dochter, mem," answered Annabel, laughing. "Surely, ye'll tell him sae muckle whatever."

"Tell him it yersel, if ye're mindit tae. I'll tak' care I winna! An' I think ma lad's thinkin' lik' me."

And Aileen lay pale and sick the while they talked; but her blood bounded and flowed again when the mother said that she thought her lad's thoughts were like hers, and that these were of her, Aileen. But she could not speak, could not even form a definite thought. She must simply lie and feel, until the changed conversation of those two gave her time to calm down and to collect sufficient energy to arise and go out on the arm of the mother. There was no doubt about the maternal preference for the weaker sister, and the mother tells her to get well for the sake of the emigrant son. There are health and strength in her kindly words.

It seems strange to me talking thus of this period, week by week, that none of those around her took a serious view of her illness, felt no apprehension of untoward result of it. Annabel was strong and healthy, you know, and entirely accustomed to her sister's pensive, tearful, soft ways, and thought—quite naturally, I daresay—that she rather liked to lie down and have a cry, quite naturally believed that "a good shaking" would have been fitting and effectual cure for her, if she had had heart to administer it. Counsellor Stewart, too, now happy in his occupation, happy in his family arrangements, happy in himself and his well-doing, seeing every day too his dearest daughter, would always say that it was nought but the outcome of her overwork at that Whitsunday last by-past. He knew she was now able to go out every good day. He did not see her frequent changes of mood and colour, for

when he was present the matters that used to prompt those changes seldom approached her. He always declared, "She's impruvin' fine," and in his sanguine way he undoubtedly believed it. To William Marshall's eye alone did there appear actual danger in this illness, the special origin of which he did not guess at, the special forms of which perplexed him. Therefore he was solicitous for her, tender towards her, ever prompt to show her of his regard. He used to come to the cottage every night after tea, and to bring his flute with him, playing the old tunes of old days, while the girls sewed up things for the decoration of their home, such as cushions of wool for the seats of the cane-bottomed chairs, which were the chairs of their little parlour, being really bed-room things worth four shillings and sixpence a-piece; but which, when covered with these cushions, and with "cotton stripe," made the little room look as furnished handsomely. Annabel, of course, was the chief seamstress now, for Aileen but languidly plied her needle, often pausing to sigh forth great sighs. Yet would she sometimes brighten up when thus he came, sometimes even gather strength to sing "Oft in the stilly night," or some such thing, doing it with that soft, wooing, Doric voice of hers, in such wise as made little words greatly affecting. Annabel would say, "Ye sing sae plaintif, Aileen, ye mak' me fit tae cry." As for Aileen, she was so habituated to emotion, had so trained herself to suppress it when he was present, that save in the plaintive voice, in her gay hours with him, you could not know that body and soul of her were oppressed and distressed as they were. And when he went away on those autumnal evenings, Aileen would lay herself tired and languid on the little couch, but Annabel went with him to the gate to see him clear off the premises, you know, as a friend might do, who had no fear of the night air. Who knows what words are whispered beside the little gate, under the twinkling stars, roguishly twinkling but ever silent! Well, I know, but it is not of my story to tell you.

Mr. William Marshall is sent for to meet in Edinburgh certain gentlemen about that Tasmanian managership. He has gone away, and blank desolation has settled down on the soul of Aileen, lonely in a world that ought to have been pleasant to her, racked by keenest anxiety that set her heart a-beating in violent commotion, by some dread fear that she had not defined, sought not to define; but which, when it came upon her,



chilled her through soul and body, and checked the throb of her blood-gorged heart. Was not the hour approaching when he would tell her the secret which hitherto he had kept hid from her within himself, which she was dying because she heard it not, and yet dreaded to hear? So, with pain and panting, she pined through the days of his absence, until she received a little note from him, very kind and loving towards them all. He had got the appointment, £700 a year and a liberal allowance for outfit and passage, and he must sail on 1st November. He would return to them immediately.

The Counsellor was radiant, elated, as was right and natural, at the success of his true friend. "Hoorah!" he cried, when he came in to dinner. "Willie Marshall deserves it a'! There is ne'er a cleverer chiel nor a kinder hairt 'twixt this an Embro'. Gude grant him muckle happiness!" Annabel received the news very quietly, even gravely. Aileen lay down on her couch to calm herself, could eat no part of the little dinner, so full she was of the tidings. But when Annabel had removed and washed up the dishes, the father having gone out, she, Annabel, would write a letter to old Mrs. Marshall to congratulate her, and she did it calmly, as if the news were but of ordinary import, as if she was simply gratified in a dear friend's success in life, calmly while Aileen lay trying to still her foolish heart, succeeding in it not at all.

Then Annabel dressed to go to the village to post the letter. She would bring home some steel drops for Aileen. She was standing on the floor saying so, when she gave a little delighted scream, and cried, "There's Marshall, I declare! How can he hae come?" and she ran into the porch to meet him. He had come not "on the wings of love," but by the same mail-coach as his letter, and at mid-day had hired a conveyance on to the village. Aileen raised herself feebly on her elbow. She could not get up to receive him. She heard him kiss Annabel in the porch, and saw him enter the little parlour making his explanations of his unexpected appearance. She scarcely knew when he came to her softly inquiring for her, and tenderly kissing her. He was in high spirits. He had only just reached the village, but could not rest till he had run to them. He would go to the village with Annabel, as he ought to call at the office, but he would return with her in a little to comfort the ailing Aileen, whom he kissed then again. And, raised on her elbow to stare through the cottage window after him, she saw him go out with Annabel

and along the garden walk, talking gravely. Then he stopped and hurried back to her. She sunk down almost fainting at his coming.

"I have come to tell you my secret now, Aileen, dear. It must do you good, must make you well. I have kept it for four years. Now I can tell it freely, for my hopes are turning into facts, and you must get well to make the facts wholly happy." She was listening with all her soul in that poor face of hers, but she shut her eyes and held her breath when he said she was needed for his happiness; but he went on: "Annabel is going with me as my long-plighted wife. I am sure you will be both pained and pleased. Now, you see, you must get well." He kissed her again, as she lay silent and motionless, and hurried out to his bride.

The lovers went together in their happiness to the village, and near to the office they found that sage official, Ground-Officer Stewart, whom Marshall hailed. "I want your advice, O Counsellor, but I'll pay no fee."

"What's that about?" asked Mr. Stewart.

"I am to take this young lady abroad with me. She's quite willing to go, but I want your opinion of it."

Stewart opened his eyes, and took off his hat, and puffed out his cheeks, and blew out a great breath. "God bliss ye, Willie! If ye wanted the pair o' them, and they would gae wi' ye, I'd mak' ye welcome." And he grasped the young man's hand and wrung it, and wrung his daughter's hand thereafter, and looked very foolish and like to cry.

They arranged to go back together to Aileen. In half an hour Marshall would be free to go, and very joyously they returned to the cottage, with their happiness beaming in their faces, rounding and mellowing their voices, and filling and warming their hearts. The September sunshine was abroad and bright, and the corn-laden earth was warm and pleasant as they. They entered the cottage. Aileen was still lying on the couch, her face turned to the wall and pressed to the pillow. Marshall cried gaily as he entered, "Come, Aileen, you must now wish us joy!" But Aileen answered not. He went to her, put his hand on her shoulder; but she moved not. He drew her face towards him, disclosing his photograph in the brooch held by her left hand upon the pillow. Her lips were pressed to it, clung heavily to it as he drew them away. He saw it, and the whole truth flashed on him, and he cried out in anguish, for Aileen was dead.











"SUN COMES, MOON COMES."





## THE SYLVESTRES.

BY M. DE BETHAM-EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "KITTY," "DR. JACOB," ETC.

## CHAPTER XI.—RED-LETTER DAYS.



THE drama of life, like the drama of history, has interregnums, brief, beatifying intervals of peace, during which the blood-stained hoof-marks of the despoiler are effaced by merciful showers, and the trampled flowers of Hope and Faith blossom afresh.

Then are laid to rest the passions that consume and the griefs that turn bread into bitterness and wine into gall; then the convictions that made war one upon the other seem unveiled; and endeavour and purpose and the high aspirations that were dimmed for awhile, shine out bright and clear like stars swept by a rain-gust. Wounds are healed, gaps are filled up, plenteous harvests are reaped and garnered in the sunshine.

Wonderful indeed is the craving for happiness in the great, sad, wistful heart of humanity beating throughout the universe! Wonderful is its capacity for appropriating it! A day ago, it hardly seems so long, we were weeping tears of agony in some dread Gethsemane, apparently forgotten by God and all good angels. To-day, the sky is clear, we move in golden air, happy voices sing to us, happy sights enchant us; we are like the shepherd boy in Arcadia, 'piping as if he should never be old.' Heaven is kind to give us such short memories in our good days. We forget ourselves—oh! coveted Lethæan gift—that is, our sorrowing, regretting, sinning selves, conscious only of souls that aspire and hearts that are satisfied.

Few people could be found who had suffered more than Monsieur Sylvestre, Euphrosyne, René, and Maddio. To tell their lives properly, one should be able to write tragedy. Of course the woman had suffered

most, being a woman; but the others had not lain on beds of roses. Having let René speak for himself, the others may keep silence for a time. They had known what it was to be, like St. Paul, 'in perils of robbers, in perils among false brethren, in weariness and painfulness, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness.' But here, in this lovely, fruitful England, the misery had vanished at the touch of their golden-haired fairy Ingaretha, and they suffered themselves to follow whithersoever her wand guided.

What a summer they spent together! First came July with its short bright nights and long glowing days, its overpowering sweetness of rose and jasmine and honeysuckle, its warm shadows, its burning noontides. They often made holiday from morning till night, and never grew tired of each other's company. When a cool breeze was blowing, Maddio and Ingaretha would go on a botanizing excursion, sometimes lasting an hour, sometimes a day. He was the pleasantest companion in the world, overflowing with childlike spirits and hopefulness, and capable of enjoying abundantly. Side by side they walked or rode—Maddio only ventured to mount one of the gardener's donkeys, being no equestrian—through the cool sweet-scented lanes, he telling her of former adventures in beautiful, far-off Algérie, playful, and serious by turns, she always sympathetic. They would make an excursion to the friendly, thriving old town of Ipswich, and from thence ascend the Orwell to Harwich, a pleasant sail for a summer day. The river is clear and bright, the banks are green and softly undulated; Wolsey's tower rises stately from amid the wooded bluffs of Freston. At the river's mouth lie anchored men-of-war and noble ships, and picturesque fishing-craft. Or they would go farther still and reach the ever-freshening, ever-turbulent, northern sea, to Aldborough, quiet birthplace of a quiet poet; or to Lowestoft lying at the foot of glorious heaths, solitary even in these days of railroads, broken, wild, blowy. Is the air of the desert fresher or more vivifying than the breaths blown there? It is hard to say.

Certainly the pleasure of existence, for existence' sake, is fully tasted by those who, mounting purple heights, knee-deep in gorse and heather, lose themselves on the common, having the sea in sight always, now steely-grey, now silvery-bright, now green as malachite,



now deepest violet, a dozen pictures in an hour.

They made a pilgrimage to Constable's birthplace, and what a revelation of grace and tranquil loveliness fell to their share then! From the dull little town of Manningtree you drive for half-an-hour along dusty roads till you come to a gentle undulation, nobly wooded, and slowly reach East Bergholt Church, where some of the painter's kinsfolk lie buried. Here you turn suddenly, your carriage dips under over-arching oak and elm, having the lovely vale of Dedham to your right. No wonder that Constable so dearly loved this spot. The tower of Dedham Church rises grandly amid terrace upon terrace of Lombardy poplar and willow; amid the bright green meadows winds a little river, whilst patches of red, yellow, and crimson, proclaim the flower-fields of Dedham, a brilliant incongruity, doubtless unknown in Constable's time.

But the spot they loved best was Flatford Mill, beautiful Flatford Mill! Nestled amid cherry and pear trees lies the Valley Farm, while close by is Willy Lott's house, white-walled, red-tiled, covered with vines. Mill and boat-house are reflected in the clear river that, with sudden swerve, loses itself under shadow of alder and weeping willow. A daintier scene it would be hard to find; and well might the great painter love it, and hunger after it in his later days.

Or if the historic fit seized them, they would follow the flight of refractory Sir Hugh Bigod, of whom the ballad tells:—

"At Ipswich they laughed to see how he sped,  
And at Ufford they stared, I wis,  
But at merry Saxmundham they heard his song,  
And the song he sang was this:—  
Were I in my castle Bungaye,  
Upon the river of Waveney,  
I would not care for the King of Cockney."

August came—the month of orchards flushed with ripening pear and plum, of harvest-fields strewn with gold and amber corn. Like Cyclops the labourers sweated and toiled, drinking beer at intervals in a manner worthy of a Scandinavian drinking bout. Nothing could be lovelier than the yellow fields sloping against the pure blue and white heavens; and the gleaners—little white-haired, blue-eyed children, and sunburnt, serious women—made an idyllic picture every day. When, a little later, the stars came out in the pale sky, and the harvest-moon rose, glowing like a shield of the gods, reapers and gleaners followed their homeward waggons, singing plaintively and carrying green boughs.

Those were indeed days to remember and be thankful for. Monsieur Sylvestre and

his companions, like Odusseus, were made young and happy, but by earthly and not by heavenly enchantment. It was Ingaretha whose thoughtfulness and delicacy and affection worked every one of these miracles. Never were kings and princes fêted by sycophant subjects as the wanderers were fêted by her. Her horses, her carriages, the fatness of her larder, and the first-fruits of her gardens, were appropriated to them as naturally as if she were only the steward of so many good things. The upper ten thousand of St. Beowulf's might be neglected. What were the upper ten thousand to her? But none in all the world could be dearer than these outcasts who loved the things she loved, and lived in the ideal world she held true and beautiful. Carew at first chafed bitterly at the sense of his own comparative insignificance, but good sense and good feeling soon got the mastery. Having, moreover, a little of the butterfly in his composition, he sunned himself whilst the flowers were open and the day was perfect. All projects of travel were put aside. One day he was reading poetry aloud to all, another singing glees with Monsieur Sylvestre and Ingaretha. There seemed always plenty to do. Why should he go away? Of course the fashionable world took umbrage at seeing themselves thus set aside for a few tatterdemalion foreigners. They had not the least intention of recognising these visitors of Miss Meadowcourt's; and as week after week slipped by, and no more invitations came from the Abbey, hostess and guests were left pretty much to themselves. When Lady Virginia Pennington gave her annual croquet party, Ingaretha and Carew naturally received cards. Mr. Stapleton would not hear of omitting Ingaretha from the list of people invited to the Miss Stapletons' archery meeting. The great church dignity of the place, Mr. Anstruther, rector of St. Beowulf's the Martyr and rural dean, paid due court to the rich young mistress of the Abbey, pressing her attendance at this and that choral fête, sending Mrs. Anstruther, and a number of little Anstruthers, to see her very often. And all the great little people of the place behaved civilly both to Ingaretha and Carew, not because they liked them, or felt they ever should like them, but because it seemed a right and proper thing to cultivate the acquaintance of three or four thousand a-year.

By one or two, however, the strangers were received with open arms. Amy Greenfield, the curate's wife, got up half-a-dozen tea-parties for them, delighted at the opportunity of showing her adored Ingaretha

a little kindness. One wonders at the possibility of giving tea-parties in the curate's household, where the ordinary condition of things was that of verging on starvation. But what has real hospitality to do with cakes and ale? The Bedouin's dish of cous-cousou and the Berber's offering of a few dried figs to the passer-by, may often mean more than groaning tables and wines of choicest vintage. Amy gave the best that she had, and it was accepted with a good grace. The children would pull radishes out of their little garden; Bina would fetch a pennyworth of gingerbread nuts from the village; Mrs. Minifie often brought cakes; was not this enough and to spare? And if there was no butter forthcoming for the next day's breakfast, and Daisy the cow gave less milk than usual after the last night's draining, who grumbled?

Happy indeed were those summer evenings. Even the curate got over his moody fits and joined the party, feeling no shame since the other men wore clothes as shabby as he. What a change it was for Amy, for her children, and for all! Instead of being looked down upon by rich rectors and rectresses, they were made much of, fêted, loved, for their own sakes. Bina and Sammie were old enough to feel the difference between the gingerly kiss of an Earl's daughter, or the pat on the head of a rural dean, and those of a fellow-vagrant like René or Maddio. For René would make desperate love to little blue-eyed Bina, ever, like Martha, troubled about many things; and Maddio would treat Sammie, not patronisingly, having in mind his unwashed face, want of new shoes, and general unfitness for appearance at church next Sunday, but as a comrade and social equal. When Maddio amused the baby for an hour, or René quitted the society of his equals to give Pennie a swing, or improvise a puppet-show in the nursery for the benefit of all the children, they preached a lesson on being good one to another, which was easier to understand than the most eloquent of Mr. Anstruther's discourses. The children thought there never were such enchanting people in the world as these friends of Ingaretha's, and wondered what would happen by way of miracle next.

"We are always having company or going out now," one day said Bina to Mrs. Anstruther, who had called at the curate's. "I like that sort of life, don't you?"

Amy blushed, for she knew that to see the poverty of the land was Mrs. Anstruther come.

"You children think so much of a little," she said, adding apologetically, "Bina means that Miss Meadowcourt brings her friends here to tea sometimes. Of course I cannot be so stingy as to refuse them that little hospitality."

"Stinginess, my dear Mrs. Greenfield, is purely relative. No economy is stinginess in the wife of a poor man and the mother of a large young family. Why don't you turn the tables, and go to Miss Meadowcourt's instead?"

"So we do very, very often," poor Amy said, feeling more and more humiliated at the turn the conversation was taking.

"And we get such feasts!" put in Bina; "the children eat as much cake as they like, and what they don't eat, is packed up for us to bring home. I love Ingaretha."

"Miss Meadowcourt shows strange perversity of character for so young a woman," Mrs. Anstruther went on, turning to Amy, "and, I must say, indiscretion too. What do we know of those queer foreign friends of hers?"

"Mr. René wanted bread often when he was little," Bina said.

"Bina!"

"He did, mamma. He told me so."

The little girl felt a wicked delight in horrifying Mrs. Anstruther just then, and being as enamoured of René as ever was seven-year-old maiden of fairy-tale lover, here added, by way of climax,—

"And I am sure he is as good as can be, though he doesn't go to church."

"Bina!" again remonstrated Amy, quite frightened at the way Mrs. Anstruther's eyebrows were going up. "Don't talk about things you don't understand." Then, changing the subject, she said, "Thank you so much for kindly sending me the new number of 'Sermons for the Nursery,' Mrs. Anstruther, and 'Solemn Exhortations to Infant Minds.'"

"My children delight in them, and only think, little Edmund, who is barely three years old, cried because the nursemaid would read a newspaper on Sunday. When children's minds are thus early turned to religion, one feels that one's house is indeed a fortress of the faith."

"Yes, indeed. I wish my children took kindlier to Sunday books," Amy said, having got into a habit of involuntarily sitting at Mrs. Anstruther's feet. She did not in her heart care much about the Sunday books.

"Evil communications corrupt good manners," Mrs. Anstruther answered. "Your



children should not be allowed to associate with non-churchgoers."

Amy felt ready to cry. She was a very simple creature, unable to appraise the different ethical standards held up to her, equally unable to solve the various social and religious problems often propounded in her hearing. On the one hand, were Ingaretha and her friends, representatives of all that was refined, original, delightful; on the other, the rector of St. Beowulf, the church, and the world, representative of all that was old as the hills, traditional, powerful, ascetic, imperious. She felt a child, a nonentity, a miserable sinner in the presence of the tiniest little Anstruther that could read a sermon. She felt a rational being, a creature of instincts, poetry, and passion, in the presence of Monsieur Sylvestre and his followers. There was just this difference between the one set of people and the other, the first looked down upon her as an atom of the great lump of human depravity, the last prized her as a link in the great chain of intellectual being; and to the last she could not naturally be an object either of indifference or contempt. This poor, trodden-down, ill-used humanity was to them, above all things, lovely, sacred, and dear; and she, being a woman, and like all women, having had a touch of sweetness and a large measure of sadness in her life, was lovely, sacred, and dear also. How could she contentedly come down from such heights as these to the dead level of content and indifference in which they would fain have her live, possessing her soul in patience? Poor Amy! she said her prayers twice or three times after that unpleasant little talk with the dean's wife, dreading she knew not what kind of interference with the pleasurable existence she had of late so learned to love. Whether there was harm in it or no, she felt unable to determine; but thus much she knew, the life of the last few years seemed a waste, and that of the last few weeks an oasis, green, smiling, favoured of heaven. She might forego the happiness, but the memory of it and the longing for it would last throughout life.

#### CHAPTER XII.—STORMS.

THE only person who led a double existence—smiling cheerfully in the company of others, brooding or rather remembering over much when alone—was Madame Sylvestre. She could never forget, and what a fearful chastisement of the gods is such a memory! Ingaretha might soothe and distract; Monsieur Sylvestre might say a tender word, and then go his

ways bent on the business of the hour; Maddio, brother-like, might babble his simple confidences and revelations; René might offer his passionate confidences fondly as a son—the combined affection of all could not drive away the mysterious shadow which followed her everywhere. Sometimes her face was a tragedy. At others, she wore that look of supreme resignation which mediæval artists have given their martyrs of the primitive Christian period. At all, there was a pathos, an inexpressible majesty of suffering about her that made her presence imposing even to the vulgar.

Nor did the subtle charms of her physiognomy escape the notice of those dull-headed St. Beowulfians with whom she came in contact. Weather-beaten, careworn, elderly, dressed with no more regard to fashion than a beggar-woman, the rough villagers yet touched their hats to her as respectfully as to dashing Mrs. Anstruther. And why? Because there is a divine instinct in human nature, however degraded, and by this divine instinct Madame Sylvestre was recognised for what she was, and not for what misfortune had made her. Those large brown eyes of hers, brimming over with tenderness and sympathy; those delicately cut, sensitive lips, smiling seldom and sadly; that broad, earnest brow, each wrinkle telling of some troubled day, those sunburnt, hard-worked hands, so beautifully shaped still—all impressed the people as even fine clothes and superficial advantages would not have done. Silk dresses and shining carriages might be seen every day within a dozen miles of St. Beowulf's, but a face like hers, so story-telling, so good, so refined, was as rare as primroses in November. She had a habit, too, of speaking to every one she met, ploughmen, cow-boy, gleaner, and after the first difficulty of understanding her foreign English wore off, these short greetings grew into long confidences. She addressed everybody as Monsieur and Madame, behaving with a courtesy that struck her interlocutors as whimsical at first, but pleased them mightily afterwards. These rough villagers recognised not only the beautiful character of the long-suffering, many-experienced, patient woman, but the tact, and breeding, and sensitiveness of the well-bred lady. When they saw Miss Meadowcourt's friend and honoured guest, trudging to St. Beowulf's in the heat of the day, thankful to teach small shopkeepers' children for a shilling an hour, their stock notions of propriety were shocked, but their intellectual horizon was enlarged. The world

could not be going on quite as they thought. Not from Christ's words only, but from the practical teaching of the first lady in the parish, they were reminded of that desirable millennium when the mighty shall be put down and the lowly and meek shall be exalted. There could be no doubt that Miss Meadowcourt thought very highly of Madame Sylvestre. Did she not sit beside her, shabby as she was, in the Abbey pew, opposite to the Miss Stapletons, arrayed like Solomon, in all their glory? Did she not drive her in her grand open carriage to St. Beowulf's floral fête? Was she not daily and hourly doing honour to her? A sermon was being preached to them on social obligation, which touched their self-love and tickled their curiosity. What time-honoured custom would be turned upside down next? There was, moreover, the sense of mystery about her—always an attraction to uncultivated minds. They could as little understand Madame Sylvestre's objective as they could understand her subjective history. She was religious, and apparently belonged to no religious body; she was a lady, and had suffered more hardships than any tramp's wife going; she was delicate and refined, and had been mixed up with what to them seemed the scum of the earth. Added to all, this wonderful faith, and love, and humanitarian spirit confounded them more than a little. Sunday after Sunday, they had heard of God's love for man, till the exposition of the familiar text had become trite and barren. But for the first time they heard of man's love for man! The words worked miracles like those wrought by musical Orpheus upon the listening woods of Thrace.

After some weeks, Mr. Whitelock began to prick up his ears. Wherever he went among his parishioners, he found that Madame Sylvestre had been before him, first to the mother of some erring girl, next to the parents of some dying child, and so on. Her words were twice as potent as his, and no wonder, seeing that he talked of things they could not possibly understand, consoling them with the unction and cold superiority of God's anointed, whilst she wept, aided, and sympathised, and that was all. Matters were brought to a climax by the death of an unbaptized child. Mr. Whitelock doomed it to everlasting perdition. Madame Sylvestre appointed it to blissful immortality. The mother, whose ewe-lamb it had been, was heard to say in somebody's hearing that she wished the rector would never cross her threshold again; and this

speech, spoken in the agonies of her grief, came to his ears. If such were the teachings of Miss Meadowcourt's visitors, it was high time to interfere. Let people once believe that an unbaptized infant could go to heaven, and the next step would be to doubt the efficacy of baptism altogether. And if baptism went, why should not confirmation and other corner-stones of the Church follow in its wake?

He lost no time in laying his case before Ingaretha. Hot, wordy, and very cross, anybody else would have been a better advocate for the rector than the rector proved for himself. He found that after half an hour's harangue, no ground had been gained, not an inch. There sat Ingaretha without a vestige of conviction in those large blue eyes of hers, and smiling in the old incredulous way he knew so well; looking so provokingly pretty too in her sea-green cambric dress, that it was in his heart to wish beauty a dispensation of priests, as of the Olympian gods, to be given and taken away at will. Ugliness, after all, had its captivating side. Ugliness submitted, ugliness embroidered clerical slippers, made black-currant jelly for the alleviation of clerical sore throats,—in fine, did everything it behoved womankind to do in honour of the wiser, better, and stronger sex.

"I am not my friends' keeper," Ingaretha said, after listening somewhat impatiently to a long and angry tirade. "And if Madame Sylvestre tries to comfort the poor people a little, are their lives so happy that they do not need it?"

"To allay sorrow with false doctrine is to try to cure disease with poison," answered the rector. "I cannot and will not permit lay interference with spiritual matters in my parish. Who is the priest—this woman or I?"

"My poor friend only did a kind and neighbourly thing. Was your authority called into account?"

"Not when she contradicts my doctrine? Excuse me, Miss Meadowcourt, but I think your partiality for these people is leading your judgment astray, and, what is more still, endangering your orthodoxy. With the perversity of your youth, and, I may say, of your sex, you refuse to take counsel of your natural advisers, and are running into dangers of which you know not."

Ingaretha was silent.

"I must ask you to remonstrate with Madame Sylvestre," added the rector.

But Ingaretha did not answer.

"She is bound to desist from pernicious



offices in my parish," he went on, looking at her severely.

Still no answer.

"You are bound, in the spirit, if not in the letter, to send her out of my parish."

"If Madame Sylvestre yields an inch, an ell will be demanded of me," Ingaretha answered at last, with heightened colour.

"If Madame Sylvestre is not allowed to speak to the poor people to-day, I shall be prohibited to-morrow. We are not bond-servants, Mr. Whitelock."

"Do you mean to say that you set yourself in opposition to your minister?"

"Not willingly."

"But you abide by your own judgment, rather than by his."

"When I think my friends in the right, I stand by them," she said.

"Then I can only pray for you. Good morning;" and with this the rector went.

Ingaretha smiled at first, but felt in her secret heart that a quarrel with Mr. Whitelock was an unpleasant alternative. She had no wish to quarrel with him, and had, with difficulty, avoided all quarrels hitherto; just now, when so much depended on his good graces, a disagreement was especially unfortunate. English country life is far from a bed of roses when you are on bad terms with your rector: and this she knew well enough. But she could not ask Madame Sylvestre to unsay her merciful words about the unbaptized child. If Mr. Whitelock could make no better terms than these, they must remain at enmity. As to her friends being sent away, the idea was so preposterous that she laughed scornfully whenever it came into her head. What was property, what was existence, what was anything to her, without the privilege of serving those she loved?

Although she kept her own counsel studiously, reports of this interview got wind. Madame Sylvestre, after weeping in secret at the mischief she had done, talked to her husband seriously about going away from this blissful, beneficent England—from this gracious and grace-giving friend—from peace and plenty—to return no more.

"We shall bring her into trouble," she said. "I foresee it but too well. Her thoughts are not as the thoughts of the people here, and it is with them she must live."

"She had much better live with us," answered Monsieur Sylvestre complacently. "If we estrange her from her friends, let us console ourselves by the thought of what those friends are worth. If we cause her vexation, do we not also afford her the

greatest enjoyment of which an intellectual being is capable, namely, that of sympathy with large interests! Oh, when will you learn to subordinate the trivial affairs of life to the Supreme and Unlimited!"

"Dear husband, it is my great affection for Ingaretha that speaks. She is young, and we are old. At our age it is so much easier to take away than to give."

"Pshaw! my child. The value of a gift is measured by the quality of the giver. Our Ingaretha will not be discontent."

"But," urged the poor woman, struggling, as she had struggled a hundred, nay, a thousand times before, with her adoration of this man and her sense of duty towards others, "it is her very generosity and goodness that abash me. Is it not enough to eat of her bread and drink of her wine, without spoiling the taste of both to her?"

"Heavens, Euphrosyne, how you women turn things upside down! As if a half-blind person could not see how entirely this dear child loves us, and delights in making us happy!"

"I know all that," answered Euphrosyne, with a painful sigh; "but we must look beyond the passing hour. What if she grows fond of our poor René?"

"The best thing in the world that could happen to him!"

"But surely a misfortune for her?"

"A misfortune—and why? You seem to think that the real philosophy of life consists in measuring out purple and fine linen for Dives. I prefer to wash the disciples' feet—or, rather, to have my own feet washed by some one adorable. And this, I take it, is the corner-stone of social morality. René has nothing; Ingaretha has enough, and to spare. Both are young, beautiful, and enthusiastic. Such a union might not be sanctioned on earth; but what would the angels and hierarchs of heaven say to it, think you?"

"It would not turn out well," Euphrosyne said, shaking her head.

"Did you not sacrifice as much and more for me? And has not that union turned out well?"

"Yes—oh, yes!" she answered, half-crying at the sound of her own memory-freighted voice; "But I think, if Ingaretha cared as much for René as in my youth I cared for you, the matter would have been settled long ere this. Oh, husband, you do not know how it is with us women—how, most of all, we suffer for having once been happy! Even if our sweet child loved this man, I would say, nay; because I should

doubt whether she loved him enough to endure what must come after."

"Nothing could come so hard to bear as unsatisfied love. Of that you have had no experience," he said, in a tone of voice that was half-commendatory and half-reproachful.

"You forget my children," she answered, averting her face because she knew of the misery that was in it.

He left her, humming as he went a verse of Beranger's well-known song, "Les Fous,"—

"Honneur au fou qui ferait faire  
Un rêve heureux au genre humain," &c.

#### CHAPTER XIII.—A SYLVAN CONCLAVE.

INGARETHA saw clearly enough that, if Mr. Whitelock chose to be ill-tempered, she should lead an uneasy life of it. She was not the woman to humble herself before her enemies without rhyme or reason, much less to turn her back upon her friends, even when the world told her that there were the best possible reasons for doing so. She understood quite well what Mr. Whitelock meant by praying for her. He would pray, not that she should be made better or happier or more useful in her generation, but that she should become more docile to the dictation of her superiors; in other words, that she should obey him in all things. She felt inclined to defy his undue assumption of authority; to do battle with him, and find out, for once and for all, who was strongest. But good feeling and a sense of maidenly decorum prevailed.

Ingaretha pursued quite another course. She straightway wrote a meek little note to the rector begging him to overlook her impetuosity, and to call upon her about a little matter of business. She wanted his advice as well as his forgiveness, and of course the happy rector was willing to bestow both. Ingaretha wished to consult him about establishing mothers'-meetings. Was there any objection to Madame Sylvestre taking part in them if she withheld from theological subjects? Certainly not, said the rector, good-naturedly; and when, next day, Madame Sylvestre made an apology in person at the rectory, beseeching the reverend gentleman, with tears in her eyes, to pardon her unintentional offence, he was fairly overcome and mollified. The clerical storm passed over.

Meantime, like children sporting in some sunny place, with bright clouds overhead, and a low rumble of gathering thunder in the distance, Monsieur Sylvester, René, and Maddio were taking their fill of enjoyment, thinking little of the morrow. When, at last,

Euphrosyne one day compelled them to assemble in conclave under Ingaretha's chestnut trees and discuss future plans, they scuttled to the place of meeting much more after the manner of rabbits at play, than of philosophic followers of a reformer.

The speeches, which were delivered in French, might be translated thus:—

Madame Sylvestre began by saying that one obstacle stood equally in the way of going or staying—namely, their exchequer was almost empty. They could not make a move without money. Without money they could not remain where they were.

"If Ingaretha does not object to help us, why should we object to be helped?" asked Monsieur Sylvestre. "Granted that she spares us a few of her fat acres and a handful of her loose guineas, which of the two ought to be most thankful, him to whom the gods give superabundant opportunities of helping others, or him whom that superabundance helps? The more we accept of her, the more enviable is she."

Euphrosyne was silent, but unconvinced. She looked first at Maddio, then at René, half hoping they would stand by her. Maddio met the look, and answered with the unconscious smile of a baby—

"And then René is so fond of her! could we rob her of him?"

"Don't talk in that way," René said, vehement and disdainful. "I know well enough where I ought to be, hundreds of miles, thousands of miles away from this lady. My mother, you know how I fight daily and hourly with a devil that is stronger than I, and how I am beaten again and again. I wish I could kill myself outright, and have done with it, much as I love our cause and you all."

"That would not go far towards mending matters," Monsieur Sylvestre answered, smiling grimly. "She would break her heart; you would find no one here willing to bury such an infidel as yourself. Live as long as you can, my dear René, for the sake of your friends and the good cause of fraternity and freedom."

"And worship our lady Ingaretha as we do, at a distance," said Maddio.

"Listen, my children," began Monsieur Sylvestre, placing himself in the midst, every tone of his sweet rich voice ringing through the air like the note of a silver-tongued bell. "It is now high time that we come to an understanding as to our future course of action. Do not think for a moment that I have allowed myself luxuriously to settle down in this bewitching Capua, without paying any



heed to our common cause. Night and day it is in my thoughts. Sleeping or waking, I dream of the noble work that awaits the reconstructors of society. If I have kept silence for awhile, it was only because I feared to speak too confidently. From the first moment of setting foot on this hospitable soil, it seemed to me that here, if anywhere on the face of the earth, we might realise our fondest hopes, planting another Eden, not for ourselves only, but for the outcast, the unhappy, and the spoliated. And now I feel emboldened to say that it shall be so. Ingaretha has received us with open arms. Her purse, like her heart, is open to us. Her intellect—surely, a nobler one has been seldom granted to woman—goes with us. We are her brothers and sisters, her friends and counsellors, her prophets and priests. We will stay.”

René made an impetuous movement as if about to speak, then coloured to the brow, and drew back. Maddio smiled in his usual benignant, half-dazed way, looked round at the others, smiled again, then made answer:—

“Of course we stay if you say so, my father. But if we stay, we must set to work. Give me children to teach, or a house to build, or a printing press—or I will turn tailor if you like, and repair our failing garments.”

“Wait a little,” Monsieur Sylvestre went on. “You will soon find enough to do, brother Maddio, never fear. I have not come to so important a resolve without thinking of preliminaries. To stay in England is to carry out our ideal, and to carry out our ideal is again to turn tillers of the soil. Agriculture, says Proudhon, is of all occupations the noblest, the most healthful, both morally and physically, and with regard to the exercise of intellectual faculties, the most encyclopædic. Now, you all know as well as I do, that we do not look upon Proudhon’s words as golden always, nor even silver, but these are oracular. The experience of my life goes to prove them so. We remain, therefore, what we have always been, agriculturists.”

“But this is not a new country, remember that,” put in Madame Sylvestre timidly. “Land here is more precious than pearls and diamonds. Ought we to borrow more than we can ever repay?”

“How women lose themselves when once launched on the ocean of the practical! My dear wife, sympathetic affection is a merciful creditor. Our Ingaretha knows well enough that we have had misfortunes, and may have them again. What of that? Fortune may forsake us; vitality may desert us un-

aware, and little enough can we leave behind to admonish or ameliorate the world; we have done our best, and may have furthered the glorious ideas of our great teachers. The rest we must leave.”

“Oh!” Madame Sylvestre continued, with a gathering passion of entreaty in her voice, “let us consider well ere we do that which will surely bring trouble upon her. Lead us elsewhere, dear husband, and leave Ingaretha unharmed.”

“She is right,” cried René with a sudden glow upon his cheek and fire in his eye. “Because Ingaretha is dear to us, and we are dear to her, all the more we should go in a month, in a week, in a day if you like, only let us go.”

Madame Sylvestre caught the young man’s hand and pressed it to her own, whispering words of approval. Monsieur Sylvestre smiled and went on—

“Were ever disciples so docile and, at the same time, so captious as you two? But I look upon you as children in experience, and forgive. You bid me lead you elsewhere, and, as a reason for making this request, you hold up Ingaretha’s love before us. Good heavens! would not Ingaretha’s indifference be a much better reason for going? She can as little afford to lose us as we can afford to lose her. To suffer for the truth is divine, but to suffer for the friends we adore is a much more enviable privilege, since it brings humanity near to the gods and leaves it humanity still. Granted that if we went away, Ingaretha would be spared some tears—and, since gold and dross must be mixed in life, some money too; that she would, in fact, lie softly on her bed of roses, undisturbed by the sufferings of the world. Is that a fitting life for a high-souled woman? Fêted, flattered, absorbed into a frivolous and parasitic society, the godlike spark within her would go out, and on her dying bed she would reproach us for so inhuman a piece of kindness. Leave her if you will, but not in such hands as these. She is too good to become the woman of fashion or of the world.”

“There is no fear of that,” René said impatiently.

“What do you know about it, dear little brother? You have never lived in the world, luckily for you. You have no idea how easy it is to wear the harness of conventionalism after a few trials, and if we leave Ingaretha to her fate she is quite likely to get presented at Court and marry the most determined enemy of progress going.”

"And if she were happy, why not?" pursued René, turning red and pale by turns. "Let the truth suffer, but let her be happy."

"Never!" cried Monsieur Sylvestre with fire. "We are not monkeys, who think it a good day's work to steal and crack one extra nut for their own gratification. Ingaretha is made of good stuff like ourselves. She shall share our triumphs or defeats. She loves the truth—a rare quality in a woman—and come what come may, she shall be one of us."

"But," began René, much agitated, "you don't understand. *Mon père*, I love this sweet

thing. She cares for me—perhaps—a little—yet we cannot marry each other, you know why. Oh! *ma mère*, Euphrosyne, speak in my place. I cannot say what is in my heart!"

He turned his back on the little group, and seating himself in the shade plucked at the grass, half crying. Euphrosyne put her hand on her husband's arm, and began to plead in his behalf; but Monsieur Sylvestre was in no mood to listen. Smiling, in his lofty, intractable way, he brought his discourse to a climax thus:—

"After all, what is the happiness of the



Page 164.

individual? I see no reason why Ingaretha should not be happy, and, for the matter of that, René either. But we must forget ourselves, remembering only the ties of a common cause and a common brotherhood. Our undertaking is not entered upon from desire of gain or motives of self-interest, but for the sake of that cause and in the spirit of that brotherhood. Long live the noble fraternity of Fourierists! Embrace me, my wife; embrace me, my brothers. Happy am I who lead, thrice happy are ye who follow, in the quest of a perfect state and a Golden Age!"

Thereupon the meeting broke up. Anything like business had certainly not been transacted, but the all-important question of going or staying was settled beyond dispute.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—LOVER AND HERO.

EUPHROSYNÉ and René found themselves alone under the trees. René held out his hand to her, with a look of childlike entreaty for sympathy and help. She put it to her lips and cheek, as caressingly as if he had been her son, and for a little time neither spoke. At length he said—



"Oh, my mother, it has come to this, then ! I must go alone."

"Do you love her so?" she asked tenderly.

"It is not that. I would rather stay—even if I saw her married to the rich Monsieur Carew; at least, I think so. But I cannot find it in my heart to stand by and see her sacrificed. You know what I mean. If we stay she will suffer, as sure as our creed is a true one."

"Ah!" cried Madame Sylvestre, with a look of pain impossible to describe. "This is the saddest thing in life. We, who love the truth, make martyrs of our friends."

"Mind, I do not reproach *him*. Heaven forbid! But I feel, I see, how all this will end. Suffering makes seers of us all. The most dazzling visions do not mislead me for a moment. I descry what lies on the further side of our father's golden dreams—persecution, disappointment, defeat, perhaps death. One by one, these woes will overtake us, not because our ideas are false, but because the world is not yet ready for them."

"It is all true; yet he will never believe it."

"Never, never! If he lived a hundred years, and planned a hundred Utopias, he would never believe it. Don't think I reproach him for this blindness, self-devotion—call it what you like. I envy him: I would be blind too if I could—except for Ingaretha's sake."

He turned to her eagerly, and added in a different key:—

"I am no renegade. If there was a revolution in Paris to-morrow, I would be the first to mount the breach in the cause of the people and liberty, and risk my neck the hundredth time as readily as I did the ninety-ninth; but never by act of mine shall hair of her dear head be harmed. I did not know how it was till I came to England and saw her in her home—almost a princess! She is the same as ever, but things seem changed to me for all that. What *notre père* says may be all true: her life might become unworthy of so noble a nature if we leave her to herself—flatterers might spoil her, parasites might prey upon her; she might in time grow into a wholly different being. But we do not know it, and we have no right to surmise it. I am not sure that the lot we have to give her is better than that to which she was born. Such a woman must do good anywhere. Oh, my friend, my more than mother, for her sake would we had starved in the desert!"

"Would that we had!" she said fervently.

"You see," he went on in the same eager tone, "to that one friend—our only one in the world—we have a thousand enemies, and we can never tell when any one of them may turn upon us."

"Ah, you may well say so! And what enemies have I, of my own flesh and blood!—those who were once babes at my breast, fondling me with little helpless hands! René, you don't dream of these when you speak of our enemies."

"No, no. When I speak of enemies, I mean ideas rather than persons. In this free England, men cannot be imprisoned for their opinions, but they can be scoffed at, persecuted, hunted down; and how will Ingaretha suffer when evil days overtake her friends! Offence must come, as the Scripture says, but woe be to him by whom it cometh; and we are of those by whom it cometh. Think you this deceitful peace brooding over the luxurious English nation is to last for ever? The freedom of the workman, like the freedom of the slave, must be brought about here as elsewhere by the reform that begins in revolution; and upon us Socialists will all the blame fall. The pastor, Mr. Whitelock, is already on the alert, making mischief out of our most harmless words and deeds. Ingaretha cannot shield us. And then—and then there is her rich neighbour the poet, Monsieur Carew, who is in love with her! I had better get clean out of her sight."

"My poor René!"

"Don't pity me, but help me to do the right and manly thing I ought. It is all very well for you, for *notre père*, and for Maddio, to stay. With me it is different. She is so generous that she would feel any happiness she allowed herself a reproach to me, and it breaks her heart to see me unfortunate. I have a genius for writing of a certain kind, but what good is it, seeing I was born a beggar and Ingaretha a princess! Some men would do wonderful things if they could handle a pen as well as I. I never shall, and I cannot sit like a dog at Ingaretha's feet, taking bread from her hands. Could any man? I will go back to my own people, and help them as best I can, marry a workwoman, perhaps, and rear children to hate the class to which Ingaretha belongs. What else is left for me?"

Both were silent. What comfort had she to give? What solace had he to take? These things not seldom happen in life. Two friends are bound to each other by innumerable sympathies, sorrows, tendernesses, and yet, when a dread calamity comes upon one of

them, the other has no word of consolation to offer! The familiar name is uttered, the friendly hand is held out, the fond eyes are full of tears. And that is all. Is it well or ill? We know not, and can only guess. Thus much we know. If friendship were omnipotent and love without flaw, none would be willing to turn their faces towards the unfamiliar hereafter, which may be sleep, change, perfected existence, we know not what. Madame Sylvestre and René sat holding each other's hands, and thinking these thoughts in silence till the sun was blazing in crimson splendour behind the chestnut trees, and the bosquets and glades around them had grown dusky and solemn. The setting of the sun is ever a wonder to reverent minds. The two watched the transformations of the fiery orb in as rapt a mood as fire-worshippers or early believers in the Sun-god of the glowing chariot. When the glorious coruscations of purple and orange and violet had melted into a sea of pearl and opal, and one silvery star twinkled in the west, they felt as if they too had battled enough with passion for one day, and both sank into a calm, religious mood.

"After all," René said, "Nature has given what Life has withheld. If I lose Ingaretha, I have lived never-to-be-forgotten days, and still see beautiful things wherever I go."

He was to see something even more beautiful than the lovely sky and the trembling stars and the dusky pomp of the chestnut alley; for no sooner had they emerged into the luminous twilight of the open lawn than Ingaretha advanced towards them, golden-haired, white-robed, radiant.

She gave a hand to each, and chided them for being so late.

"I hold court to-night. Did you forget it?" she asked. "Mr. Carew is here, one or two others are coming, and we are going to sing old English ditties. Run to the village, good Monsieur René, and come back transformed into a dandy. But stay; the dinner is just ready, and I will not impose such hard conditions upon you. Monsieur Sylvestre must take you in hand."

Monsieur Sylvestre met them in the porch, wearing a dress-coat of the latest fashion, the origin of which only Euphrosyne could have explained, irreproachable boots, pantalons, and waistcoat, pale lavender gloves, and a white necktie. His long soft hair, bright as silver, reached to his shoulders, his eyes sparkled, his cheeks glowed. To Euphrosyne his appearance had never seemed more imposing.

"What have you two been doing?" he said. "I had settled everything. Why, René, at your age I should have spent an hour curling those black locks of yours before entering the society of ladies."

René hung back to whisper to Euphrosyne—"You will try to make her believe afterwards that I have done what is right? And you promise not to betray me before the time?"

"Yes, indeed, yes," whispered the other, and then the two went their ways to prepare for dinner. Monsieur Sylvestre took René up-stairs, persuaded him to curl and perfume his locks, and don some black clothes he brought out for him—your true Bohemians have a marvellous knack of adapting themselves to each other's clothes—finally paraded him up and down the room, to see whether the result was satisfactory. Then they descended, to find Carew, Amy Greenfield and her husband, Mr. Whitelock, and one or two others, assembled in the drawing-room. Ingaretha, taking Monsieur Sylvestre's arm, marshalled her guests to the dinner-table. A choicer little banquet was never set before love, genius, and Socialism. There were flowers of great beauty in silver épergnes, wines of various perfume and flavour in chased decanters, a pyramid of peaches, grapes and nectarines in the midst, and dainty dishes in profusion, but not superabundance, followed one after the other.

Ingaretha's cheeks glowed with pleasure. These guests and good friends of hers were not wearers of purple and fine linen, who fared sumptuously every day. With the exception of Carew and the rector, she felt sure that none had dined so sumptuously for months, perhaps years past. How genially they accepted her hospitality! how each vied with the other in furnishing the piquant story, the neat epigram, the apt quotation! When Monsieur Sylvestre began to speak, every one else was silent. He talked mostly of himself and his ideas, but with so much liveliness and enthusiasm, and such a charming manner, that his listeners could have sat for hours. It is true, much that he said was wholly incomprehensible to most of them. What of that? Do we understand the canticles of the birds in which we delight? or the delicious humming of happy insects on a summer morning? or the solemn symphonies of the woods when the orchestra of the winds is doing its mightiest? We listen in simple wonder just as these good folks listened to the silvery-tongued old man discoursing of Plato's ideal state, of Utopias, mediæval and modern, of Fourier and his Phalanstery.



But when the dinner ended, the best part of the entertainment began. A discreet host knows that the secret of society consists in a nicely adjusted system of exactions. People do not care to go to a house where nothing is expected of them. Turn your drawing-room into a stage on which everybody has his part to play, and all find amusement. Poor Ingaretha had a large lump of mediocrity to deal with, and but a little leaven of the fiery material, call it genius, enthusiasm, what you will. She summoned all-potent music to her aid. The glees, madrigals, and choruses in which each took such genial part had been mastered in a series of rehearsals, so that everything went smoothly, and everybody could praise everybody without being accused of partiality. Even Mr. Whitelock was pressed into the service, and thought his voice had never sounded better than in Mendelssohn's 'Spring Song,' or 'By Celia's arbour.' Amy, who sang like a thrush, was in her element. She forgot all about the well-darned white muslin dress that she had ironed that morning with so many feminine pangs, and the children who had tumbled into the pond, and the bread that had been burnt to a cinder in the oven, and the hundred daily troubles at home. Life was perfect for one long evening.

Poor René had one foot in heaven and one in hell. There was Ingaretha doing her best to please both her admirers and offend neither. Ingaretha—whom his whole being worshipped madly; Ingaretha, the sweetest of all sweet women, smiling upon him, and he had no choice but to leave her!

Like the poor fools that all lovers are, he did an ill-advised thing. He had said to himself before joining his dear hostess and her guests that now if ever was the time to be forbearing and good and self-devoted, and his forbearance and goodness and self-devotion went no farther than this:—

Carew sat at the piano, bringing out stray melodies with careless hand, as your true musician can, Ingaretha standing by his side, gay and eager. He had been singing a love-song to her of his own composition, music and words—and what woman can withstand such flattery as that?

"I wish you would write a play for us to act at Christmas," she said; "or if you like it better, a masque after the olden style, or an operetta. How delightful it would be!"

"I will do anything to please you, of course," he answered.

"Do that then. May I choose the subject?"

"Yes—no—that is, I cannot write a piece to order, but I will receive suggestions."

Ingaretha, full of the play, turned to René and said—

"I have a splendid idea. Monsieur René guesses without a word, I know."

"I can't guess anything to-night. I am stupid," poor René answered; adding, "and sad besides."

She did not heed the latter part of the speech, saying playfully—

"But you have no right to be stupid to-night. It is unreasonable."

She went on talking about the play to Mr. Carew.

René grew more and more miserable. He was about to sacrifice himself for this woman as none other of her lovers or friends would sacrifice themselves, and was chidden for a sorrowful look and word. It was true, she did not know of his intention, but she knew his love for her, the length and breadth and depth of it only too well. How could she treat him thus? He took an opportunity of stealing away, and left the house without having said good-night.

#### CHAPTER XV.—GOING INTO EXILE.

RENÉ rose whilst the mists of early autumn lay thick upon the turnip-fields, and the labourers might be heard whistling as they trudged off to their work; the dreary tramp, tramp of children's footsteps might be heard also, going in gangs to the far-off task of stone-picking. He did not wake Maddio, who slept like a year-old baby, but crept down-stairs, knapsack in hand, and having breakfasted with his host, the ratcatcher, started off for St. Beowulf's Bury. He had gone about a hundred yards when the sound of hurried steps and a young voice made him look back.

It was little Mattie, the ratcatcher's daughter, as pretty a rosebud of a woman as you would find in all the rustic homes of Culpho, just sixteen, all dimples and blushes and awkwardnesses, who held the two foreign gentlemen in as much awe, despite their simple ways, as if they had been John Wesley and the great Suwarrow; the two heroes whose biographies formed the bulk of the home library.

"What's the matter, little Mattie?" he said. "I left nothing behind me. Ah! I forgot to pay as much as I owed, perhaps?"

He brought out a handful of money, the sum-total of his worldly goods.

She came to a standstill at his feet, like a pink-and-white blossom that drifts to the ground.

"Oh, no!" she said, kneeling down upon

one knee, with inexpressible childlike grace. "But you forgot to take any food with you, and father says you are going all the way to Ipswich."

It had been Mattie's office to pack the bread and cold meat with which René and Maddio usually provided themselves before setting out on an excursion. She now unfolded her apron, and brought forward a little bundle of provisions, and a couple of large gold and amber coloured pears, looking so shy, so pretty, and so persuasive, that he not only accepted the gifts, but taking her rosy chin in his hands, gave her a kiss. What was it? A careless kiss given to a pretty child on a sunshiny morning. René smiled down upon her, thinking he had done, if not a common, a knightly thing, but the girl turned scarlet, dropped her long eyelashes over tear-wet, affronted eyes, emptied her apron on the ground, and scuttled away like a scared rabbit. He called her name, whistled, went back a few paces, paused, watched in vain. Mattie had not been to the Sunday-school all these years, under the sharp eye of Reverend Madams, without having learned how to behave herself. She would tell father, she said to herself at first, shutting herself up in her bedroom, pouting and crying. To be kissed like a flaunting creature at a fair, forsooth! and she a motherless girl! the best-conducted of Mr. Whitelock's confirmation class! But, on second and calmer thoughts, she decided to keep her secret, and all that golden autumn day was longing to see the culprit again whose sin against her had been so sweet and so unpardonable.

Meantime René, having dismissed pretty Mattie from his thoughts—the man steals forbidden fruit a hundred times, and forgets; the woman but once, and remembers for ever!—was making the best of his way to St. Beowulfs.

His heart sank within him when he thought of the Paradise he had left behind, and the desert towards which he was turning his face. For the last fifteen years Ingaretha had been the passion and poetry of his wandering life. Tossed hither and thither on the sea of political and social trouble, her presence was ever the Bower of Bliss in which he rested, drinking from clear streams of joy and contentment. In prison—and René had been in prison many times for various displays of democratic principle—the expectation of seeing her again, quite as much as the desire of furthering his views, made the burden of the day tolerable, and the thought of the morrow welcome. If sometimes the fearful

sufferings of his youth came upon him with such force as to dull the sense of hope and enjoyment, an unlooked-for kindness on her part—a written word, a message, a flower—brought back a better mood. He had come to England, on Monsieur Sylvestre's invitation, to find life enchanting. But the dream was over, the vision had faded, the story was brought to sudden end. How could he stay, seeing that he loved Ingaretha and that she cared for him? All that was best and manliest in his nature pleaded on her behalf. He knew well enough that she was too generous to bid him go. She would never bid his fellow-wanderers do this, however much trouble they might bring upon her. Was not that a sufficient reason for the resolve to which he had bound himself? These revolutionary ideas of his leader's—these uncompromising theories of liberty, equality, and fraternity—these golden Utopias of happy toil and universal well-being—could only be carried out at her risk and at her cost. Socialism was not a Midas turning everything into gold. Socialism had knocked at her door, a beggar in rags, and she had fed, clothed, caressed it. Let all the world be made tools of in the good cause, he said, only let Ingaretha be spared.

Here in this rich, happy England there was room enough for revolutionists. Ingaretha lived like some fairy-tale princess, surrounded by bowers and lawns and gardens, only having to hold out her hand for the thing she longed for; but outside her park-gates, existed ill-fed, ignorant, superstitious peasants, whom no mere Lady Bountiful could have formed into happy, rational, dignified beings. She might build cottages for them, distribute doles, charge herself with the care of the sick and the aged, make feasts and festivals, open schools for the children, talk to both men and women in the friendly fashion, offer a cordial hand to the first she met as she came out of church on Sunday. In doing all this, she did well and nobly, but the wrongs of labour and poverty were not so to be put right. Here and there, under such good influences, individual debasement and individual wretchedness might vanish; the fundamental injustice of the social system, which, like the worm in the heart of a rose, gnawed at the prosperity of a free and beautiful country, would still remain untouched.

As he thought of these things, wondering what Ingaretha would do with her life—that inner life from which Sunday-schools and cottagers' homes and parish reformation stood



far apart—the question arose, what should he do with his own?

He thought of one or two friends of his, members of the fraternity of Fourierists: this settled in the Far West, that on the borders of the Sahara, a third earning his bread and sowing the good seed in Alsatia, a fourth—farther away than all—in the farthest settlements of Russia. To which should he turn? They were all his brothers; their loaf would be his loaf, their bed his bed, their purse his purse till the last. His coming would be received with joy, his departure would call forth tears.

But he hesitated. An ardent Socialist, a believer in the reconstruction of society by means of association, he still held back from making a fresh experiment. The heart-breaking experiences of the Algerian colony were fresh in his mind. He had neither forgotten the plague of locusts, nor the famine, nor the fever. He said to himself that it were better to let the rich fields of speculation and theory lie fallow for awhile, and till, sow, and garner in a crop of the practical and tangible, no matter how scanty.

He had not spent two months and a half in England for nothing. He saw that this so-called Socialism, at which the respectable masses take such affront, was no foreign plant, striking unwilling root into uncongenial soil, but a force, vigorous and healthy as the growth of a forest oak, whose adamant roots were spreading wider and wider, whose branches towered over lesser trees with majesty, whose crown and flower of prime maturity the world had not yet seen. This Trades' Unionism, this International Association of Working Men, this leaguering together of the upholders of free labour, of co-operation, of peace, and of liberty, this outcry for education, for political rights of both sexes and all grades, for toleration in thought, for emancipation from theological thralldom, but expressed more or less definitely the dreams of Owen, of St. Simon, of Fourier, of Proudhon, and the noble brotherhood of Reformers. Could a disciple of any one of these do better than throw in his lot with that of the working man? whether of France, Germany, or England, mattered little so long as Liberty was their creed, and Equality of education their watchword. A life devoted to such a cause might be dreary compared to that he had lived for the last few months, the dweller in sunny lands, the friend and companion of such a woman as Ingaretha, but life fortunately was a thing of decades, not of centuries, and life would draw to an end.

After all, he said to himself, he was a working man, ay, lower in the social scale than that—a gipsy, a vagabond, an outcast! He had tasted the bitterness of hunger and thirst, of cold and nakedness, of homelessness and exile. He had earned his bread with the sweat of his brow, his hands had never been white or soft. Wherever he went, he found working men whose existence had been luxurious compared to his own. Surely, he would be received with open arms into the guild of the struggling and the oppressed prolétariat of any nation? He would serve the good cause all the more effectually since he had no other ties. He had neither parent, nor wife, neither sister, nor brother. In all the cemeteries of the world, there was no grave to which he was in duty bound to carry immortelles and flowers. When he died, Ingaretha would weep a little, and his good comrades, Euphrosyne, Maddio, and Monsieur Sylvestre, would be sure to shed tears; but how little difference it would make to them!

All these thoughts came and went as he hastened that autumn morning to St. Beowulf's. The field of purple beet or bright green turnip glowed in the early sunshine, the cleared harvest fields looked golden against the intense blue sky, the hedges were shining with ripe berries, black and red; nature seemed as gay as if it were spring.

From St. Beowulf's to Harwich was an easy ride by rail, and there he found the time-honoured *River Queen* on the point of starting for Blackwall.

René's self-given title of a working man must be taken with certain reservations. He knew well enough that his membership of such a guild hung upon a thread, and that the inherited prolétariat of which he boasted could be easily disproved. In the first place, as Ingaretha even had gathered from his oft-times too reticent lips, he was born no beggar boy, no progeny of those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, but the son of a proud and unfortunate French exile—sole democrat of an aristocratic family—whose wanderings had ended in Rome. Did he accept Ingaretha's pity and gold pieces? Yes, but he could have had gold pieces in plenty—the less said about pity the better—if he had chosen to return to his own people and say to them, 'I am a renegade, like him who begot me. Forgive my sins and his. Give me food, shelter, name, and I will never discredit you by loving liberty and the people too well.'

Occasionally he had let fall, chancewise, some inkling of this discarded birthright;

once or twice he had named names; to Madame Sylvestre he had even gone further than this; but on the surface, and before all, he was a working man, owning no other kinship.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE GATES OF EDEN ARE OPENED.

OF course Ingaretha knew well enough why René went away, and was a little glad and very sorry both for his sake and her own. He went to spare her. It was generous, self-devoted, nay, noble of him. He had left behind him a happy life, friends, the woman he held dear, and set out as an emigrant seeking a new home and a new country. True friend René! If she could only have recalled him, to say, 'Be happy!'

But though his absence weighed upon her spirits, and for days and weeks her laugh seemed to belong to some one else, and silence often took possession of her unawares, she resolutely set to work on behalf of those left behind. The negotiations for Pilgrim's Hatch occupied much of her time and thoughts during the few weeks preceding Michaelmas-day—to ingoing and outgoing farmers the most important day of the year. What with the lawyer, the farmer, and the farm-steward—for Mrs. Minifie's secret naturally exploded in a moment of wrath, and Mr. Minifie now sat on the council board—she had a hard battle to fight. Grindstone wouldn't sharpen knife, knife wouldn't cut stick, stick wouldn't beat pig, pig wouldn't go to market, and dame couldn't get home to-night. The farmer, egged on by Mr. Minifie, set a high price on his farm, and stuck to it. The lawyer, determined to keep Ingaretha's money in her pocket, set a lower figure, and stuck to it also: and Michaelmas-day drew nearer and nearer. At last matters were brought to a climax by a concession on the part of the lady.

"Dear Mr. Mede," she said to her old friend coaxingly, "let us hire the farm. It is only seventy acres, a kind of bigger garden, after all. I don't want to throw money into the fire; but I do want to make my friends happy. Let me stock it; six or seven hundred pounds, I think Mr. Minifie said, would do that and a little more; and surely I can afford to lend a friend seven hundred pounds."

"Give it, you mean," growled Mr. Mede.

She laid her hand on the old man's arm insinuatingly.

"Oh, Mr. Mede, would it be a crime to do that? And my uncle lately left me a

thousand pounds to buy trinkets with, which I have not touched."

"Well, my dear, I suppose you must have your way. But, mind, Minifie sees to the stock, crop, and valuation. Minifie supervises—ahem—these friends of yours. Everything will go to rack and ruin else."

Ingaretha coloured, and started back with an affronted look.

"I couldn't accept an Eden on those terms," she said.

"I can offer no better, and now or never is your time for accepting them."

At first Ingaretha was disposed to gather up her riding skirts, and go her ways, never to speak of the matter to Mr. Mede any more. But friendship for her old adviser prevailed; and seeing her so amenable to reason, and so sweet and respectful to himself, the lawyer temporised. First the one ceded an inch, then the other an inch, and so on, till each had got, if not as much ground as was asked for, at least as much as could reasonably be expected.

Then there was Mr. Minifie to confront. Ingaretha met him with a childishly crest-fallen air.

"Mr. Mede will have you mixed up in the matter," she said, with an attempt at a smile; and that was all.

The two forthwith rushed *in medias res*, Ingaretha ignoring the triumphant little twinkle that, for the life of him, Mr. Minifie could not suppress. It is true that, but for his wife's by-play in the first instance, the farm would have been his own; he hardly grudged it now, seeing the conditions imposed upon those who had forestalled him.

"I always warned you not to interfere with my affairs, Janey," he said, as soon as Ingaretha was gone. "You see what has come of it."

"Things might have been worse," Mrs. Minifie retorted. "You hoarded up so much money, that I am afraid the ground will open, and swallow you up as you walk along. Remember Korah, Dathan, and Abiram. The loss of this farm is perhaps a last chance of salvation to you."

"Janey, do leave off preaching," began Mr. Minifie, too elated just then to quarrel.

"Give me some of my money, then, and I will be quiet for a year. Only twenty pounds of my own money!" begged the poor woman, with a pitiful mixture of entreaty and reproach.

"Twenty pounds!" echoed Mr. Minifie, opening his eyes. "What on earth would you do with it?"



"It is a very little to ask for, and I am getting old. I shall soon be too old to care about anything. We can't carry our money to the grave with us. Why not enjoy it now?"

"Well, what do you call enjoying it?"

He looked so good-natured, that Mrs. Minifie took heart, and pleaded her cause more earnestly.

"You can't say that I have ever been an extravagant wife, Charlie. I dress no better than a curate's wife. I am content to eat beans and bacon day after day. I keep no company. But twenty pounds now and then would enable me to give such useful little presents to my friends!"

"Oh!" was Mr. Minifie's answer; and straightway turned upon his heel, she calling after him, in her rage and disappointment—

"I will steal it! I will pick your pockets like a thief! I will have a little of my own money by fair means or foul!"

She stamped with rage and cried, poor creature, at thinking of the gifts she had intended to make—a silk dress for pretty Amy, a doll's-house for little Bina, a Sunday frock for all the children, and something useful and pretty for the dear foreigners, Monsieur and Madame Sylvestre. Her life was so dull and emotionless, that the idea of affording these kindly souls a momentary elation had been like food, psalm-reading, and poetry to her for days past. Ah! how happy she had been in the by-gone days of freedom and old-maidhood! Then the golden sovereigns came and went like good angels, doing their daily work of duty and beneficence. What *protégés* she had in that unfettered, careless time! What friends amongst the children, what adorers among the needy, what allies amongst the helpless! And now she stood alone and friendless as a withered tree, to whom nature had denied all prospect of flower and fruit. This blessed state of marriage that poets and romancists extolled to heaven—this union of two lives, two souls, and two hearts in one—might be to some a beautiful reality or a dream; to herself it had been a farce, a tragedy, the contemplation of which shamed her before God and man.

There was nothing to do now but bear it. Fortunately, when the bitterness of her last mortification was fresh in her mind, came a kind little note from Ingaretha. Mr. Minifie had promised to see that the stock should be good and abundant; but there was the house to furnish and make ready. Would Mrs. Minifie help her in making these preparations? The two ladies worked hard, and

achieved wonders. An old-fashioned farmhouse, with due reservation be it said, is often as comfortless a domicile as a caravansary in the wilds of the desert. Good drinking water is not to be had within a mile; bedrooms are without fire-places; floors are so uneven as to give one the idea of an earthquake; the apple-chamber, being situated in the middle of the house, and filled with apples from Michaelmas till May-day, emits an overpowering and monotonous savour. The cheese-room may not happen to be at a respectful distance from the sleeping apartments. The parlour has generally a brick-floor, pleasant enough in July, but far from grateful at Christmas. Money works small miracles; good sense works great one. It was quite marvellous how soon the little homestead of Pilgrim's Hatch became transformed under Ingaretha's supervision.

As yet not a syllable had been breathed to Monsieur and Madame Sylvestre about their good luck; but on the eve of Michaelmas-day, Ingaretha ordered her little pony-carriage to be brought to the door, and, looking radiant, invited them to drive with her to a farm that might suit them.

"A very modest little place," she said; "but I think you would not be dissatisfied with such a beginning."

Monsieur Sylvestre delighted in handling the reins as much as a schoolboy, and, by this time, had occasioned many a mischief to Ingaretha's horses, carriages, and harness. Without waiting for an invitation, he jumped into the driver's seat, flourished the whip, and drove off after his own showy but unsafe fashion.

"Any beginning will satisfy me, my dear young lady," he said—"a field, an acre, nay, a garden. Rome was not built in a day; and the glorious harvest of Socialism may be sowed chancewise by vagrants like myself, as flower-seed by humble insects."

"Mind the gate!" said Ingaretha.

"Think," he continued, waiting impatiently till the park gate was opened, "how the face of all things might be changed in this favoured spot if the ideas of the divine Fourier were disseminated. The earth brings forth abundantly, and her fruits are duly gathered in; but by whom? By those who believe in the nobility of toil? By those who share in its rewards? By those who feel themselves members of one great brotherhood? No; rather by those whom poverty and ignorance have so degraded, that in their persons, toil becomes degradation; by those who, far

from sharing the first-fruits of the earth, are content with the shells and husks thereof; by those who have no common fellowship, except with deprivation, and wrong, and misery——”

“We are driving into the ditch!” interrupted Ingaretha.

The ditch was avoided, and the speaker continued:—

“I thought you English loved freedom, till I came to live among you. What does your much-vaunted liberty amount to? The poor are free, I grant. Your lords of the manors and grand seigneurs no longer possess the right of pit and cross-way. You cannot bury your peasants alive, or gibbet them if they happen to displease you. But is not ignorance the worst of slavery? Better not to be born, saith Plato, than to be untaught. And in that slavery you have kept them for centuries bound hand and foot.”

“*Mon Dieu*, we are overturned!” cried Madame Sylvestre in great terror, and, true enough, the little carriage was on the point of running into a heap of timber lying by the roadside when Ingaretha’s timely seizure of the reins averted the catastrophe.

“I lose all patience,” continued Monsieur Sylvestre, “when I read what your orators and your journalists, not to speak of your historians, say about this same liberty of the people. Eyes have they, but they see not; ears have they, but they hear not. With such spectacles as the pauperism of London and the misery of Manchester ever before them, they still hug this delusion to their souls—Liberty of the people.”

“Oh! we are in the miller’s cart!” cried Ingaretha. This time the collapse was inevitable. Don Quixote’s onslaught upon the windmills was hardly fiercer than this charge of Ingaretha’s pony upon the miller’s lazy cob.

There was a scrimmage and a great dispersion of dust, from which emerged, first the ladies, then the drivers, then the animals, all looking more or less rueful. The harness having been temporarily adjusted and the miller’s ruffled temper smoothed down by Ingaretha’s apologies, the little party made the rest of their journey on foot.

The short bright autumn afternoon was drawing to a close when they reached the farm. All the front windows glowed fiery red in the rays of the declining sun; the orchard was lustrous with ripened pear, apple, and

plum; Michaelmas daisies, cabbage roses, and other homely flowers brightened the little garden; the meadows lay bathed in yellow light; beautiful white ducks were swimming in the pond; broods of plump late chickens strayed here and there.

Ah, how happy was Ingaretha as she led her enchanted friends over the peaceful place, pointing out this thing and that! first the dairy with its cool marble slabs and wooden milk troughs, shining and white, its bright red jars half a yard high, full of salted cream for the next day’s churning; then the pantries, airy, dusky, capacious; then the kitchen and the back-kitchen, its red brick floors just washed down; then the apple-chamber, and the little bedrooms, old-fashioned, small-windowed, built anyhow, with big cupboards and unaccountable ascents and descents, and perfumes of honeysuckle coming in at every opening; last of all, she led them into what she called, after country fashion, the best parlour of the house.

Exclamations of surprise fell from her companions, and no wonder. Here were soft carpets, book-shelves, books, pictures, a cottage piano, one or two statuettes, a writing-table, a velvet arm-chair, a blue-grey paper with a dash of gold in it, gold fringed curtains to the little bay-window that looked pleasantly on to the shady orchard.

“What taste, what luxury!” cried Euphrosyne. “Surely this farmer can have been no common man!”

Her husband was turning over the books that lay upon the table with extreme inquisitiveness.

“Can I believe my eyes!” he cried delightedly. “Here is Robert Owen’s ‘Book of the Moral World,’ and that book of books, ‘La Philosophie Positive,’ and the entire works of Charles Fourier!”

He uttered an involuntary ejaculation, held a volume to the window, looked again and again, then called to Euphrosyne to look also. His own name was written on the title-page!

No one knew how it happened, but the secret was out without a word. Ingaretha gave a hand to each, half laughing, half crying. They kissed her, they kissed each other in a passionate mood of hope, joy, and gratitude; and when the first surprise had passed away, talked tremblingly of their good fortune, dreading, like happy dreamers, lest the spell should soon be broken!



## GEORGE HEATH, THE MOORLAND POET.

IT was one day in the late autumn of 1870, when the silvern light and the grey cloud were brooding over the windless waters and shadowy moors of Lorne, that I leant over a little rural bridge close to my home in the Highlands, and watched the running burn, where, in the words of Duncan Bàn of Glenorchy—

“With a splash, and a plunge, and a mountain murmur,  
The gurgling waters arise and leap,  
And pause and hasten, and spin in circles,  
And rush and loiter, and whirl and creep;”

and on that day, as always when I stand by running water, I was thinking of the author of the “Luggie,” whose tale I have told to the world both in prose and verse; thinking of him and wondering at myself, for the very brightness of his face seemed to have faded into the dimness of dream, and I found it almost difficult to realise that David Gray had lived at all. The fair shape seemed receding further and further up the mysterious vistas, and the time seemed near when it would vanish altogether, and be invisible even to the soul that loved it best. The thought was a miserable one. It was so hateful that grief should grow dull so soon; that the inconsolable should find the fond habit of earthly perception obliterating memory; that passionate regret should first grow sweet, and then faint, and finally should fade away; and that, until a fresh shock came from God to galvanise the drowsy consciousness, the dead should be more or less forgotten—the mother by her child, the mistress by her lover, the father by his son, the husband by the wife; and all this though heaven might be thronging with dead to us invisible, with eyes full of tears and straining back to earth, with faces agonised beyond expression to see the bereft ones gradually turning their looks earthward, and brightening to forgetfulness and peace. While my mind was full of such thoughts, the Highland postman passed and handed me my letters, and the first packet I opened was a little volume, “Memorial Edition of the Poems of George Heath, the Moorland Poet.”\* There was a portrait, a memoir, and some two hundred pages of verse. The portrait struck me first, for about lips and chin there was a weird reminiscence; and on the whole face, even in the somewhat rude engraving, there was a look seen only on the features of certain women, and on those of poets who die young—a look unknown to the face of

Milton, or of Wordsworth, or of Byron, but faintly traceable in every likeness of Shelley that I have ever seen, and almost obtrusive in the one existing portrait of Keats. This look is scarcely describable—it may even be a flash from one’s own imagination; but it seems there, painful, spiritual, a light that never was on sea and land, quite as unmistakable on poor Kirke White’s face as on the mightier lineaments of Freidrich von Hardenburg. Next came the memoir, and then the verse. It was what I anticipated—the old story over again; the story of Keats, of Robert Nicoll, of David Gray; the old story with the old motto, “Whom the gods love die young.” Though it came like a rebuke, it illuminated memory. What had seemed to die away and grow into the common daylight was again shining before me—the face of the dear boyish companion who had died, the eyes that had faded away in divine tears, the look that had been luminous there and was now dimly repeated in the little woodcut of George Heath. Out of almost the same elements, nature had wrought another tragedy, and through nearly the same process another young soul had been consecrated to the martyrdom of those who sing and die.

Is it worth telling over again, this tale that nature repeats so often? Is it worth while tracing once more the look with which we are so familiar, the consecrated expression Death puts upon the eyes and mouth of his victims? Is not the world sad enough without these pitiful reminders? Genius, music, disease, death—the old, weary, monotonous tune, have we not heard enough of it? Not yet. It will be repeated again and again and again, till the whole world has got it by heart, and its full beauty and significance are apprehended by every woman that bears a son. At the present moment it comes peculiarly in season: for England happens to be infested at present by a school of poetic thought which threatens frightfully to corrupt, demoralise, and render effeminate the rising generation; a plague from Italy and France; a school æsthetic without vitality, and beautiful without health; a school of falsettoes innumerable—false love, false picture, false patriotism, false religion, false life, false death, all lurking palpable or disguised in the poisoned chalice of a false style. Just when the latter Della Cruscan school is blooming out in the full hectic flush of mutual admiration which is the due preliminary to

\* London: Beinrose and Sons, Paternoster Row.

sudden death, just when verse-writers who never lived are bitterly regretting that it is necessary to die, and thinking the best preparation is to grimace at God and violate the dead, it may do us good to read the old story over again, this time in the rude outline of a life which was even more than ordinarily conscious of poetic imperfection.

George Heath was born at Gratton, a hamlet in the moorlands of Staffordshire, on the 9th of March, 1844. He was the eldest son of poor parents, who lived in an old weather-beaten cottage in a lonely part of the moors, and farmed a small piece of the adjoining ground. At the National School of Horton he learned to read and write, but at a very early age he was compelled to work as a farm-labourer in his father's fields. For some reason unknown to me, but most probably because he was somewhat too frail for hard work out-of-doors, he was afterwards apprenticed to a carpenter, "Mr. Samuel Heath, of Gratton, joiner and builder;" and here some secret literary influence reached him—"fancy," to quote his own words, "indulged in wildly beautiful dreams to the curl of the shavings and rasp of the saw"—and with that, awoke the delicious hunger we all remember, the never-satisfied appetite for books. What he read, how and where he read, how his later thoughts were affected by what he read, cannot, of course, be determined by a stranger, though I shall not be far wrong in guessing that he was quite as eager to acquire knowledge of a useful sort as to gratify his as yet faint poetic tastes. Youths overdosed with school hate useful knowledge, but the poor half-starved ignoramus devours it, and finds it sweeter to his taste than honey. Heath's best friend in those days, and all days after, seems to have been a young man named Foster, described in the memoir "as a young man of like mind with himself—one who had received a good education at the old grammar school of Alleyne's, at Uttoxeter, and to whom a well-stocked library at home had always been accessible." Foster could draw, and was ambitious to distinguish himself as an artist. The portrait of Heath is from his pencil, and is quite tenderly executed. The two lads loved each other, influenced each other, inspired each other, as only two such young souls can do, and the fellowship existed till the very last. Only a few months before his death George Heath wrote in his diary, "My dear old friend and fellow-toiler came up for just an hour. He is still as earnest and persevering as ever. He and I started together in the life struggle.

We cannot be said to have fought shoulder to shoulder, for our paths have lain apart, and he, I believe, has, through my ill-health and one thing and another, gained upon me. But we have always been one in heart, and still we are agreed our motto must be *steadily onward*."

The stranger who first sent me George Heath's poems, with a letter telling how tenderly some thoughts of mine had been prized by the poor boy in Staffordshire, and how, under God, I had been able to influence him for good, afterwards procured for me, at my particular request, the "Diary" from which I have quoted above, and from which I shall have occasion to quote again; and it lies now before me—four little volumes, purchased by Heath for a few pence, filled with boyish handwriting, in the earlier portions clear and strong, but latterly nervous and weak, and ever growing weaker and weaker. Every day, for four long years of suffering and disease, George Heath wrote his thoughts down here. However dim were his eyes with pain, however his wasting hand shook and failed, he managed to add something, if only a few words; and let those who upbraid God for their burdens read these pages, and see how a poor untaught soul, stricken by the most cruel of all diseases, and tortured by the wretchedest of all disappointments, could, year after year, day after day, hour after hour, collect strength enough to say unflatteringly—"God, Thy will be done, for Thou art wiser than I." When the hand is too weak to write more, a wild effort is made to say this much—"Another day; thank God! Oh, God is good!" There are men in the world—gifted men, too—who see no more in this than the submission of despair; but they err from lack of human knowledge. The gratitude is not that of despair, but of hope, of thanks for most heavenly consecration. It is born of the strange sense of beatification which only ensues after extreme physical pain, and still more, of the quiet feeling of security consequent on great spiritual vitality; both these deepening the sufferer's conviction that he whose fondest hope was to sing living and be the chosen of man, may in all happiness sing dying and become the chosen of God. "God has love, and I have faith," said David Gray, just before the final darkness. "Thanks to God for one more day," wrote George Heath in his diary overnight; and he died peacefully in the morning. There it is, the one Word, the awful Mystery. Why do these poor lambs thank God? For what do they thank Him? Not through fear



surely, for they are brave, more fearless than any men who fall in fight. Can it be that He communicates with them in His own fashion, and gives them the supreme assurance which, in us, causes nothing but amaze? Poor lambs! bleating to the Shepherd as they die!

It was while assisting at the restoration of Hendon Church, "just before the close of his apprenticeship in 1864," that Heath caught the complaint, a consumption of the lungs, to which he ultimately succumbed. The writer of the memoir adds that the "sorrow of a broken *first love*" had something to do with his disease, but the inference is doubtful. There are, indeed, clear evidences in the poems that Heath had been passionately in love with an object he afterwards found to be unworthy. One of his early pieces, entitled "The Discarded," written on New-Year's Eve, is addressed to the girl he loved, after she had played with his heart and wounded it cruelly. It is a boy's production, with a man's heart in it—strong, nervous, real, showing inherent dignity of nature, and full of a firm voice that could not whine. Those who are now familiar with the musical ravings of diseased animalism may find freshness even in some of these lines, bald as they are in form and cold in colour:—

"Ah! but think not, haughty maiden,  
That I envy thee thy power,  
Or the grand and lofty beauty  
Which was all thy virgin dower;  
Think not, either, that I would be  
Unconcerned and gay and free;  
Doff a love, and don another,  
In a twilight like to thee,  
No! I sooner far would suffer  
All the agony of heart—  
Ay, an age of desolation—  
Than be fickle as thou art.  
For it proves to me, my spirit  
Has not lost the stamp divine;  
That my nature is not shallow,  
Is not base and mean as thine.  
Neither think thou that my being  
Yearns towards thee even yet;  
That a smile of thine would banish  
All I never may forget;  
That a look of thine would make me  
All I dreamed I once might be;  
That one gleam of love would chain me  
Once again a slave to thee.

"Should the richest of the carver,  
And the fairest of the loom,  
And the choice of art and nature  
Lustre round thy beauties' bloom;  
Ah! should all the gifts and graces  
Gather round thee and conspire  
In thy form to fix their essence,  
Flush thy face with spirit-fire;  
Nay! shouldst thou in tears, forgetting  
Beauty-love is calm and proud,  
Shouldst thou humble thee, and bow thee  
Where I once so meekly bowed:  
Having once deceived me, never,  
Never more, whate'er thy mien,  
Couldst thou be to me the being  
That thou mightest once have been.  
No, alas! thy tears might give me  
Less of pride, and less of scorn,  
Deeper pity, deeper shadow,  
Make me sadder, more forlorn."

These were the utterances of a lofty nature, capable of becoming a poet sooner or later; already indeed a poet in soul, but lacking as yet the poetic voice. That voice never came in full strength, but it was gathering, and the world would have heard it if God had not chosen to reserve it for his own ears. The stateliness of character shown in this little love affair was never lost from that moment, and is in itself enough to awaken our deepest respect and sympathy.

In 1865 appeared a little volume by Heath, under the title of "Preludes," consisting chiefly of verses written during the first year of his illness. These poems, like all he wrote, are most noteworthy for the invariable superiority of the thought over the expression. They are not at all the sort of verses written by brilliant young men. Their subjects are local places, tales of rude pathos like "The Pauper Child," and religious sentiment. Here, as in the "Discarded," there is too much of the old tawdry metaphor characteristic of the pre-Wordsworthian lyrists, and to some extent of Wordsworth himself; and we read with little pleasure about "blushing spring in her robe of virgin pride," summer's "gushing tide," "Deception's soulless smile," "flower-enamelled glades," and "halcyon glory," hear too many allusions to the "zodiac" and the (most insufferable) "zephyr," and note too many such words as "empyrean," "amaranthine," "lambling," "fledgeling," "glorious," "gorgeous." Nevertheless, there is truth in the verses. The poor boy is not composing, but putting his own experience into the form that seems beautiful to him, however unreal it seems to us. He had not read widely enough to be consciously guilty of insincerities of style.

But as he lingered, confiding daily in the little diary as to a friend's bosom, George Heath read more. He received lessons in Latin and Greek from the Vicar (Latin and Greek! for a poor soul going to speak the tongue of the angels!), and as if this was not enough, he studied arithmetic. It is sad to think of him greedily picking up any crumb of knowledge, and unconscious as yet of his approaching doom. His pen was most busy all the time, composing poetry more or less worthy of preservation. The disease was doing its work slowly, and the fated hand was never at rest for years. For four years—1866, 1867, 1868, 1869—he kept his diary; and even the entries made when the last hope had fled are very patient

Here are a few extracts from the diary for

1866; they tell his story with far more force and tenderness than I could hope to tell it:—

*"January, 1866.*—Thus, with the dawn of a new year, I commence to write down some of the most prominent features of my every-day life. Not that I have anything extra to write, but this is a critical period of my life. I may never live to finish this diary. On the other hand, should it please God to raise me up again, it will be a source of pleasure in the future to read something of the thoughts and feelings, hopes and aspirations, that rise in the mind when under the afflicting hand of Providence; and its experience will help me to *trust* God where I cannot trace Him.

*"Thursday, January 4.*—Still feeling very unwell, with a bad cold and pain in my side, pursuing my studies much as usual, trying to get up the Latin verbs thoroughly. I have been my usual walk twice per diem across to Close Gate. The weather is still very unfavourable. I am sorry to hear that Mrs. S. Heath, sen., is very poorly. I am thinking much of a dear one far away. Praise God, He is good!

*"Saturday, January 13.*—How changeable is the weather: yesterday it was fine and frosty; to-day it is dark, damp, and cheerless. How like our earthly life! Sunshine and shadow, storm and calm, all the way through. I am scarcely so well in body, and somewhat depressed in spirits. I have not received the letter that is due to me, and that I have been looking so anxiously for, at present. Though I have been struggling hard the past week, yet I cannot see much that I have done. Courage!

*"Monday, January 15.*—Almost racked to death with a fearful cough and cold, but quite as hopeful as usual. To-day Miss D. Crompton called to see us, and my very kind friend Mrs. Dear sent me a bottle of wine.

*"Friday, January 19.*—I have with great difficulty finished writing out a poem of some three hundred lines in length, entitled, 'The Discarded: a Reverie.' It is my longest, and I think it will be almost my last.

*"Thursday January 25.*—I am feeling still better to-day, and lighter in heart. The weather is fine and mild, and early this morning the birds chirped and sang just as they do at the approach of spring, and the sun burst out in all his splendour. I could not remain in the house, but sauntered round the croft and down the lane. I have not yet heard from my friend.

*"Monday, January 29.*—I have been writing out a few lines on the 'cattle plague.' What an alarming visitation of Providence it is! It seems to be steadily on the increase. It has come within two miles of here. I tremble to think of the consequences should it visit our home; it would sweep away all our little subsistence.

*"Friday, March 2.*—It is a gloriously fine day, but keen and frosty. I am feeling the benefit of the pure air. I am grieved to hear that Mr. W. Heath has lost all his milking cows through the 'rin-erpest.' This morning I received a kind letter from my friend Mademoiselle J. M. It is a nice letter, but still somehow it has left a painful impression behind.

*"Wednesday, March 14.*—I am sitting by the fire-side dreaming strange fantastic day-dreams! And why? I cannot tell. This dreaming seems to have become a part of my very nature. Perhaps it is wrong, but it is so sweet! Mother is gone to market, the orphan babe is in its cradle, all is quiet, and I am poorly and unable to study; so what can I do but dream?

*"Thursday, April 26.*—Still fine and hot. The aspect of things is slowly but surely changing. Dame Nature, 'neath the sweet influences of spring, is putting on her glorious mantle! The lambs are frisking in the fields, the birds unite in sending forth one rich volume of praise to God, myriads of insects, long dormant, are waking into life! Praise God!

*"Monday, May 14.*—Very unwell. The sombre goddess Melancholy has gained almost the mastery of me. I feel quite alone in the world—a puerile, unloved thing; but I think that my earthly race is almost at a close, and then if I, through the blood and mediation of Christ, am enabled to reach that bright land, O how glorious will be the change!

*"Monday, June 4.*—A hot sultry day. I feel so languid and listless; but can enjoy to the full the beautiful panorama spread out before me, and, indeed, it is beautiful! The scent of dewy foliage and nectar-filled flowers fills me with a dreamy, undefined pleasure; I love the world, I love every one in it, and its Maker.

*"Friday, June 15.*—I am very unwell and low-spirited; the house is dull and gloomy; outside the rain keeps falling incessantly. Mother and father are both very poorly. My kind friend, Mrs. B. Bayley, has sent me several books and magazines to look over; one especially interests me, 'Punch's collection of Leech's cuts.'

*"Wednesday, July 4.*—Very wet. I am a prisoner; very poorly; forbidden by the doctor to do any close study. I am sadly low-spirited. Grieving foolishly enough that all my correspondents have forsaken me.

*"Saturday, August 4.*—Another week is calmly gliding away, and strange to say the period of the year that I dreaded most is passed away, and I am still alive, and, thank Heaven, as well as usual. Two years ago in July I was taken ill, and one year since in the same month I had an issue of blood from the lungs; but, praise God, I am still alive.

*"Thursday, August 9.*—I have been a walk to Close Gate, and had a game of 'croquet.' My spirits are better. There is a grand Choral Festival at Horton Church—one hundred and sixty performers; how I should like to hear them! It would waft me to heaven.

*"Wednesday, August 22.*—I have been out into the lanes and fields, watching the 'shearers' with their shiny hooks gathering the golden corn into sheaves; far and near the eye rests upon rich fields of grain, 'white unto harvest.'

*"Tuesday, October 2.*—I am feeling somewhat sad-hearted to-day. I suppose the fading robe of nature affects me with its melancholy, yet it is an exceedingly fine and warm day; perhaps it is because I have been reading Tennyson, and the grandeur of his works disheartens me, showing me how low I am.

*"Thursday, November 8.*—Silently, slowly another day is gliding into eternity; wet, dark, and gloomy! I am, however, feeling some better to-day. Dr. White has been to see me, and informs me that my poems have had the honour of a public reading at Leek, and the knowledge of all this kindness has, in spite of the gloomy weather, cheered me up.

*"Monday, December 17.*—A damp, foggy, congenial day. I have not been doing much study, for I am feeling very unwell. I have heard of a terrible calamity which happened at Talk-o'-the-Hill on Thursday last—an explosion of fire-damp, by which eighty lives were lost, leaving some sixty widows and one hundred orphans. I have been round trying to collect something for them.

*"Monday, December 24.*—Bless God! another year has almost passed away, and He has preserved me. Even while I write I hear the sound of 'Christ-



mas singers,' and though the sounds are not very melodious, yet they are sweet to me, for they remind me of Christ my Saviour, whom from the earnest depths of my soul I love and bless to-night."

It would serve no purpose to multiply my extracts. What does the world care whether this poor boy was better or worse on such a day, whether the weather was good or bad, whether his sweetheart was true or false, whether he himself lived or died? For two more complete years George Heath kept the same simple memoranda, fluctuating all the time between hope and despair, and suffering extreme physical pain. The most pregnant entry in the whole diary is that made on 26th February, 1868:—

"*February 26th, 1868.*—To-day I have brought down and committed to the flames a batch of letters that I received from a love that was once as life to me—such letters—yet the writer in the end deserted me. Oh, the anguish I suffered! I had not looked at them for three years, and even to-day, when I came and fingered them, and opened the portrait of the woman I loved so much, I could scarcely keep back the bitter tears. Oh, Jenny, the bitterness you caused me will never be obliterated from my heart."

According to the memoir, nearly all the poems Heath left in manuscript were written in 1867; but after that—after the miserable 26th February, 1868—he wrote little, and all he wrote was sad. The year 1869 opened dark and gloomy, and Heath still lived, still sadly striving to pick up knowledge.

"*Wednesday, January 6.*—Have been writing to my sister, reading English History, &c., and poring over the old, tough Latin Grammar. I have been much interested with the plotting and counter-plotting for and against the liberties of poor Mary Queen of Scots; and now the darkness is coming down over valley and hill, and another day has gone to the eternal.

"*Saturday, January 16.*—Still the dreary, dead damp. Have been reading some of the myths in Smith's smaller Mythological Dictionary—some of the accounts of the heroes and demigods. Have been much interested with Newman Hall's paper in the *Broadway*, 'My Impressions of America,' in which he describes some of the most magnificent river, lake, and mountain scenery.

"*Tuesday, January 26.*—The dense fog is over all things. I am unwell, having passed almost a sleepless night from anxiety on account of poor John; for at midnight there was an alarm raised. John was taken suddenly worse. They feared he was dying. Our people were sent for. But he survived, thank God! Doing a little light reading, a little grammar, &c. 'Better rub than rust,' so says Ebenezer Elliot.

"*Friday, February 5.*—Fine and mild as April. Have been all about the fields, and my heart has been thrilled beyond measure by the appearance of several beautiful and only-just-peeping daisies. The hyacinths, too, are actually springing, and the celandine is out in leaf. How magnificent are the snowdrops! These flowers seem to my barren and often sadly yearning spirit like my own children—something I have a right to love and cherish.

"*Saturday, February 13.*—No better inside. My

chest feels feverishly hot, while cold shivers run all over my exterior. I half expect that some of these attacks will prove too much for the force of nature. It feels as though my vitality were burning and washing away within me. Ah! how shall I support this weary, fluctuating life of mine? I feel almost a yearning to fly away and be at rest! My Father, be still my strength!

"*Thursday, February 18.*—I am still a prisoner. The worry and fret of life and ambition seem quite to have left me. I have no more a recognised hope of standing amongst the glorious, the renowned in song. I have no hope of winning that for which I have toiled all these years—a wide range of knowledge, a mind imbued with great and noble thoughts, and a grand power of expressing. I shall sing still, but 'twil be to soothe myself.

"*Thursday, February 25.*—No better—worse, if anything. I can do little but lay my head down in quiet, or watch the clouds gliding turbulently over the patch of sky seen through the window, while the trees rock their arms, toss, and gesticulate. I wonder what particular lessons I should learn here. If those of patience, trust, and fortitude? 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.'

"*Tuesday, March 9.*—Here is my birthday once more. My twenty-fifth year has passed off into the eternity of the past. My twenty-sixth dawns over me. I am filled with strange thoughts; things look very dark about me now. My health is bad. Shall I, as I half expect, go down to the grave, or shall I again awake to life and energy? My God! Thou only knowest! Help me to do my duty well in any case!

"*Wednesday, March 10.*—Little Harriet has to-day brought into the house a little bunch of the celandine flower. I dare say there are lots of various sorts of flowers beginning to show themselves. The beautiful anemones will soon be out, and I cannot go to see them! I seem to drift further and further down, am doing just nothing. A great shadow of weariness is upon me. Sent a letter—written at a many sittings—to my sister Hannah.

"*Tuesday, March 23.*—Most deeply ill all day—utterly prostrated in mind and body. My affliction seems to have laid hold of my whole system with an iron grasp which nothing can shake off. Have read a very little of English History. It seems to me there is quite a danger of my sinking down into stupor, if not imbecility even.

"*Thursday, April 8.*—To-day Dr. Heaton has visited me, and, as far as he is concerned, has left me without a shadow of hope. I had tried before, and believe I had earnestly said, 'My God, Thy will be done!' but when you come to find that your doom is really fixed, the pang of bitterness is none the less. But the bitterness is past, and I can trust in God.

"*Friday, April 23.*—The day has been a beautiful one. Outside the green foliage is beginning to sheet the landscape, and some of the trees are hung with blossoms. It has been a very quiet day with us, and I am trying to look homeward. How good is the Lord!

"*Thursday, May 29.*—How beautifully the thought of my far-off home—that home whose wonder none may guess—comes to me through the glory of the sun-radiance that falls through the windows! The easterly wind is cold, and my throat is worse. Bless God!

"*Monday, May 3.*—It is the gloomiest day there has been for some time past. The rain is dripping down, doing wonders of good. I am very ill—sinking. My cough is almost continuous. But in God is my trust.

"Tuesday, May 4.—Praise God for one more day!"

The whole story was now complete, and the morning after making that last entry—"Thank God for another day"—Heath passed away, "peacefully," writes the author of the memoir. He was buried in Horton churchyard, and a Runic cross, designed by his friend Foster, is about to be raised over his grave, with this inscription:—

Erected in Memory  
Of GEORGE HEATH, of Gtaton,  
Who, with few aids,  
Developed in these Moorlands  
Poetic powers of great promise,  
But who, stricken by consumption,  
After five years' suffering,  
Fell a victim to that disease,  
May 5, 1869, aged 25 years.

"His life is a fragment—a broken clue—  
His harp had a musical string or two,  
The tension was great, and they sprang and flew,  
And a few brief st. ains—a scattered few—  
Are all that remain to mortal view  
Of the marvellous song the young man knew."

I have left myself little or no space to speak of George Heath's poetry, the fragments of which already given were selected less for their intrinsic merit than for their value as autobiography. What struck me first when I read the little book of remains was the remarkable fortitude of style, fearlessly developed in treating most unpromising material, and the occasional intensity of the flash of lyrical emotion. There is nothing here of supreme poetic workmanship, perfect vision in perfect language, like those four lines of David Gray:—

"Come, when a shower is pleasant in the falling,  
Stirring the still perfume that wakes around,  
Now that doves mourn, and in the distance calling  
The cuckoo answers, *with a sov'reign sound!*"

Nothing quite so overpowering as Gray's passionate cry:—

"O God, for one clear day! a snowdrop! and sweet air!

No descriptions of nature as loving, as beautiful as those in the "Luggie," and no music as fine as the music of Gray's songs and sonnets.\* But there is something else, something that David Gray did *not* possess, with all his marvellous lyrical faculty, and this something is great intellectual self-possession combined with the faculty of self-analysis and a growing

\* Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne, author of "Atalanta in Calydon," went some years ago far out of his way to call David Gray a "dumb poet"—meaning by that a person with great poetical feeling, but no adequate powers of expression. So many excellent critics have resented both this impertinence and the unfeeling language in which it was expressed, that Mr. Swinburne is doubtless ashamed enough of his words by this time; but would it not have been as well if, before vilifying a dead man, he had first read his works, which, if they possess any characteristic whatever, are noticeable for crystalline perfection of poetic form, unparalleled felicity of epithet (witness the one word "sovereign" as applied to the cry of the cuckoo), and emotion always expressed in simple music? When Mr. Swinburne and the school he follows are consigned to the limbo of *affettuosos*, David Gray's dying sonnets will be part of the literature of humanity.

power of entering into the minds of others. The poem "Acarus, or the Singer's Tale," though only a fragment, is more remarkably original than any published poem of Gray's, and in grasp and scope of idea it is worthy of any writer. How the journal called the *Lynx* contained the obituary notice of a certain Thomas String, "a power-spirit chained to a spirit that broods," but almost a beggar; how Sir Hodge Poyson, Baronet, deeply moved by the notice in the *Lynx*, visited the room where String had lived,—

"In the hole where he crept with his pain and his pride,  
Mournful song-scrapers were littered on every side;  
I read the damp slips till my eyes were tear-blind;  
Near the couch where he wrestled with hunger and died,  
In a dirty, damp litter of mouldering straw,  
Stood a rude alder box, which, when opened, supplied  
Such proofs of a vastly superior mind,  
As filled me with anguish and wonder and awe;"

and how Sir Hodge determined to bring out the works in two volumes, with a portrait and prefatory essay,—all this is merely preliminary to the Singer's own Tale, which was to have been recorded in a series of wonderfully passionate lyrics, ending with this one:—

"Bless thee, my heart, thou wert true to me ever:  
Soft while I weep o'er thee, kiss thee, and waken  
All the sad, sweet things that murmur and quiver!  
True to me still, though of all else forsaken!  
No more I strike for the far generations,  
Lost to the hope of fame, glory, or pelf;  
And the wild songs that I sang for the nations  
Now in my sadness I wail to myself."

After that women come and find the singer dead, and uplift him, saying:—

"Soft—let us raise him, nor yield to the shrinking;  
Ah! it is sad to have never a dear one;  
Sad to depart in the night, to my thinking,  
Up in a garret, with nobody near one!  
Have we no feelings as women and mothers?  
Aren't we, from Adam, all sisters and brothers?"

Stay, what is this 'neath his hand on his breast?  
How stiff the long fingers! 'Tis rumpled and creased!  
Long lines all awry, blotted, jumbled, and stark!  
Poor fellow! ay, true, it was done in the dark:—  
'Ah me, for a mother's fond hand for a little—  
That tender retriever!  
Oh, love, for the soothing of woman to quiet  
This burning and fever.  
Ah, dying is bitter in darkness and hunger,  
When lonely, I wis;  
I dreamed not in days that have summer'd and fallen  
Of coming to this!"

It is impossible to represent this fragment by extracts, its whole tone being most remarkable. Of the same character, strong, simple, and original, are the love-poem called "Edith:—

"Her face was soft, and fair, and delicate,  
And constantly reminded me of music;"

and the wonderful little idyl called "How is Celia to-day?" in which a smart "sprightly maiden" and a "thin battered woman" embrace passionately on the roadside and soften each other. In all these poems, and even in the "Country Woman's Tale" (which should never have been published in its present distorted shape), there seems to me the first tone of what might have become a great human



voice ; and nothing is more amazing to me than to find George Heath, an unusually simple country lad, marvellously content with the old theology and old forms of thought, flashing such deep glimpses into the hearts of women. He had loved ; and I suppose

that was his clue. The greatness he could show in his love would have been the precursor, had he lived, of a corresponding greatness in art. Both need the same qualities of self-sacrifice, fortitude, and self-faith.

I shall conclude this slight sketch with a



*Yours as ever*  
*Geo Heath*

little piece, as slight in subject as it is tender in treatment. The readers of George Heath's posthumous book will find many such poems, and every one they read, even when it does not excite their admiration as art, will deepen their respect for the writer's stateliness of character and nobility of mind.

THE POET'S MONUMENT.

Sad are the shivering dank dead leaves  
To one who lost love from his heart unweaves,  
Who dreams he has gathered his life's last sheaves,  
And must find a grave under wintry eaves !

Dead ! dead ! 'mongst the winter's dearth,  
Gone where the shadows of all things go,  
Stretch me full length in the folding earth,  
Wind me up in the drifting snow ;

None of the people will heed it or say,  
" He was a singer who fainted there,  
One who could leaven with fire, or sway  
Men's hearts to trembling unaware,"

No one will think of the dream-days lost,  
Of the arduous fierce that were damped too soon ;  
Of the bud that was nipped by the morning's frost,  
And shrivelled to dust in the sun ere noon.

No one will raise me a marble, wrought  
With meaning symbol, and apt device,  
To link my name with a noble thought  
A generous deed, or a new-found voice.

My life will go on to the limitless tides,  
 Leaving no trace of its current-flow,  
 Like a stream that starts when the tempest rides,  
 And is lost again in the evening's glow.

The glories will gather and change as of yore,  
 And the human currents pass panting by,  
 The ages will gather their wrinkles more,  
 And others will sing for a day and die.

But thou, who art dearer than words can say,  
 My more than all other of earth could be;  
 Such a joy! that the Giver I thank alway  
 With a glowing heart, that He gave me thee.

I shall want *thee* to dream me my dream all through,—  
 To think me the gifted, the Poet still,  
 To crown me, whatever the world may do,  
 Though my songs die out upon air and hill.



The Home of the Poet.

And, Edith, come thou in the blooming time,—  
 Thy world will not miss thee for just one hour;—  
 I'd like it best when the low Bells chime,  
 And the earth is full of the sunset's power,—

And bend by the silently settling heap,  
 While the Nature we loved is a May all round,  
 While God broods low on the blue arched sweep,  
 And the musical air is a-thrill with sound;

And look in thy heart circled up in the past,  
 And if I am perfectly graven there,  
 Unshaded by aught, save the anguish cast  
 By the parting clasp, and the death despair;

Encircled with the light of the pale regret,  
 Of a "might have been," of a day-dream lent,  
 With a constant hope of a meeting yet,—  
 Oh! I shall not wait for a Monument.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

## THOUGHTS ON THE TEMPTATION OF OUR LORD.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil."—MATT. iv. 1.

### II.—WHY OUR LORD WAS TEMPTED.

THE baptism of our Lord, and his temptation, which immediately succeeded that event, marked a new era in his life. Hitherto that life had indeed been a wonderful one, though not such as was likely to attract any notice from the world, or as manifesting any of that visible power subsequently dis-

played in his miraculous works. Thirty years before, angels, with a great hallelujah chorus of "glory to God," had announced his birth to the shepherds of Bethlehem while they watched their flocks at midnight on the silent hills; and the magi had come from the East, presenting to Him tribute as a King.



Then followed the massacre of Bethlehem, the flight of the Holy Family to Egypt, their return, and their quiet, unobtrusive residence at Nazareth. Years pass, and nothing breaks in upon the ordinary upbringing of a Jewish child by pious parents, save the scene in the temple when He was twelve years of age, when "all who heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers,"—but at nothing more. Nearly twenty years more pass, and the eye of man could discern in Him the carpenter's son only, occupying a humble workman's place, labouring conscientiously at his daily employment, attending the synagogue, and performing all his public and private duties as a true Israelite:—for "He was made under the law," and obeyed its precepts, moral and ceremonial. But we need hardly remark that this period was not lost to Himself or to the world. He Himself, as a true man, was acquiring experience of those conditions of the humanity in which He lived, of the joys and sorrows, the struggles and trials, the lights and shadows, the innumerable details which make up the sum of its ordinary life. He was trained up day by day, by the habit of holy obedience, to do his Father's will in everything, and in what are called small as well as in what are called great things. The tree in winter, when all is so dead and still in the frosty calm, when not a leaf hangs from a branch, and no signs of life are apparent in a single twig, is yet quietly laying up a strength in quiet which will enable it to brave many a storm, and to bring forth in due time all the flowers and fruit for which it was destined. And so it was with the man Christ Jesus, whose spirit was silently built up and perfected by all the manifold and wise appliances, from within and from without, of God's wise and loving education. Sweet thoughts like dew refreshed his heart; touches of sunlight quickened his spiritual life; sombre shadows of thoughtful sorrow brooded over him from all He saw and knew; storms and tempests, too, such as ever sweep across life's desert, shook his being, but did not move it from the rock of ages. In one word, that soul, originally holy, harmless, and undefiled, was expanded, strengthened, made loftier, deeper, wider, grander, by the experience which He gained every day as a man, and that uneventful past stands accordingly as a preparation intimately connected with this culminating point in his history, when He is led by the Spirit to be tempted. For He must pass from his being known only as the son of Mary, the brother of James and Josés, the citizen of Nazareth, the

pious Israelite, to his accepting and performing the duties of the great Messiah. The fulness of time had come at last when the Spirit led Him from Nazareth to the Jordan to be baptized. John was then the great preacher in Judea, and was acknowledged as a prophet. Men of every rank attended his ministry. Even Herod feared him, and in his conduct was influenced by him. Multitudes followed him. But the Baptist, with the truth, the humility, and self-sacrifice of a genuine messenger sent from God, joyfully confessed that he himself was not *the* light, and that he only directed men's eyes to it; that he was not the Christ, but one only who prepared the way for Him. He proclaims the divine dignity of Jesus; acknowledges that he is unworthy as a servant to loose the very satchels of his shoes; and also points Him out as the Lamb of God who was to take away the sins of the world. "Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him. But John forbade him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me? And Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness: then he suffered him. And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him: and, lo, a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil."

Now, admitting that we are ignorant of many of the reasons for the occurrence of such a great event in God's kingdom as the temptation of our Lord, yet there are several circumstances which in themselves would be sufficient to account for this remarkable event. It surely need not surprise us that Jesus, as a responsible being, was subjected to temptation. The wonder would have been had He been excepted from trial. No member of the human race has been so, from Adam, made pure, holy, after God's image, down through all his descendants. The angels have been tempted,—how it is unnecessary at present to speculate,—and some of them yielded to temptation, and kept not their first estate, but became fallen angels.

And if all created and responsible beings had, as far as we know, been thus tempted or tried, from Gabriel before the throne to Lazarus before the rich man's door; and if there is not one soldier in the army of

the Lord of Hosts whose courage, steadfastness, and endurance have not been proved; and not one bright and radiant spirit rejoicing before God but who has evidenced in such a way as puts it beyond a doubt that he *prefers* God to all other persons and things; does it seem strange that Jesus of Nazareth should have been subjected also to a trial of his obedience?

But before considering the special reasons why He of all men should be subjected to temptation, one or two preliminary points demand our notice.

The first is that Jesus was *led by the Spirit* to be tempted; and did not Himself enter into temptation. Now this was characteristic of his whole life, and an instance of the principle by which He was always guided. The one determined purpose from which He never swerved was, "I come to do Thy will, O God!" the one desire, we might venture to call it the passionate desire of his spirit, was, "Father, glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son may glorify Thee!" But with the confidence and obedience of a Son He ever left it to the Holy Spirit of wisdom—of whom Jesus said, "He will glorify me!"—to determine and arrange the outward circumstances or forms in which He, the Son, should glorify the Father and do his will. His race of obedience Jesus would always run, but He left it to God to choose the course, so to speak, whether long or short, rough or smooth, amidst thorns, through floods, or along steep and dizzy heights, or in a dreary wilderness. And now it pleased the Spirit to lead the Son into the wilderness, there to be tempted of the devil, and there to glorify the Father.

Again, He was led into the *wilderness*; but what wilderness we are not informed. Probably it was the wilderness of Judea. This is a most dreary and desolate region. I have trod the awful solitudes of the ice world in the recesses of the higher Alps, and seen the waste of the desert sand, and experienced the loneliness of the dark Highland moors, and of inland lakes, which seemed abandoned to the spirit of solitude, with no blade of grass, nor song of bird, nor hum of bee to give life to their rocky shores and overhanging precipices; but never have I seen any spot on earth which so impressed my imagination with all that was wild, desolate, and dead, as the desert gorges and broken uplands which connect the Dead Sea with Jerusalem. It looked to me verily as

"A waste land where no one comes,  
Or had come since the making of the world."

Thither Jesus was led to be tempted of the devil; and He was there "with the wild beasts," and fasted for forty days.

Observe once more, that he was led to be tempted *immediately after his baptism*, so that these two events are connected not merely in the order of time, but also in the order of God's wise and holy providence. At his baptism God's Spirit descended upon Him without measure, and endowed Him with all the gifts necessary for the accomplishing of his mighty work; and now the Spirit as his guide leads Him to begin his work in the wilderness. A voice from God the Father had declared, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased;" and now as a Son He is to glorify his Father. The Baptist, moreover, had declared Him to be the Lamb of God which was to take away the sins of the world; and now the Lamb is led to suffer in soul, spirit, and body.

Let us now consider in detail the reasons why our Lord was led to be tempted.

1. He was tempted that *the reality and glory of his Sonship* might be made manifest. Here is the chief corner stone on which the whole temple is reared. Those who are called to build upon it that house in which they hope to dwell for ever, must needs know how strong that stone is, and how able to bear the superstructure on which the Church perils its eternal excellence! But its strength and endurance will be evidenced by trial. Here is the Saviour who has come to glorify the righteous law of love and holy obedience towards God, witnessing in his own life to the reality of faith in God, in all circumstances, even the most trying possible. Here is one man, at least, who comes to show what true loyalty to the King, what true filial affection to a Father are—one man who is to shine forth amidst universal darkness as the true light of life. From eternity that Divine Son had ever been the object of his Father's love, a love which he returned with heart, soul, and strength. He had, moreover, "created all things," and therefore had created man, after his own image, in order that man should share his own character and blessedness, by being like Himself a true Son to the Father. But man fell by seeking to become as God to himself. Now the Divine Son becomes manifest in humanity. "God sent his Son in the likeness of sinful flesh;" and in the flesh He will reveal what true Sonship is, what it is to love, and obey, and rejoice in the Father. He will reveal in humanity what humanity was created for, and what it is



capable of becoming so as to fulfil its chief end—that of glorifying God and enjoying Him for ever. But the reality of this Sonship—the beauty and excellency of that with which God was well pleased, and which alone, in the nature of things, can please Him as the Father—all this will be proved and made manifest by temptation. Evil in its most powerful and subtle forms will be permitted to assail him in circumstances the most trying, that so it might be made manifest to all intelligent beings cognizant of the event, how He was tempted like any of his brethren, yet “without sin.” No one will be able to say of Him that his character was like an exotic, so protected from every chilling blast that it could not but become fair and beautiful, yet without proving its strength and capacity to grow and endure the trying climate, the unkindly soil, and adverse circumstances of this rough and stormy world. The tender plant is placed in the wilderness, and subjected to such a trial as would destroy any life but that life in God which it possessed, and which the temptation manifested and strengthened until it became a plant of renown whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. “Ye have all heard of the patience of Job.” But would we have ever heard of it, unless Job had been tried, and his patience proved, and his faith in God thus made manifest?

2. Jesus was led to be tempted that as the second Adam he should *redeem man* from the evil to which he was subjected by the fall of the first Adam. That we have “all sinned and come short of the glory of God,” and that our nature has imbibed a deadly poison, and is prone to evil, are facts to which conscience testifies. How deep and deadly our disease is, how like a foul leprosy it has touched our whole being, we never can here fully understand. We are too sinful to know how sinful we are. Revelation not only confirms the fact of this evil in us, but gives us the history of its origin in the temptation of our first parents by the devil. But how is it to be cured? How are we to be delivered from it and rescued from the power of the evil one? By Jesus Christ, who has come as the second Head of our race. He was a true man, his nature being essentially the same as ours, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, *born* a brother, yet—blessed be God!—“without sin.” He came in “the *likeness* of sinful flesh;” but his flesh was not sinful, but “a holy thing” because born of the Holy Ghost, as well as “born of a woman.” This Jesus will prove that sin is an alien thing to human nature as created by

God—that it originated in a power without—that “an enemy hath done this.” As man He will meet Satan, and as man overcome him, and glorify God in that same nature which had dishonoured Him, and thus atone for the evil done, by presenting to God, as the head of the race, the living sacrifice, well-pleasing unto Him, of a perfect Son. By so doing Jesus will also obtain power by which He can deliver every man who will trust Him, from the enemy, and make him more than conqueror—and that too by the same simple but omnipotent weapons of faith and love by which He himself overcame the wicked one. But *can* this Jesus overcome Satan? This will be tried! A battle will be fought, not with carnal weapons but spiritual, not between omnipotent force and creature force, but between right and wrong, between the creature choosing God and obeying God, and the creature opposing God and choosing self, between the head and representative of the evil everywhere, and the head and representative of the good everywhere; and if the head gains the victory through the might of divine principle, He will be able to say to us, “Greater is he that is for you than all who are against you.” “Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.” “The prince of this world hath been cast out.”

3. Jesus was tempted that, as our Deliverer, He might become *experimentally acquainted with the evil of sin*, and with the character and power of the tempter. When we remember that Satan is man’s greatest, most constant, most subtle, and most dangerous enemy, surely we see it to have been a most wise, as it was a most merciful thing for us, that Jesus, our brother man, like a second David, should encounter this enemy, and submit to be tried by all his most cunning wiles; that He should learn from his own experience all his most masterly plans of battle, and measure the strength and sharpness of his most powerful weapons; that during forty days his very soul should descend, as it were, into hell, so that, “He himself having suffered being thus tempted” to the uttermost limits of the possible, He might acquire such a knowledge of evil as would enable Him the better “to succour those who are tempted.” We are now assured, for our strength and comfort, that “we have not an High Priest who cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.”

4. I remark, lastly, that the temptation of our Lord was a *chief element in his sufferings*

for us as our Mediator. I do not say that the Spirit of God led Him to be tempted in order that He should suffer merely for the sake of suffering. For God cannot possibly love suffering as such. He can only love it as a condition for obtaining, or the necessary result of manifesting, that moral good and glory which alone He loves. We attach no value, for their own sakes, to the blood and wounds or suffering unto death which the patriot or martyr may endure in the defence of his country or of truth, but only as they afford the most powerful and touching evidence of the self-sacrifice and nobility of character which endured all in order to attain such grand and worthy ends. Thus, too, we watch with breathless admiration the brave man who plunges into the fire and smoke of battle, not because of the wounds which he may receive, or the risk of death which he encounters, but because of the love of duty which inspires him in spite of suffering. On the other hand, suffering, however great, from acts of wilful and persistent wickedness, we may pity, but can never admire. And thus were the sufferings of Jesus most precious in the eyes of God. Every drop of his blood was at it were the brightest gem which earth contained, and every groan which rent his heart was the most solemn and the grandest music ever heard by the angels in heaven. It thus "*became* Him, of whom and by whom are all things, to make the Captain of our salvation perfect through sufferings." He came to taste death for every man; and can we conceive any taste of death, except his last cup on the cross, more awful and terrible to his soul than this of which He partook when in contact with the liar and murderer, the enemy of all righteousness, for forty days in the wilderness! Let it be remembered, too, that Jesus, from the perfection of his character, had a perfect knowledge of evil such as He could not otherwise have possessed. The darkness of sin cannot comprehend the light of holiness, while the light of holiness pierces and reveals the darkness of sin. Hate and falsehood cannot perceive the nature and excellence of love and truth, while love and truth perceive the nature and vileness of hate and falsehood. Thus Jesus could not but see the awful vision of sin, and measure its depths as revealed in temptation, and suffer from it accordingly.

And if we dare hazard anything like conjecture on so mysterious a subject, might not the mere spectacle of the wicked one adding to his long career of persistent crime,

begun on earth by the destruction of the first Adam, and continued with all the fierceness of a roaring lion until this culminating point, when he now reaches the utmost limits of hate in his determination to destroy for ever the kingdom of God on earth—might not the horror of such a spectacle have been the more terrible to our Lord when it was mingled with the knowledge of a time when this being was created bright and holy, and rejoiced in the light and love of a Father's home? To a human heart the sight of a lost prodigal is sad; but oh what is its bitterness and agony if in that face, stamped with the curse of every vice and passion, we trace the lineaments of a long-lost brother!

When we consider those moral results to be gained by the temptation of Jesus, apart from others which might be mentioned,—such as the exposing of Satan's wiles for men's warning and instruction, and the example which was afforded to all his followers of the true method of meeting temptation and overcoming it by the "sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God,"—we surely see sufficient reason why the wise and holy Spirit of God should have led Jesus to be tempted.

In all this transaction, moreover, we have an illustration of that great mystery of evil, how, without its ceasing to be evil, it is yet compelled to glorify God. Even sin will not be permitted to run waste in the universe. Hateful and detestable though it be, God will make it subserve the cause of righteousness, and the wrath of Satan, as well as of man, will be made to praise Him. Satan of his own free will shall be permitted to tempt Job, or to tempt Jesus; but out of all the consequences of his malice and hatred, good will come by the overruling providence and grace of God. And this is true of the temptation of the whole race; for though a blot and a curse, it nevertheless has been made the occasion of giving to redeemed men such a knowledge and education as shall make them, probably, the most wonderful beings in the whole universe as to the range of their moral experience and the moral grandeur of their character. Like old and tried soldiers, who have survived a long and terrible campaign, from which many cowards fled and perished, these veterans of the Church of Christ, who have come out of great tribulation, and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, and who have been more than conquerors through Him who loved them, may be the noblest specimens of



courage and of discipline amidst the armies of the living God and the hosts of heaven.

But another question here suggests itself for our solution, and it is the last I will at present consider, though an answer to it has virtually been already given. Why, it has been asked, was our Lord led into temptation, when from his very nature it was impossible for Him to fall?

Now much of this apparent difficulty turns upon the ambiguity of the words Jesus *could not* sin? We can affirm, for instance, of a man whose tongue is paralysed, that he could not lie by speaking lying words, because it is physically impossible; we might affirm the same thing of a noble and truthful character—like Paul or John—because it was morally impossible. On the other hand, we might assert that it was possible for the best man on earth to lie, or steal, or murder, because it was not abstractly or absolutely impossible for him to do so. Now, in one sense it was impossible for Jesus to have sinned, not because physically impossible, for He had powers to act as He chose, but because from his nature it was morally impossible for Him to choose anything but what was right. He *could* not because He *would* not. The possibility of his sinning, *if He chose* to do so, the absence of any power from without compelling his will to choose the right, is as certain as that He was a real person. To deny it is to lose sight altogether of the reality of his humanity, and absolutely to hinder us from receiving any good from his life, and practically denying that He was tempted in all points like us. No doubt the actual result, that of Christ not sinning, was as certain as though He had no power to sin. But a moral result is a very different thing in kind from a physical result. We attach praise or blame to the one, but none to the other. I do not praise an animal for following its instincts, or a machine for accomplishing its work, or the stars for moving in their course; because I do not recognise a will and consequent responsibility in animal or mechanical forces. For the same reason I do not attach moral value to the outward acts of the pickpocket or housebreaker in prison. But when I praise and admire what is right in a creature, I thereby recognise a will which might have acted otherwise, but could not from its love of right. Accordingly, my admiration of a moral being increases with his absolute freedom from sin. The more I perceive how *impossible* it is for him to

lie, how alien his whole soul is from all sympathy with the mean, the vile, the unjust, and selfish, the more I admire him. And hence we often express our high estimate of any character by saying that we believe he *could* not do an unkind thing or a selfish thing, just as we express our estimate of a bad character by saying that he *could* not speak the truth, or act with straightforward honesty. In both cases we recognise the power by which they are respectively controlled to be from within—in their wills. And thus it was with Jesus. As a man, and because He was as man necessarily a fallible creature, He could have lost his faith in God, and ceased to obey. But, on the other hand, as a holy man, with no sin or sinfulness in his nature, “holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners,” He so loved God and trusted Him, had such a real heartfelt delight in Him, that it was impossible for Him to sin; yet this impossibility no more made the temptations less real than the temptation to betray his country by a bribe suited to all the desires of human nature would make it less real to the true and loyal man, whom it would nevertheless no more move from duty than it could the earth from moving in order and beauty round the sun. The first Adam was without sin, and perfectly pure and holy, yet he was tempted and fell. In one word, in the reality of Christ’s humanity, and not, as some have dared to assert, in the reality of his having “a body of *fallen* humanity,” lay the possibility of the temptation. And that humanity was as real as his Divinity. He took upon him the nature of the seed of Abraham. Every feeling and affection in the heart of man, every passion and desire were in Him as in us, but all regulated according to the proportion, order, and subordination of God’s beautiful kingdom within us. Every nerve which vibrates in the human frame, every hidden power which thrills the heart, fills the eye, gnaws with hunger, tortures with thirst, were in his body as in ours. Fatigue could weary his limbs, and close his eyelids, and render the weight of the cross unbearable. Dwelling in a wilderness, fainting, and watching, and wild beasts, were as real to Him as to us; and infinitely more real to Him because of his holiness than to us, were the sins which He beheld, the horror of the temptations which He listened to, and the spiritual agony which He endured during those days of trial from the worst being in the universe of God! Amen.

"SUN COMES, MOON COMES."

"SUN COMES, MOON COMES."\*

Music by Mr. Sullivan to Words by Mr. Tennyson.

*Allegro molto.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

*p*

*p molto leggiero.*

Ped.

Sun comes.

moon comes, Time slips a - way.

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

*p*

Sun sets, moon sets, Love, fix a day, "A

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

*f*

*p*

year hence, a year hence: We shall both be gray, A

*p* *f* *p*

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

*p*

month hence, a month hence." Far, far a - way. *con fuoco.*

*p* *dim.* *colla voce.*

Ped. \*

\* "The Window; or, the Songs of the Wrens." Twelve Musical Compositions by Mr. Arthur Sullivan to words written for him by Mr. Tennyson, is just published by Strahan & Co.



"SUN COMES, MOON COMES."

"A week hence, a week hence," Ah! the long de -  
 lay!  
 "Wait a lit-tle, Wait a lit-tle, You shall fix a  
 day."  
 To - mor - row, love, to - mor - row, And that's an age a -  
 way.  
 Blaze up - on her win-dow, sun, In hon - our of the  
 day!  
 day!

*ff dim.*  
*fp*  
*un poco rit.*  
*un poco rit.*  
*f a tempo animato.*  
*cres.*  
*f*  
*ff*  
*ff con forza.*  
*sf colla voce.*

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*  
 Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*  
 Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*  
 Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*  
 Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

## THE COOLIE :

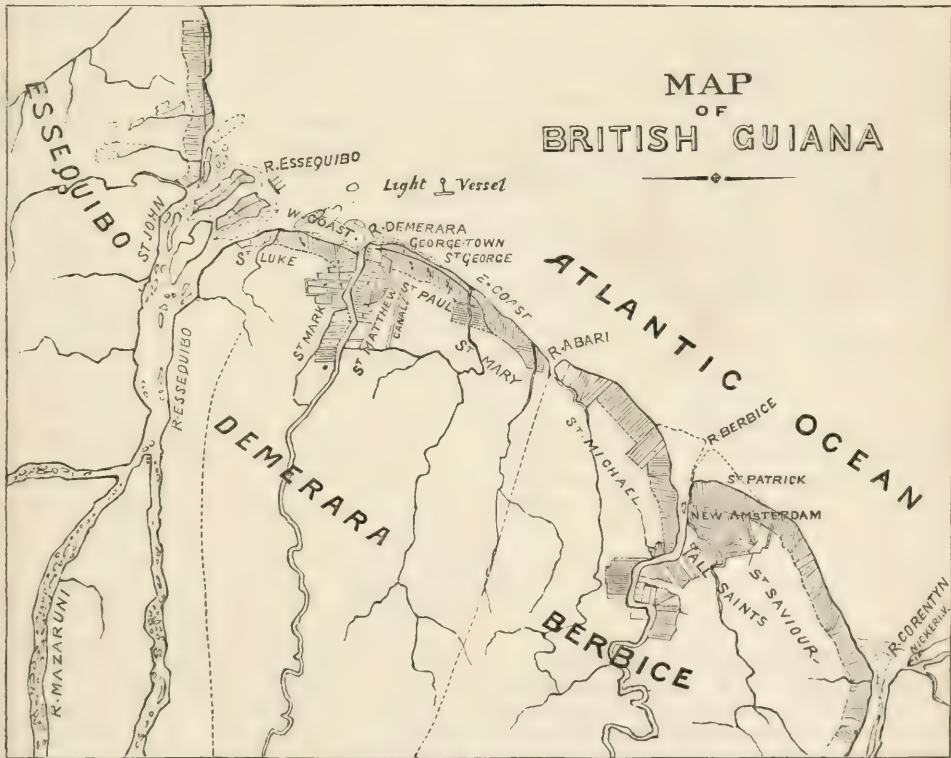
A Journey to inquire into his Rights and Wrongs.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GINN'S BABY."

## III.—GOVERNMENT, GOVERNORS, AND GOVERNING CLASSES.

TO enable the reader more clearly to appreciate the Coolie's situation, a brief sketch of the governing authorities in British Guiana is absolutely necessary: so much in the Coolie question depends on the machinery by which the system is worked. Mr. Trollope's description of the government as a mild despotism tempered by sugar, would be

more correct if altered to—a mild despotism of sugar. Sugar is the ambition, means, and end of nearly everything done in British Guiana. It gives aim to the energy of the trader, animates the talent of the lawyer, prompts the research and skill of the doctor, and sweetens the tongues as well as the palates of the clergy. Little else is cultivated for exportation. Cotton and cacao have, if any, only a miserable footing. There are plantain-grounds and cattle-farms (some



of the latter very extensive), a few coffee and cocoa-nut plantations, and a considerable quantity of timber is exported; but most of the wealth and business of the country is concentrated in the one hundred and fifty-three sugar plantations. These plantations are owned and managed almost entirely by Europeans, some of them Dutch, chiefly by men of British origin. In 1861 the population of British Guiana was 155,917, of whom 1,482 were natives of Europe and 147 of North

America. Although there are influential Creole Europeans, I cannot be far wrong in saying that in the hands of a small proportion of these 1,629 people, or their equivalent in 1870, is centred the real power and wealth of the colony. Taking the one hundred and fifty sugar plantations, we may soon trace to a certainty the number of persons in whom that power resides. There are many absentee proprietors, British and Dutch. For them persons act in the colony, overlooking and



supplying the estates. These persons are called attorneys. To live upon, direct, and cultivate each estate, a manager is appointed, acting in some cases also as the attorney. Under him are generally from five to eight overseers, who were formerly for the most part selected in the colony, but are now often brought from England or Scotland. Under the overseers are black or Coolie "drivers," to take charge of the gangs. We see at once that, allowing the utmost margin, the total of attorneys, managers, and overseers of estates will not be great, and the number of those of British extraction will be even more limited. On looking over the list, it appears that about 240 firms and individuals are either owners, attorneys, or managers of all the estates in the colony. Of the estates, 106 or thereabouts are under the care of 35 attorneys. Some of the attorneys have an enormous responsibility. I find, for instance—

|   |    |            |
|---|----|------------|
| Mr. James Stuart, attorney or co-attorney | of | 13 estates |
| Mr. McCalman, }                           | "  | " of 21 "  |
| "Colonial Co." }                          | "  | " of 12 "  |
| Mr. Garnett                               | "  | " of 12 "  |
| Mr. Russell—                              |    |            |

—but Mr. Russell shall describe himself on oath.

Question by the Commissioners: You are the manager of Leonora, with other adjoining estates?

A. I do not know whether you can call me manager. I have charge of those estates, but I have managers under me with full salaries.

Q. You are also attorney for several estates, are you not?

A. I am.

Q. Do you consider yourself as attorney for Leonora?

A. I am.

Q. What are the duties of attorneys?

A. The duties of an attorney are to pay periodical visits to the estates, to inspect the cultivation and manufacturing departments, and in town to examine all the weekly reports coming in from the estates.

Q. Does the attorney appoint the officers on the estates?

A. He appoints the manager, but generally the manager appoints his own overseers. I may mention that on the Colonial Company's estates a great many young men are sent out indentured from home, and they are placed on the estates either by myself or by my co-attorneys.

Q. You are one of the attorneys for the Colonial Company's estates?

A. I am.

Q. What are the estates for which you are attorney?

A. Well, to begin with, Hampton Court, on the Abarian coast. I am at present also acting for Anna Regina as planting attorney. I then come across to the west coast, where I am attorney and part proprietor of plantation Tuschen de Vrienden. The next estate on the west coast of which I am attorney is plantation De Willem; then Zeeburg, Leonora, and Anna Catherina. They are combined in one estate. You may call it one very large estate, making about 3,000 hogsheads of sugar, where my residence is. I have two managers, and each receives a salary of 2,000 dollars per year to conduct the field work and manufacturing department.

Q. Are these all?

A. The next estate is Windsor Forest, on the same coast, and Haarlem. These two estates join each other; you may almost call them one; they soon will be one combined estate. We then go up the river to plantation Farm and Peter's Hall, on the east bank of Demerary River; then to plantation Success, on the east coast, and La Bonne Intention; of that estate also I am part proprietor. That embraces my duties in Demerary and Essequibo. I pay two half-yearly visits and oftener, if I can find time, to the Colonial Company's estate in Berbice, which consists of plantations Friends, Mara, and Ma Retraite, on the Berbice River, and plantation Albion, on the Corentyn coast. I also inspect a mortgaged estate, Goldstone Hall, on the Canje Creek, and I have paid one visit to an estate which is slightly indebted to the agency of the company here called Waterloo, in Leguan. Those are all.

Q. How long have you been in the country?

A. I have been in active service here ever since 1847, with the exception of a visit of six months which I paid to my native country in 1865, two months in 1868, and two months in 1869, when I travelled through the West Indian Islands.

Q. All that time you have been employed upon estates?

A. Yes, I commenced my career on plantation Friends, on the Berbice River; and from there I went to plantation Diamond, on the Demerara River.

Q. As what?

A. As an overseer. I commenced as an overseer; that is to say, I commenced my career here as an overseer. I had done something before I came here.

Q. And from that you have risen to the important situations you now hold?

A. Yes, if they may be considered so.

One of the ablest men in the colony, Mr. Russell's talent and energy have made him a very sugar-king.

It appears that there are, in round numbers, about one hundred managers who are not proprietors, and about thirty-six proprietors who are neither managers nor attorneys. At the extreme I take it that  $35 + 100 + 25 = 160$  people and firms on the spot may be said practically—though there are some wealthy men of business not bound up with sugar—to have the interests of the colony in their own hands, to be the main employers of labour, the main patrons of the professions; and that of these the thirty-five attorneys and a few proprietors constitute a kind of local aristocracy, with considerable influence.

To this state of things an important balance exists in the peculiar form of the government. The governor, as her Majesty's representative, is the embodiment of executive power. The legislature, called the Court of Policy, consists of ten persons. Five are government officials, namely, the governor, the attorney-general, the government secretary, the receiver-general, and the auditor-general. To procure the other five, resort is had to a College of Electors. This is a relic of Dutch times, the College of "Key-sers," and consists of seven persons elected *for life* by a constituency qualified by property. This qualification is an annual income of £125. Persons of every nationality and pursuit are included in the constituency. The total number of voters in 1865 was 907. Upon a vacancy in the legislature, the College of Electors send up two names to that court, which thereupon selects one to fill the post. The Court of Policy sits sometimes publicly, but may and does hold secret sessions.

Is it possible for one gravely to criticise such a legislature as this—governing 155,000 persons? It takes one's liberal breath away! Even the limited cream of popular representation is filtered through that colander with seven holes, the College of Electors for life!

Theoretically, I say, the executive has a heavy balance against the five elected members in its influence over its own nominees, the official members. But of these some may—as I conceive, most improperly—be attorneys or planters, as is the case with the present auditor-general. Without any imputation that the power thus concentrated into the hands of one interest is actually abused, an impartial spectator is apt to conclude that a

legislature so framed will be a subject of much suspicion. This, although men, not of the planting interest, have been and are members of the legislature. The least possible reflection against it is a very strong one, namely, that in the main it will only represent and discuss one side of all public questions. Its most well-meant paternal kindnesses may be misapprehended by the objects of them. Thus I found in Demerara evidences of a strong under-current against the planting influence. Persons of all classes, professions, and hues, when they could speak to me confidentially, expressed a dissatisfied feeling on the relative strength of the sugar party and the popular element. In the case of the Portuguese, numbering some 25,000, and the aboriginal Indians, this took the form of strong representations to me, which have since been formally brought to the notice of the Court of Policy, and are to be submitted to the Portuguese ambassador in London.

This brings us to an important question already foreshadowed. The counter-check to the dominance of sugar on behalf of all other interests—including that of the Coolie—is the governor. His responsibility is enormous. He is a modified little autocrat in power—if he chooses to use it. If he does not use it, he may be simply a tool. If he abuses it, he is a dangerous weapon. Probably the same may be said of most of our West Indian colonies. At all events, in British Guiana the quality of the executive is a matter of immense moment, as well to the energetic and wealthy planters as to the vast community of powerless and unrepresented races. Hence the responsibility thrown on the Home Colonial Minister of selecting her Majesty's representative is very grave. A governor ought to be a man of ripe experience, of high social and intellectual position, and of very firm character. He should be strong enough to have the full confidence of the Colonial Office, and to hold his own against a whole community on any point of policy, while sufficiently liberal and genial in his tastes to assume the leadership of society. A man who does this will more than any other be appreciated even by the planters themselves. The post in British Guiana is a good one. The salary is £5,000 sterling a year, with perquisites, and a very handsome sum for "entertainments." Are there no talented peers, no junior statesmen, no retired judges, no experienced and able military officers, willing to accept such a position for five years?—and why should such important governments as some of those in the West



Indies be confided to political adventurers or dried officials? The British Guianians, as one of the richest and most enterprising communities attached to the Crown, are entitled to ask this question, and to have a specific reply. How, for instance, came Mr. Francis Hincks, a politician hustled by the Canadians, of whose political career it were better not to venture on a retrospect, to be appointed Governor of Barbados, and then of British Guiana? An able, astute, scheming, uncompromising, terribly energetic Scotch-Irishman from the dangerous neighbourhood of Belfast, endued with semi-absolute power, and incontinently pitched into a community like that of British Guiana, could scarcely fail to produce a pyrotechnic commotion in the blaze and sparkle of which fingers would be burned, and perhaps some persons totally annihilated. Again, what a commentary on the past administration of colonial affairs is the story that in one case an appointment to the post of governor was made by a pure mistake of the noble Duke then Secretary of State for the Colonies! The interest of these colonies, and of the empire, demands that more serious attention should be given to the quality of their governors. It is an insult to them, as it is a wrong to ourselves, to burden them with the expense of an inefficient executive. I carefully guard myself from being supposed to reflect on appointments to our greater colonies.

How much springs from ignorant or indifferent administration of our colonial affairs! What blunders, what misunderstandings, what bitterness, what wrongs have disturbed nearly every colony of the British Crown under our present system! Even in Georgetown I heard the threat from a high official that the United States would be their refuge from the impolicy—not of Britain and her people; their hearts are true, I would fain believe—but of our administrators.

One other peculiarity of the Guianian government remains to be noticed. In all financial matters, the Court of Policy is assisted by the College of Financial Representatives, numbering six, elected in the same way as the keyzers, and holding office for two years. Thus the combined court, consisting of sixteen members, has the important control of the revenue and taxation. The financial court being so constituted, we turn with some curiosity to ascertain how the revenue is raised. The question is the more vital because the expense of immigration lies not alone on the planters, but is shared by the whole community. Of the cost of the system,

one-third is paid by the government, and two-thirds by the planter, in proportion to the number of his indentures. That one-third, however, does not represent the whole cost to the community. The salary of the Medical Inspector of Hospitals, the cost of district gaols expressly erected and maintained for Coolies, and a considerable proportion of the police expenses, must in fairness be attributed to immigration. The ground on which the general community is asked to contribute to these expenses is that it is every way benefited by the results of the importation of labour. Yet a lazy negro who lived contentedly under his own pumpkin-vine and papau-tree might well question his interest in the introduction of these formidable competitors!

To the subordinate community generally, the taxation most important is, of course, that of food. How is food taxed in British Guiana? I take my answer from the tariff.

|                                   | s. | d.     |
|-----------------------------------|----|--------|
| Bread, biscuit, &c., per 100 lbs. | 2  | 1 stg. |
| Cornmeal and oatmeal „            | 1  | 6½ „   |
| Dried fish „                      | 2  | 1 „    |
| Wheat flour, per barrel (196 lb.) | 4  | 2 „    |
| Rice, per 100 lbs.                | 1  | 0½ „   |
| Pork, per bbl. 200 lbs.           | 12 | 6 „    |

This is a direct and heavy impost on the food consumers. It is due to truth to say that these are little, if at all, above the duties on the same articles in other West Indian colonies. What of the planters' importations?

|                     | s. | d.     |
|---------------------|----|--------|
| Coals, per hogshead | 1  | 0 stg. |
| „ ton               | 1  | 6 „    |
| Lime, per pun.      | 1  | 0½ „   |

Sugar exported pays no duty; and the following things are exempt from taxation:—

Machinery employed in mining or in the manufacture of raw materials of the colony.

Manures.

Steam draining-engines and steam ploughs.

#### THE COOLIE LAWS.—PART I.

MR. DES VOEUX, the writer of the letter which gave rise to the commission of inquiry ordered by Lord Granville, had been summoned as a witness; but, upon the postponement referred to in a previous paper, had returned to his government. For a fortnight, therefore, it was impossible for me to ascertain anything beyond what public documents and papers could inform me of. The visits to the estates unquestionably left on my mind a favourable impression of the Coolie system; and it seemed to be only necessary to prove that all other estates were equally well conducted in order to repel Mr. Des Voeux's allegations.

As at once the fairest and clearest way of enabling them to form opinions, I will ask

my readers to follow the process of my own mind in its experience of this subject. I must first say a word or two respecting Mr. Des Voeux and his relations to the colony. He had been a stipendiary magistrate there for five years, and not until he left the colony had he officially reported his impressions, though he states in evidence he previously did so in informal letters. One had not far to go in Georgetown to find that hostility to him of the bitterest kind animated the planting community and its dependants. Personal enmity, disappointed jealousy, vindictive revenge, atrocious immorality, were freely imputed to him in and out of print by men whose shrewdness should have told them that a strong case cannot be mended by abuse. The hotel, I was informed, was closed to him; the governor, who as her Majesty's representative was theoretically and should have been practically a disinterested observer, and although Mr. Des Voeux was a subordinate administrator of a neighbouring government, offered him no hospitality during his stay in the colony. It would be an outrage on the decency of this periodical, were I to transfer to its pages some of the alleged memorabilia of Mr. Des Voeux's residence in the colony supplied to the *Colonist* by persons professing to be planters. One amusing scandal contributed to that sheet was a story of a race for a hundred yards, between the magistrate carrying a man on his back, against, I think, the writer of the communication without such a formidable burden, in which the former was victorious. The inference to be taken from this must have been, that the powerful administrator was not to be believed. To the libels it is not my business to allude, further than to say that they were unconditionally and indignantly denied by the object of them. Their reiteration could have no other effect on a fair mind than to awaken a sense of disquiet as to the motive for referring to them.

Between these things, on the one hand, and my favourable personal observations of Coolie life on the other, I proceeded to examine the legislation concerning immigrants. This legislation had, in 1864, been embodied, principally by the great industry, ability, and experience of Mr. James Crosby,—the Immigration Agent-General, and every way as honourable and upright an officer as the colony contains,—in an ordinance designated "Number 4 of 1864." I do not speak of the ordinance with as much unmixed admiration as of its compiler; for not only was it

rather complicated, verbose, and untechnical in its original draft, but, its author alleges, was still more violently distorted from concinnity by the treatment it endured at the hands of the legislators. By a singular omission the head of the Immigration Department is not a member of the Court of Policy.

Herein are provisions for the erection of an Immigration Department, with its Agent-General, sub-immigration agents, clerks, and interpreters in the colony—its emigration agents (appointed by her Majesty) "to superintend the emigration of labourers from any of the ports of the East Indies, China, or elsewhere," to the colony, with their staff; and lastly, its medical inspector of Estates Hospitals.

I will briefly review the position and work of these officials. There is the emigration agent in India, with a salary of £1,000 sterling a year, and a capitation allowance of three shillings on immigrants sent by him and arriving in the colony. This latter allowance was granted as an incentive to the agent to send a proper class of people, for undoubtedly before 1862 some of the unhappy creatures shipped by the gentleman who then drew his £1,000 a year were unfit for any good purpose. They died like sheep, or suffered from diseases worse than death. The injustice to the planters was manifest and great.

The Government of India also supervises the emigration of its subjects, and curiously enough it came out before the commission that the capitation grant was contrary to an Indian act. However, it seems to have had the effect of stopping the careless supply of inefficient Coolies. A Protector of Emigrants at Calcutta is appointed to perform on behalf of his government the work which his name implies.

We can only judge of his value by the sworn evidence of Mr. Crosby, who, in reply to the question, "Have you had any correspondence with the Protector of Emigrants?" said, "None other than merely a letter announcing 'I have sent such and such papers.' When I have made any comments upon any circumstances I have never had the gratification of receiving any reply. I have frequently hinted at matters which I have thought might be improved, but he has never condescended to reply."

Worse than the man who sends you an insolent answer—which at least admits you to be worth his indignation—is the man who never condescends to reply. He stands upon a rock, and is as imperturbable to busy



reformers as his basis. But I had scarcely thought it possible that in this age, when the rigid insolence of place has had its back so thoroughly broken, there existed even among the fossil remains of permanent officialism a specimen of the civil servant who never condescends to reply. Now that the Secretary of State for India has had his attention drawn to this singular officer, he may perhaps find room for him among the curiosities of the India Museum.

It will be seen at once how important both to the commercial interests of the planter and the humane interest of the philanthropist is the part to be played in the Coolie system by the emigration staff in India. Unwise selection of people, who are either of weak frames, sufferers from disease, or are not fitted for agricultural labour, will not only prove a loss to the employer, but an increase of sorrow to themselves. Among the Chinese immigrants I found people who had been doctors, schoolmasters, and the like, and Mr. Crosby stated that on inquiry he had found the immigrants from China to have belonged to as many as one hundred and fifty occupations—one returning himself as “a professed gambler.”

The effect of vigorous remonstrance by the Demerara authorities has been to induce greater care in the Indian agents—care to secure a better class of immigrants. But the whole of the case in British Guiana must be reviewed subject to the consideration that a large number of the early inefficient importations still survive. The difficulty of deciding in the case of these poor people whether indolence or feebleness was the real cause of neglect to work, has all along been insuperable to the colonial administration.

The recruiting agents in India are obliged to take out a license. Their business is to visit the country districts, and represent to the natives the advantages of immigration. Now, what is it that they represent? The planters' answer will be that whatever the recruiting agent says, the actual contract is there in black and white—such a contract as Lum-a-yung's in my first paper—to show the terms on which the immigrant left his native land. But then the indentures with Indians are executed in Demerara. Moreover, on the other hand, the Coolies complained to me frequently that they had been deceived by the agents in India. Accordingly, a certificate was produced to me by a Coolie, and by me handed to the commission, with a wages column, in which it was stated that wages in the colony were from ten annas (1s. 3d.) to two rupees (4s.) per diem, for agricultural

labour. On a Chinese indenture before me as I write is a note as follows:—

“Resolution of the Governor and Court of Policy of British Guiana—‘That the immigrant should be guaranteed full employment on adequate wages, paid weekly, with a house rent free, with medical attendance, medicine, food, and hospital accommodation when sick, and that it should be explained to them that a man can earn easily from two to four shillings, women from one to two shillings, and children eightpence per diem, and that a full supply of food for a man can be bought for eightpence per diem.’” The indenture was made in 1863.

Let us, therefore, take only that of which there is indubitable evidence, namely, that the above statements were made by the recruiting agent. If it should turn out that only a strong man can earn two to four shillings a day, and that one shilling or one and threepence is the usual average pay, what remedy would Tan-a-Leung or Achattu have against the government of British Guiana or against his employers? None whatever. When he arrives there he finds himself to be subject to a law which overrides his certificate, and he must either sit down content or—look out for shot-drill. In such a case his only appeal would be to the British people and government. Let us see Mr. Crosby's opinion upon this point:—

*Q.* 2500. Might I ask whether you would not consider that certificate a sort of contract with the immigrants made out of this colony?

*A.* I consider it was upon this representation that they came to this colony. It is a statement made by the magistrate in India to the immigrant, when he is taken before the magistrate under Act 16 of 1864, by the recruiter; because this is presented to the protector of immigrants on his arrival in Calcutta.

*Q.* This is the representation made to the immigrant on which he comes here?

*A.* Yes; 10 annas I believe is 1s. 3d.

*Q.* In this colony it would not be considered as a contract, because such contracts are rendered invalid by legislation? Is it not so?

*A.* There is no contract in fact made in India with the Indian immigrant.

*Q.* None acknowledged in this colony?

*A.* None.

*Q.* It may be a question whether there is not a contract in India?

*A.* This is not looked upon as a contract. It is not presented to us. We know nothing

about it in point of fact. I believe it to be very seldom that they possess them on their arrival. I dare say many are very careless of them, but some preserve them with great care.

*Q.* Then in answer to my question whether this could be recognised as a contract in this colony, you would say certainly not?

*A.* Certainly not.

When the commission comes to report, one of the first things my reader will examine—for he cannot read these papers and know that the subject of them must come before Parliament without having cast upon him some responsibility in the matter—will be its return regarding the rate of wages, that he may compare them with the statements made to the Coolie by the recruiter.

Another representation was made to me by the Coolies. They declared that they were never informed that penal sanctions were attached to their contract. They said the prison was not mentioned to them. If this should prove to be so, it would be impossible to overrate the injustice of inflicting this punishment upon defaulters, however gross, for their breach of the labour laws. This can only be definitely ascertained by an inquiry in India, which should at once be set on foot. To secure that due notice of the terms of contract is given to the Coolie, the provisions of the ordinance more immediately affecting him should be translated into his language, and read to him at the time of recruiting.

The agents, after taking the recruits before a magistrate, who *visés* the certificate, send them on to the dépôt at Calcutta, where they await shipment. Here they are examined by the agent, by the surgeon superintendent, and dépôt surgeon, and passed. Thence they embark, a general register being made out of their names and ages. A surgeon accompanies each vessel, who makes a return of deaths and sickness. During last year sixteen shiploads of immigrants reached Georgetown from India.

As these ships enter the Demerara River they come under the control of the Immigration Department. This consists of an Immigration Agent-General, with a salary of £1,000 sterling per annum, three sub-agents, one of whom acts as a chief clerk, two clerks, and four interpreters.

Here we return to the Ordinance. By section 33 it is provided that, on the arrival in Georgetown of an immigrant ship, the Immigration Agent-General and the Health Officer of the port shall forthwith go

on board, and ascertain by personal inspection whether the provisions of the "Chinese Passengers Act, 1855," or the "Passengers Act, 1855," have been complied with. They are bound then to "personally muster and carefully inspect the immigrants, and determine when necessary (?) their ages, and more especially the ages of all minor and infant immigrants; and shall separate such as, in their opinion, are not able-bodied labourers, and not physically capable of performing service as agricultural labourers, from those who are," and then report upon the result.

The immigrants are then allotted to estates by the Immigration Agent-General, under the governor's direction, in proportion to the numbers applied for by the proprietors. They do not see their future master—they have nothing to say in the matter of their allotment; but, by section 37, the Agent-General is enjoined to take care that children under the age of fifteen years *are not separated from their parents, natural guardians, or protectors, and that relatives are so allotted as to accompany each other, and that even friends are not separated unless unavoidable.* The employer obtaining a receipt for the allotment fees from the Colonial Receiver-General, produces it to the Immigration Agent, who then "orders them to be delivered to the said employer." This is suggestive of the transfer of a flock of sheep, and the whole transaction needs, in every detail, the most delicate, keen, cautious humanity and tact. In no carping spirit let me point this out to every one interested—to the Colonial Office, that it may watch with anxiety the appointments of the officials both in India and the colony; to the planters, that they may, in their own favour, take care that the men selected for this, I may almost say, terribly responsible post, shall be conspicuous for integrity and humaneness. For it is a critical point of the system, that any part of it depends so much upon the character of the individuals who administer it—that according as these are trustworthy or the reverse, it may work well or ill. In Mr. Crosby the system had a man whose character and position were a pledge of his integrity; and his successor should be as earnest a philanthropist, as thorough a gentleman. It may be a question, too, whether he should not be selected from without the colony.

Shall we pause a moment and regard a flock of these strangers as they pass through the streets of Georgetown on the way to their estate? Can we possibly enter into their feelings? Coming from their Asiatic homes, with their notions of Asiatic life, with



the very air and mystery of that life hanging about them, simple in their knowledge, though cunning enough in apprehension, they curiously scan the new country to which, with vague and ignorant faith in some good to be won by it, they are voluntarily exiles ! I can conceive of nothing more touching to a humane sympathy than this situation, and I am happy to believe that it *does* strike chords in the hearts of some managers, and that in a kindly way efforts are made to mitigate its uncouthness. Mr. Russell, in answer to a question (5388) respecting the acclimatisation of the Coolie, thus describes the treatment of fresh immigrants at Leonora estate :—"I may tell you the rule I have established in respect to Leonora. The people are received in the hospital from the ship ; they remain there on full rations for three or four days ; they receive a supply of soap and cocoa-nut oil to clean themselves and their clothes ; then a good many of them draft themselves out to go and live with people who hail from the same village in India. The balance are allotted houses on the estate, separate houses for themselves. After working for four or five days, chopping grass about the "buildings," they are allowed to select their own implement to work with, whether to become shovelmen or weeders. Those who go to shovelwork, there is a steady old hand goes with them to trim their tools, to get their shovels and cutlasses sharpened, to get the handles made smooth, so that they will not blister their hands, and he looks after them and assists them to learn

their work. They are found in full rations ; every man gets his rations before he goes out in the morning ; they are given to them as to ordinary patients in the hospital. I hand in a bundle of orders on the estate's store for the provisions that are supplied to a gang of twenty-five to twenty-nine—sometimes a few go into the hospital, and then, perhaps, there would be only twenty-five. They go off the list by degrees, and till then food is supplied them like ordinary patients in the hospital. At the end of six weeks I give them notice that so many have to be put on their own hook entirely. The weaker are allowed to continue a week or two longer. Some of them never get off the pension-list ; two or three become permanent pensioners, and are always either in the hospital or working about the yards and grounds. My experience in a great number of yards leads me to suppose this to be the best plan. I have dieted on many systems, but I find that the best ; it leaves the people in good heart. At the end of the six weeks they get their money to start on their own hook. The best batch I ever had arrived in the month of May, when the water was coming over the back dam ; they went on the second day to work, and when the roll was called, at the end of five years, every one but one answered to his name ; that one was a girl who died of pulmonary consumption, which she had when she came. They came by the *Clarendon*."

I must leave to another paper the conclusion of my review of the Coolie laws.

## "QUEER JEAN."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PEASANT LIFE IN THE NORTH."

TWO PARTS.—I.

I MET a clergyman to-day who greatly shocked me. Said he, "I did not think there was so much poetry in poverty as you make to appear." And I know that with men such as this minister "poetry" is, at best, the ornate expression of sentiments exaggerated, or of fancies unreal. But are fustians and unbleached homespuns the imagery of poesy ? the muscles strained by daily toil, and brose and kail, the tropes and figures of an inspiring muse ? Is the stint that comes from the want of a shilling—is the life that is wasted by want of food, the weakness of death made gall and bitterness by the poverty—sorrowful heritage be-

queathed to widow and children—are these only matters of picturesque ideal ? Nay, verily, friends. My tales of earth's poor ones are but the stern portraiture of human hearts and human suffering, blended with such glimpses of poor human gladness as God vouchsafes to earth's humblest sons and daughters. Truly, the man was mistaken. There is no unreality in the poetry of poverty. As bigotry, in its highest-handed and cruellest day, evolved the noblest heroism, so poverty, here and there, when ruling hardest, touches bruised hearts with tenderest emotion, quickens poor souls with keenest hopes and fears, evokes the noblest

self-devotion, and exercises a magnanimity such as you or I dare not pretend to, even such as doeth all it can, giveth all it hath.

But if it has such features, noble as humanity may exhibit, most certainly it has its own peculiar blemishes, foul blotches on the fair humanity, outcome of internal corruption unmodified, sore wounds and bruises, wages of crass and reckless ignorance, shameful, sorrowful sins, scarce hidden from the light. Thus, poverty hath its heroes not a few—its victims many. Sometimes victim and hero are blended in one poor sinning, suffering, sacrificing, lovable soul.

See here, in our back street, is Jean Campbell, seated in her door in the evening sun, with children beside her—two. She is a common-place woman for the eye to rest on, untidy, as women of her class generally are; as tanned and yellowed by sun-glare and dirt as they; with face not much expressive of either thought or feeling—just like the faces that lowly labour and uncomplaining suffering have given to her common sisters. Perhaps, when she turns her eyes to you, you may see in them something more than common. Hard work and sunshine and sorrow may dim the eye—most god-like feature of



Page 199.

the face human—but cannot utterly quench its light, save by its total extinction in the darkness of death. And poor Jean's shines to you with a lambent light, feeble, doubtless, but still mingling fire with its bashfulness; a fitful, flickering light, changing from beams distinct that tell of courage and strength to dare much, to watery gleams that acknowledge suffering for conscious wrong.

Is there poetry in her poor tale? Nay, friends; but it has somewhat of sadness and sin, still more of humble self-sacrifice. Shall I shock you if I tell of sin? What, although

it has been washed with many tears, purged with dire suffering and humiliation? Let it not be so. Let pure hearts told of wrong and shame, abounding in earth's lowly places, not be hardened and sealed up, albeit the spring and root of the woe is sin. Nay, learning thus that the plaint of the poor sinner is rising continually from the dingy surface of earth to the ear of the God of all life, rather believe ye, whom He has enlightened and blessed with many blessings, it is his will that pure hearts sympathise with the poor erring ones, that ready arms be stretched



forth to succour—perhaps to save ; that, doing thus, is most to be like Him.

Well, who is or was she? Boots it much to tell who she was? Oh, you are sure that, however she has erred and gone astray, this poor sheep had at first its homfold ; that a mother's heart yearned over her with more or less of a mother's special joy, when the dawn of her poor life first flushed in its crimson pain ; that a mother tenderly fondled her while yet her life lay in the mother's breast, and exulted over the toddling wee thing when first it tottered at her knee. Yes, nature is very bountiful, giving the humblest of us the treasures of a mother's love. But I will not bore you. I will tell my tale.

Her birth, although lowly, was not inauspicious. She was the daughter of old Campbell, "the pensioner," who dwelt on the south side of the village main street, hard by where it opens out into the square. I remember him well, with his thin hair iron grey, his erect, spare figure, and his old trousers of regimental tartan. He was a native of the village, had married while in the service a Scotch woman, but a stranger here, and his pension was thirteenspence a day. A great matter was the pension, making him somewhat independent, giving him quite the appearance of a man with a competency in the eyes of our labouring people. But, as he had a wife and two children, he was fain to eke out his income by work, binding sheaves and helping the ingathering of the grain at harvest, wielding the thudding flail in winter and spring, a keen scythe at hay harvest. When not thus occupied, he frequented the river bank with the wily fly or deadlier bait to lure the stream trout. A peaceable, sober man he was, seemingly of even temper, orderly, regular in his pew in the parish church with his children and with their mother, who reflected his ways and manners in her neat person and her tidy home. It was, indeed, rumoured, apparently on the authority of those who knew him in days long gone by, that his youth had been marked by lawless irregularities, culminating in a poaching affair and a spree ; after which he disappeared from the village, and enlisted. If this was true, no doubt years of discipline had had effect, and broken him into the order-keeping man I knew.

As I have said, he had two children, of whom the elder was this Jean Campbell, the younger a boy some fifteen months her junior. They were sprightly children, not pretty, as I think, but with keen faces, and dark brown eyes that flashed out inward rest-

lessness, such eyes as it disturbs me to look into, so full are they of wayward light and unrest. On summer evenings these children were to be seen together, tidily and cleanly clothed, in the barefooted group that skipped, or in the silent ring that played at drop the kerchief, or that, jocund, danced "round by jing-go-ring." Indeed, they never were apart ; for the girl, as senior, carefully, steadfastly watched over "the boy," dusting his clothes when he fell in the dusty way, soothing him when he came by more serious mishap, satisfying his desires with the largest "pieces"—in all things yielding to him. Then they had their years of schooling together, and how happy are homes in the children's school-days, when, resonant with the children's glee, they satisfy all the desires of the hearts that know not, have not dreamed of roaming. In those peaceful, sunny days it was that the old soldier, "stinting back and belly," as he said himself, saved up the twenty odd pounds that made the cottage he lived in his own, and made him, more than before, a man regarded of his neighbours.

But as the children grew up, the veteran's shoulders began to curve and his chest to sink, and a cough set upon him in the mornings. No longer did he grasp the scythe with the eager strength of former days ; the flail struck listlessly when he held it. Not that he was a very old man. Other causes than age may stoop the back and relax the muscles ; but come it whence it might, there was the fact, that now he was not fit for the occasional labour needed to make his pension equivalent to comfort. What remedy was there save that the girl of seventeen should go into the corn-rig with her sickle ; that at eighteen, like her compeers, she should be enrolled as a regularly hired worker? Indeed, the father did not prompt her thus to seek constant labour. She had another motive. The father had proposed that Ned, his son, should be-think him of a trade, and the lad had peremptorily refused. He would not be a tradesman. He had left school, and, following the paternal tastes, had taken to angling. His ambition was to be a gamekeeper. Meantime he was willing to enact the gillie, or message-boy, or stable-boy—anything rather than steady work. If they thwarted him, then he would follow his father's steps and would list. And father and mother set so much store on this only son, that they were silent when thus he threatened. They had great horror at thought of his "going for a sodger." Jean, too, fondly, foolishly regarded the youth, preferring him still in all things, just

as she did long ago when he would quarrel about the oat-cake. So they temporised, and meantime he fished and roamed about, and that he might be more free to roam, that the burden of feeding and clothing him might bear less heavily upon the old folk, Jean would and did become a field hand. But, working nigh to the village, her father's house was still her home. Thither she brought her allowances of meal and other food-stuffs, great helps to the household economy; thither also in due time she brought her wages, stinting herself in the matter of clothing that their Ned might have better boots and garments withal.

Without the counsel or knowledge of his parents, the wayward lad became an habitual frequenter of an inn-stables. There if he picked up a traveller's sixpence, he learned to win the plaudits of the stablemen by devoting the coin to drink, a long step towards the commencement of an improvident life. At length in his eighteenth year, in the autumn, when there was a demand for horses and carriages at shooting-quarters, he engaged himself to attend to a horse and dog-cart, hired out to the shooting-party at Heathcote of Howe.

But having thus engaged himself, his sense of propriety made a coachman's topcoat indispensably necessary for him, that not only might he be comfortable, but that he might bear the outward aspect and dignity of a coachman. It would cost fully three pounds. So home he went and stated his need to his mother,—she must provide this gorgeous garment for him,—and the mother stated the case to her husband. He had no money, and would find none for the purpose. Indeed he had no favour for his son's vocation. Ned would pay it back when he got his wages, the mother urged, but the veteran was not to be moved. "Let him win his fee first; syn he'll hae plaisure in the spendin' o' it."

Then the lad turned to his sister, when she came from her day's work. She must help him in his fancied strait, he knew she would. And she was fain to help him, fain in the same spirit that since her childhood had prompted her to prefer him in everything. But she had no money; and how was she to help him? "Winna ye try tae git the marchan' tae maik it?" he entreated; and she did try. The merchant would trust her if only she signed "a line to her master" for payment of the price at Martinmas term. She would do anything to satisfy the want of this brother, who stood by her saying, "I'll gie ye, Jean, the money whene'er I git ma ain

paey." So the merchant wrote the order, and the girl signed it, and the youth got the coveted drab overcoat, and went forth to the stables "as became a coachman," and in due time went with his horse and dog-cart to Heathcote, elated and vain. But the father grumbled and the mother complained of this deed of their daughter, which spent her little earnings before they were won.

In a few days, however, the lad came into the village, driving his smart trap, and accompanied by the gamekeeper, and charged with the disbursement of several pounds in purchases for his masters. With the keeper he called at his father's cottage. He looked so smart and "brave," and the old man had so much talk with the keeper on the subject of fly-hooks and what not, that he forgot his antipathy to Ned's present calling. He sent out Mrs. Campbell with sixpence and with a bottle "to bring in a dram," to treat the son and his friend. "Wha kens but Ned may rise in the way he wishes tae? He must begin low like ither lads, if he be tae climb," said the parents, fondly setting their hearts to hope the best for the lad they loved.

The two shooting months passed, and the lad returned to his home with his four pounds of wages, but he gave no part of them to sister or parents. He needs must have gayer clothing—tight kerseymere corded trousers, and the like. He must also have a fishing-rod and tackle of his own. Yet did not the sister complain, did not wound him by reference to his broken promise, but went on her way of dull and daily toil, although now the whole balance of the money wage which her half-year's labour would yield her was only to be ten shillings. Indeed, I fear there was in both brother and sister a mental peculiarity, which in the lad took the active form of reckless waste, in the sister the form of mute endurance and promptness to postpone herself and her desires to gratify those she loved.

Ned's friend the gamekeeper came to visit at the cottage, and had Ned for a week to stay at Heathcote; and in November the man was much in the village, and, the days being short, he sometimes stayed over night. Thus he fell to see Ned's sister—to see her and to fancy her. I have said that Jean was no beauty. Hers was one of those ordinary faces which abound in the world; faces of those whom God has sent into the world to do much work, oftentimes to suffer much. But then she had lustrous eyes that could be fired with love, with much in them of the attraction of reckless unrest. In fact, her eyes redeemed her face from plainness. They did more;



they drew the gamekeeper towards her by what he in his rough way declared their fascination. "Ye hae smot' ma hairt," said he, when first he found the opportunity that for many days he had waited for; "ye hae smot' ma hairt wi' thae twa een, that glint lik' the woodcock's an' are mort as the gled's."

Jean knew nought of love save that light-hearted form of it that grows for parent or brother with the life we inherit. She was, therefore, not provided with ready speech to meet his compliments, much less was she prepared to suspect that the compliments were traitorous and false. Indeed, at the first she was slow to apprehend that the man admired her, for her pleasure lay in the fact that this important functionary, much valued and trusted of his employers, and well-salaried, as Ned reported, was the friend of her brother. But when, in moonlight nights, in that November, he met her on her homeward road, and whispered of her eyes and beauty, then she bethought her, as woman will, that she was comely to look on, and that her eyes were not as common eyes, and slowly she came to believe that he was captivated by her. When once her womanhood was kindled, it burned with much rapidity and violence; yet was it slow to kindle, requiring much to be heated, much blown upon by the hot breath of love before love's fierce flame resulted.

He made no secret at her father's fireside that he was following her. He did not speak of matrimony; their acquaintance, his newborn affection was too young for that. Perhaps he did not there speak much of love either, but he let it be clearly seen that he was affected by her. The old folks thought that talk of marriage would come in reasonable time; and meantime they were proud of their daughter's follower. Thus, just at Martinmas, when her womanhood was awakened, and the girl for the first time felt a desire for better clothing, that in the eyes of her sweetheart she might appear to more advantage, she lacked the means to procure it. Her wages, you know, were spent beforehand in the decoration of her brother, so that all that remained barely sufficed for strong shoes, absolutely necessary in the rigours of winter. Still the man sought her, never missing to pass one night, at least, in each week at the village in the pursuit of his suit. Yet, truth to say, there was not much heat in her bosom for him. No flame at all fired her soul for him till bleak winter brought old Christmas round. Then the gamekeeper invited Ned and her to "a ball," at his house in the hills,

to celebrate the closing year. A great affair this ball was, given annually, as he told them, to the small tenantry around the shooting-lodge by the shooting gentlemen of Heathcote Lodge, who, of course, were now in their Southland homes.

He was standing at the hearth when he asked them. Ned rubbed his hands with glee. He would go most certainly. How should he get there? he asked. The cart that came to the village for the provisions could carry them. But Jean could not see her way to go. The ball will be no pleasure to the gamekeeper if she is absent from it. Why will she not go? Well, she is not her own mistress. She could not ask away from her daily duties for two days. If she did, she should only be refused. Besides, she had only her brown merino gown, her Sunday frock, which was too heavy to appear in the ball-room, among the airy dresses of the hill girls. The bold keeper would rid her of the first difficulty. He would himself request the necessary leave of absence; and as for the second, he said it was nothing at all.

So next day she saw her suitor ride on his pony straight up to the farmhouse, and after a time come out therefrom, in very friendly form with the farmer, remount, and ride away. If she had known how he had performed his mission, would it at all have opened her eyes, I wonder? But this was the way he put his request. His masters gave an annual ball to their servants and their servants' friends, and to the small tenantry of the district. Ned Campbell, a servant highly prized, was, of course, invited, and his sister for his sake. Therefore the formal request for the sister's release was, in fact, a matter of the shooting gentlemen, and thus it was promptly granted. When Jean, at night, returned home she found a letter from her lover awaiting her. She was free to come to the ball, it said, and it begged her to accept from her sweetheart a pound-note, which was enclosed. He was sure she should be the handsomest lass at the gathering. "Now this is love in earnest," said the cottage household.

She drove in the cart to Heathcote in her Sunday gown, her brave muslin dress, with its decorations of peach ribbon, carefully folded and covered up in her lap. The day was bitterly cold, but she felt it not. Her heart and brain were aglow with a feeling she could not, cared not to conceal, which the man's grey eye saw well as he helped her from the cart. Never before was he so urgent in his pressings, and squeezings, and snatching of kisses. Of course he greatly admired the

robe, and he must see the delightful process of her dressing in it, must awkwardly hook and fasten it, and surely the "beverage" was his by right. Thus with fair speeches and loving dalliance aside, by open acts of loving preference before the assembled rustics, he danced her heart entirely away before the night was done. And, truth to say, he was a manly fellow, although full thirty-two years of age, and although it was a cold grey eye with which he looked into the luminous orbs of the girl whom thus he courted. Recognising mainly her own love, doubting not the love he professed, it was delight for Jean to be with him. He would doubt her love, and that lingering doubt was all the obstacle, he said, in the way of his happiness and their union. Ah me! It was the oft-told tale of perfidious and successful villainy in the guise of true love, hell's blackest demon in the garb of angelic humanity.

Many were envious of poor Jean. Many spoke lightly of her; to them there was pleasure and a triumph when in April the man's visits to the village ceased. Jean knew his reason was that his duties now claimed all his days, and, no doubt, there was some truth in it. But said they, "True love is stronger nor duty. Maybe, he is tired o' thae bird, an' its richt tae gie a turn tae the moor-fool." Even for two long months, April and May, Jean saw not this man, her lover.

At first she thought it was right that he should be faithful to his duties. How otherwise could he be faithful to his love? But when week after week passed by and he came not, sent no word of love, no message to indicate remembrance of her, then her heart grew cold within her, and her soul grew sick, for her faith in him began to waver. Her cheek spoke the tides of feeling which beset her, paling oft, oft flushing, as alternate pain or shame came to her. But on the first of June she saw him. Oh, yes, she saw him. That much was needed totally to undeceive her, to drive love and hope from her miserable breast. He met her in the market-place, busy with some matter of bargaining, he said. And he greeted her as if nought of love had ever been between them; and "Tell Ned," he said, "am awfu' busy. I'll no be able to win wast." O great Disposer of all things! is there no forked lightning to blast the deceiver? no bolt of heaven to avenge the deceived?

How dry and sapless is the verdure of summer, how hot and stifling the balmy zephyrs, how many motes darken every sunbeam, when the soul is oppressed with a

sorrow which it dare not reveal for shame! And poor Jean's sorrow was of the heaviest and darkest, for she saw each false step of the way she had traversed, conned every deceitful phase of the love that had betrayed her, until, every film of disguise being torn away, she stood self-condemned, her own rather than another's victim. To add to her distress, too, the old man, her father, who had pleased himself with visions of fishing in the Heathcote lochs, when summer days would let him go forth, was gravely disappointed; her mother, whose expectations of an eligible marriage for her daughter were dissipated, brooded over her disappointment; and both blamed the girl, charging her with knowing well that she was the cause of the rupture, that it was her blame that the man had deserted her. They spoke hardly and harshly, as people who are injured will speak, when they have prerogative and power to resent the wrong. In silence she must bear her burden, without one drop of sympathy in her woe.

How sad it is thus to have life thrown out of harmony with itself and with the world which surrounds it! to have silently to bear about a heart bruised, blasted, broken while life is young! Does Heaven reserve its lightning and its bolts for the injured only and the weaker? Ah! this question touches the fact more closely, for, at least, they sorely suffer. Oh, believe not that the fallen are so soul-hardy as not to feel the bruises and contumely of their fall. And very touching is their sorrow for its muteness, mute save when no ear heareth. When no eye seeth, then they weep and wail and pray, while ever the aching brain will fancy that, in this special case, time itself may stand still, nature's immutable law be abrogated; at least, that some impossible deliverance may arise. Poor souls! whose only sound reasoning is when they think that death is happy.

And Jean had a grief other than her own. Ned had become hostler at the inn, and there he spent each penny he won in drink mainly, so that many nights he came home intoxicated. She had to sit up for his coming, tired and weary of her day of labour, tired and weary of her life of sorrow, sorrow that oft made her nights sleepless, when wearily she did lie down. It is merciful that times of sorrow will not stand still, that dreaded hours will come—all too quick in their coming, but as quickly roll away. Still will the prayer vacillate from the cry that time should linger, to the dread longing that the trial were overpast.



She gave all her wages at Martinmas to her parents. Perhaps she desired to conciliate them, but it was only what she had done before. Ned thereafter asked her for a pound, but she had it not, and he was very wroth and unkind; and withal she was very miserable. And as the days shortened to the shortest, in December, her sorrow culminated. Her long-concealed grief must be proclaimed, and she shrunk from the hour that must make it known. And one night she came home, meting her steps with her sighs, in her soul's great trouble; and contrary to wont, her brother was at the fireside, and father and mother were there, and their faces were down and sad. Ned got up and confronted her, and by the lamplight she saw that his cheek was cut and his eye blackened.

"What's the matter, Ned?" she asked with a sickening smile.

"Ye brought it on me," he fiercely answered, for one of his reckless companions had cast up her state to him, and they had fought with this result.

"Is there oucht o' truth in it, Jean?" asked the mother, and Jean was dumb before them.

"Wae's me!" said the mother. "Did I think when I nurst ye that sic sair dool was ma store?" and she shook her old hands up-raised.

Ned sullenly damned and cursed her.

The old pensioner rose slowly. "Paice, boy!" he said, "I'll no curse her. I'll no say nought to her. But ane roof maunna shelter us mair. Lassie! ye hae nae mair a faither! Ye maun gang by the door."

"No the nicht, faither!" the mother interposed, as she wiped her streaming old eyes. "Let her be till the morn, faither!"

Well, she might stay till the morrow, but he must never see her face again, else would he curse her with a father's heaviest curse.

She crept up-stairs to her garret. She made a little bundle of some clothing, of some little things also that she had prepared against a coming hour, with sorrowful stitching, which pierced her soul at each stitch. She lay down in her clothes on the bed that had known her in innocence, and wet her pillow with salt, silent tears. Her mother came to her. Briefly, and in broken words, she told her story, acknowledged her sin, and bewailed its shame. "Perhaps faither may think better o' it the morn, puir lass!" said the mother. But ere morning broke, under the cold, chill stars the girl went forth, in dire perplexity, caring not whither she went.

She went forth under the chill morning stars, seeing nothing of their beauty, I am

sure; thankful only for the darkness which veiled her flight. Daybreak found her sitting wearily to drink of a brook five miles away from Glenaldie. What was her purpose? Whither now was she bound? Do you think that she makes for Heathcote Lodge, seeking the home of him who had brought her to this sorrow, to claim his pity, to urge him by her misery to the fulfilment of his vow unredeemed? Nay, she has no such purpose; certainly no thought of her betrayer as a possible refuge. Yet she does not curse him, as forlorn she sits by the brook-side. Her own sorrow so fills her that she cannot curse him. Perhaps she has so closed her heart against him that she thinks not of him at all.

The sun rose in the murky sky. In a hundred valleys people went forth to their day's engagements, more or less gladly thinking that the day was to be fine. On a hundred hill-tops the lurid beams fell cold in their brightness, while sheep and muir-fowl rejoiced in their sheen. Pity her who grieves by the wayside that night and darkness have fled. The wine of life is on the lees, surely, when the light of heaven gives only pain.

She entered an open door, with steps confused, and sat down. "Whaur dae ye com' frae, puir thing?" "Whaur till are ye boon'?" "Ye're sick, surely?" women asked while she sat there, and she answered not. They offered her food—cakes and milk—but she could not eat. Children were about her, staring at "the strange lass," as she sat bent on the creepie, concealing her face with her hands. Again and again they asked her, "Can't ye ait a morsel noo?" Still she sat there silent, weeping not. Her woe was too sore for tears.

At last a matron questioned her not unkindly. She answered only with sighs. They told her she could not be harboured there, but they would send her wherever she wished to go—at least, for some miles—in a cart after she had rested. Again they pressed her to eat, but she raised not her head. At two o'clock they yoked a cart, and told her they were ready to start with her. "What gait dae ye will tae gang?" How sore is life when the whole world-compass—north, south, east, west—is confused and confounded, presenting no choice for life's outgoing, no haven, no hope!

"Ye maun be steppin', lass. We canna shelter the lik'," they said gently but firmly. She got up and was helped into the cart, which a boy drove whither he listed, and that chanced to be into the hills. He went slowly forward until the sun went down over the southern summits; then stopping his

horse, he said he "cudna gang farthar wi' her. There's mony crofters hereawa'. Ye'll fin' shelter aisy." He helped her from the cart, and she sat down by the roadside, fain to sit and die there. He turned his horse, and went whistling off into the gloaming. The whistle and the sound of the cart-wheels died away, and still she sat by the wayside.

She felt not that the dark, chill night was setting around her, in the blacker misery of her body and soul. The minutes were painful, but she had ceased to note them. Then there came to her a God-sent messenger surely. "Wha hae we here? Puir craitar! She maun be deid or deean." It was a woman's voice that said it, with the tenderness of one who had known affliction. And the woman was not alone; beside her stood a little girl. Together they raised the prostrate one. "Com' wi' us. Try tae mak' it oot. Oor hame's nigh han'. We'll tak' ye in the night." And they led her stumbling steps towards the cottage where they dwelt. It was scarce a hundred yards up the hillside. "Haud ye up! See, ye can mak' oot the firelicht through the panes." Scarcely half conscious she went with them, and was quickly growing sick in the heat of the peat-fire on their cottage floor—the cottage of the "Widow Macraw." "Shak' down the waifs' bed, Mary," said the widow; "she maun lie down at aince. I'll gie her some mait when she's under the claes." The widow saw what was wrong; but after a moment of hesitation, in which she felt all the burden of her charity, she went cheerfully forward to perform what God had so clearly given her to do.

The "waifs' bed" stood in the end of the widow's byre, in which also stood her only cow, mainstay of her little household. Poor Jean was quickly lying in the bed, and the kindly widow brought her hot gruel to drink, and set two bottles of hot water beside her to warm the cold bed. "An' what may yer name be, puir lass? Nae doot ye war wranged, e'en though ye war far wrang yersel'."

"Jean."

"Puir Jean!" said the widow; and she asked no more.

Oh, bitter are the pain and anguish that have no sustenance of love, no hope of a fruition of joy! Yet the life that scarce is worth the living will cling to the pained one that fain would lay it down, as gladly this pained one there on "the waifs' bed" could have hid her shame in death.

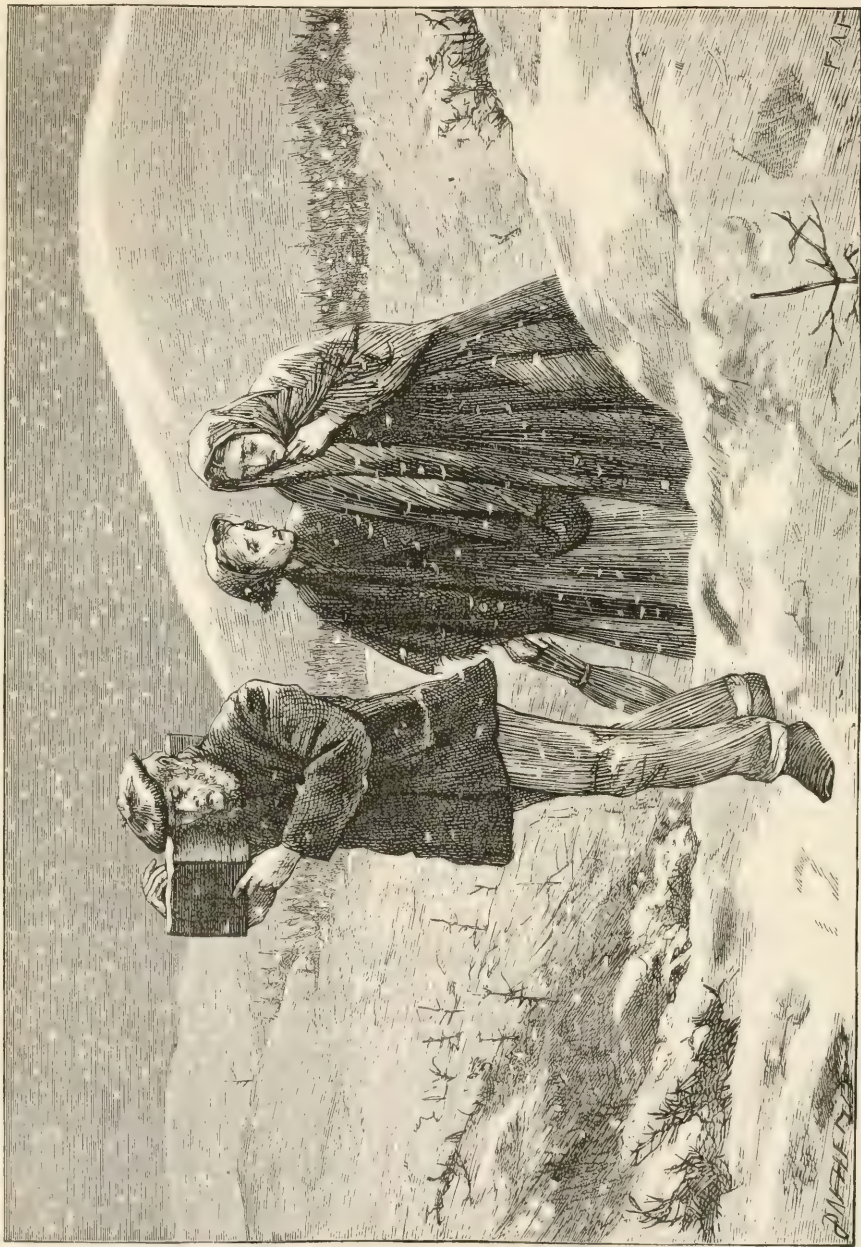
For ten days the widow nursed and kept Jean, giving her of her tiny milking, giving

her of her slender stock of meal and other food. And as the mother nursed her boy-babe, some little gleam she had of all the rich outpouring of tenderness and beauteous feeling with which God visits the mothers who please Him. A watery, tearful gleam it was, yet fulgent with God's own tenderness, as she yearned over her son. What a strange wonder is the human mind! This poor babe of shame not only bound her to the life she loved not, but, lying there on the wanderers' bed, fanciful hopes grew up faintly in her weak brain. Who knows? She may be proud and happy yet.

But when she was restored to strength again, was able to come with her babe, through the snow, to the widow's hearth, then Widow Macraw said she should "seek her ain folk and mak' her paice wi' them lik' a Christian lass." Leastwise, she "cudna maintain her yont a day or twa mair." Then, again, all the wretchedness of her life beset her. The hope that had shone into her breast as she watched "the bairn" died away; for her brother's face confronted her; her father's faltering yet stern decision still rung in her ears. She never dare approach them. Hagar-like, she must wander forth into her poor world's arid desert. Can you wonder that heart and flesh did faint and fail her? She felt in all its bitterness how terrible it is to be God-forsaken, feeling it the more because she first had forsaken Him.

Whither should she go? Turn to the right hand or to the left, a vista of long, long months of life from the strange hand of charity alone appeared to her, for body and arms of her were bound to the infant, whom in very wretchedness she pressed more closely to her breast. In the depths of her misery she cried to the Lord, and I think He heard her. For an angel, a good angel from heaven, all unexpected and unwished for, stood beside her in this crisis, even the beauteous and kindly angel of Death, who gently closes our eyes when the light of life becomes unsupportable. Oh, it came unwished for, unthought of, and full of affright! On the twelfth day, the day her wanderings were to begin, the angel stood beside the waifs' bed while the child slept. The goal must ever be won by suffering more or less, and thus the child awoke in pain. "O Jean! ye maunna steer till the bairn's better," said the kindly widow. But on the morrow of the next day it was dead. Is human life so rare and priceless that we shall bewail this babe unblest, because it came not to know life's work, life's sorrows, life's sins? Still will the





poor mother weep over her embryo hope thus withered in the bud, as if her tears were rivers of water. And she wept the more in broken-heartedness, lest God, whom she only knew afar off, mostly through the cloud of her troubles, lest God who had taken it from her might ungraciously deal with its spirit, not for its own but for its parents' sins.

"Jamie Knockans," jack of all trades, down in the Leens, made for it a little "kist," as a coffin is termed in our land; a little kist of somewhat rough deals, and as paint was rare, and black cloth not at all, he blackened it with oil and soot. I am sure it mattered not in what the poor babe slept. And she washed it, and dressed it, and kissed its cold baby lips, and sobbed and wept as if God had dealt very hardly by her, nor heard her cry at all. Yet in her heart she felt that He

was a good and gracious God, whose ways not being as her ways, nor thoughts as her thoughts, had shown her mercy even thus.

"Knockans" carried the little coffin, and the widow and Jean, now bearing her bundle, followed him along the snow-clad way to the distant "acre" at Langrig, where a tiny grave—black blotch it looked on the earth's white breast—received it. The man lighted his pipe, and set coolly to fill up the gap. The mother, losing sight of the coffin, wept afresh. She offered him all the money she had—a shilling and some coppers. "Na, na," said the gruff fellow; "Na, na, puir lass; it's no for hire the noo." Then she threw her arms round the little widow, and broke out in a loud burst of grateful weeping; and they parted, Jean going whither she would.

## HOW TO THINK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

HOW to think—that is the subject of the following essay. It is a tentative essay. In general, I suppose that an essay-writer has made up his mind what he means to say before he begins to say it. But it is not so in the present case; and the writer will be prepared to allow his reader not merely to cry "halves," but three-fourths, or nine-tenths, if any success should attend his reading of this essay.

It must, I should think, be admitted that there is no waste in the world so great as the waste of thought; and he who should be able to show how this waste is produced, and how any part of it may be avoided, cannot be accused of having wasted his time or thought in the consideration of so important a subject. Clear thought is the only sure source of wise action.

I have sometimes imagined that the use of bold metaphors might enable us to consider this subject appropriately, and have said to myself, the first thing is to look straight at the object you wish to master in thought. This, of itself, is a great difficulty, for how few of us do look straight, intellectually speaking! On further consideration, moreover, one sees that the foregoing is an insufficient metaphor; for, between us and the object of our consideration, how many things, not only solids, but perplexing phantoms, intervene! Amongst them are what Bacon calls the "Idols of the Mind," in which he enumerates the false ap-

pearances imposed upon us by every individual man's own nature and custom—the false appearances imposed upon us by words—the false conclusions arrived at because "to the nature of the mind of all men it is consonant for the affirmative, or active, to affect more than the negative, or privative,"—and the like. To these idols I would add another, which I think has never been sufficiently considered when taking account of the bewilderments and errors of the human mind. It is that men are almost invariably charmed by difficulty. They overrate immensely the inherent value of that, whatever it may be, which presents difficulty to them. You may note this as appertaining to all classes of men. The lawyer will dwell upon some nice subtlety which affects only one-twentieth part of his client's case, to the neglect of those broad facts which govern the remaining nineteen-twentieths. The historian pesters his reader, and embarrasses the main course of his narrative, by dwelling upon some unimportant fact, or series of facts, which, as it has caused him much trouble to get to the bottom of, he must inflict upon other people. I should be erring in the same direction if, because I have studied the question of the effect of difficulty upon men's minds, I should cumber this essay with the many instances whereby I could illustrate the ill-effects of the error in question.

But, after all, the real difficulty of thinking



severely, and attaining the object of our thought, is that we admit far too many, both of our own previous thoughts, and of other men's thoughts; and these form a hazy medium between us and the desired object of thought.

This very work of Bacon's, the "Advancement of Learning," which is assuredly one of the greatest works that has ever been written, might have been studied attentively by one who wishes to think severely, and yet might only prove an embarrassment to him. Knowledge hinders thought of the kind that I mean. The critical faculty often hinders such thought. Even imagination is often a hindrance to such thought. To recur to metaphor, the aids which previous thoughts of your own, which the thoughts of other people, and which your imagination might give you, fail to produce the effect which might be hoped from them, because they are not brought to a focus. On the contrary, they lead you off in straight lines, under, or above, or aside, that which ought to be the main and exclusive object of your thought.

How true and how condemnatory is the expression we all use when we promise ourselves, or others, to think upon any subject, namely, that we will think *about* it! And we do think *about* it, and not at it, or to it.

Having already said so much about those things which will not, of a certainty, aid us in severe thought for a purpose, I will now venture, though with much diffidence, to put forward some suggestions as to those methods which might prove an aid to severe thinking.

The first, and perhaps the greatest, aid would be, to determine the exact object for thought aimed at. It would perhaps surprise most of us, if we were to observe with care how rarely we state to ourselves, with anything like accuracy, the precise object we wish to accomplish by thought. Often, after such observation, we should find that our object of thought combined two or three contradictory elements. It was a very happy expression of Dickens,—"How not to do it;" and, if we looked honestly into the processes of our minds, we should often perceive that we have begun by such an insufficient or contradictory statement (even to ourselves) of our endeavour, that we have already insured the result of "how not to think it." I will give an illustration in practical life, which has always struck me as being very significant of the absurd way in which men combine contradictory endeavours. It is to be seen in the dial-plates of many public clocks. The one object should be that the

passer-by should be able rapidly to ascertain the time. For this purpose, the strongest contrast of colour and the clearest outline of form should be adopted. It is not a case for ornamentation; but the two principal clocks which I pass by daily are so disfigured and so blurred by ornamentation that I have to pause before I can ascertain the time; and, if there is the slightest mist, the said clocks are utterly illegible. What a mistake has been made in the main object to be aimed at! Exactly a similar error often occurs as regards the objects of thought which we place before our minds. We constantly combine what is irrelevant, or even what is absolutely inconsistent with the main purpose which we have set ourselves to think out. In a word, simplicity as regards the object of our thought is to be aimed at; and that we should have thoroughly determined what is to be the purpose of our thought.

Then comes the next great endeavour to which we should devote ourselves: it is, that there should be simplicity in the *processes* of our thinking. All these "Idols of the Mind," that we have been considering, should be set aside. But a great deal more than that is required to insure the requisite simplicity in the process of thinking. Our own previous thoughts are often most damaging. Now here comes in a subtlety which must be carefully considered. It is not only that our previous thoughts lead us astray, but they lead us into a direction which often can only land us in disaster. For these previous thoughts, both of our own and other people, have been chiefly built upon precedent, the force of which precedent is entirely inapplicable to the new circumstances with which we have to deal. I must illustrate this. A great writer on agriculture has said—and I believe justly—that whenever we apply steam-power to digging or ploughing, we are in great error if we suffer ourselves to keep the present action of spade or plough too much in our minds. Icarus, too, made a great mistake when he adopted the precedent of birds' wings for his aerial flight. Severe thought, when it is to lead to anything new, should avoid all precedents.

As a general rule, great thinkers have rarely let us into the secret of how they have been accustomed to think. But when they have been inventors, we have sometimes had an inkling of their mode of procedure. They have betrayed to us that it was what they call a "sudden thought." We may be nearly sure that their object of thought stood very clearly before them in their minds. Then

came this "sudden" thought, as they call it. But I suspect its potency was not in its suddenness, but in its being a *disengaged* thought—a thought disentangled from the thoughts of other men, or even from previous thoughts of their own.

I would deduce from this, that the chief art in severe thinking, is the art of forgetting, or of ignoring all that has been previously said, done, or written by yourself and others in the matter. I can conceive that there should be a man who would be able to combine and bring to a focus all those extraneous thoughts, and should thus be able to attain to novelty of thought, without the perplexity engendered by knowledge, or rather by half-knowledge, or by the fancies of imagination, or by an ignoble doting upon antiquity, or by a slavish subserviency to incomplete precedent. But that man has rarely appeared upon the earth. And the main use of all that previous thought upon the subject can teach you is, that it may form a means of criticising, purifying, enlarging, confining, or condemning your new thought.

Finally, in all I have said I am reminded of what Sir Walter Scott, I believe, once so humorously observed with respect to fishing. "You see," he said, "a man come down to the river-side with all the apparatus and appliances with which piscatory skill and knowledge can furnish him. It is very delightful to see so much skill and knowledge applied to so simple a matter; but the man of skill and knowledge catches nothing, and is vexed and humiliated by seeing near him a little ragged boy, who with a crooked stick, reelless line, and crooked pin, pulls out fish after fish with a grinning delight at his superiority over his neighbour, the well-furnished fisherman." Now there is in this boy's proceedings something of the simplicity of object and endeavour which has led to the greatest results in the severe thinking of inventors, and other men who have greatly benefited mankind.

This brief essay was read by the author to three brothers, whose Christian names are George, John, and Percy. George is an official man, John a lecturer on science in one of our colleges, and Percy a lawyer. After the essay had been read, the following conversation took place.

*Author.* Well, what do you think of my essay?

*Percy.* It is not an essay one would like to

give an opinion about in a hurry. I must confess I have never thought about how I think.

*George.* Nor I.

*John.* I think I have thought about it; but have never come to any conclusion.

*Percy.* Of course, you don't want praise; you want to hear objections. Now I have a very important objection to make, as it seems to me. You speak of severe thought devoted to some object of thought. But you have not limited your class of objects. All that you say does not apply in the least, according to my judgment, to severe thought devoted to the acquisition of knowledge. The hardest thing I ever attacked was the first three sections of Newton, when at college. Your remarks and suggestions do not apply to that kind of work.

*Author.* No: I did not mean that they should.

*Percy.* Then I think you should have said so at the outset.

*George.* I knew perfectly well what he was aiming at; he meant, new thought to be applied to difficult circumstances.

*Author.* You are a good fellow, George, and always inclined to take one's part if you can.

*George.* Don't be too sure of that. I have a great deal to say against you. Where I think you err, is, in the anxiety you seem to manifest to get rid of previous knowledge and previous thought. Now I admit that one does not want previous knowledge and previous thought to be bothering one, and interrupting one, when one is endeavouring to think out new thought for oneself; but whatever one has read, or heard, or thought about the question had better be "to the fore," as the Irish say.

*Author.* No; that is exactly where I contend it should not be.

*John.* He is right, and you are right, George; but both of you only partially right, as it seems to me. I'll explain what I mean. I have not read much history; and, to tell the truth, I don't care to read any more of it. I have enough to do in another line. But I have always thought that the good to be got out of history consists not so much of previous examples to be rigidly applied, but of certain rules, principles, and ways of looking at things, which would come into the mind of an historian, if he were a good historian, and which might enable him to judge judiciously of the present affairs of the world. But his historical knowledge should not be to the fore (at any rate in



detail) when he is endeavouring to think out a new thing.

*Percy.* It is evident that brother John favours our friend; and indeed the essay struck me as more fitted for scientific men—for inventors—than for the rest of the world.

*Author.* I do not admit that. There are hundreds of instances in common life, when a man has to shape out an original course for himself or for others; and my remarks in the essay apply as much to him as to any scientific man.

I will give an instance. There is great novelty in the circumstances of the present war between France and Prussia. There have been several occasions in the course of the war when an important decision had to be taken by one side or the other. I contend that that decision would have been better taken by one who kept his mind free from historical precedent. What your brother George said about historical knowledge being to the fore, would, in my judgment, be very injurious to a man having to make such a decision. I admit that the principles and rules which a man may, almost unconsciously, have derived from reading history,—resulting in historical tact, if I may so describe it,—will be useful to him; but he must not become a slave to historical precedent; he must not conclude, for instance, that because a Republic did something long ago, it will do that something now. I may have gone too far in wishing to banish previous thought and knowledge; but I am persuaded that, in the majority of cases, it is more of a hindrance than an aid.

*Percy.* I doubt.

*Author.* I wish to give you more instances by way of illustration. What is the meaning and intent of a fortress? It is that, comparatively speaking, a few men shall be able to fire off guns at a large body of men, the gunners remaining, for the most part, in shelter. Now attend to me. An ingenious man looks at the thing to be done, throwing aside for the moment all thoughts of how the thing has previously been done, and he makes a great invention. He says to himself, or I imagine he says to himself, and I have a right to imagine it, "All I want is, to fire off a gun, and for the gun and myself to retire into shelter and to be almost invisible to the enemy." Consequently he digs a hole in the ground, places himself in it, contrives that after the gun has been fired, it shall drop

down to him in the trench, be loaded again, and then ascend to be fired off again. That is Captain Moncrieff's invention.

*Percy.* This is scientific. I admit that a good deal of your essay might apply to inventors.

*Author.* No; not to inventors only. You know, when one has any subject in one's mind, how, whatever one reads or hears, seems to have a mysterious relation to this subject. I happened to take up the "Physical Theory of Another Life" the other day, and I came upon a passage, which I will read to you:—"Those who addict themselves to the steady pursuit of truth, in any line of thought, are well aware of the disturbance and the disappointment that arise, notwithstanding the utmost efforts to the contrary, first, from the incessant intermixture of ideas foreign to the subject of which the mind is labouring to make itself master, and which irrelevant ideas take their rise from the principle of association; and then secondly, from the mere spending of the force of the mind, that is to say of its *organic force*, just at the moment when abstract notions are coming into a position of intelligible relation, and when their correspondence is about to be perceived. The same process, taken up at another time, is not found to present precisely the same elements, or not in precisely the same proportions; the results therefore differ in the issue, by a little; and so we fail of the satisfaction of ascertaining truth. In such instances it is as if the furnace of the chemist, upon the continued intensity of which the success of a difficult experiment wholly depends, were supplied only with a niggard allowance of fuel, which is almost always burnt out before the ingredients in the crucible are completely assimilated." You see that this great writer has had a notion somewhat similar to mine, and has applied it in reference to the steady pursuit of truth in *any line of thought*.

*Percy.* I don't like talking any more about the subject until I have read the essay for myself. I have observed that a skilful reader, and every author is skilful when he reads his own writings, gains a great advantage by reading. He treads firmly upon the safe ground, and glides over what is shaky. I must have the essay to study for myself, if I am to take any further objections to it.

Here the conversation ended.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF FRANCE AND ITALY.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

## III.

## ROME.

**FEBRUARY 3.**—We have been in Rome a fortnight to-day, or rather at eleven o'clock to-night; and I have seldom or never spent so wretched a time anywhere. Our impressions were very unfortunate, arriving at midnight, half frozen in the wintry rain, and being received into a cold and cheerless hotel, where we shivered during two or three days; meanwhile seeking lodgings among the sunless, dreary alleys which are called streets in Rome. One cold, bright day after another has pierced me to the heart, and cut me in twain, as with a sword, keen and sharp, and poisoned at point and edge. I did not think that cold weather could have made me so very miserable. Having caught a feverish influenza, I was really glad of being muffled up comfortably in the fever heat. The atmosphere certainly has a peculiar quality of malignancy. After a day or two, we settled ourselves in a suite of ten rooms, comprehending one flat, or what is called the second piano, of this house. The rooms thus far have been very uncomfortable, it being impossible to warm them by means of the deep, old-fashioned, inartificial fire-places, unless we had the great logs of a New England forest to burn in them; so I have sat in my corner by the fireside, with more clothes on than I ever wore before, and my thickest greatcoat over all. In the middle of the day, I generally venture out for an hour or two; but have only once been warm enough, even in the sunshine, and out of the sun never at any time. I understand now the force of that story of Diogenes, when he asked the Conqueror, as the only favour he could do him, to stand out of his sunshine, there being such a difference in these southern climes of Europe between sun and shade. If my wits had not been too much congealed, and my fingers too numb, I should like to have kept a minute journal of my feelings and impressions during the past fortnight. It would have shown modern Rome in an aspect in which it has never yet been depicted. But I have now grown somewhat acclimated, and the first freshness of my discomfort has worn off, so that I shall never be able to express how I dislike the place, and how wretched I have been in it; and soon, I suppose, warmer weather will come,

and perhaps reconcile me to Rome against my will. Cold, narrow lanes, between tall, ugly, mean-looking, white-washed houses, sour bread, pavements most uncomfortable to the feet, enormous prices for poor living; beggars, pickpockets; ancient temples and broken monuments, and clothes hanging to dry about them; French soldiers, monks, and priests of every degree; a shabby population, smoking bad cigars—these would have been some of the points of my description. Of course, there are better and nicer things to be said.

*February 7th.*—I cannot get fairly into the current of my journal since we arrived, and already I perceive that the nice peculiarities of Roman life are passing from my notice before I have recorded them. It is a very great pity. During the past week I have plodded daily, for an hour or two, through the narrow, stony streets, that look worse than the worst backside lanes of any other city; indescribably ugly and disagreeable they are, without side-walks, but provided with a line of larger square stones, set cross-wise to each other, along which there is somewhat less uneasy walking. Ever and anon, even in the meanest streets—though, generally speaking, one can hardly be called meaner than another—we pass a palace, extending far along the narrow way, on a line with the other houses, but distinguished by its architectural windows, iron-barred on the basement story; and by its portal arch, through which we have glimpses—sometimes of a dirty court-yard, or perhaps of a clean, ornamented one, with trees, a colonnade, a fountain, and a statue in the vista; though, more likely, it resembles the entrance to a stable, and may, perhaps, really be one. The lower regions of palaces come to strange uses in Rome. In the basement story of the Barberini palace a regiment of French soldiers (or soldiers of some kind\*) seems to be quartered, while no doubt princes have magnificent domiciles above. Be it palace, or whatever other dwelling, the inmates climb through rubbish, often to the comforts, such as they may be, that await them above. I vainly try to get down upon paper the dreariness, the ugliness, shabbiness, un-home likeness of a Roman street. It is also to be said

\* We find them to be retainers of the Barberini family, not French.



that you cannot go far in any direction without coming to a piazza, which is sometimes little more than a widening and enlarging of the dingy street, with the lofty façade of a church or basilica on one side, and a fountain in the centre, where the water squirts out of some fantastic piece of sculpture into a great stone basin. These fountains are often of immense size and most elaborate design.

There are a great many of these fountain-shapes, constructed under the orders of one pope or another, in all parts of the city; and only the very simplest, such as a jet, springing from a broad marble or porphyry vase, and falling back into it again, are really ornamental. If an antiquary were to accompany me through the streets, no doubt he would point out ten thousand interesting objects that I now pass over unnoticed, so general is the surface of plaster and whitewash; but often I can see fragments of antiquity built into the walls, or perhaps a church that was a Roman temple, or a basement of ponderous stones, that were laid above twenty centuries ago. It is strange how our ideas of what antiquity is, become altered here in Rome; the sixteenth century, in which many of the churches and fountains seem to have been built or re-edified, seems close at hand, even like our own days; a thousand years, or the days of the latter empire, is but a modern date, and scarcely interests us; and nothing is really venerable of a more recent epoch than the reign of Constantine. And the Egyptian obelisks, that stand in several of the piazzas, put even the Augustan or Republican antiquities to shame. I am glad I saw the castles and Gothic churches and cathedrals of England before visiting Rome, or I never could have felt that delightful reverence for their grey and ivy-hung antiquity, after seeing these so much older remains. But, indeed, old things are not so beautiful in this dry climate and clear atmosphere as in moist England.

Whatever beauty there may be in a Roman ruin is the remnant of what was beautiful originally; whereas an English ruin is more beautiful often in its decay than even it was in its primal strength. If we ever build such noble structures as these Roman ones, we can have just as good ruins, after two thousand years, in the United States; but we never can have a Furness Abbey or a Kenilworth. The Corso (and perhaps some other streets) does not deserve all the vituperation which I have bestowed on the generality of Roman *vias*; though the Corso is narrow,

not averaging more than nine paces, if so much, from side-walk to side-walk. But palace after palace stands along almost its whole extent; not, however, that they make such architectural show on the street as palaces should. The enclosed courts were, perhaps, the only parts of these edifices which the founders cared to enrich architecturally. I think Linlithgow palace, of which I saw the ruins during my last tour in Scotland, was built by an architect who had studied these Roman palaces. There was never any idea of domestic comfort, or of what we include in the name of home, at all implicated in such structures; they being generally built by wifeless and childless churchmen, for the display of pictures and statuary, in galleries and long suites of rooms.

I have not yet fairly begun the sight-seeing of Rome. I have been four or five times to St. Peter's, and always with pleasure, because there is such a delightful summer-like warmth the moment we pass beneath the heavy, padded leather curtains that protect the entrances. It is almost impossible not to believe that this genial temperature is the result of furnace-heat; but, really, it is the warmth of last summer, which will be included within those massive walls and in that vast immensity of space till, six months hence, this winter's chill will just have made its way thither. It would be an excellent plan for a valetudinarian to lodge during the winter in St. Peter's, perhaps establishing his household in one of the papal tombs. I become, I think, more sensible of the size of St. Peter's, but am as yet far from being overwhelmed by it. It is not, as one expects, so big as all out of doors, nor is its dome so immense as that of the firmament. It looked queer, however, the other day, to see a little ragged boy, the very least of human beings, going round and kneeling at shrine after shrine; and a group of children, standing on tiptoe, to reach the vase of holy water.

On coming out of St. Peter's, at my last visit, I saw a great sheet of ice around the fountain, on the right hand, and some little Romans awkwardly sliding on it. I, too, took a slide, just for the sake of doing what I never thought to do in Rome. This inclement weather, I should suppose, must make the whole city very miserable; for the native Romans, I am told, never keep any fire, except for culinary purposes, even in the severest winter. They flee from their cheerless houses into the open air, and bring their fire sides along with them, in the shape of small earthen vases, or pipkins, with a handle, by

which they carry them up and down the streets, and so warm at least their hands, with the lighted charcoal. I have had glimpses through open doorways into interiors, and saw them as dismal as tombs. Wherever I pass my summers, let me spend my winters in a cold country.

*February 9th.*—To-day I walked out along the Pincian Hill. As the clouds still threatened rain, I deemed it my safest course to go to St. Peter's for refuge. Heavy and dull as the day was, the effect of this great world of a church was still brilliant in the interior, as if it had a sunshine of its own, as well as its own temperature; and, by-and-by, the sunshine of the outward world came through the windows, hundreds of feet aloft, and fell upon the beautiful inlaid pavement. Against a pillar, on one side of the nave, is the mosaic copy of Raphael's Transfiguration, fitly framed within a great arch of gorgeous marble; and, no doubt, the indestructible mosaic has preserved it far more completely than the fading and darkening tints in which the artist painted it. At any rate, it seemed to me the one glorious picture that I have ever seen.

The pillar nearest the great entrance, on the left of the nave, supports the monument to the Stuart family, where two winged figures, with inverted torches, stand on either side of a marble door, which is closed for ever. It is an impressive monument, for you feel as if the last of the race had passed through that door.

Emerging from the church, I saw a French sergeant drilling his men in the piazza. These French soldiers are prominent objects everywhere about the city, and make up more of its sight and sound than anything else that lives. They stroll about individually; they pace, as sentinels, in all the public places; and they march up and down in squads, companies, and battalions, always with a very great din of drum, fife, and trumpet, ten times the proportion of music that the same number of men would require elsewhere, and it reverberates with ten times the noise between the high edifices of these lanes than it would make in broader streets. Nevertheless, I have no quarrel with the French soldiers—they are fresh, healthy, smart, honest-looking young fellows enough, in blue coats and red trousers; . . . and, at all events, they serve as an efficient police, making Rome as safe as London, whereas without them it would very likely be a den of banditti.

On my way home I saw a few tokens of the Carnival, which is now in full progress,

though, as it was only about one o'clock, its frolics had not commenced for the day. . . . I question whether the Romans themselves take any great interest in the Carnival. The balconies along the Corso were almost entirely taken by English and Americans, or other foreigners.

As I approached the bridge of St. Angelo I saw several persons engaged, as I thought, in fishing in the Tiber with very strong lines; but on drawing nearer I found that they were trying to hook up the branches, and twigs, and other drift-wood which the recent rains might have swept into the river. There was a little heap of what looked chiefly like willow twigs, the poor result of their labour. The hook was a knot of wood, with the lopped-off branches projecting in three or four prongs. The Tiber has always the hue of a mud puddle; but now, after a heavy rain, which has washed the clay into it, it looks like pease-soup. It is a broad and rapid stream, eddying along as if it were in haste to disgorge its impurities into the sea. On the left side, where the city mostly is situated, the buildings hang directly over the stream; on the other, where stand the castle of St. Angelo and the church of St. Peter, the town does not press so imminent upon the shore. The banks are clayey, and look as if the river had been digging them away for ages, but I believe its bed is higher than of yore.

*February 10th.*—I went out to-day, and, going along the Via Felice and the Via delle Quattro Fontane, came unawares to the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, on the summit of the Esquiline Hill. I entered it, without in the least knowing what church it was, and found myself in a broad and noble nave, both very simple and very grand. There was a long row of Ionic columns of marble, twenty or thereabouts on each side, supporting a flat roof. There were vaulted side-aisles, and, at the further end, a bronze canopy over the high altar; and all along the length of the side-aisles were shrines, with pictures, sculpture, and burning lamps; the whole church, too, was lined with marble; the roof was gilded; and yet the general effect of severe and noble simplicity triumphed over all the ornament. I should have taken it for a Roman temple, retaining nearly its pristine aspect; but Murray tells us that it was founded A.D. 342 by Pope Liberius, on the spot precisely marked out by a miraculous fall of snow in the month of August, and it has undergone many alterations since his time. But it is very fine, and gives the beholder the idea of vastness, which seems



harder to attain than anything else. On the right hand, approaching the high altar, there is a chapel, separated from the rest of the church by an iron paling; and being admitted into it with another party, I found it most elaborately magnificent. But one magnificence outshone another, and made itself the brightest conceivable for the moment. However, this chapel was as rich as the most precious marble could make it in pillars and pilasters, and broad, polished slabs, covering the whole walls (except where there were splendid and glowing frescoes, or where some monumental statuary or bas-relief or mosaic picture filled up an arched niche). Its architecture was a dome, resting on four great arches, and in size it would alone have been a church. In the centre of the mosaic pavement there was a flight of steps, down which we went, and saw a group in marble representing the nativity of Christ, which, judging by the unction with which our guide talked about it, must have been of peculiar sanctity. I hate to leave this chapel and church without being able to say any one thing that may reflect a portion of their beauty or of the feeling which they excite. Kneeling against many of the pillars, there were persons in prayer, and I stepped softly, fearing lest my tread on the marble pavement should disturb them—a needless precaution, however, for nobody seems to expect it, nor to be disturbed by the lack of it.

The situation of the church, I should suppose, is the loftiest in Rome; it has a fountain at one end and a column at the other, but I did not pay particular attention to either, nor to the exterior of the church itself.

On my return, I turned aside from the Via delle Quattro Fontane, into the Via Quirinalis, and was led by it into the Piazza di Monte Cavallo. The street through which I passed was broader, cleaner, and statelier than most streets in Rome, and bordered by palaces; and the Piazza had noble edifices around it, and a fountain, an obelisk, and two nude statues in the centre. The obelisk was, as the inscription indicated, a relic of Egypt; the basin of the fountain was an immense bowl of oriental granite, into which poured a copious flood of water, discoloured by the rain; the statues were colossal—two beautiful young men, each holding a fiery steed. On the pedestal of one was the inscription, "OPUS PHIDIAE;" on the other, "OPUS PRAXITELIS." What a city is this, when one may stumble by mere chance—at a street-corner, as it were—on the works of

two such sculptors! I do not know the authority on which these statues (Castor and Pollux, I presume) are attributed to Phidias and Praxiteles; but they impressed me as noble and godlike, and I feel inclined to take them for what they purport to be. On one side of the piazza is the Pontifical Palace, but, not being aware of it at the time, I did not look particularly at the edifice.

*February 13th.*—Day before yesterday we took J—— and R—— in a carriage, and went to see the Carnival, by driving up and down the Corso. It was as ugly a day, as respects weather, as has befallen us since we came to Rome: cloudy, with an indecisive wet, which finally settled into a rain; and people say that such is generally the weather in Carnival time. There is very little to be said about the spectacle. Sunshine would have improved it, no doubt; but a person must have very broad sunshine within himself to be joyous on such shallow provocation. The street, at all events, would have looked rather brilliant under a sunny sky, the balconies being hung with bright-coloured draperies, which were also flung out of some of the windows.

Soon I had my first experience of the Carnival, in a handful of *confetti* right slap in my face. Many of the ladies wore loose white dominoes, and some of the gentlemen had on defensive armour of blouses; and wire masks over the face were a protection for both sexes—not a needless one, for I received a shot in my right eye which cost me many tears. It seems to be a point of courtesy (though often disregarded by Americans and English) not to fling *confetti* at ladies, or at non-combatants or quiet bystanders; and the engagements with these missiles were generally between open carriages manned with youths, who were provided with *confetti* for such encounters, and with bouquets for the ladies. We had one real enemy on the Corso, for our former friend Mrs. T—— was there; and as often as we passed and repassed her she favoured us with a handful of lime. Two or three times somebody ran by the carriage and puffed forth a shower of winged seeds through a tube into our faces and over our clothes, and in the course of the afternoon we were hit with perhaps half-a-dozen sugar-plums. Possibly we may not have received our fair share of these last salutes, for J—— had on a black mask, which made him look like an imp of Satan, and drew many volleys of *confetti* that we might otherwise have escaped

A good many bouquets were flung at our little R——, and at us generally.

This was what is called masquing day, when it is the rule to wear masks in the Corso, but the great majority of people appeared without them. Two fantastic figures, with enormous heads, set round with frizzly hair, came and grinned into our carriage, and J—— tore out a handful of hair (which proved to be sea-weed) from one of their heads, rather to the discomposure of the owner, who muttered his indignation in Italian.

On comparing notes with J—— and R——, indeed with U—— too, I find that they all enjoyed the Carnival much more than I did. Only the young ought to write descriptions of such scenes. My cold criticism chills the life out of it.

*February 14th.*—Friday, 12th, was a sunny day, the first that we had had for some time, and my wife and I went forth to see sights as well as to make some calls that had long been due. We went first to the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, which I have already mentioned, and on our return we went to the Piazza di Monte Cavallo, and saw those admirable ancient statues of Castor and Pollux, which seem to me sons of the morning, and full of life and strength. The atmosphere, in such a length of time, has covered the marble surface of these statues with a grey rust, that envelops both the men and horses as with a garment; besides which there are strange discolourations, such as patches of white moss on the elbows, and reddish streaks down the sides; but the glory of form overcomes all these defects of colour. It is pleasant to observe how familiar some little birds are with these colossal statues, hopping about on their heads, and over their huge fists; and very likely they have nests in their ears or among their hair.

Yesterday, being another bright day, we went to the basilica of St. John Lateran, which is the basilica next in rank to St. Peter's, and has the precedence of it as regards certain sacred privileges. It stands on a most noble site, on the outskirts of the city, commanding a view of the Sabine and Alban hills, blue in the distance, and some of them hoary with sunny snow. The ruins of the Claudian aqueduct are close at hand. The church is connected with the Lateran palace and museum, so that the whole is one edifice; but the façade of the church distinguishes it, and is very lofty and grand—more so, it seems to me, than that of St. Peter's. Under the portico is an old statue of Constan-

tine, representing him as a very stout and sturdy personage. The inside of the church disappointed me, though, no doubt, I should have been wonder-struck had I seen it a month ago. We went into one of the chapels, which was very rich in coloured marbles; and going down a winding staircase, found ourselves among the tombs and sarcophagi of the Corsini family, and in presence of a marble Pietà, very beautifully sculptured. On the other side of the church, we looked into the Torlonia chapel, very rich and rather profusely gilded, but, as it seemed to me, not tawdry, though the white newness of the marble is not perfectly agreeable after being accustomed to the milder tint which time bestows on sculpture. The tombs and statues appeared like shapes and images of new-fallen snow. The most interesting thing which we saw in this church (and, admitting its authenticity, there can scarcely be a more interesting one anywhere) was the table on which the Last Supper was eaten. It is preserved in a corridor on one side of the Tribune, or chancel, and is shown by torchlight suspended upon the wall beneath a covering of glass. Only the top of the table is shown, presenting a broad flat surface of wood, evidently very old, and showing traces of dry rot in one or two places. There are nails in it, and the attendant said that it had formerly been covered with bronze. As well as I can remember, it may be five or six feet square, and, I suppose, would accommodate twelve persons, though not if they reclined in the Roman fashion, nor if they sat as they do in Leonardo da Vinci's picture. It would be very delightful to believe in this table.

There are several other sacred relics preserved in the church; for instance, the staircase of Pilate's house up which Jesus went, and the porphyry slab on which the soldiers cast lots for his garments. These, however, we did not see. There are very glowing frescoes on portions of the walls; but there being much whitewash, instead of encrusted marble, it has not the pleasant aspect which one's eye learns to demand in Roman churches. There is a good deal of statuary along the columns of the nave and in the monuments of the side aisles.

In reference to the interior splendours of Roman churches, I must say that I think it a pity that painted windows are exclusively a Gothic ornament; for the elaborate ornamentation of these interiors puts the ordinary daylight out of countenance, so that a window with only the white sunshine coming through it, or even with a glimpse of the blue Italian



sky, looks like a portion left unfinished, and therefore a blotch in the rich wall. It is like the one spot in Aladdin's palace which he left for the king, his father-in-law, to finish after his fairy architects had exhausted their magnificence on the rest, and the sun, like the king, fails in the effort. It has what is called a Porta Santa, which we saw walled up in the front of the church, on one side of the main entrance. I know not what gives it its sanctity; but it appears to be opened by the Pope on a year of jubilee once every quarter of a century.

*February 15th.*—Yesterday was a bright day; but I did not go out till the afternoon, when I took an hour's walk along the Pincian, stopping a good while to look at the old beggar who for many years past has occupied one of the platforms of the flight of steps leading from the Piazza di Spagna to the Trinità di Monte. Hillard commemorates him in his book. He is an unlovely object, moving about on his hands and knees, principally by aid of his hands, which are fortified with a sort of wooden shoes, while his poor, wasted, lower shanks stick up in the air behind him, loosely vibrating as he progresses. He is grey, old, ragged—a pitiable sight; but seems very active in his own fashion, and bestirs himself, on the approach of his visitors, with the alacrity of a spider when a fly touches the remote circumference of his web. While I looked down at him, he received alms from three persons, one of whom was a young woman of the lower orders; the other two were gentlemen, probably either English or American. I could not quite make out the principle on which he let some persons pass without molestation, while he shuffled from one end of the platform to the other to intercept an occasional individual. He is not persistent in his demands; nor, indeed, is this a usual fault among Italian beggars. A shake of the head will stop him when wriggling towards you from a distance. I fancy he reaps a pretty fair harvest, and no doubt leads as contented and as interesting a life as most people, sitting there all day on those sunny steps looking at the world, and making his profit out of it. It must be pretty much such an occupation as fishing in its effect upon the hopes and apprehensions; and probably he suffers no more from the many refusals he meets with than the angler does when he sees a fish smell at his bait and swim away. One success pays for a hundred disappointments, and the game is all the better for not being entirely in his own favour.

Walking onward, I found the Pincian thronged with promenaders, as also with carriages, which drove round the verge of the gardens in an unbroken ring.

To-day has been very rainy. I went out in the forenoon, and took a sitting for my bust in one of a suite of rooms formerly occupied by Canova. It was large and high, and dreary from the want of a carpet, furniture, or anything but clay and plaster. A sculptor's studio has not the picturesque charm of that of a painter, where there is colour, warmth, and cheerfulness, and where the artist continually turns towards you the glow of some picture, which is resting against the wall. . . . I was asked not to look at the bust at the close of the sitting, and, of course, I obeyed; though I have a vague idea of a heavy-browed physiognomy, something like what I have seen in the glass, but looking strangely in that guise of clay. It is a singular fascination that Rome exercises upon artists. There is clay elsewhere, and marble enough, and heads to model, and ideas may be made sensible objects at home as well as here. I think it is the peculiar mode of life that attracts, and its freedom from the enthrallments of society, more than the artistic advantages which Rome offers; and no doubt, though the artists care little about one another's works, yet they keep each other warm by the presence of so many of them.

After leaving Canova's studio, I stepped into the church of San Luigi de' Franchesi, in the Via di Ripetta. It was built, I believe, by Catharine di Medici. It is under the protection of the French Government, and is a most shamefully dirty place of worship—the beautiful marble columns looking dingy, for the want of loving and pious care. There are many tombs and monuments of French people, both of the past and present; artists, soldiers, priests, and others, who have died in Rome. It was so dusky within the church that I could hardly distinguish the pictures in the chapels and over the altar, nor did I know that there were any worth looking for. Nevertheless, there were frescoes by Domenichino, and oil paintings by Guido and others. I found it peculiarly touching to read the records, in Latin and French, of persons who had died in this foreign land, though they were not my own country-people, and though I was even less akin to them than they to Italy. Still, there was a sort of relationship in the fact that neither they nor I belonged here.

*February 17th.*—Yesterday morning was

perfectly sunny, and we went out betimes to see churches; going first to the Capuchins', close by the Piazza Barberini.

["The Marble Faun" takes up this description of the church, and of the dead monk, which we really saw, just as recounted, even to the sudden stream of blood, which flowed from the nostrils, as we looked at him.—ED.]

We next went to the Trinità di Monti, which stands at the head of the steps, leading, in several flights, from the Piazza di Spagna. It is now connected with a convent of French nuns, and when we rang at a side door, one of the sisterhood answered the summons, and admitted us into the church. This, like that of the Capuchins, had a vaulted roof over the nave, and no side aisles, but rows of chapels instead. Unlike the Capuchins', which was filthy, and really disgraceful to behold, this church was most exquisitely neat, as women alone would have thought it worth while to keep it. It is not a very splendid church—not rich in gorgeous marbles—but pleasant to be in, if it were only for the sake of its godly purity. There was only one person in the nave—a young girl, who sat perfectly still, with her face towards the altar, as long as we stayed. Between the nave and the rest of the church, there is a high iron railing, and on the other side of it were two kneeling figures in black—so motionless, that I at first thought them statues; but they proved to be two nuns at their devotions; and others of the sisterhood came by-and-by, and joined them. Nuns—at least these nuns, who are French, and probably ladies of refinement, having the education of young girls in charge—are far pleasanter objects to see and think about than monks; the odour of sanctity, in the latter, not being an agreeable fragrance. But these holy sisters, with their black crape and white muslin, looked really pure and unspotted from the world.

On the iron railing above-mentioned was the representation of a golden heart, pierced with arrows; for these are nuns of the Sacred Heart. In the various chapels, there are several paintings in fresco, some by Daniele da Volterra; and one of them—the "Descent from the Cross"—has been pronounced the third greatest picture in the world. I never should have had the slightest suspicion that it was a great picture at all—so worn and faded it looks, and so hard; so difficult to be seen, and so undelightful when one does see it.

From the Trinità, we went to the Santa Maria del Popolo, a church built on a spot where

Nero is said to have been buried, and which was afterwards made horrible by devilish phantoms. It being now past twelve, and all the churches closing from twelve till two, we had not time to pay much attention to the frescoes, oil-pictures, and statues, by Raphael, and other famous men, which are to be seen here. I remember dimly the magnificent chapel of the Chigi family, and little else; for we stayed but a short time, and went next to the sculptor's studio, where I had another sitting for my bust. After I had been moulded for about an hour, we turned homeward; but my wife concluded to hire a balcony for the last afternoon and evening of the Carnival, and she took possession of it, while I went home to send to her Miss S—— and the two elder children. For my part, I took R——, and walked, by way of the Pincian, to the Piazza del Popolo, and thence along the Corso, where, by this time, the warfare of bouquets and *confetti* raged pretty fiercely. The sky being blue and the sun bright, the scene looked much gayer and brisker than I had before found it, and I can conceive of its being rather agreeable than otherwise, up to the age of twenty. We got several volleys of *confetti*. R—— received a bouquet and a sugar-plum, and I a resounding hit from something that looked more like a cabbage than a flower. Little as I have enjoyed the Carnival, I think I could make quite a brilliant sketch of it, without very widely departing from truth.

*February 19th.*—Day before yesterday, pretty early, we went to St. Peter's, expecting to see the Pope cast ashes on the heads of the cardinals, it being Ash-Wednesday. On arriving, however, we found no more than the usual number of visitants and devotional people scattered through the broad interior of St. Peter's, and thence concluded that the ceremonies were to be performed in the Sistine chapel. Accordingly, we went out of the cathedral through the door in the left transept, and passed round the exterior, and through the vast courts of the Vatican, seeking for the chapel. We had blundered into the carriage-entrance of the palace: there is an entrance from some point near the front of the church; but this we did not find. The papal guards, in the strangest antique and antic costume that was ever seen—a parti-coloured dress, striped with blue, red and yellow, white and black, with a doublet and ruff, and trunk breeches, and armed with halberds—were on duty at the gateways, but suffered us to pass without question. Finally, we reached a large court, where some cardi-



nals' red equipages and other carriages were drawn up; but were still at a loss as to the whereabouts of the chapel. At last, an attendant kindly showed us the proper door, and led us up flights of stairs, along passages and galleries, and through halls, till at last we came to a spacious and lofty apartment, adorned with frescoes. This was the Sala Regia, and the ante-chamber to the Sistine chapel.

The attendant, meanwhile, had informed us that my wife could not be admitted to the chapel in her bonnet, and that I myself could not enter at all, for lack of a dress coat; so my wife took off her bonnet, and covering her head with her black lace veil, was readily let in, while I remained in the Sala Regia, with several other gentlemen who found themselves in the same predicament as I was. There was a wonderful variety of costume to be seen and studied among the persons around me, comprising garbs that have been elsewhere laid aside for, at least, three centuries—the broad, plaited, double ruff, and black velvet cloak, doublet, trunk-breeches, and sword of Queen Elizabeth's time; the papal guard, in their striped and parti-coloured dress, as before described, looking not a little like harlequins; other soldiers, in helmets and jack boots; French officers, of various uniform; monks and priests; attendants, in old-fashioned and gorgeous livery; gentlemen, some in black dress coats and pantaloons, others in wide-awake hats and tweed overcoats; and a few ladies, in the prescribed costume of black—so that, in any other country, the scene might have been taken for a fancy ball.

By-and-by the cardinals began to arrive, and added their splendid purple robes and red hats to make the picture still more brilliant. They were old men—one or two very aged and infirm—and generally men of bulk and substance, with heavy faces, fleshy about the chin. Their red hats, trimmed with gold lace, are a beautiful piece of finery, and are identical in shape with the black, loosely cocked beavers worn by the Catholic ecclesiastics generally. Wolsey's hat, which I saw at the Manchester Exhibition, might have been made on the same block, but apparently was never cocked, as the fashion now is. The attendants changed the upper portions of their masters' attire, and put a little cap of scarlet cloth on each of their heads: after which the cardinals, one by one, or two by two, as they happened to arrive, went into the chapel, with a page behind each, holding up his purple train. In

the meanwhile, within the chapel, we heard singing and chanting; and whenever the voluminous curtains, that hung before the entrance, were slightly drawn apart, we outsiders glanced through, but could see only a mass of people, and beyond them still another chapel, divided from the hither one by a screen.

There was nothing else to be seen, so I went back through the ante-chambers (which are noble halls, richly frescoed on the walls and ceilings), endeavouring to get out through the same passages that had let me in. I had already tried to descend what I now suppose to be the Scala Santa, but had been turned back by a sentinel. After wandering to and fro a good while, I at last found myself in a long, long gallery, on each side of which were innumerable inscriptions, in Greek and Latin, on slabs of marble, built into the walls, and classic altars and tablets were ranged along from end to end. At the extremity was a closed iron grating, from which I was retreating, but a French gentleman accosted me, with the information that the *custode* would admit me, if I chose, and would accompany me through the sculpture department of the Vatican. I acceded, and thus took my first view of those innumerable art-treasures, passing from one object to another at an easy pace, pausing hardly a moment anywhere, and dismissing even the Apollo, and the Laocoon, and the Torso of Hercules, in the space of half-a-dozen breaths. I was well enough content to do so, in order to get a general idea of the contents of the galleries before settling down upon individual objects.

Most of the world-famous sculptures presented themselves to my eye with a kind of familiarity, through the copies and casts which I had seen; but I found the originals more different than I anticipated. The Apollo, for instance, has a face which I have never seen in any cast or copy. I must confess, however, taking such transient glimpses as I did, I was more impressed with the extent of the Vatican, and the beautiful order in which it is kept, and its great, sunny, open courts, with fountains, grass, and shrubs, and the views of Rome and the Campagna from its windows—more impressed with these, and with certain vastly capacious vases, and two great sarcophagi, than with the statuary. Thus I went round the whole, and was dismissed through the grated barrier into the gallery of inscriptions again, and after a little more wandering I made my way out of the palace.

## THE DEVIL'S BOOTS.

SOME few years since I was introduced to a Mrs. X. and her sister, two ladies whose lives have been one continued course of active philanthropy. Nor did they confine their ministrations to what are usually called interesting cases, such as may be found among the industrious and respectable poor. On the contrary, those they took under their protection and attempted to reclaim, were of the most dishonest and degraded of their own sex, such as lately discharged prisoners and ticket-of-leave convicts. For the more youthful and reclaimable of these unfortunate creatures they exerted themselves in finding situations or industrial occupation. These, however, when fully provided for, left a large residue behind of women who had been so accustomed to crime, that vicious habits seemed to have become with them a second nature, or, to take a more charitable view of the case, had assumed that form of mania which takes so closely the appearance of vice as to make it difficult for the most acute legists to distinguish between them. Not content with their personal exertions in this very honourable cause, Mrs. X. and her sister established a Refuge, with a laundry attached, where poor creatures, who were spurned by all, and thus driven back into their old habits, might have an opportunity of earning honestly the means of subsistence.\*

On conversing with Mrs. X. respecting her establishment, I asked whether I might be permitted to visit it. She willingly granted my request, and a day was fixed for the purpose. I had some little difficulty in finding the house, for it bore none of the external appearances which might have been expected in an establishment of the kind. It had been formerly a cottage of considerable pretensions, and was approached from the high road by a short drive, which led to the front door. On entering, its appearance presented very little difference from that of any ordinary dwelling-house, with the exception that one of the ground-floor rooms was fitted up as an office, in which were several studies who took an interest in the work, and among them was Mrs. X., who, after explaining the manner in which the affairs of the establishment were conducted, accompanied me to inspect the business portion of the premises.

We first entered a long room, in which a number of women were washing linen. Al-

though they were possibly of the worst class of discharged prisoners, it would be unjust to say that, in appearance, they exhibited any remarkable difference from the ordinary hard-worked woman of the lower orders. They at first glanced at us in a somewhat suspicious manner, but this soon vanished, and the next moment they went on again with their work. We entered into conversation with them on indifferent subjects, Mrs. X. having given us a hint not to allude, even in the most distant manner, to their fallen condition, for, even though expressed in terms of sympathy, they were very apt to take offence at remarks of the kind, however well meant. The women expressed themselves in remarkably good terms, and seemed perfectly at their ease when conversing with us. In fact, so well chosen was their language that we began to suspect that some among them must be women of tolerable education. Mrs. X., however, told us that such was far from being the case; that there was, in fact, hardly a woman among them who could sign her name. Their correct language was possibly due to their intercourse with the female warders and matron, but especially with the prison chaplain. On leaving the washhouse we visited other portions of the establishment, where we found drying, ironing, and mangling rooms, and one which had been fitted up as a temporary chapel.

We afterwards proceeded to the garden, and for some time conversed with Mrs. X. on the manners, habits, and idiosyncracies of her *protégées*. All she told us tended to confirm us in a previously formed opinion, that there is occasionally far more of insanity mixed up with the crimes of the habitual female thief than the law is apt to admit.

One of the most cheering features about these poor creatures is, that, amidst all their depravity, sparks of good-will occasionally develop themselves in the most extraordinary manner, and that all the more vividly from the dense darkness of the cloud of evil from which they start forth. Among these women, many of whom had been convicted thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen times, others far more frequently, the most beautiful examples of Christian philanthropy would occasionally show themselves, and that often unconsciously to the doer.

Very few of the women attending the Refuge lived in the house; many of them resided several miles off, and were obliged to

\* The establishment is still in existence.



walk to and from their labour. To keep any strict regularity or discipline among them was impossible. They would occasionally stay away for days together, when they returned with some plausible excuse (in nine cases out of ten evidently false) to account for their absence. On these occasions a singular feature frequently presented itself. When they returned they often brought with them large bundles of ragged linen to wash. Although for their labours they habitually received a fair remuneration, these articles of linen they washed gratuitously. Each bundle generally belonged to some poor, helpless, and possibly sick creature, who was unable to do it for herself, and who had not the money to pay others to do it. We asked Mrs. X. whether she considered that this charitable act of labour was dictated solely from kind feeling, or whether it was a sort of sin-offering for any fault they might lately have committed.

"Possibly both elements may be mixed up in it," she replied. "It would be unjust to them to assert that many of these acts of charity are performed from any but a kind feeling, while I have good reason to know that on other occasions they perform work of this kind as an act of retribution for some sin they may have committed."

"Do you," I inquired, "find them as a rule impressionable on religious matters?"

"Indisputably so," was her reply. "I do not believe there is one woman among them who has not an innate sense of religion. This is, however, so often mixed up with superstition of the most extraordinary description as to make it a matter of speculation how they could have obtained it. Another curious feature with them is that each seems to possess a superstition of her own. Some of their ideas are of so quaint a description as to appear almost ludicrous, and yet they hold to them with a tenacity as firm as the belief they have in their own existence."

Mrs. X. then described several of these peculiar superstitions, all more or less original, and in many of which the sublime and the ridiculous stood in strange juxtaposition. To go at length into the subject would far exceed my limits, and I will for the present content myself with narrating the one to which I have affixed the title (for want of a better) which heads this article. I give it from memory, but the broad facts narrated are true.

About seven o'clock in the evening of a cold and rainy winter's day Mrs. X. was seated in the office, when a ticket-of-leave convict, who

had not visited the Refuge for some days previously, entered.

"Do you want me?" inquired Mrs. X., as the woman, with her hand apparently concealing something under her apron, stood silently and respectfully before her.

"Yes, if you please, ma'am, I do. I want you to do me a favour. You see, ma'am, it's a dreadful bad night, and I live at the further end of Shoreditch (a distance of some five miles), and I've got a cold. So I thought, ma'am, as I've no umbrella, and my shawl's very thin, you'd have no objection to my remaining in one of the beds in the garret for the night."

"Certainly, if you like," replied Mrs. X. "There is one bed vacant, and you can have that."

"Thank you, ma'am. I'm very much obliged to you."

As the woman remained silently standing before Mrs. X., the latter said to her—

"You may go now; there is no occasion to wait here any longer."

"You're very kind, I'm sure, ma'am," said the woman, still remaining stationary as if undetermined what to do. Then again facing Mrs. X., she continued, and evidently with an effort, "Oh! if you please, ma'am, I've got another favour to ask you."

"What is it?" inquired Mrs. X.

"If you'd have the kindness to lock up these for to-night," she said, drawing from under her apron a pair of boots but little worn, "I should feel very much obliged to you."

"I will if you like," said Mrs. X. "But why do you wish me to do so? You do not imagine there is any fear of your losing them, do you?"

"No, ma'am, I don't fear that at all. I know they're perfectly safe. But still I should feel much obliged to you if you'd lock them up for me."

"As I said before, I have no objection to do so if you wish it, but tell me, since you are not afraid of their being lost, why you want me to lock them up."

"Well, you see, ma'am, it's a very wet, bad night, and it's a long way to my room, and if you locked up my boots I should never have the courage to go out without them. So if you would lock them up for me, ma'am, I'd be very much obliged to you."

"But you have nobody at home that you should be afraid of being tempted to go out. I think you told me you had no friends anywhere in London."

"No, ma'am, God help me, I haven't, nor anywhere else. How should I have friends?"

replied the woman, her eyes filling with tears.

"Then why should I lock up the boots if you have no temptation to go home?"

"Why, ma'am, if you lock them up I shan't wish to go out at all. Ten minutes ago when they were on my feet the temptation to go out came over me so strong that I felt I couldn't resist it any longer, so I snatched them off, and now I feel much easier. I'm very much obliged to you, ma'am, for letting me stop, and if you'll lock up the boots I shan't be afraid of the temptation coming over me again."

Mrs. X., thoroughly versed in the peculiarities of the women she had under her management, looked the applicant steadily in the face for a few moments, and then said,—“There is something wrong about these boots. Come, tell me what it is.”

“Yes, ma'am, there's indeed something wrong about them,” the woman replied slowly and emphatically, “and you'd think so too if you knew all.”

“Then let me know all,” said Mrs. X. kindly.

The woman remained silent for some moments, as if summoning up courage to speak, but at last said, “Well, ma'am, although I'm afraid you'll think very badly of me, I'll tell you all, because I'm sure you'll advise me what to do, and won't betray me.”

“I make no promise,” said Mrs. X., “but this you may depend on: whatever steps I take, unless what you are about to tell me is of a very grave nature, will be for your benefit.”

“Well, ma'am, I'll tell you all,” said the woman with an effort. “About a week ago, on my road here, as I was coming down Shoreditch, I saw these boots hanging inside a shop-door. Well, it was a very wet morning, ma'am, and my own boots, which were very bad, were thoroughly soaked through, and I said to myself as I saw these, ‘I wish I'd as good a pair on my feet.’ Well, ma'am, I looked at them, and they seemed exactly my size; and then a wish again came over me to have them. I made an attempt to walk on, but it was no use, and the temptation came over me so strong, I couldn't help turning round to have another look at them. Then I found myself looking up and down the street to see if there was a policeman in sight, which unfortunately there wasn't. And so, to make a long story short, the temptation came so strong that I ‘lifted’ them.”

“And you are a very wicked woman for your pains,” said Mrs. X., rising from her chair—“a very wicked woman. No ex-

cuse whatever can be found for such behaviour.”

“Yes, ma'am, there is,” said the woman; “yes there is, ma'am, and you ought to have heard all before you made such a remark.”

“How *can* there be an excuse for such conduct?” said Mrs. X.

“Well, ma'am, I'll tell you. That very morning there was a poor creature lives in the same place as I do who hadn't a shoe to put on her feet, and I pitied her very much, and as soon as I'd ‘lifted’ the others, I went back to my own room, and after having taken off my boots and dried them I gave them to her. And now you see, ma'am, I've a good excuse.”

“That is no excuse whatever,” said Mrs. X.

“And then again, ma'am, I've another. There's something wrong about these boots; I don't believe mortal hands ever made them.”

“Nonsense,” said Mrs. X.

“I mean what I say, ma'am,” said the woman; “I don't believe mortal hands ever made these boots, or why should they have the temptation for me they had? How many boot-shops have I passed when coming here at different times, and how many thousands of pairs of boots have I seen in the windows, and I can swear, ma'am, on my Bible oath, that I never felt a temptation to ‘lift’ any one of them. Then why should these boots have had such a temptation over me when none of the others had, if there'd not been something wrong about them?”

“Why, you silly woman,” said Mrs. X., “did you not tell me your own boots were very wet at the time, and that when you saw these the thought came over you that they would exactly fit you?”

“And isn't that a proof of what I say, ma'am,” said the woman with great earnestness, “that those boots were never made by mortal hands? And who could have put it into my head to ‘lift’ them but the devil himself? You can't deny that, ma'am.”

Mrs. X. was somewhat puzzled what answer to make to this last remark. The woman fancying that her arguments were beginning to tell, continued in the same grave tone, looking at Mrs. X. seriously the while—

“And I'll tell you more, ma'am. The moment I put those boots on my feet they fitted exactly as if they'd been made for me. I think that's another sign that there's something wrong with them, for I've never been able before to hit my size by guessing it.”

“I tell you,” said Mrs. X., making a desperate effort to get out of the argument, “all you say is nonsense, and I will hear no more of it.”



"No, but the principal thing is to come, ma'am. You haven't heard half I've got to say yet; and you can't judge without hearing the whole."

"You may go on if you please, but you will not change my way of thinking," said Mrs. X.

"Well, ma'am, no sooner did I put those boots on my feet than I left the house intending to come straight here. My regular way was down the High Street, Shoreditch, but that morning without having the wish to do anything of the kind, I turned right off into Worship Street, and kept on till I'd arrived opposite the police-court, where I was obliged to stop to take breath, I'd been walking so fast, and I'm not naturally a fast walker."

"I suppose it was your conscience which induced you to enter Worship Street," said Mrs. X. somewhat satirically, "and stop opposite the police-court."

"No, ma'am, it wasn't; quite the contrary. That was the last place I should have wished to have gone to, if I'd acted under my own will. Well, ma'am," she continued, "while I was standing there, out comes a lady that I knew, who had been in trouble the last time I was. I naturally spoke to her, and asked what she'd been doing in the court. She said she'd been basely accused of stealing some money from a drunk man the night before, but as the prosecutor did not appear, the magistrate said there was not a tittle of evidence against her, and she was discharged. 'And now,' said she, 'as the police have given me back the money found on me, come into the — Arms and I'll treat you.' Well, ma'am, as I know in nine cases out of ten the first step to going wrong is the public-house, and as I didn't wish to get into trouble, I said, 'No thank you, my dear,' and walked off after I'd bid her good-bye. Well, ma'am, the further I went the stronger was my wish to return to her, and the slower I walked. It now appears to me, when I think of it, that my boots seem almost to have been made of lead. At last I could stand it no longer, so I turned round and went back to Mary, knowing perfectly well I should find her in the public-house, which is a failing of hers. But oh, how different did I feel when I went back to what I did when I quitted her! My boots seemed now as light as a feather. I could almost have danced, I felt so lightsome. Well, ma'am, I found Mary in the public-house, and I won't disguise from you that I stopped there with her a good deal longer than I ought. I don't know how I left, but I remember after-

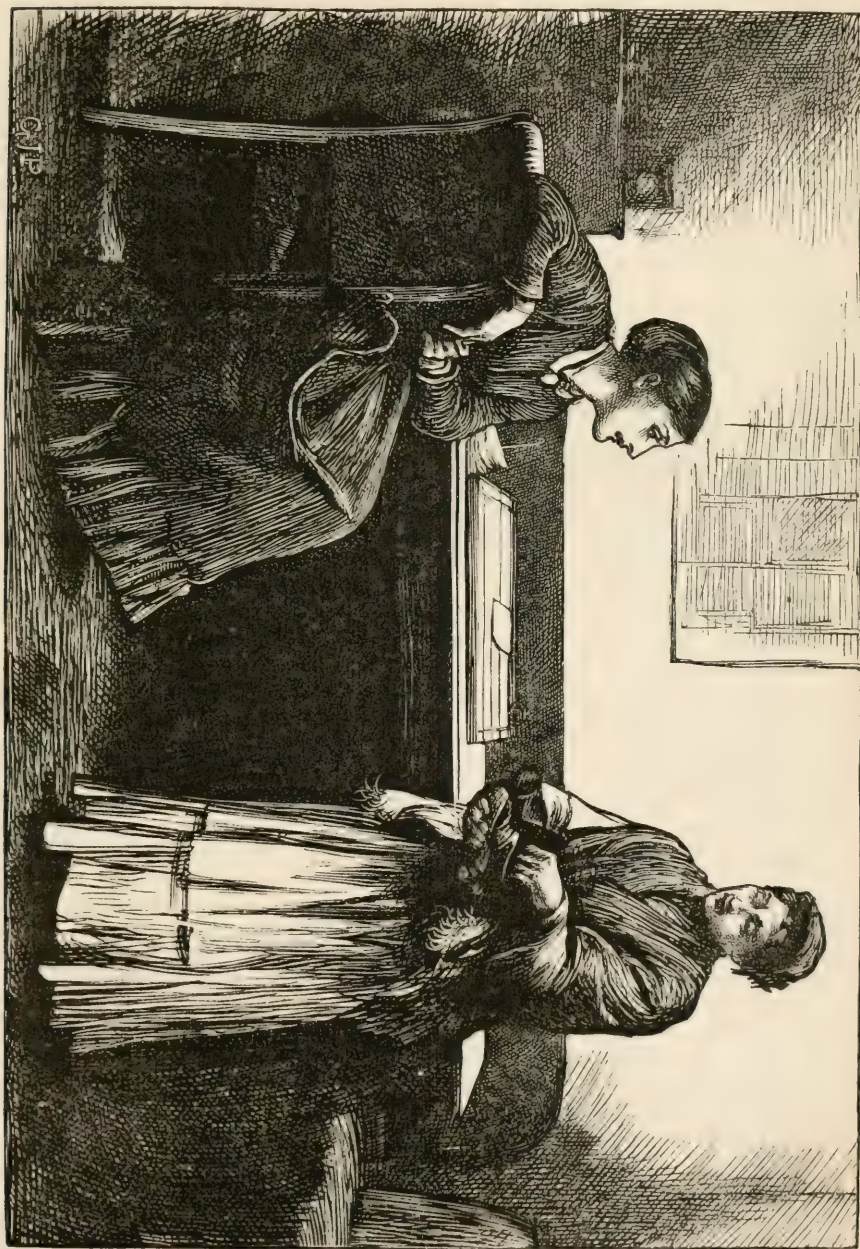
wards finding myself in a cell at the police-station, and I was brought up before the magistrate the next morning, charged with being drunk and incapable, and got fined five shillings. And here, ma'am," she continued with marked seriousness in her tone, "was another extraordinary thing, I found I had seven shillings in my pocket, and when I had left home the morning before I hadn't a farthing. How the money got in my pocket I know no more than an unborn babe."

Here the woman stopped for some moments, as if expecting Mrs. X. to make a remark. She, however, remained silent, and the woman continued.

"Well, ma'am, when I was discharged, I determined to go straight home and sleep a little while, and come on here. I determined, too, that for the future I would avoid Mary; and this I could easily do, as she told me she lived in Field Lane, which was quite the contrary way to my home. However, when I left the police-court, I couldn't get Mary out of my head, and I stopped to think what I should say to her when I next saw her. Then, all of a sudden, those boots walked me off to Field Lane, where I met Mary, and with her I remained till this morning. I didn't forget you, ma'am, during the while. Two or three times I started off to come here, but somehow or other after I'd gone a little distance those boots always walked me off another way, and it was only to-day, while Mary was out, that I managed to get up courage enough to come here; and I can assure you, ma'am, it cost me a great deal to do it. How I got through my work at the tub I don't know, for all the time I was washing, these boots kept making me wish to leave the house, but I resisted till my work was over, and then I sat down to supper. Then the wish became so strong that I don't think I should have been able to finish my meal if I hadn't whipped off my boots. So, ma'am, if you'd lock them up for me, you'd do me a great favour, and then I know I should feel safe."

"Before I promise to lock up the boots," said Mrs. X., "I must ask you how you employed yourself during the time you were living in Field Lane."

"No, ma'am," said the woman remonstratively; "no, ma'am, with my humble respects you've no right to ask me that question. I've heard enough of the law to know that no person can be called on to say anything that may tend to their own prejudice. Even a policeman, when he collars anybody, always





warns them if they're about to speak to take care what they are going to say, so as not to commit themselves; and I'm sure, ma'am, that you, a real lady as you are, would not wish me to do anything of the kind."

"Well," said Mrs. X., somewhat puzzled at the acumen of her ticket-of-leave *protégée*, "I will hope for the best, and think you did nothing dishonest. At the same time we will now speak about the boots. In the first place they are not yours, and you have no right to them whatever."

"No, ma'am, I know that, and if I had any other pair to put upon my feet, no matter how old they were, I'd never wear them again. I've had enough of them, ma'am, I can assure you."

"I may be able to provide you with a pair of old boots," said Mrs. X., "but I will not do so unless you promise to do as I advise you respecting these."

"I promise, ma'am, I'll do whatever you say," said the woman; and, from the earnestness of her manner, she seemed determined to keep her word.

"Well, then," said Mrs. X., "I will lock the boots up to-night. To-morrow I will find you an old pair that will do for the day. You must then take these to the shop you stole them from, acknowledge your fault, and beg of them to forgive you, and if they will not you must submit to the consequences."

"No, ma'am," said the woman, drawing herself up with an injured air; "no, ma'am, that wouldn't be at all fair. There's two years of my ticket-of-leave to run out yet, and a pair of boots ain't worth that. I wonder you should propose it. If I'd the money I'd willingly pay for them; but I haven't a farthing, for whatever money I got in a day during the time those boots were on my feet, by the next morning there wasn't a farthing of it left. Money seemed to run through my pocket, ma'am, like water through a sieve—another proof that there's something wrong with these boots. And then, if I should take them back to the shop, and the master should forgive me, he might sell them to some one else second-hand, and possibly they may tempt some one else into trouble who's honest enough now."

"I see it's no use arguing with you," said Mrs. X., "so I'll compromise the matter with you if I can. You may stay here for the next week if you like. The boots I promised you you can wear during the time, and these shall be carefully locked up. When you have earned their full value, the money shall be

faithfully sent to the shopkeeper, and if you will then promise me you will repent of the sin you committed in taking them, I will say no more about the matter."

"That I'll faithfully promise you, ma'am, and I'll keep my word to my dying day. But then, ma'am, what's to become of the boots?"

"When you have paid for them," said Mrs. X., "you may conscientiously wear them."

"Never, ma'am, never so long as I live, do those boots go on my feet again. I'm sure, even when I shall have paid for them, if I was to put them on my feet, they'd walk me off after something wrong in spite of myself. No, they never go on my feet again, of that I'm determined."

"But what am I to do with them, then?" said Mrs. X.

"That's what I want you to decide for me, ma'am," said the woman.

"What do you say to my putting them aside with the other old clothes, and, after you have paid for them, giving them to some poor deserving creature who may be in want of a pair?"

"No, ma'am, I won't agree to anything of the kind. I won't be the cause of bringing any other poor creature into trouble, bad as I may have been myself."

"I do not understand what you mean," said Mrs. X. "Whoever I give them to will have received them honestly, and her conscience need not be troubled about wearing them. You may depend upon it none but a deserving object shall have them."

"And that is all the greater reason, ma'am, for my refusing to allow them to be given to anybody, and especially a poor deserving creature. Let her be as good as an angel if she liked, I'll defy her to put those boots on her feet without wanting to go astray; and I don't wish, ma'am, to be accidentally the cause of bringing any other person into trouble."

"Shall I sell the boots, then, and give the money to some charitable work?"

"No, ma'am, that would not be a bit better than giving them away, for you don't know into whose hands they may get."

The conversation about the boots continued for some time longer without any definite conclusion being arrived at. The woman persistently refused either to wear the boots herself after they were paid for, or to allow them to go into any one else's hands. At last Mrs. X., finding it was impossible to satisfy her, agreed to lock up the boots till they were paid for, and then they would again consider the subject of what further use should be made of them.

WILLIAM GILBERT.

## ON SOLDIERS' CHILDREN.

THE unconverted, says Augustine, are mere excrescences from the Church, in her, but not of her. In the same sense, soldiers' children are mere excrescences from the army, tolerated, but not encouraged. So long as a certain proportion of our soldiers, about ten per cent. in each company, are permitted to marry, there must always, in the natural course of events, be a certain number of soldiers' children in the army, and it may not be uninteresting to know how these sons and daughters of the regiment are fed, trained, and educated.

Our experience is chiefly, though not entirely, confined to the children of the household troops. Some years ago we were temporarily connected with a line regiment stationed in the tropics, and thus obtained our first knowledge of soldiers' wives and children. It is painful even now to think of their social condition and habits; four married couples had to live, eat, and sleep in one room, with the thermometer often at 90°; all sense of decency or self-respect was lost; the women took to drinking; the children died of dysentery or fever. It is different here in London. The number of married men in the Guards is limited, and, when the period of service is shortened, it will be still more so. Nor is there any great hardship in this restriction; the average age of the soldier when he enlists is eighteen, so that he can well afford to wait for a few years. The men married with leave in the Guards are mostly men who are completing their twenty-one years' service. They cannot all be said to have married imprudently, as some of them have had to wait as many years as Jacob did for Rachel before the Laban at the head of the regiment gave his consent.

The wife of a man thus married with leave is taken at once on the strength of the regiment. She has an equal share with the other married women in the washing of her company, and in this way may earn at an average 4s. a week, while her husband receives double the amount. Without her earnings at the wash-tub they could not live, and some soldiers frankly avow that they choose their wives as a carter would choose his horse, with an eye to strength and endurance. Some years ago, many of the married men were obliged to live in the slums of Westminster, with a weekly allowance of 1s. 2d. of lodging-money; most of them are now provided with quarters in barracks or

the model-lodging houses, where they have always two rooms.

A married couple pay 9d. a day for their rations, which consists of two pounds of bread and a pound and a half of good meat. When a child is born to them, its birth and baptism, certified by the chaplain and adjutant, are registered in the roll of the regiment. For the first two years the child of the regiment is officially ignored and left dependent on such sustenance as nature has provided for such a case; at the end of two years it gains an official or regimental existence. We omitted to mention that from its first *début* in life, it is entitled to medical attendance and comforts; it is also provided with a reasonable amount of baby-linen, of which, doubtless, it stands much in need; the mother, also, is provided with certain creature-comforts, suitable to her condition, from a benevolent fund. But, in truth, the soldier's wife at such a period cannot afford to be long idle; the company's washing has to be done, if not by her, by another; she must be up and doing. We have seen a soldier's wife at the wash-tub three days after her confinement, weak but willing and anxious to earn something for the other little mouth which God had sent her to be fed. On such occasions we have been penetrated with the helplessness of the husbands; what a pity those stalwart giants could not learn to wash! Hercules learned to ply the distaff; why should not Mars master the mysteries of the wash-tub?

One singular fact may here be mentioned; a soldier's child, in early infancy, is so used to the sight of scarlet on the stronger sex, that any other colour inspires it with terror. We remember on one occasion visiting a mother; at our first entrance the baby's face was calm and unruffled as a summer's lake; gradually it became over-clouded: the eyes dilated with terror: the features contracted: then followed a violent burst of crying as it hid its face in its mother's bosom.

"Is the baby ill?"

"Oh no, sir; it is only frightened at your black coat."

It had never seen a black coat before; scarlet was the normal colour of its daily existence.

A soldier's wife, however affectionate, has little time to bestow upon her baby; her eldest is left very much to its own resources, as she is constantly occupied with cooking or



washing, and cannot afford to hire a girl as nurse. It manages somehow to live till it is two years of age, when it is sent to the infant school, not so much to learn as to be out of the way. Every regiment has its infant school, and every married soldier has the privilege of sending three children to that school without paying any fee. If the number exceeds three (which rarely happens), a small payment has to be made. In the year 1868, there were no less than 516 women employed in conducting the infant and industrial schools in the British army. About one half of this number were trained schoolmistresses, educated for this special work, and there can be no doubt that they are very useful among the children. Most of these children are mere infants, too young to learn much; but they are taught to be regular in their habits, respectful in their manners, and neat in their persons. They learn hymns by heart before they can read, and sing them while marching into and out of school in single file. They can all read more or less; they can write the letters of the alphabet on their little slates (paper would be too expensive); and the girls are taught to sew. The best feature in these infant schools is, that most of the schoolmistresses are married in the regiment, and, being mothers of families, know how to deal with their juvenile charges. As a class, they are kind and considerate, liked and respected by the married women of the regiment.

The period of infancy in the army depends on the child's capacity to learn and the father's capacity to pay. He pays nothing for his child in the infant school; he pays 3*d.* a month when it ceases to be an infant, and is transferred to the regimental school. To a civilian, an artisan, or skilled workman, making good wages, 3*d.* a month, or 3*s.* a year, may appear a ridiculously small sum for the education of a child; but it is quite enough for a soldier, or rather for a soldier's wife, who may have three or four children at school, and has to economise every penny before she can make both ends meet. There is thus a strong temptation to allow the child to remain an infant, even when it has passed the usual years of infancy; or, if it has failed to attain to a certain degree of proficiency in reading, it will not be admitted into the regimental school. As a general rule, the infant ceases to be an infant at seven, and is promoted to a higher grade. An infant thus promoted looks down on other infants with much the same feeling as an officer raised from the ranks regards his former comrades;

he may be still affable, but it is known and felt on both sides that there is a difference. This feeling was amusingly brought under our notice in Sunday-school on putting some question to a little girl. Before she could answer, her brother, a year or so older, burst forth, "She don't know nothink, Sir, she is a infant." He had only ceased to be so himself a few months before, but he already felt his social and intellectual superiority. His statement was a gross libel on the infant intellect; some of them know a great deal, and are as sharp as needles. They all know, whatever be their age or sex, how to light a fire and mind a baby—two arts unattainable by many adults. One day we were examining a juvenile class regarding the shipwreck of the Apostle Paul.

"What did Paul wish to do on landing?"

"To make a fire," answered a little boy of seven.

"And what did he want to make a fire?"

"Wood, coal, paper, and matches," was the unhesitating reply.

The readiness of his answers excited our curiosity, and, on making some inquiries, we found that this dear little fellow acted as nurse to his sick mother, rose every morning at six o'clock, lighted the fire, boiled the kettle, gave his mother her breakfast, took his own, and then came off to school, unconscious that he had been doing anything unusual. Situated as they are, soldiers' children learn to do most things for themselves, and much for the mothers who toil so hard for their daily bread. They have no reticence, reserve, or bashfulness; they lead a public life from the time they can toddle about the barrack square, and have all the assurance and self-possession engendered by such a life. One irrepressible little infant of five, though in a different class, often answers questions which puzzle the drummers, and nothing will prevent her from giving the answer when she knows it. An accident which befell a sister of this infant shows a wonderful tenacity of life in soldiers' children. On the 1st of October, 1869, she fell from one of the highest storeys of the Tower, struck against an iron railing ten feet below, rolled over, fell twenty-six feet lower on some straw, rolled over again, and landed finally in the area. She escaped with some slight bruises about the head, few traces of which now remain. Surely some angel aloft must have watched over this poor child, and kept her from being dashed to pieces on the stones.

Another feature in soldiers' children is their fearlessness; any display of want of courage

would be deemed derogatory to their position. As the sons of our soldiers usually adopt their fathers' profession, this feeling ought rather to be encouraged than otherwise, as it may lead to gallant deeds in after life. In some cases, however, the courage of the infants borders on temerity; they seem to imagine that they enjoy the same immunity from danger in the streets as in the barrack-square, and only discover their mistake when they have been run over by cabs and butchers' carts. The same good angel seems to watch over them here; several, to our knowledge, have been thus run over, but none killed or even seriously injured.

Christmas is always a season of great rejoicing among the infants of the Guards and their seniors. In the first place all the children of the regiment are provided with an excellent dinner of roast beef and plum pudding at the expense of the officers. There is also a Christmas tree, garnished with those little knick-knacks in which the infant mind delights. Nor is this all. Every boy is provided with a new suit of strong corduroys and a Scotch cap at the expense of the regiment. These, with ordinary care, will last all the year round, and are better adapted to the habits of the wearers than the fantastic costumes worn by the children of some of the London charitable institutions. Every girl is also provided with a new bonnet and a new dress, usually a bright scarlet tartan. These gifts are intended for the children of private soldiers; the non-commissioned officers dress their children, and dress them well, at their own expense. There is before our eye at this moment the wife of one non-commissioned officer, who dresses her five children every Sunday morning, and sends them to the nine-o'clock service; besides this, she has to cook her husband's breakfast and to nurse the baby, for, somehow, there is always a baby in hand. The only Sunday she can appear in church is when the last little stranger is to be christened; and it is a sight worth seeing as she marshals her five children before her, and marches down the passage with the baby in her arms. They are all well dressed; how she manages to dress them (her husband's pay is 2s. a day) is a mystery known only to herself. "Where there is a will there is a way" is her own solution of the mystery, which we accept *faute de mieux*. The Christmas clothing is withheld only in the case of those children whose mothers have been expelled from barracks for misconduct. This is the worst punishment that can be inflicted on a soldier's

wife, and among the household troops it is very rare. The woman loses caste among the other women of the regiment, and is obliged to betake herself with her children to any wretched locality where she can find shelter. No doubt she has deserved this punishment; but it falls more heavily on her children than on herself. They have still the privilege of attending the regimental school, where they may be seen clothed in rags and covered with dirt. Surely, God never meant that the sins of the parents should be visited on the children in this revolting fashion! During ten years' connection with the Guards we have known only one woman expelled from barracks for misconduct, and we may add that the punishment was richly deserved. It might be well, however, in such cases that the usual gifts of clothing were given to the children, who can scarcely be held responsible for their mothers' misconduct.

When the period of infancy is past, the children are promoted to a higher school. Not only every regiment, but every battalion, has its own schoolmaster, who holds the rank of sergeant. The schoolmaster, for the most part, has begun his military career as a private soldier, and having evinced superior intelligence or education, has been appointed assistant in the regimental school. When there are sixty or seventy children to be taught, and perhaps double that number of adults, the schoolmaster is allowed to have three or four assistants from the ranks, who are exempted from all military duty. This kind of employment is usually followed by promotion, and many of the sergeants have acted for a time as assistant schoolmasters. Some young men find that they have really a vocation for teaching, and express a desire to adopt it as their profession. In that case, after passing a preliminary examination, they are admitted into the Normal School connected with the Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea, and receive appointments as vacancies occur. There are ten superintending schoolmasters in the army who have the rank of commissioned officers, and about two hundred and forty regimental schoolmasters who have the rank of sergeants. There are about fifty others acting as assistants with regiments, or in the two great military asylums at London and Dublin, or undergoing the necessary training in the Normal and Model Schools, Chelsea.

These regimental schools are available for the children of all soldiers in garrison, whatever their rank may be. The children of officers pay a higher rate, but they rarely if



ever attend, their parents making it a point of honour to send them to private schools. The children of pensioners and of others once connected with the army are also admitted. There is no distinction of sex, or preliminary examination, but every boy or girl is expected to be able to read words of two syllables. There are about nine thousand children attending the regimental, and a still larger number the infant schools. In the infant schools the girls slightly preponderate; in the regimental the boys have a numerical advantage of about one-fourth. The cause of this difference is simple enough. The mothers require the elder girls at home to mind the babies; the boys, being comparatively useless, are sent to school. The attendance varies in different regiments; much depends on the adjutant and the commanding officer, who have it in their power to enforce attendance, but do not always exercise that power. The children are taught all the ordinary branches of learning, and the education they receive is said to be superior to that imparted in the National schools. The boys and girls are classed together according to their attainments without reference to sex; in some parts of India, and in schools of the Royal Artillery and Engineers at Woolwich, Sheerness, and Chatham, they are taught separately, to the obvious disadvantage of the girls, who never learn so well as when they are brought into healthy rivalry with the boys. All these schools are under the direction of the Council of Military Education, and are examined periodically by military inspectors appointed for that special purpose. In the industrial schools an annual allowance of 5s. per head is granted by the State for providing the necessary materials, and the produce of their industry is usually distributed among the children.

We have never experienced any religious difficulty connected with the education of the young in the army. Three denominations are officially recognised—Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Roman Catholics; sixty Episcopalian, six Presbyterian, and thirteen Roman Catholic chaplains have been commissioned by the State to impart religious instruction to their co-religionists, whether young or old. All these chaplains are placed on a footing of perfect equality, and enjoy the same facilities for discharging their duties. In certain camps the chaplains of these three Churches have service on Sundays in the same building which is used during the week as a school. They also meet in the same chapel-school for an hour twice a week to impart religious instruction to the children

of their several denominations. There is no confusion or collusion; the children are arranged beforehand in three separate parties; each chaplain takes his place, and gives his exclusive attention to his own work. Religious proselytizing is expressly prohibited by the regulations of the service, and no violation of this rule, in the case of children or adults, has ever come under our notice.

To some chaplains the religious instruction of the young is the most pleasant and satisfactory of all their duties. It is something to be welcomed with a smile of recognition by some thirty or forty bright young faces on a dark November day; something to know that we are sowing the good seed in virgin soil. The most wicked boy may be won over to goodness by gentleness and firmness; the dullest may be taught to think by patient perseverance. We make it a rule to treat the most stupid boy as if he were the greatest genius in the class, and to refer all knotty points to him; for a long time his intellect may be frozen over, but at length there comes a thaw, and he wakens up to new life. The great thing is not to overload the minds of children with facts, but to teach them to think. And then every child has a sense of the ludicrous more or less developed, and to every religious teacher we would give the same advice as the publisher gave to the commentator on Job, "Try and throw a little humour into your work." Humour is wit tempered with love, and children can appreciate both. He is a poor teacher who, in teaching children, does not receive as much as he gives; he will receive more if he can only take it in.

The character of the religious instruction imparted is left to the discretion of the chaplain. For our part, we have done our best to make every child committed to our care master that noble compendium of theology, the Shorter Catechism of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, and we have carried a good many through the whole from the Chief End of Man to the Sixth Petition. A boy thus taught has the root of the matter in him: the fruit will appear in due season. In most cases, however, the older boys escape from us before they reach the Sixth Petition. Some morning we miss our most promising pupil.

"Where is your brother?" we ask.

"He is gone into the drums."

"The drums" absorb the most promising boys in the regiment. A soldier's son may support himself and help to support his family at twelve years of age by becoming a drummer. He is clothed by the State, and re-

ceives 10*d.* a day till he is fifteen years of age, when his pay is that of a private soldier. At eighteen years of age he may either remain in the band or be transferred to the ranks, if he prefers the ordinary duties of a soldier's life.

There is often much quaintness, freshness, and originality in the answers children give to questions in the religious instruction class. They cannot transport themselves into past ages, or realise the life which men then led as being different from their own, but they bring the facts of the Bible down to the level of their every-day experience, and regard them from a nineteenth-century point of view. In our class is a small boy named after the patron saint of Tours, but known to us as Martin Tupper, being proverbial for his philosophy. The subject of examination is the good Samaritan.

"What is a priest, Martin?"

"A gentleman *not* preaches."

"Now, Martin, if you had found this man, wounded and bleeding, what would *you* have done?"

"Called a policeman and had him taken to hospital."

None but a London boy, born and bred, would have given this answer, which was admirable in itself; the error lay in supposing that the road to Jericho was patrolled by the mounted police, and that Charing Cross Hospital was close at hand.

We have another little boy who bears the same name as the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and possesses much of his logical acumen, though he cannot always express himself logically. Treating of our Lord's birth, we ask—

"What is a carpenter, Robert?"

"Benches, tables, stools, chairs," came forth with a rush. His mind seized first on the objects a carpenter made, and he gave us these at once to show that he knew what we meant. On another occasion we ask—

"What is the inside of the earth made of?"

"Dirt," is the unhesitating and logical reply.

Touching on the Massacre of the Innocents, we ask—

"Now, Robert, if *you* had been alive then, would Herod have killed you?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"'Cause I ain't a baby."

Could the Chancellor himself have given a more logical reply?

In an article on "Soldiers' Wives" in *Good Words*, 1863, we made an appeal in behalf of the widow of a pay-sergeant who had been left with five young children entirely unprovided for. One of the girls was

at once admitted into the Royal Caledonian Asylum, and one of the boys into the Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea, better known as the Duke of York's School. This institution was established in 1803 for the reception of orphan boys of soldiers of the regular army, many of whom had fallen in the field leaving their families destitute; five hundred boys were to be boarded, clothed, and educated. They were to be the sons of soldiers who were actually in the service at the period of their birth. They must have lost one or both of their parents; and if their fathers still survived, they must still be in the service, or in receipt of a pension after discharge. The sons of soldiers on foreign service might also be admitted, though both parents were alive. At first boys were not received into the school under five or after ten years of age, but after the Crimean war the age of admission was raised to eleven years, and in 1865 it was raised to twelve years. Those admitted must be free from mental and bodily defect or infirmity, and those who have charge of them must give their consent in writing that "when of proper age they shall be placed, with their own free consent, as private soldiers in the regular army." The school was thus intended to be, and has served as a nursery for the army. Most of the boys enter the service on leaving the Asylum. "We like to follow the drum," is their frequent remark. No wonder. It was probably the first sound they heard on entering the world: the last that will be heard over their graves when they leave it.

The number of boys in the Asylum at present is slightly under five hundred; their age varies from five to fifteen: as a general rule, they are not kept after fourteen. The elder boys are instructed in music or trades; one-third are musicians, one-fifth drummers and fifers, one-third tailors, and the rest shoemakers. All are subject to military discipline, and regularity of attendance is strictly enforced. The school is divided into five different classes; boys in the first class, we are told, read with ease such poetry as that of "Paradise Lost," and are taught to analyze the sentences. Canon Moseley, one of the examiners, states that fifty per cent. of the boys on leaving school have reached a standard of attainment equal to that of the more advanced boys in a middle-class school of the best kind; thirty-three per cent. have reached about the standard of the most advanced boys in a National school; while seventeen per cent. are dull and indolent boys.

Of ninety-five boys who left in the year 1867 the number who entered the army was



fifty-nine. There were fifteen who were reported fit for the army, but were withdrawn by their friends. Twenty-one were reported unfit for the army for medical reasons. Of one hundred and eighty boys discharged during the years 1866 and 1867, one hundred and fourteen, or sixty-three per cent. volunteered for the army, while thirty-three boys, or eighteen per cent., were found to be unfit for the service. The number of boys physically disqualified has been increasing every year, and the whole system of physical training has been condemned by those most competent to judge. If from eight to ten per cent. of the boys in any of our public schools were constantly to be found in hospital, that school would soon be handed over to a commission of inquiry, and something of this sort must soon be done at Chelsea, or the evil will go on increasing. A child of five or six years ought to be under the care of its mother, or of one who can act a mother's part; it must suffer morally and physically by being placed among children of a larger growth. The large establishments for pauper children have proved a failure, and the conviction has been forced on the Poor-law Board that it is better to board out the children with poor but honest people, who will bring them up in the way that nature dictates. In course of time the same conviction may be forced on the military authorities in regard to the youngest boys in the Chelsea Asylum.

Most of the boys have that pale, sickly look which implies a chronic state of dishealth. This ought not to be. The building stands in its own grounds; within a mile on either side is Battersea and Hyde Parks; but the boys are never to be seen there. They have nothing of that tenderness of affection or freshness of feeling found among children brought up at home under a mother's care; they are little old men before they cease to be boys. "They are not badly behaved," we are told, "but they are very hardened. If we were called on to specify the two classes least susceptible of religious feeling, we should say, 'The old pensioners of Chelsea Hospital and the young *pensionnaires* of Chelsea Asylum.' You know Hugh Miller's story of the pious old Seceder who tried to soften the heart of the rough mason. 'Johnnie, if you try to convert me, I'll crack your skull.' The Chelsea pensioner or the Chelsea *pensionnaire* would be as promising a convert."

In 1866-7 there were six hundred and sixteen men serving in the army who had received their education at the Royal Military Asylum. The superior education they

had received before entering the army must have given them a decided advantage over the ordinary class of recruits, and accordingly we find that two were commissioned officers, and a hundred and twenty-two non-commissioned. With regard to character, thirty-two are marked as exemplary, five hundred and forty-five very good and good, thirty indifferent, and nine bad.

In favourable contrast to the Asylum at Chelsea is the Royal Hibernian Military School, which was also instituted for the education of the orphan sons of soldiers. It is situated in a most salubrious spot within the boundaries of the Phoenix Park, Dublin, and contains four hundred and sixty boys, varying from eight to fifteen years of age. In 1868 we find that one hundred and thirty-seven were being trained as musicians for the army, forty as shoemakers, one hundred and twelve as tailors, and eight as carpenters. The health of these boys must be excellent, for we learn that of the one hundred and ninety whose time expired during the two years preceding 31st March, 1868, no less than one hundred and eighty-one were reported fit for the army. One cannot help contrasting this with the Chelsea Asylum, where twenty-one per cent. of the boys discharged are unfit for service, and eight per cent. spend their time in hospital. Eighty per cent. of the young Hibernians enter the service, nine hundred and seventeen are now serving in the army, eight are commissioned and two hundred and eleven non-commissioned officers, eight hundred and sixty-six are men of good character. The education they receive in the school is of a thoroughly practical character, having direct reference to their future profession; and the large amount of promotion secured by those who have entered the army proves that they have a decided advantage over all other competitors.

One word of praise is due before concluding to an institution which is doing good and useful work: the Guards' Industrial School for Girls, situated opposite to the Guards' Institute, Vauxhall Road. There are obvious reasons why the daughters of soldiers should not be left in barracks after they have attained a certain age; and this school was opened to receive those girls, and give them such industrial training as would fit them to be domestic servants. It receives about thirty girls, the daughters of soldiers in the Guards, is supported by voluntary subscription, and has fully answered the purpose for which it was founded.

PATRICK BEATON.





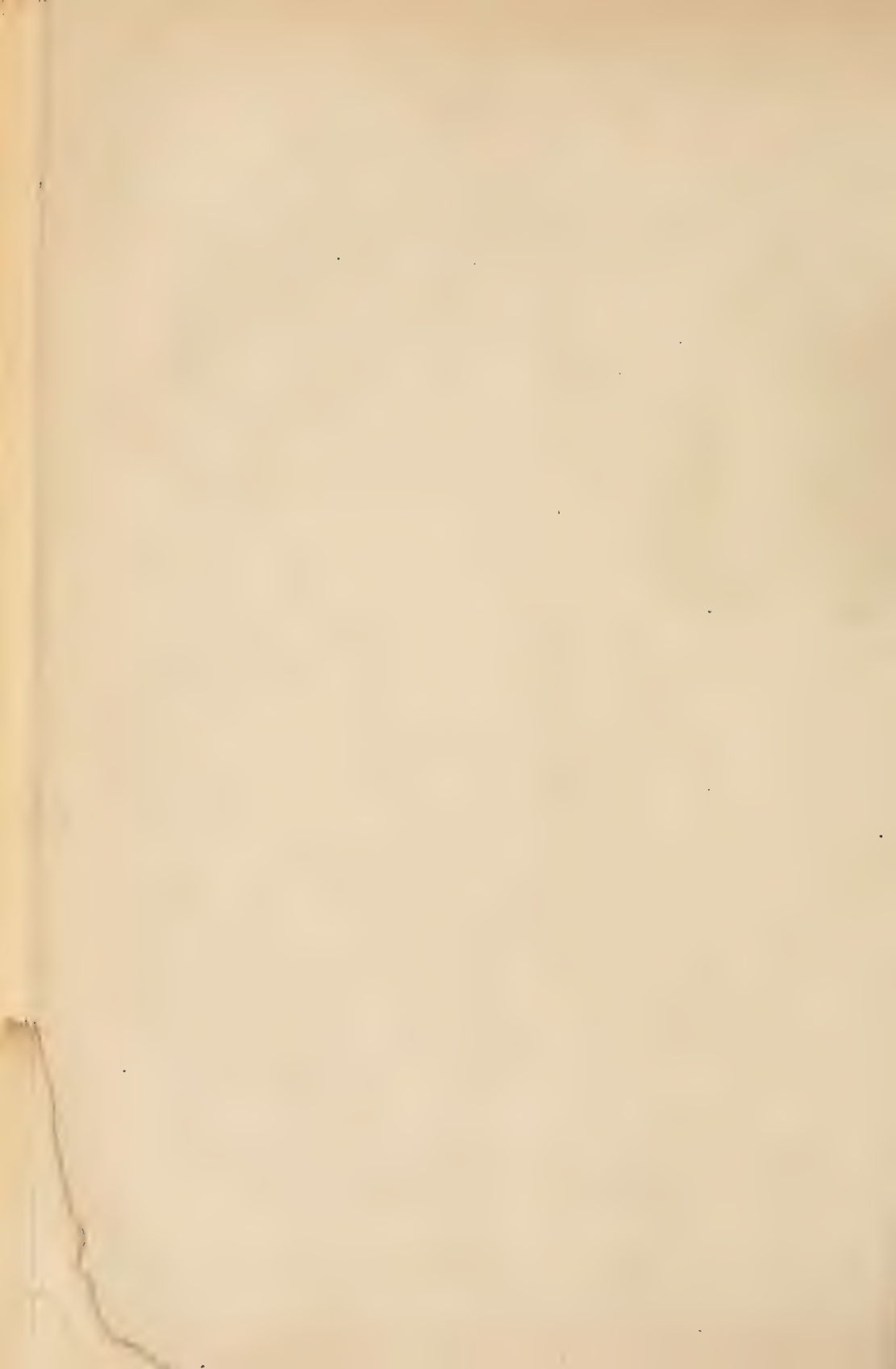


"THE SYLVESTRES."



"QUEER JEAN."





## THE SYLVESTRES.

BY M. DE BETHAM-EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "KITTY," "DR. JACOB," ETC.

## CHAPTER XVII.—FIRST DAYS IN PARADISE.



THE prodigal son doubtless felt himself a wholly different creature when arrayed in the purple robe, the shoes, and the gold ring, and was assuredly differently appraised by his neighbours. Good repute is of more account than

hidden nobility. We are valued less for what we are than for what others think us. Ingaretha's beneficent care of her friends worked so well that they soon found themselves on the high road to popularity. It did not trouble people much how they got to Pilgrim's Hatch; there they were, vagabonds and hangers-on no longer, but respectable tithe-payers, having a pew at church, cows, horses, and pigs, good furniture, a little pony and gig, and all kinds of minor title-deeds to respectability. Maddio—we need hardly say—that Maddio had left his narrow quarters at the ratcatcher's and joined his friends, was in a state of joy impossible to describe. This little farm was surely a corner of the Promised Land flowing with milk and honey; he might weep for René now and then, but he felt sure that René would come back, and meantime, he could not resist enjoying to the full the good things the gods had provided.

Not the least of these seemed the flattering homage of the neighbourhood. For now was seen the phenomenon of a conservative and church-going population hugging to its bosom the last-born child of revolutions and heresies, namely, socialism; if not the socialism most generally understood by the name, socialism still, ardent, aggressive, undaunted, armed to the teeth with pen instead of sword, sworn to break down the

unjust barriers society had set up, to free labour from the curse of ignorance, weakness from the toils of power, poverty from the oppression of wealth, to reconstruct society, in fact, by elevating the humble and pulling down the mighty. The first to pay its respects to reinstated worth was the church, represented in the person of Mr. Whitelock. In the good rector's eyes Monsieur Sylvestre, the tatterdemalion democrat, had been merely a soul to be saved; but Monsieur Sylvestre transformed into a tithe-payer, possible churchwarden, voter for the borough also, was a power to be conciliated. Accordingly, he presented himself at Pilgrim's Hatch with propitiatory gifts in the shape of a couple of sixpenny hymn-books and half-a-dozen tracts, which he offered in so unconscious, nay, superior a manner, as to disarm the criticism of his well-bred *protégés*. Monsieur Sylvestre made his grand bow, Euphrosyne her best curtsy, Maddio smiled and nodded.

Then there seemed nothing to be done or said.

"I hope we shall be good friends," Mr. Whitelock began after a long pause. "It is my earnest wish to live at peace with all mankind, especially my parishioners."

"We are the most harmless people in the world," answered Monsieur Sylvestre. "The revolution we want to bring about is entirely a peaceable one."

"You want to bring about a revolution?" asked the rector turning red.

"The most peaceable in the world. Don't be alarmed, my dear sir. Far be it from us to pursue the blood and iron policy of by-gone conquerors. We wage no murderous battles, we make no allies of tyrants and slave-drivers. The inkpot is our only weapon, the printing-press our only arsenal—these in a free country like your England are omnipotent."

This speech a little eased the rector's mind.

"I was thinking revolutionists could find little to do here," he said. "It seems to me that the people have too much of everything already,—liberty, education, charity. The rich demoralize the poor by being too good to them."

"We reformers think that the poor demoralize the rich by being too good to them. There is the difference," Monsieur Sylvestre answered suavely. "But these things will be set right in time. You, Monsieur le rector,



will wake one day to find the divine law of equality established, the dignity of labour recognised, and men and women working together harmoniously in the cause of progress and humanity."

"I will put that in my next sermon if you will allow me," said the rector, bringing out his note-book. "I differ slightly from your sentiments, but the words will impress my congregation."

"Ah! Monsieur le rector, only let me have your school-room for an evening, and I will enunciate my views in a manner that shall enthral even these dull-headed villagers."

"I cannot do that, at least at present. But you will oblige me very greatly by reading the lessons on Sundays sometimes."

"I shall be enchanted to obey the summons of Monsieur le rector."

"And perhaps Madame will help with the singing?"

"My wife will, I am sure, do all in her power; and my friend here, Signor Maddio, though he has not much voice, delights in making himself useful."

"Really, it is most kind of you to propose this," said the rector, shaking hands all round. "We expect the bishop here in the autumn, and I am very anxious that my choir should not be found inferior to the others. I shall expect you at the school-room to-morrow night at eight o'clock for practice there, and I hope in any case we may meet at church next Sunday."

Thus ended the rector's visit of ceremony. In the wake of the church followed the world, represented by a widow lady and her two daughters, the first pensive and a poetess, the last spiritual and enthusiastic, as behoved the daughters of a poetess to be. These ladies—especially the elder one—knew a great deal of the world, and only fell in love with it now and then. They had all travelled in Italy, could speak French and play classic music, which qualification, added to a dilution of blue blood in their veins, raised them above the only society within their reach. Here stood opportunity with a long forelock of pure gold, and they clutched it eagerly. A colony of polished foreigners, able to play and sing, to quote poetry and sketch in water-colours, was a godsend indeed to three rather lonely ladies doing gentility on a hundred and fifty pounds a year.

It was something new to them to be invited to tea by strangers, to be indulged with stories of adventure, with dissertations upon things lying beyond the horizon of

daily life, to be made much of in spite of their shabby silks, to be smiled at from and to the heart.

"Do not think," said Monsieur Sylvestre, as he proudly led the way through the poultry-yard, orchard, and dairy, "that we intend to keep all these good things to ourselves. Fortune having bestowed bountifully, shall we distribute with niggardliness? Rather let us give with the left hand what the right receives. Thus, and thus only, can we propagate our ideas."

"In a few weeks," put in Maddio, rubbing his hands joyfully, "you will see our school-room built and my work begun. We open it to young and old, church-goers and dissenters. If there are ladies wanting careers in England, we can offer them such as are not wanting in temptation."

Now it happened that careers were just what the ladies in question anticipated, feeling as if they were being slowly upheaved from a glacial period of deathlike monotony to living, pulsated, varying life. They went home and spent the rest of the evening in searching for such words as *Solidarité*, *Phalanstère*, and so on, in their French dictionary.

After the church and the world came, of course, the flesh and the devil, represented by Mr. Minifie, who was far too wary to let spite and disappointment stand in the way of self-interest. It was Miss Meadowcourt's hobby to squander her money upon adventurers; it was his business to humour her hobbies. So he rode to Pilgrim's Hatch with the express purpose of paying suit to Madame Sylvestre, and said a dozen officious and good-natured things which the poor lady received gratefully. She thought affairs must go well so long as they remained under such scrutiny as Mr. Minifie's.

Mrs. Minifie, of course, came, bringing the curate's wife, Bina, Sammie, and Pennie in her mausoleum upon wheels. The children found it as good as going to see Ingaretha, what with the plums, the poultry-yard, and the plentiful supplies of cake.

"Will you come to my school?" asked Maddio of the two younger children, as he sat with one upon each knee.

"Sammie, you speak first," said Pennie, her mouth being full of cake.

"Well, you will have done before me, you know," Sammie answered, with an epicurean look at the delicious morsel in his hand. "Yes, Maddie, I will come to your school if you promise me two things."

"And what are they?"

"You pay me a penny a week for setting a pattern to the other boys, and let me do as I like with it. Mrs. Pollard gives me whole shillings, but makes me promise to put them in the missionary plate, and I like nuts and oranges better than the heathens," Sammie said pathetically.

"And I will come to your school if you let me always sit near Sammie," Pennie said.

"Nuts and oranges!" cried Sammie, in a reproachful voice.

"And what must I do for Miss Bina?" asked Maddio.

"Bina doesn't care about anything so long as we little ones behave well," Pennie said. "She's not nearly so greedy as we are."

"She ought to be," was on Maddio's tongue; for poor little Bina's precocious conscientiousness and self-devotion troubled him greatly. He merely said—

"Bina shall help me and sit at the teachers' table. They get nuts and oranges sometimes."

"Without learning lessons!" cried Pennie, opening her large eyes. "Oh, Sammie!"

Soon Amy came to call her chicks together, and then the business of packing up for the return home began. The little ones were stowed away in cosy corners, when Monsieur Sylvestre appeared, carrying a well-filled basket.

"I cannot let you go, dear Madame Greenfield," he said, with a smile of exhilaration, "empty-handed guest from miserly-hearted host. Accept these simple pledges of future friendship and mutual good offices."

Amy blushed and smiled ruefully, stammering out a few words of thanks as best she could. His liberality touched while it mortified her. How could she repay it? How could she refuse it?

"I see a pair of chicken's legs!" cried Sammie, peering into the basket.

"And I see a round parcel that smells like cake," said Pennie delightedly.

"And ducks' eggs lie in the corner. Oh, mamma, is it too late to set the hen?" Bina asked, with visions of ducklings swimming before her eyes.

As soon as the visitors were gone, Monsieur Sylvestre dropped on the sofa with a sigh of fatigue.

"Suppose, my child," he said to Euphrosyne, "we have some supper. What with rising at three o'clock in the morning, working in the sun, and entertaining so many kind friends, I feel inclined now to eat and repose."

Euphrosyne laid the cloth with alacrity; the little damsel-of-all-work was sent into the garden to fetch fruit and salad; Maddio

proceeded to the cellar to draw some ale. Soon Euphrosyne returned with a rueful face: "Surely," she said, "thieves have burst into the house. There is not a vestige of the stores that delighted my heart this morning. The eggs, the cold fowl, the ham, have all clean vanished!"

"Make your mind easy, dear little wife," said the philosopher. "The thief is myself; and I but transferred the good things to others more needy."

"But surely, dear husband, the cheese was not put into Amy's basket, nor the loaves I baked this very morning, nor the pastry of which you are so fond?"

"Have no fear, they are all well bestowed," Monsieur Sylvestre answered, yawning. "Our good ploughman's firstborn son was christened on Sunday, and shall the happy parents not feast at my expense? Of what good is it for us to live in the midst of plenty, if we withhold the share that is due to our brothers?"

Here Maddio appeared, bearing an empty jug in his hand, with an expression of the blankest dismay.

"It is but the third day after broaching our cask, and lo! it is empty!" he said, looking from one to the other for an explanation.

Monsieur Sylvestre's tranquil mood was not to be ruffled.

"Well, my children," he said, "let us eat of the fruit from our garden and drink of the water from our spring. If the supply is not equal to our appetites, at least we sit down to our scanty board with a clear conscience."

Euphrosyne returned to the pantry on an expedition of discovery, and brought forth of the remnants that remained a few crusts of bread and some cold vegetables. Maddio fried the potatoes and prepared a salad. They supped as if nothing had happened, and went to bed hungry, with a good grace.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—THE RECONSTRUCTION OF SOCIETY IS BEGUN.

MONSIEUR SYLVESTRE'S ambition was far from satisfied. He valued his new position much more as a stepping-stone to social power than as a guarantee of material comfort. To eat, drink, and lie soft were trifles compared to the noble task of sowing the seeds of progress and humanitarian principle. Who could tell how soon the individual prosperity in which Euphrosyne and Maddio delighted, might vanish? But universal truth could never die; and to be an apostle of it, however humble, was what he craved above all things. How could he here best spread the truth? The parish



church was shut to him, the parish chapel was shut to him. If he distributed pamphlets to the unlettered, they would not understand them. If he published books for the educated, they would not buy them. He felt rich enough to print, publish, and give away any amount of books, but he knew well enough how feeble were written symbols in comparison to living words. To preach to the people was his only chance of making converts. He cogitated and cogitated.

There was a shabby-genteel residence in the village, too magnificent for the poor and too incommodious for the rich, which had been untenanted for years, and on this he cast longing eyes. It belonged to Ingaretha, who had alternately proposed to use it as a sanatorium for sick children, a village library, an almshouse for old women, &c.; as yet none of these schemes had been carried out. Would Ingaretha fall into his plan, and turn the shabby-genteel residence into a hall of art, science, and recreation? Ingaretha consented, and straightway wrote a cheque for a hundred pounds to cover necessary expenses. Monsieur Sylvestre, Maddio, and Euphrosyne—the former excellent carpenters, painters, and masons, the latter a good upholsterer—set to work, aided by village workmen, and, as if by magic, the thing was done! The dining-room, kitchen, and drawing-room had been thrown into one, forming a tolerably spacious, if not lofty, lecture hall; by a similar process the upper rooms had been turned into one large reading-room. The walls of the hall were hung with portraits and illuminated mottoes from various socialist and philosophic writers, old and new. Prominently printed in enormous red and gold letters, was Comte's famous maxim, "The only right of man is to do his duty;" above it were the words of Babœuf, "In an equitable state of society there ought to be neither rich nor poor." Fourier's "Treatise on Association," and the "Chants du Travailleurs," had been ransacked for telling phrases, as well as the columns of the *Beehive* and the *Democrat*. Among the portraits, for the most part cut out of books, were those of Fanny Wright, who preached socialism to the negroes; Madame Clarisse Vigoureux, an ardent disciple and impassioned writer, who ministered to Fourier in his old age and poverty; the beautiful, audacious *Enfantin*, and other noteworthy apostles of latter-day creeds. The ceiling was covered with a series of fresco paintings, representing the apotheosis of labour according to the

notions of Fourier. In one corner might be seen a stately team of oxen unyoked drawing a plough to the sound of a child's flute; in a second, bands of ladies and gentlemen in appropriate costumes were performing the work of a harvest-field, and so on; the centre-piece, representing an enormous palace-like building, surrounded by galleries and flower-gardens, under which was written *Phalanstery, or Associated Home*. The library, as yet in embryo, seemed likely to educate the village youth after a somewhat novel fashion. Tracts, good books, *i.e.*, biographies and travel, interspersed with religious and moral reflections, were wholly wanting; instead, were such writings as De Foe's *Political Tracts*, Owen's *Rational System*, Tocqueville's *State of France before the Revolution*, and other books calculated to inspire democratic feeling.

"I must teach the young people to think," said Monsieur Sylvestre, as he triumphantly led Ingaretha from shelf to shelf.

"Teach them to read first," she answered, with a smile.

"Ah! that difficulty did not occur to me."

She promised to send a supply of spelling-books, and suggested that maps might take the place of some of the portraits. He conceded one point after another till there seemed a fair chance of the village library proving practically useful.

The ceremony of opening was the next question. Ingaretha proposed a sumptuous tea for the poor people by way of commencement, and a musical entertainment, with dissolving views and *tableaux vivants* to follow. Monsieur Sylvestre assented to the first, but thought that the after-entertainment should be of a more intellectual nature. He wanted, in fact, to deliver a discourse. As he spoke English well, and was largely gifted with eloquence, there seemed nothing to say against this proposition, except that no one would understand him.

"It is very impertinent of me to say so," Ingaretha said; "but indeed, dear friend, you will never succeed in reaching the understandings of these poor people. They can comprehend what Mr. Whitelock says on Sunday, because he has said it a thousand times. What you have to say will be as mysterious as if you read the Koran in Arabic to them."

"Then let us gather together the enlightened, and so penetrate the lower strata of society from above. I cannot give up my pet project of opening your Hall of Arts

with a discourse, if worthier orators are not to be found."

He said this with a self-conscious smile, knowing well enough that the divine gift of eloquence seldom descends upon country parsons, and, if not upon them, upon whom, in isolated country places? The Wesleyan open-air preachers would say more and speak louder, but there arose no Wesley among them to stir the hearts of this people.

Only grant him a hearing, and he felt sure that he could charm the senses of the obtuse villagers as the sirens charmed the mariners of old. Ingaretha yielded to his importunities, and sat down to word a form of gracious invitation to the upper ten thousand of St. Beowulf. A village library and lecture room was to be opened on such and such a day, she wrote, and her friend, Monsieur Sylvestre, was to give a lecture—

"On the Perfectibility of the Human race by means of Socialism," put in Monsieur Sylvestre, looking over her shoulder.

"No; I dare not use the last word; you would be looked upon as a Mormon."

"On the Re-modelling of Society upon the system of Phalansteries?"

"Nobody would have the faintest conception of your meaning. You must choose something simpler."

"Well, then, I will lecture on the Millennium."

"That will do."

Accordingly the upper ten were invited to hear a discourse upon the Millennium. This had a proper theological look about it, and life being dull in these parts, anything in the shape of distraction was seized upon greedily. They accepted. The programme was of the most original kind. First came the tea for the workmen, their wives, and children down-stairs, then some old English ditties with accompaniments were to be sung, an opening address read by Mr. Greenfield, Monsieur Sylvestre's discourse on the Millennium, finally, tea, ices, and conversation.

No pains were spared to make the occasion as gala-like as possible. It was a cardinal point of Monsieur Sylvestre's doctrine, and of Ingaretha's also, that the poor should enjoy the sight of beautiful things as well as the rich; accordingly, flowers, coloured wax-lights, bright draperies, silver-gilt epergnes, and plate were provided in abundance. Every bench was covered with scarlet cloth, every foot of floor with carpet. On the staircase were placed statues, half hidden by flowers and orange-trees, banners of gay

colours were suspended across the ceilings, festoons of laurel and ivy hung from beam to beam. Music was provided in abundance, piano, violin, violoncello. And in order that nothing should be wanting to add to the gay aspect of the evening, the ladies were entreated to come in full dress; even the labouring men received a charge to wear flowers in their buttonholes, and bright neck-ribbons and new caps had been distributed to the women. The inauguration of a reign of enlightenment and happiness, so said Monsieur Sylvestre, could not be too gay and joyful.

At length the long-looked-for evening arrived. The children had feasted, and gone home. Fathers and mothers had taken their seats with a serious Sunday look on their faces. Fearing lest the noise of carriage wheels should disturb the flow of his oratory, Monsieur Sylvestre had given orders that straw should be laid down the road for a hundred paces each way, greatly to the amazement of the multitude. Quietly as mice, therefore, burden after burden of silk and muslin—for the ladies came in evening-dress—was deposited at the door. First the Miss Stapletons, like puffy poppies striped red and white; next Mrs. Anstruther, in green satin, round, smooth, and creaseless, like an apple in harvest-time; and Lady Victoria Pennington, whose dress did not signify; and a host of ladies dressed after the manner of fashion-books, and gentlemen after the manner of footmen, as the delectable taste of the day dictates. But it was wonderful in the sight of the villagers. The old men and women wiped away tears of emotion at the fine sight, and when Ingaretha appeared, leaning on the arm of Monsieur Sylvestre, dressed in white silk, tunic, belt and sleeves embroidered with gold, and a golden flower in her hair, their enthusiasm knew no bounds. Was ever young lady so good, so beautiful, and so beloved? If only all the rich were like her, life would become a heaven upon earth, they thought. Preliminaries over, Monsieur Sylvestre took his place and prepared to speak. He saw at a glance that very little of what he had to say would be understood. But what of that? His voice was musical, his command of language perfect, his elocution almost unrivalled. He knew that if he could not reach the understandings of his audience, at least he might fire their imaginations. For some minutes he stood, drawn up to his full height, surveying his audience; and if the effects of that gaze were not quite so magnetic as he ex-



pected, at least it awakened curiosity and interest.

Three months of prosperity had added wonderfully to Monsieur Sylvestre's personal attractions. As he stood thus, his head thrown back, the silky white locks falling on his shoulders, his large bright eyes kindling with fervour, his brow calm and majestic, his figure easy and noble, it would be difficult to conceive a more striking presence. There was, moreover, in spite of the great dignity of his carriage, a certain bewitching playfulness and bewildering *naïveté* of look, speech, and gesture, that carried away the gravest. No sooner had he begun to speak, than it became apparent that Mahomet himself never felt more assured of his own mission than he. People might scoff and sneer and turn away. As long as he could speak and men would listen, he should utter the convictions which guided his life—convictions as important to the rest of the world as to himself. He spoke as he felt, and he felt called upon to preach a new faith and a new doctrine; in other words, he stood up as the apostle of humanity.

#### CHAPTER XIX.—MONSIEUR SYLVESTRE'S SERMON ON THE MILLENNIUM.

FRIENDS and fellow-believers in a golden age, since there is surely no one here who does not look back to an Eden lost for ever to the children of sin, or forward to a Paradise promised to the children of grace. But for such memories and hopes as these, humanity might well have fainted and fallen under the burden imposed upon it through all ages. Had the forefathers of historic races left behind them no traditional reign of joy and innocence, no mythic land whose gardens grew unfading flowers, whose crystal rivers ran over sands of gold—were they bound to no bright shores, which to touch they believed was to become immortal, and to be enrolled among the beautiful children of God for all time—the common life of every-day must indeed have been insupportable. Groping by the light of history through the dark regions of the past, what appalling sights meet us on every side! We shudder, we shrink back, we shut our eyes, and would fain forget that such things have been, were we not too often reminded of them by what is taking place at the present time. Life is certainly a little happier, a little more humanized, a little more rational than in former times; but not so happy, not so humanized, not so rational, that we can afford to lose for a moment those vague dreams of a perfected

existence hereafter. As the thought of Sunday, and the fields and the daisies, keeps alive hope in the heart of the miserable town child condemned to painful toil throughout the week, so does oppressed mankind cherish visions of untasted blisses that are to last for ever, and unseen regions to whose loveliness no home-returning traveller has borne testimony. And neither the sceptic nor the materialist can marvel at the tenacity with which the unhappier portion of their fellows cling to what they themselves consider chimeras wilder than fabled story of primeval Greece or legend that has floated down from the land of lotus-eaters. The human heart inclines naturally to joy as flowers to the sun. Every one would choose to be happy. None would willingly wear rags, go hungry, carry to their grave the degradation of poverty and the desolation of hatred. Yet, owing to the selfishness of the smaller portion of society and the slavishness of the larger, the happy, in other words, the good, the enlightened, are few, the ragged, the starving, the degraded, and the desolate are many. With the strangest inconsistency, the more fortunate, people the imagined realms of felicity with those they hold aloof from here, and think to live in perpetual friendship with those they have victimized, despoiled, and despised. That divine equality which ought to form the basis of every Utopia, whether pagan or Christian, is so ignored in practice, that we cannot move a step without being reminded of the aristocratic usurpation of man over man. Even in this free and happy England the spirit of caste informs the very breath and life of the nation. I look around and see man toiling for his brother as a slave for his master by right of purchase. Here we have Dives, clad in purple and fine linen, splendid to look on, a king of the earth; there we have Lazarus, starving at his gate, covered with sores, loathsome even to the pitiful. However consoling these spiritual glimpses into future worlds may have been, they have not fed the hungry, clothed the naked, protected the weak; and till the hungry are fed, the naked are clothed, the weak are protected, the despairing multitude may well seek refuge from present evils in the contemplation of joys to come. But I am not here to-night to cavil at those sweet and salutary creeds, which, although they have not worked the practical reformation of humanity, have at least soothed it under suffering, fortified it under temptation, elevated it on the verge of dissolution. As well might we blame the lily that it does not

nourish us, the rainbow that it does not clothe us, the nightingale that it does not toil for us, as blame religion that it has not wholly reformed as well as ineffably consoled the world. Least of all should I, the humblest of the humble among you, stand forth to reproach the faith that has elevated erring men and weak women into prophets, saints, martyrs, of every race and in every age.

It is of prophets, indeed, and of saints and of martyrs, that I would speak to you tonight; but of those who were moved to dreams and to deeds, less by a faith in the perfection of future worlds and in the perfectibility of man become immortal, than by a faith in the perfection of the actual world in which we move, and in the perfectibility of man as he is, namely, a creature mental and material. These dreamers said to themselves, Is not the nature of the universe friendly? Is not this actual existence pleasant? Is not man by nature strong and noble? Is not woman by instinct good and pure? Let us strive with all our might to transform the present into a Paradise, the world into a heavenly kingdom, and thus the better prepare ourselves for the immortality in which we are taught to believe. And they went about the world wearing 'an aspect as if they pitied men,' spending their strength and their substance in the good cause of universal well-being, sowing words of wisdom, imperishable as the growth of fresh flowers, whose seedlings are borne eastward and westward by myriads of swift-winged birds.

And what did they find wherever they went? What do their disciples find now? Society divided into two portions, a lesser and a larger; the first composed of men and women, cared for, body and mind, enabled so to care for their children, sleeping softly, sheltered from the heat, protected against the cold, able to enjoy all that the abundance of nature and the cunning of man have produced for the gratification of the intellect and the senses, love and beauty, art and learning, the treasures of all time and the loveliness of all lands; the larger portion composed of men and women whose existence is one of unremitting toil, of hunger and thirst, of cold and nakedness, of deprivation and despair, from the cradle to the grave. What matters it to them that the summer is come, that the fields are gay with millions of wild flowers, that the poets go into the woods and sing, that the pulsations of the happy earth beat throughout the long bright day? What matters it to them that the divine Galileo descried

the stately rhythm of the spheres, that Shakespeare created a happy world, that Beethoven set the solemn passions and aspirations of humanity to such music as must rejoice the angels listening on the golden stairs of heaven? Suffering has blinded, deafened, brutalized those men we call brothers, those women whom we call sisters. The world grows richer, wiser, lovelier; wonderful tidings are carried across distant seas; science works miracles of which the ancients never dreamed. Yet the lot of the greatest number of human beings remains unchanged! Ignorant, enslaved, joyless, dwarfed in body and mind, is it great wonder that to such, life passes unregretted and death comes as a friend?

But the teachers of whom I have spoken, the believers in a golden age to come, mind you, upon earth, did not regard these evils as God's decrees or as nature's laws, but as man's perversities; and their efforts to redress them are among the noblest on historic record. Their names may not shine emblazoned in purple and gold in the archives of fame, but their thoughts will live in the minds of men for ever. You have before you in my own person the humblest disciple of one of these reformers. Like them, I have been slandered, scoffed at, hunted down, punished with fine, with imprisonment, with exile. And why? Because I refused to acquiesce in tyranny, because I held back from robbing the poor, because I stood up for liberty and the rights of the people. There is not one of you who would not weep to hear my story, had I the time to tell it now. That I have outlived the malice of tyrants, and borne the wrath of my oppressors without losing heart, is the strongest proof I can give you of my faith in my fellow-men and in the future of the world.

When I speak to you of the social reformers who have been of every age—of Plato, in whose ideal Republic the intellectual teachers of the day may still drink from copious springs of wisdom; of Sir Thomas More, whose Utopia teems with golden maxims; of the monk Campanella, who expiated his dazzling vision of a perfect state, at the stake; and, in later times, of Robert Owen in England, and of Charles Fourier in France—is it possible that my words may sound strange as if spoken in an unknown tongue? It may well be so. These glorious names, shining out like stars, may have been pointed out to you by no pioneer in the luminous regions of truth; but a day is coming, nay, the eve of it is already here, when the world shall recognise her true sovereigns, her unerring



prophets, her veritable saviours, and swear allegiance to them on bended knee. Then shall be shattered into a thousand pieces the images of false gods and heroes, the spoliators of the people, the devastators of the earth, the enemies of peace, of brotherly love, and of progress, the upholders of tyranny, of bloodshed, of eternal warfare between nation and nation. O golden crowns that have hitherto bestowed fictitious majesty on the brows of despots! O purple robes that have hidden the cloven foot! O mighty sceptres swayed by blood-stained hands! Well may the angels in heaven smile and the pure-hearted on earth rejoice at the dawn of a happy age and a regenerated humanity. When that time comes—and vainly may the armed forces of all the world strive to turn back the tide of progress—we shall weep for those who have lived before us in oppression, in slavery, and in despair!

CHAPTER XX.—MONSIEUR SYLVESTRE'S SERMON ON THE MILLENNIUM (*continued*).

AND now let me try to answer the question that I see written on a hundred faces, namely, what claims have the Socialist leaders and especially Fourier upon the gratitude of the world? What claims? They are so numerous that I know not where to begin. I am, moreover, aware that everything I say in their favour to-day will be disputed or contradicted to-morrow. The very name of Socialism recalls, I doubt not, follies and iniquities past numbering to you—men living like Solomon, each with a hundred wives, and as many more as he could afford to provide for—having no religion, no laws, and so on. Well, I happened to light upon a curious old book the other day which will save me a good many explanations, and serve as a short cut to a high road. This book, purporting to be an 'Illustration of Prophecy,' after having given many expositions of Scripture and prophecies of the overthrow of the pope, the downfall of civil despotism, and the consequent bettering of the state of the world, ends by a picture of the Millennium on earth, to which various scriptural predictions are supposed to point. The author ingeniously turns to account, not only the Apocalypse, but the books of Isaiah and Daniel, in support of this theory, which, I need hardly say, goes against most of the commentaries familiar to us. According to him, the millenary period is not to follow the destruction of the world by fire, but the reconstruction of society according to the principles of justice and rationalism, and will

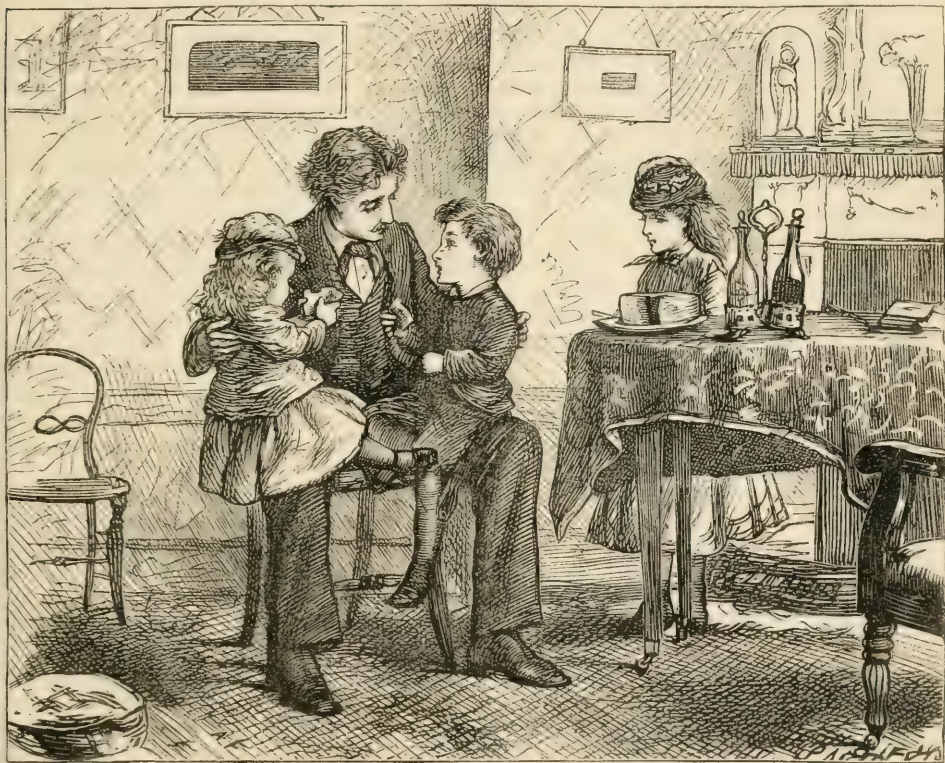
overtake us whilst the familiar sun shines overhead, the sea, as of old, beats on our shores, the seasons come and go like friends of happy childhood. Christ will not descend from his sublime throne to reign for a thousand years, the old Christian martyrs will not rise again, the Jews will not rebuild Jerusalem; but knowledge will spread, equality will be acknowledged, excessive poverty and intemperate labour will disappear from the face of the earth, bad government and false religion will be overthrown, and mankind will mutually labour for each other's benefit and to supply each other's wants. No longer, says the author, will a decided majority, as is now the case in almost all the civilised countries of the globe, lead a life of indigence and of toil, whilst a few individuals, in every district, riot in luxury and in splendour, and with systematic prodigality consume upon themselves and their families the labours of hundreds and thousands.

Again, he says:—Of the industrious part of mankind, at present only a small part receive an adequate and reasonable compensation for their labours. In rewarding the exertions of ingenuity and diligence, no laws of proportion are observed, no rules of equity are attended to. In this respect society will assume a new aspect. Furthermore, he says:—With bad government and false religion, not only will war, discord, and pestilence, in a great measure, be banished from the world, but also those other evils which naturally flow from the same sources, sloth and ignorance, hypocrisy and persecution, superstition and infidelity, excessive poverty and intemperate labour. Here you have the Millennium of Socialism, which may be summed up in three words, equality, well-being, fraternal love. Truth works in marvellous ways, or it would be strange indeed to find the very pith and essence of Socialist doctrine anticipated in an obscure volume of commentaries on Scripture. Have we not in these passages the germs of political and social equality of women, universal enlightenment, universal well-being, universal peace? Will any rational person refuse to believe that it is well that men should work together as brothers, having a common bond and a common interest, that the toilers by sea and by land should receive some share of the fruits of their labours, that the humblest human being should have an adequate development of his faculties, that pauperism should no longer deface the world like a leprosy, that the

nightmare of war should cease to affright humanity?

The sum-total of our doctrine amounts to this:—we believe in the possibility of universal well-being; we look to universal well-being as the regenerator of the world. I know well enough what will be urged against such a doctrine by those who inculcate poverty as a Christian duty, and a submissive spirit as a jewel among Christian virtues. But let me recall to their minds a lesson from history. Who has not read an account of that grand army which the first Napoleon

led into the heart of Russia? Then was to be seen the spectacle of a hundred thousand men, animated with a common spirit and a common pride, love of France, and passion for glory. Personal ambition was called into play. The common soldier knew that he might become corporal, non-commissioned officer, officer; the officer knew that he might attain to the grade of general, the general, in his turn, might become a field-marshal, the field-marshal, a king; for Napoleon gave away thrones as well as orders and staffs. Harmony, friendliness, and order



Page 236.

reigned supreme so long as the French eagle was victorious. But when fortune forsook them, what happened? I need hardly recall the return from Moscow. Starving, in rags, exposed to the horrors of a northern winter, fearful was the deterioration that overcame those brave men. The most appalling gotism took possession of them as a demon. Here, a comrade was murdered for the sake of his seat by the fire; there, for a handful of dried peas! I could make your hair stand on an end, 'like quills upon the fretful porcupine,' were I to repeat the appalling

stories I have myself heard old soldiers tell of this campaign. But no sooner were food, fire, clothes, and shelter to be had, than things became as before. Men behaved to each other as men, and not as wild beasts. Is not the moral of such a lesson plain enough to be read by all who run?—the harmonious development of society must be based upon a fair distribution of material good. 'Crucify him, crucify him, base materialist and gross demoraliser that he is!' I hear many well-disposed and Christian-minded brothers and sisters say. What have we to do with you?



O deifier of the flesh! O despiser of the soul! Hear me a little longer. Have we not just seen that body and soul cannot be sundered, but are linked together for good or for evil, either as in the words of your poet, 'like perfect music wed to noble words,' or as two galley-slaves, only to torment and revile each other. We see every day that poverty and bodily degradation, such as hunger, thirst, and nakedness, instead of elevating humanity, brutalize it, whilst the man of healthy mind, and healthy frame, the inheritor of material well-being, culture, and disciplined moral force, has a comparatively ideal existence. Are the gulfs of separation between civilised man and man, so called, wider than between savage man and beast? I know not. Thus much I know, that the condition of the unfortunate of his fellow-creatures drives the humane thinker to weep agonized tears, and the world takes no heed.

The master whose humble disciple I am, and whose words of wisdom I would fain cull for you to-night, wept many such tears. He would not believe—can any reflecting being believe?—that the evils of society are inevitable. He said to himself that the sentiments of human fellowship, of sympathy, of brotherly love, are innate in the mind of all men, and to society alone imputed their suppression. He devoted his whole life to the solution of one great problem, namely, the regeneration of society by moral and material rather than by spiritual means, seeing that hitherto spiritual means had failed to extinguish misery, vice, and degradation from the face of the earth. And slowly and serenely there dawned upon the mind of this great man a vision of life so excellent and of a world so happy, that the golden age of the poet and the Utopia of the philosopher were for ever cast into the shade. Fourier—I bow in spirit before thy beloved and revered name—was no mere political economist, coldly weighing out human units in one scale and national wealth and national interest in the other; no mere enthusiast, spreading sail to any chance breeze of fancy; no theorist, handling abstractions as if things of flesh and blood; one of Nature's best beloved children, she took him into her counsels, and laid to his ear the resounding shell of the universe. Like the Egeria of Roman story, she discoursed to him in secret groves of things sacred and human, informing him with wisdom and devotion. He emerged from those solemn communions, not the mere philanthropic thinker he went in, but

a prophet, a teacher, a reformer, destined to live for ever in the memories of men.

How can I give any idea of these grand schemes, which to conceive was to read the riddle of the moral universe, to discover the sublime analogies existing between the world of nature and the world of man, to hear and comprehend the mighty harmonies of the social and stellar spheres? Alas! I know not. I can only throw at your feet the golden sheaves I have reaped in these fields, and say, Help yourselves without stint or spare. Do you weep, O priests, for the sufferings of your flocks that are past heavenly consolation? Do you feel ashamed, O my brothers, for the shame you bring upon women? Do you tremble, O my sisters, at the spectacle of little children toiling like bondsmen in a country that owns no slaves? Do you groan, O statesmen, at the plague of pauperism that scourges our capitals? Do you bewail, O philanthropists, the dreary lot of the greater number of human beings? Then take counsel of the Socialists, for they are like the angels that come with healing on their wings.

In the present state of society, a few fare sumptuously, and sleep softly on downy pillows, dreaming away the noontide in fragrant gardens, surrounded by beautiful things from childhood upwards, deprived of no gratification ordained by bountiful Nature to rejoice the heart of men, loving life because of its pleasantness. But Fourier said, 'Heaven has not so willed it. Let all fare sumptuously and lie soft. Let all smell fragrant flowers and be surrounded by beautiful things. Let all have their fill of the good gifts of our mother earth. Let all love life because of its pleasantness. Why should some be instructed and others go ignorant?—some possess hundreds of thousands and others need the penny for their daily bread? Why should some be surfeited with pleasure, and others live from year to year without a day of gratification?' 'Enslave people,' he reasoned; 'and they will prey upon their fellows, deprive them of fresh air and instruction, and they will commit brutal actions, divide society into fortunate and miserable, rich and poor, enlightened and ignorant; and men will hate each other with a devilish hate.'

When society is founded on a proper basis poverty will have disappeared, and, as a natural consequence, theft and envy, brutality and despair; so also spoliation and murder, lusts and riot must cease to exist as soon as the temptation to such sins is banished. Give all men and women a chance of rising to the

proper dignity of human beings, and they would unlearn the miserable degradation and refined selfishness now fostered by the unjust distribution of moral as well as material good. The creed of Fourierism, contrary to the creeds that have gone before, consists in self-development rather than in self-denial, in self-government rather than in self-negation, in fulfilment rather than in repression, in plenary acceptance rather than in desperate abstinence. We believe that the Divine Creator filled the brimming cornucopœia of the universe, not for the satisfaction and enjoyment of a few, but for the satisfaction and enjoyment of all. Is not an acquiescence in the present condition of things to accuse our great Parent of having neglected ones among his children?—as if God did not love all mankind alike! Fourier had a happier faith, a sublimer confidence, and refused to accuse the Divinity of partiality held hateful by mortal men.

Ah! what dreams were his as he sat apart from men, taking counsel of God, of nature, and of man! Can I with my imperfect speech translate into words those transcendent visions, which to pourtray fitly should be traced by golden pencils of angels on the shining floor of heaven?

He saw, as he sat thus solitary in his high communings, the face of this lovely familiar world, which all but the unhappiest hold dear as a nursing mother, greatly changed, so changed that, but for his fleshly garments, he must have believed himself in the Christian's Paradise. The bloody panoplies of war had disappeared alike from the bright morning land and the pale north; no glittering armies devastated the abundant fields, no stalwart hosts in the glory of youth fell like corn beneath the scythe of the enemy. The mothers of the poor no longer brought forth their man-child with bitterness because of the soldier's death that might overtake him in his prime, or their woman-child with despair, because of the shame that might fall upon her beauty. He saw horrid shapes, fleeing affrighted from a place that knew them no more; foremost of these was Lust, and, tramping on its heels, bloated Luxury and hollow-cheeked Destitution and ghastly Suicide. They fled with face averted and hot, cowardly haste, like murderers hurrying from the scene of bloodshed, wailing hideously for the kingdom from which they were dethroned for ever; for the great

cities of the world, those Babel-like strongholds of filth, and crime, and poverty, which had harboured all these, were gone, and in their place stood fair and stately capitols, each a dozen palaces in one, where men and women lived together in the harmony engendered of voluntary labour and plenary enjoyment. The loom and the ploughshare were plied as busily as ever, but in joy and not in weariness; since those who wove the glowing tapestries, and reaped the ripe, red corn, shared the firstfruits of their toil. It was wonderful to see a look of calm and happy expectation on every face. Men had gained in strength and stature, women in grace and loveliness; and the accustomed spectacle of isolation on the one hand, and profligacy on the other, was wholly wanting. And why? Because men were at length aroused to see their self-indulgence and self-degradation in the proper light, and were led to prefer pure and happy love to unhallowed pleasure. That awful figure, the most awful of civilisation, namely, the pariah woman, had disappeared. Ah! how good was it to see a world without the sin I dare not name! How good to see with what joy the dawn was greeted! with what peace the sun went down! when each man and each woman had a fair share of the bounties of earth and heaven,—a little love, a little freedom, a little joy! when the majestic temples of art, science, and philosophy were thrown open, that all might enter in and worship! when the clear-throated trumpet and the triumphant clarion no longer in the name of glory led hosts against hosts in common massacre, but grand industrial armies to unimagined victories! Then, indeed, the habitations of the universe resounded, like a many-voiced choir, with sweet melody. Man was joyful, and in his joy called music to minister to him; and he saw, not only in music, but in other gratifications alike of the senses and the intellect, the surest road to a life renewed to beautiful completeness. O Nature! cried the denizen of the regenerated earth, gratefully as a child addressing his mother, thou hast filled for me a cornucopœia running over with corn, oil, and wine. Shall I draw back churlishly, as a poor relation from a grudging host? Shall I not rather accept abundantly, as thou hast offered abundantly, feeling that the good and happy life is the best offering man can lay upon the altar of his God?



## THE COOLIE.

A Journey to inquire into his Rights and Wrongs.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GINN'S BABY."

IV.—THE COOLIE LAWS (*continued*).

WE have seen how, under the laws both of India and British Guiana, the Coolie is enlisted, conveyed to his destination, and allotted to the planter. The further provisions of the Immigration Ordinances refer to *his status and treatment in the colony*. First, observe that by section xlvi. of the principal ordinance, a Chinese woman may be allotted to a plantation and indentured to reside there for five years, but is not "bound to work or perform any labour whatever." Yet it will not be imagined by any one that she is intended to be merely ornamental. If not married, she may assist to keep her male fellow-countrymen on the premises. I mention this, without here entering on the dark and difficult problem which it suggests, one nevertheless that must be discussed in any review of the Coolie system.

Further on we meet with sections, the importance of which is very great, while their practical working depends on the firmness of the Executive. If, on arrival in the colony, any immigrant should turn out to be unfit to perform service as an agricultural labourer, "he may be indentured to perform such other service as he may be willing and fit to perform." Or if within three months of the arrival of any immigrant, who has been indentured in the ordinary way, it appears that he has any disease or disability rendering him permanently unable to serve under his indenture, the employer may apply to the Executive to relieve him of the labourer, and the latter may be sent to one of the public institutions of the colony. To such an immigrant the Governor may grant a certificate of exemption from labour; and may also, if he think fit so to do, order any such Indian immigrant to be provided, at the expense of the Immigration Fund, with a passage back to India. The Chinese are not provided with back passages.

It appears on the face of it, necessary to the welfare as well of any chance wretches incapable of duty, as of the masters on whom the liability of maintaining them would otherwise rest, that these provisions should be freely carried out by the Executive. Practically you cannot force men to be benevolent against their will, and a dead-weight

on an employer's pocket, we may generally expect him to shirk if he can, whether he be in Demerara or Great Britain. Why should we count on greater generosity in a planter than we find in a Board of Guardians? I did see such an instance of fair treatment in the case of a powerful-looking fellow on the Houston estate. As we were passing him his low salaam attracted my attention to his good condition. Mr. Carruthers, the manager, stopped and called him. He faced us silent. "Go on," said the manager. Placing his two hands together, he proceeded to drum with his finger on his lips, producing a peculiar sing-song whizzing. "There," said his master, "that's all that man can do. He never does a stroke of work. He's clearly an idiot, and I have asked the Executive to relieve me of him, but they won't do it: so I have to feed him for five years." Nothing should have deterred the Executive from returning the man to India. Mr. Crosby, however, stated that this had been done in several cases. "Last year I sent back two women in one ship. They were in fact idiots and were sent back. I have done so on more than one occasion, when I have found old persons who were incapable of getting their livelihood and wished to return." The necessity for this "entirely arises, in my opinion, from our not having a proper medical man in the *dépôt* at Calcutta continuously to perform his duties—connected with the *dépôt* but not entirely under the control of the agent, because one should be a slight check on the other. The surgeon should be a man on whom this colony can rely for having proper people sent for the labour of the colony. *We should save 25 per cent. upon the whole amount of the immigrants introduced.*"

I was informed that previously to the Commission the streets of Georgetown used to be frequented by terrible and ghastly subjects of disease. Lepers are now by the law of British Guiana, in contravention, I believe, of the report of the Leper Commission against the contagiousness of the disease, confined to a leper village. Yet I have seen a few objects exposed in Georgetown, for which humanity and decency de-

manded a kindly asylum. The exportation of old men to the West Indies as labourers is obviously inhuman, but it is against the interests of the planters, and is, therefore, an evil not likely to be of long duration.

It is clearly of the first moment that the executive in any Coolie-worked colony should maintain a rigorous watch over the *personnel* of the estates. Every man, woman and child under indenture, should be registered, identified, and from time to time accounted for, by the planter to the government of the colony, and by that government to the Colonial Office. There need be no more difficulty in doing this respecting fifty or sixty thousand persons than in accounting, as they do in some of our mammoth establishments, for every pound of staple that goes in and out during the year. The Immigration Ordinances contain provisions aimed at securing this end. Whether they are sufficient, and are rigidly enforced by the authorities, must be vital points in any inquiry concerning Coolie immigration. Registers of indentured persons, of marriages, of births, of deaths, of deserters, of suicides, of immigrants imprisoned, carefully kept by the employers and duly reported to the immigration office in the colony, are essential to the proper working of the system. In fact, Mr. Crosby's ambition was a right and reasonable one, namely, "to be able at any time to account for every immigrant in the colony." The importance of this will be clear to the reader if he will consider the vast extent of the country, the seclusion of the estates, and their contiguity to a wilderness. The Immigration Agent General referred to the inconveniences likely to arise out of imperfect returns in this quaint fashion. "The registers of mortality are not in all respects certain and reliable, because sometimes persons are reported dead when they are not so, and sometimes persons are reported as having just died when they have died three or four years before. Then we are obliged to *write and ask* who are really dead? as the person mentioned had died three or four years before!" The difficulties of identification are aggravated by the number of Indian "Smiths" or "Joneses" who come in the same ship.

The indenture, as I have previously said, extends over five years. At the end of that time the freedman is open to a re-indenture, if he pleases, for another term of five years. For this he receives a bounty of fifty dollars. It is the duty of the Immigration Agent General, or his sub-agents, to visit every estate in the colony once in six

months, after giving seven days' notice by advertisement. The manager is then required to produce every indentured Coolie who may have completed, or may within the next six months complete, his term of service. Thereupon the agent may, if the Coolie is willing, renew the indenture.

Two or three grave questions arose before the Commission out of these visits. 1. Suppose the Coolie is dissatisfied with the estate and desires to be free of it. The agent then gives him a certificate—temporary or provisional—of industrial service. The certificate is necessary to a free man because without it he is liable to be arrested by the police wherever found. You would not like to have your personal freedom dependent on your possession of a piece of paper? But a free Coolie in British Guiana must carry about with him the patent of his liberation, or run the risk of assault and imprisonment. Should he lose his paper he is asked to pay five dollars for obtaining another, a provision that I do not hesitate to characterize as ungenerous. Yet this has a lesson. Mr. Crosby testified that the Coolies pawned their certificates, and were cunning in their attempts to deceive the department. The reason for insisting on the possession of these tokens is clear. Without them, there would be great difficulty in detecting deserters who abound—some up the rivers, some at the Chinese settlement, and others working on estates as free labourers. Nevertheless, it opens to serious reflections, a system requiring so anomalous a restraint on personal liberty. 2. The agent, before granting the certificate or reindenturing the Coolie, must ascertain whether he has, during his period of service, deserted or been imprisoned for a longer time than one month in each year of his indentureship, and, for whatever time has thus been lost to the master, extend the indenture. So that a Coolie who had, during his five years, spent three months in prison, would, in addition to that punishment, be obliged to repay his master three months' service. This seems unreasonable, but is almost a necessary consequence to inflicting imprisonment for breach of contract. This clause may cut two ways: a planter may be disinclined to enforce it, because to do so would give his estate a bad name. The Coolie might be influenced to reindenture by the consideration that if he did not, he must, at all events, work out a certain time without bounty.

— On this I would just here interpolate a few words. Imprisonment for breach of a civil



contract is opposed to modern, if not indeed, to ancient English notions of freedom, and its principle demands serious criticism. By the common law, so high a reverence had our saxon forefathers for the idea of personal freedom—"The body of a freeman could not be made subject to distress or imprisonment by contract, but only by judgment." Under our Master and Servants Acts, it is now possible for a man in England to enter into an agreement for a term of service, a wilful breach of which exposes him to imprisonment for three months with hard labour. I should be glad to see an enactment so invidious blotted from the statute book. Is it policy to permit any man to make a contract based on such a contingency? Is it well to record in the law, in a concrete form, the inequality of rich and poor?

For my own part, I cannot hesitate to express a strong repugnance to the imprisonment of Coolies or any other labourers for breach of contract, a repugnance confirmed the more I inquired and thought about the immigration system. I know the defenders of this provision will say (and say with much plausibility) that the labourer has no other means to make—he must give his body for the sin of his soul. The master you can mulct in money, and goods, and credit, and social standing; but the pariah—without wealth, or possessions, or credit, or position—nothing but his bare poor skin full of bones, thaws, and sinews, you must, like another Shylock, in another way, take your terms out of that. God help me, if I could do it, were there never a stroke of work done on any property of mine! And when you attentively look into the effect of it, you will see how it demoralises the subject. Should he complain of his master's breach of contract, he sees the latter asked to pay a monetary fine; while he, for a converse breach, suffers as a felon. Repeat that operation a few times, and then behold the sort of man you have made. Hardened, hunched, unwilling, shirking—broken perhaps at heart; rightly or wrongly indignant that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor—what kind of work do you get out of him? Is it hopeful, energetic, strengthened, willing? or is it such as you would get out of your stubborn child if you smacked over him with a dog whip? I think it is also a question whether the master is any better for the attainment, in this way, of his purpose. You have no right to inflict on a man a punishment disproportioned to his offence. Whence any law has

ailed to adjust with tolerable accuracy offence and penalty, it is, and must be, not only unjust but injurious. Were it to be proved that such a provision is essential to a system, it were better the system should not exist. But I do not believe it to be essential. Where wages are sufficient to maintain in comfort an average Coolie, regard being had to the existing prices of staple articles of food in the country—and he ought not to be imported into any country where that condition does not ordinarily exist—I suggest that the proper and just method of punishing him for breach of contract would be for the magistrate to mulct him in a small weekly sum for two or three weeks, taking care, however, not to make the fine so severe as virtually to reduce the strength of the labourer; or, it may be, to add lost days, proved in court from week to week, to the term of his indenture. This would, in the long-run and as to the general body of immigrants, be far more effectual than imprisonment to repress their indolent or wanton breaches of agreement, and would, moreover, have upon its face an equity easily to be recognised by the general body of their fellows. I cannot help thinking that the importance of creating and fostering a healthy public opinion among the immigrants is too little regarded by planters and planting legislators. With a little tact, they might form and turn this to good account.

3. A question was raised as to the nature of the evidence by which the agent deemed it to have been proved that extension of the indenture was just. It appeared that the books of the estate and the manager's word were generally considered sufficient.

Cardinal provisions of the Immigration Ordinance are those in which are designated the duties and liabilities respectively of employers and of immigrants. I may very briefly sum them up in such a way as to show how various points arise either on their legal construction or practical working.

We have seen that by the original contract the employer is bound to provide for the Coolie work, medicines and medical attendance, and house-room. The ordinance is more specific. It binds the planter to "provide every immigrant with *suitable* and *sufficient* dwelling-house and hospital accommodation, and to secure to him when sick *suitable* and *sufficient* medical attendance, medicines, maintenance, and the services of a competent nurse;" and, for his labour, "to pay him wages at the same rate as the wages paid to the Creole and other unin-

dentured labourers working on the plantation itself or on neighbouring plantations." These wages to be paid weekly on a certain day in each week.

Upon the whole of these points issues were raised in Mr. Des Voeux's letter to Lord Granville, and round them, before the Commission, raged a conflict of evidence. With regard to the hospitals and their management, the Commissioners have already incidentally declared an opinion, which I am therefore entitled to repeat. In the examination of a witness who had been a sick nurse he gave the following evidence:—

"Some of the proprietors, or rather managers, are more liberal than others."

Q. What effect has the greater liberality of managers and proprietors on the hospital?—A. Well, when the doctor prescribes or orders anything they are always ready to give it.

Q. Who are always ready to give it?—A. Some of the managers.

Q. And others?—A. The others are otherwise: the others are more concerned to keep down expenses.

Q. But must not all managers give what the doctors prescribe?—A. They ought, sir.

Q. And do they not?—A. No, sir.

Q. Cannot the doctor compel them to get it?—A. Well, not always, sir. Some doctors will be particular, and will see the manager about it; but some doctors do not take the trouble. This applies only to hospital comforts (e.g., the chicken broth in the Chinese picture).

Q. Does the doctor ever inspect the rations?—A. Well, sir, not to my recollection. Accidentally sometimes.

Q. Were the proper rations given out?—A. Well, not on all estates, sir.

Q. What part was neglected most commonly?—A. Most commonly the curry-powder is never got. *I do not remember a single estate on which I ever issued any.* The butter is the next, and peas on some estates, but not on all.

Q. Plantains?—A. Very seldom given.

Q. But these are rather condiments (I may remark here that plantains are not "condiments," but a most important article of food in the West Indies); they are not staples? Were the staple articles of food given in proper allowance?—A. Not on all estates. They will give you a less quantity than you have patients for, as a method of keeping down expenses. The articles were good of their kind.

The same witness also deposed to the fact

that on some estates the hospital furniture—such as sheets, shirts, pans and cups, &c.—was insufficient, and that in such hospitals special preparations were made for the visits of the medical inspector.

The Solicitor-General, who, by the singular inadvertence of the Executive, and with strange disregard of both propriety and policy, was (after Mr. Cowie's departure for England) permitted to appear as counsel for the planters, and therefore if not actually against the Coolies, yet, to such suspicious people, as a public officer leagued with their masters, wished the witness to designate the particular estates or doctors referred to in his evidence. This, however, the Commissioners refused to permit, the President saying, emphatically, "We have ourselves, in the course of our visits to the estates, collected sufficient evidence to support a great deal of what the witness said. I assure you, if the doctors were to go into the box and stand a cross examination, there is hardly one of them would escape us; there is no need to draw invidious distinctions."

A good deal of needless anger has been vented in the colony upon the Commissioners for this declaration. If it were not too harsh I should also call the irritation foolish. The witness had stated that some estates were bad and others good in a matter of administration. This was in favour of his credibility. Had he declared all to be unexceptionable, no impartial person would have believed him. No system is perfect or perfectly carried out where men are parties to it. But throughout this inquiry there has been too keen a susceptibility on the part of the local—I carefully distinguish them from the English absentee—planters, about the exposure of a single infelicitous fact, or the least deduction to the disadvantage of their system. As a man, too, consciously sharing all human weaknesses, I could not be surprised at their nervousness. The sums at stake are heavy: the arena of labour unpleasant and dangerous. Yet with all this I should like to have seen the planting body less unanimous, and a public opinion among them which vigorously singled out and admitted the cases, that necessarily must have existed, of wrong and error.

An important power is possessed by the Governor, "on just cause shown to his satisfaction," of removing all or any of the immigrants from one plantation to another. This power, by which he may virtually ruin an estate and its proprietors, is one to be exercised only on the gravest grounds and on



very exceptional occasions, yet it is one to be applied strictly and without hesitation if such cases arise.

Again, there is a remedy against the employer who shall in any case "ill-use" an immigrant, the penalty being a fine not exceeding forty dollars, or imprisonment, with or without hard labour, for any time not exceeding two months, or both combined.

I may remark on this provision that it is vague, since it does not define ill-usage; and that term is one which would embrace a variety of cases, such as murder, assault, maiming, and so forth—cases evidently not intended to be met by it and punishable under the general criminal law. This enactment should specify the description of ill-usage, as, for example: by improper treatment in hospital, by forcing women to work when pregnant, by causing people to labour longer than the legal number of hours, by fraud or stoppages of wages, and the like, so that it might be easy for the Coolie to understand and the magistrate to determine whether a case came within the ordinance.

Then when the above measure of the punishment of planters is compared with that of Coolies for even lesser offences, the penalty seems disproportionate. The Coolie who loses or damages the *property* of his employer by negligence, or carelessness, or other improper conduct, or by "a careless and improper use of fire"—or who wantonly and cruelly ill-treats animals belonging to his employer—"or, by negligence or carelessness, shall suffer, or cause the same to be wantonly beaten, &c. (?)"—is liable to a penalty not exceeding twenty-four dollars, or one month's imprisonment; and, if twice convicted, to a fine not exceeding forty-eight dollars, or two months' imprisonment. The maximum penalties are disproportionate, whether we consider the relative status and resources of the parties, or the different nature of the offences. This cannot but strike the acute Coolie mind with a sense of injustice—a feeling every way to be avoided in dealing with people so susceptible.

The only other provisions of the Coolie laws to which I shall at present advert are crucial: viz., those relating to the payment of wages. We have seen that the standard of wages is an uncertain one. It is that of the wages paid to unindentured labourers working at the same kind of work on the same or neighbouring plantations. In the Dutch colony of Surinam there is a fixed tariff of wages. The objection to such a tariff is that, owing to the varieties of

soil and locality, it is impossible to frame any table of rates that will equitably meet every case. But a schedule has this decided advantage—that disputes as to rates of wages can be immediately settled by a reference to it. My opinion is, that though this may lead to individual instances of hardship, yet in the main the general body of labourers profit by it. In British Guiana, where the rates of wages are frequent subjects of dissension, the reference to a standard so shifting and irregular was alleged by Mr. Des Voeux and by nearly all the Coolies whom I saw, and I saw thousands—to lead to constant injustice. The facts may be left to be determined by the Commissioners; but on the face of it, the principle of the law appears to be unsound. On some estates few or no free labourers are employed, and these, perhaps, only at a peculiar kind of work. Neighbouring estates may be in the same condition. Then the adjustment of a dispute between employer and Coolie is difficult. The reader must bear in mind both the character of the country, as previously described—stretching for hundreds of miles, with a scattered population, with some estates in lonely and distant localities—and the peculiarity of the relation, an obligatory service by a vast number of labourers, at a rate of pay compulsory on the employer. Into this peculiar relation the enactment is obviously intended to force free-trade by putting all labour indentured and free into equal competition. But let us suppose a case in which—as is quite possible on some estates—no Creole labourer is employed either on, or in the neighbourhood of, the estate at such work as "weeding." A gang of Coolies is told off to weed a field, the overseer offering six "bits," *i.e.*, six fourpennies for twelve beds. The immigrants demur. What is to be done? The standard does not exist: the Coolie must accept or strike. The latter course holds out to him the prospect of a summons before the magistrate, and fine or imprisonment; the former is accepting terms dictated by the person most interested. A hard problem is this every way.

The enactments by which it is made compulsory on the emigrant to perform a certain amount of work every week, if out of hospital, with alternative penalties, are complicated and difficult. The authorities in the colony differed in their construction of them. But the best opinion appeared to be, that five days' tasks, of one shilling in value per week, and no more, could legally be enforced by the employer. Out of this arise

continual controversies between planter and Coolie. As to these, at present, I will only say that, on one side it was alleged that the minimum was too little; on the other, it was said that more than the equivalent to the five shillings was wrung out of the Coolie, by imperfectly or fraudulently registering his work when done, and stopping his wages on pay day; by taking unfair objections to the work when it was too late to remedy the defect; by perjury before the magistrate on the part of the employers or overseers; by collusion between the magistrates and managers; or by the perfunctory way in which the former investigated the Coolie cases. Whether these charges are true must and will be sifted by the Commissioners and the Colonial Office.

I have thus briefly reviewed the Immigration laws, and noted a few salient points. Others, of great gravity, were the subject of investigation; but, with this untechnical and non-judicial exposition of the main principles, the English reader will be able to bring an intelligent opinion to bear upon the question hereafter.

I had endeavoured, as far as possible, to master these laws, when Mr. Des Voeux arrived in the colony. He was at once the originator and the most important witness of the Commission; and his assistance was, to my clients, as invaluable as his wonderful tenacity of purpose and persistent industry were important to myself.

#### THE CHINESE SETTLEMENT.

ONE tide—some forty miles or so up the Demerara River—is a settlement of free Chinese. During the reign of Governor Hincks, and, I was told, chiefly on the suggestion of Mr. Des Voeux, a tract of land on the Camouni Creek was assigned for the habitation of Chinese Coolies whose indentures had expired. These poor people, unable, because they lacked the means, to return to their own country, had attracted the sympathy of Mr. Des Voeux, who conceived the idea of settling them on free allotments of land. With their usual industry and ingenuity he hoped that they would attain to some better condition than could be purchased by the scanty wages of labour. The matter was taken up by the Governor and the Court of Policy, and a large number, most of them Christians, were removed to the creek, under the leadership of an Evangelist, named O Tye Kim.

Unhappily they were placed in a locality where, during the first rainy season, they

were flooded out. Yet in the end they succeeded in clearing and cultivating a range of some extent. From a very able paper, prepared by a local committee, to preface the catalogue of contributions from British Guiana to the Paris Universal Exhibition, I transcribe an account, no less important than interesting, as it embodies the Planter's opinion of the settlement in 1867.

"The inhabitants have cleared about five miles on the banks of the river and its tributary creeks; they have erected dwellings in uninterrupted succession along the clearing; they have built forty ovens, at a cost of sixty dollars each, for burning charcoal, and have succeeded in reducing the price of that indispensable commodity thirty per cent. The trade had previously been monopolised by the Madeirans, who burn their charcoal in pits. The ovens are considered to be a decided improvement. The settlers have, moreover, planted ginger, sweet potatoes, plantains, and other vegetable products. They have pigs valued at one thousand dollars; they have planted one hundred and fifty acres in rice, calculated to yield six hundred bags valued at nine dollars each; the population is one hundred and seventy, of whom forty are Christians; they are well fed, well clothed, and comfortable; they have had but one death; on the other hand, there has been but one birth. They have erected a temporary chapel and school-house, of neat construction, as might be expected from them. They possess three large punts besides bateaux, and they keep up a constant trading intercourse with the capital. The report concludes with this significant fact: there has been as yet no case brought before the magistrate. The settlement has been in existence little more than two years, and has had to contend with many difficulties."

So long as O Tye Kim remained with the people, he exercised over them a very beneficial influence. But in a weak moment he made a serious moral slip, and, finding exposure inevitable, absconded. At the time of my visit to Demerara, the settlement was not in favour with the planters. When I inquired about it, they shrugged their shoulders, and said it was "a mistake." From their point of view a mistake it undoubtedly was. It secluded a number of available labourers; and the policy of British Guianian government is as far as possible to place labourers in such a position as that they shall be obliged to work. It afforded an asylum to deserters from the estates. Moreover, instead



of devoting themselves, as had been hoped, to the production of food or staples, the Chinese had taken to charcoal-burning, a manufacture which they perform with unrivalled skill.

Des Voeux had not seen these people for some time, and I was desirous of conversing with persons who were freed from the restraints of indentureship; we accordingly arranged an expedition to the creek.

On the 17th of August we drove down to the Chinese wharf, where Des Voeux's invaluable coal-black Sam awaited us with the launch. We were to take the only highway available—the water. Our vehicle was a long Portuguese boat, over the middle of which was built a "tent," or cabin, capable of holding eight or ten persons. Our crew consisted of a captain and six swarthy Africans. A young fellow, with a hopelessly bad pronunciation, accompanied us as interpreter. The "Chinese stelling" is the agency of the Chinese settlement. Hither they send their products for sale. A large quantity of charcoal was stored under the shed; four or five naked Chinamen preparing it for delivery. In the shop at the entrance was a bench for opium-smoking, on which lay a couple of fellows idiotised by the poison. Nausea—hard to describe. "Where's the tea?" Not come?—we must wait for that. In a quarter of an hour we have it, and swallow it lovingly in soft, thick blankets. We get away by one; over the stelling and under the heated shelter, the yellow water glances round us. "Ready? Give way all." The heavy sweeps tumble into the water, our crew fall into a quiet swing, carrying us out past the ships and schooners and barges, then along side the muddy banks, with fringing brushwood or where the tall, strong coco-nut wood palisades the front. Soon we are out of sight of houses, and only get glimpses here and there of sugar buildings or an entire stelling. Broad, and smooth, and level is the river—ilent, with scarcely a boat to be seen. Here and there upon the mud banks the white ibis. The sun glistens on the rising flukes of the oarsmen and flames conspicuously about us, while we try to forget him in talk of England, or in chess, or in some grateful cooling drink served by the imperturbable Sam. So we go on, mile after mile, hour after hour, the banks never rising more than a few feet above the stream, the impenetrable vegetation bordering our view, and alluring for unseen and illimitable areas. So—till evening begins to draw in, and the river has narrowed to about half-a-mile.

Here is the entrance to the creek—some twenty yards wide, a glistening current of coffee-coloured water—that strange ebouised "bush-water," which silently plays here like powerful, glancing muscles on a brown arm, and anon curls and eddies round us like the smiles on a negro's face. On the left as we go in are high trees and a foliage finer than any I had seen; on the right, for awhile, bush, then clearing and Chinese huts. The creek is deep, with a strong current, and many a cunning wind, making the passage for our heavy boat rather ticklish, especially as we have no keel to steady us. As we entered the creek it grew quite dark. The gloom was grand, enlivened only by the gleaming of the Stygian water; the great trees bent over us in grotesque attitudes, our oars plashing softly, and the little, flat-nosed interpreter vociferating from the roof in hope of rousing the inhabitants. At length he succeeds. To his shrill nasal responds a deep frog-tone, as from a man who had no palate, and we hear them waking the echoes a long way up the bank. Four miles farther we arrive at the rude stelling of our intended host, Lum-a-Yung. The vocal exercise of our interpreter was here a study; but it resulted in the approach of a small lamp and some men and women. Cautiously footing it along the round trunks, a gentle hand guiding me through the darkness, I find myself at a house-door, inside which steps my conductor, and then, holding out his hand, says, "Welcome, sir," like any born gentleman anywhere else. I enter a better house than I have seen inhabited by any immigrant in the colony. A spacious room, with hard earth floor, lofty pitched roof, built of a strong timber frame, with bamboo slots nailed on, half an inch apart, and neatly thatched with the leaves of the Eta-palm. Two rooms are partitioned off from the main one by screens as light as the outer walls. Spite of the airiness of these, a peculiar acrid smell affected me, which I was afterwards able to resolve into the elementary effluvia of opium, tobacco, fire, and the live stock in the corner, not to mention an open drain that circumvented the house. But we are weary, and not particular. Forth came our hostess Moonshee, who has turned out of bed to receive us—a little, quaint-faced, yellow woman, showing ever so much teeth, and such an abnormal quantity of gums! And here are the host's brother and his wife and wife's sister; the wife, a Chinese Mrs. Conrady—no single feature uglier or prettier than the rest. I wished I could

glorify them or forget their masks—they were all so gentle and so kind! In five minutes our hammocks had been slung by deft hands from beam to beam, and, my mosquito-net rigged, I rolled in, to wait for dinner. For Sam is already at work: witness the glowing charcoal out there in the kitchen-shed. A cackling protest indicates that Lum-a-Yung has sacrificed two chickens to the Chinese god of hospitality. Another petroleum lamp is lit, a table set, my bathing-sheet is pressed into service as a table-cloth, and in half an hour we are eating, off Worcester ware, broiled chicken, Cambridge sausages, Cincinnati ham, and drinking iced beer and San Lucia coffee—the ice from Wenham lake, the beer from Burton, the hosts from China, and the two white men, whose race has made this wondrous conjunction possible, swinging there in aboriginal South American hammocks. Was not that worth a thought?

After dinner and a little talk our friends disappeared to their sleeping-places, whence came occasional tokens of parental and infantile discrepancy. Des Voeux and I lay awake playing chess and conversing. The heat was trying, the smell obnoxious, the fleas were sharp, those fowls within a few feet of me mighty uneasy, the dog and cat would not agree, every now and then a bat or a huge beetle hurtled against the light bamboo. I almost wished for the nonce the Aborigines' Protection Society were out to look after their own business.

Early in the morning many Chinese began to come in from the village, and soon filled the room. We occupied our hammocks, round which they ranged themselves. Their demeanour was free but polite, beyond that of any labourers I have ever seen. They bowed or shook hands, cordially welcoming my companion. When any part of our conversation was not comprehended by any one of them, a touch elicited an explanation in a low tone from some cleverer neighbour. If a hasty young scamp rushed noisily into the house, a quick hand was clapped over his mouth, and silence or ejection was enforced with ridiculous solemnity. We asked them first about their life at the settlement. They unanimously complained that they had not received, as they were led to expect, assurances of their property in the land, and that the privilege originally accorded to them of cutting wood for charcoal free along their own side of the stream was now denied to them. They were shrewdly suspicious; attributing this to the fact that an official, a member of the Court of Policy, owned the land on the other

side of the creek, whence they were now obliged to obtain the wood, paying him a royalty. They knew all about the Commission, and were eagerly looking for some beneficial result from its labours—an expectation I grieved to be forced to stifle. They evidently desired to be sent back to their own country. Some assured us that this had been promised to them in China at the time of enlistment, though it was contrary to the terms authorised by the colony. One man, who had been many years absent from China, told us he had left a wife and children there in the expectation of returning to them. He had never heard of them since. As this was translated to us others nodded their heads, in confirmation from their own experience. To me this was inexpressibly sad.

Selecting the most intelligent, we asked him to "tell his story." There was instant silence in the crowd, and they listened eagerly as sentence after sentence was transposed into English by the interpreter.

"In my own country I was a schoolmaster. I was well taught. I heard that people were going to Demerary, and I was asked to go. Agent told me it was a nice place—many of my countrymen were going: over there they had plenty of work to do—plenty money—would get rich: food was found at first, and a doctor if we were sick, and good wages. I was told the work was garden work. I thought that meant like our gardening in China. I did not think it was like the hard work in sugar-field here. I was told, if I came, I could soon get good pay as schoolmaster, and I hired as schoolmaster. There were others like me who came in the ship. There was a doctor, some schoolmasters, some tailors, and other people who were not labourers in the fields, and who all thought they were going to work at their own trades. When we got to Georgetown we were taken out of the ship and sent to sugar estate. At first they gave us food and rooms in houses. The rooms were dirty and not nice. Then they told us to work in the fields. We did not like it, but we had to do it. If we did not work we were brought before magistrate and fined or sent to prison. It was very hard for us. Some became sick. We could not earn enough to buy food from week to week. We had part of our bounty, but that was soon done. Some had given so much money to friends in China, and the manager wished us to pay it back, and took it from our wages. We could not bear it any longer, so we struck and came to Georgetown. We went to the attorney—he told us we were



wrong and must go back. The police took us to carry us to the steamer, and several jumped into the water. They were taken out, and we went to Mr. —. He spoke kindly to us, and sent us home, and after that they did not take our money every week. It was always very hard work. Several of my friends hung themselves because they were starving. When I was free I came up here, I want to go back to my own country."

There was general sympathy with this sentiment. 'Tis a very simple, uneventful story on paper, yet not without its interest to any man who loves his kind. A mere skeleton of a life, to be filled out, or at least covered in, by a daily experience of plodding toil, of petty interests and vexations, of monotonous circumstances, broken now and then by a few days in hospital—all in a strange land. You may see here how, without active cruelty, with a careful and even honest attention to the legal responsibilities of relation to the labourer on the part of the employer, there may yet be felt a wanting something to fill up the balance of equity, and its consequent mutuality of good-will. This immigrant relation should not only be looked upon as one of pure contract; if anything, it is more like that of the ancient patriarchal times—like that of Abraham and his servants. No legal adjustments can make it a happy one unless there is imported into them on the side of the employer a spirit of generosity and of half-parental kindliness. There was a gentleman in Demerara of whom it was said that he had rarely if ever brought

an immigrant into court. A number of such men would infuse into Guianian society a spirit which I should conceive to be more effectual than any law. This might be fostered by an able and genial governor, and by a body of local officials who were, like the chivalry of old, *sans peur et sans reproche*.

At noon I walked some distance through the settlement. The gardens and the cultivation about most of the houses were neatly kept, the houses were generally good and clean, the charcoal furnaces admirably made, and all in operation. My conclusion was that the Chinese I saw were better off than those on the estates. I was informed, however, that the whole village was not so flourishing, that indeed in some parts there was much distress. The dreadful heat forbade a lengthened investigation. I give the opinion with reserve, but it seemed to me the experiment has not been fairly carried out, and that if fairly carried out in a more convenient locality it would be more successful.

After listening all day to strange stories, we took advantage of the tide towards midnight, and bidding good-bye to our generous host and hostess, whom I shall ever gratefully remember, we pushed off into the gloom—sweeping down the rapid and tortuous stream, with no small risk, till we reached the safe bosom of the calmer river. Though the thermometer was 75° or so, we were obliged to wrap up to keep off a chill; nevertheless, symptoms of the wretched fever of the colony drove me next afternoon to the doctor.

## NIGHT RAMBLES IN THE EAST-END.

BY ALEXANDER STRAHAN AND RICHARD ROWE.

NO. I.

THOSE who are familiar with the East-end of London say that want is not so widespread there as it was a few years back, and that vice is markedly less rampant than it used to be a dozen or twenty years ago. This may be the case; and yet any one who wanders in the poorer parts of the East-end will think it is not much to boast of. Suffering and sin—the coarsest types of sin—are still the salient features of those quarters.

These notes are a record of what we saw and heard during recent roamings in the East-end.

Garrick made his first "hit" in Goodman's Fields, and in that neighbourhood there is a theatre which bears his name. In front of it to-night, blocking up the greasy pavement,

and overflowing into the slushy, sloppy roadway, there is a little crowd of shabbily-dressed girls, boys, and undersized hobbledohs. A little chaffing and pushing is going on, but for the most part they stand as still as bullocks under the drizzling rain, feeding their eyes, until the theatre opens, on the gilt cap-band of its front manager, beadle, or whatever else the bulky, uniformed official who stands outside to keep order may be called; and on the theatre's little cluster of gas-lamps, which, damp-dimmed though they are, differentiate it with a glow-worm glimmer from the other houses of the dark row in which it stands. We will look into the theatre presently; but, in the meantime, we are due at the adjoining

police-station, where we have to meet the dragoman from Scotland Yard who is to accompany us on our Eastern tour. Up a paved alley into a little paved court, in which a number of helmeted, great-coated policemen are drawn up in line; and then up some old-fashioned doorsteps into the outer police-office. Its walls are tapestried with police-notices, one of them illustrated with a photograph of a "wanted" house-breaker. It contains a dock, with a height-gauge behind, and a desk at which a sergeant in uniform is writing. Opposite him is an inspector in uniform, with a ledger-like book before him, framed in a pigeon-hole in a railway booking-office-like partition. We have made a little mistake as to time, and go into an inner office to wait. Its occupants give up their stools to seat us, and, to beguile the time, bring out an assortment of handcuffs, fit them on us, laughingly snap to the steel bracelets, and make us look particularly droll in the "darbies."

True to his time to a minute, our dragoman arrives, but before we start we look into the station's cells. Only one is occupied. When a "bull's-eye" flashes into it, a pallid, dirty boy of ten, curled up on a bench, tries to cover his face with the rug which is his only bed-furniture. He is "in for" stealing a pound and a half of sugar out of a van. Poor little pale-faced fellow, perhaps he stole it to raise money to go to the theatre hard by, which is the first place we call at, as the nearest approach to a "penny-gaff." When reminded that in 1868 there was a genuine penny-gaff in Whitechapel, our dragoman says that the gaff had been put down, and the premises turned into a wax-works place.

Our theatre consists of pit, boxes, and gallery: prices of admission—to the boxes, twopenny; to other parts of the house, one penny. The pit is the only part of the house tenanted when we look in, and that is only spotted with clusters and couples of grimy, greasy, heavy-looking young people. They chat aloud freely during the performance, some playing the part of (generally indulgent) critics, others of explanatory chorus. On the whole, they behave well enough; but the uniformed official, with somewhat supererogatory jealousy for the reputation of his house, is very fond of shouting "Order!" A girl looks angrily at him, and retorts—"Horder! You wants a deal too much horder, *you* do. We ain't afore a jury!"

"Wapping Old Stairs" is the piece at which for a few minutes we assist. All the songs have been cut out, the uniformed

official explains, because none of the performers can sing; but he adds proudly, as if the statement must necessarily make us condone that deficiency—

"The Great Braham used to sing 'Wapping Old Stairs'—be-yutiful song, gentlemen, isn't it?—the Great Braham!"

The scenery and other stage appliances of our theatre are almost as scanty as they were in the early days of the drama. The acting, in spite of the poor house, is conscientiously vigorous and vociferous. It is quite as satisfactory to the æsthetic sense as the bulk of English acting anywhere nowadays, and more satisfactory to the ethic sense. It is not a bit like nature—its comicality is very dreary; but then ever and anon it bawls out moral maxims through a speaking-trumpet.

Our young friend who objected to the uniformed official's court-crier-like demands for "order," acts as chorus to the less-experienced members of her circle. "The cap'en's only a woman dressed-up," she says. One of the characters has to talk in Cockneyese. He talks it when he is *not* performing, the large majority of his audience talk it too; and so, to render the would-be caricature effective, he has to ultra-aspirate the vulgar vernacular outrageously. Our young chorus almost shrieks with delight. "*H—he—hig-norant* means *hignorant*," she interprets.

No great harm done, so far, to anything but the Queen's English, we think, as we move out, and turn riverwards.

A music-hall largely patronised by sailors is our next house of call. It is full of fog and tobacco-smoke and fumes of steaming grog. Glasses are clattering, spoons clinking, tongues clacking. There is a hush for a moment or two whilst the trapeze performer, who is earning his bread by risking his neck, darts and swings in mid air. As soon as he has reached his perch, with patches of perspiration blotching his flesh-coloured tights, tables are thumped until tumblers and jingling spoons jump up in a staggering dance: the people in the lower part of the house thumping hardest, as if expressing their gratitude—not because the performer is safe, but because he has not missed his hold and dropped on them and their "refreshments." In the gallery, women, whose business there is unmistakable, are roaming about; but, whilst we stay in it, "decency," perhaps, is not more openly outraged, so far as we can see, than it is in music-halls farther west. Sailors are the favourite victims. Maudlin with drink, they yield at once to the allurements of their generally hideous and harsh-voiced sirens.



Our dragoman tells us, however, that sailors, as a class, are not nearly such big fools as they used to be. The case is exceptional now in which a sailor allows a "siren" to take possession of him as soon as he is outside the dock-gates, and keep possession of him until he has spent on her all his wages for his last voyage, and as much as he can get advanced and discounted of his wages for his next voyage. Sailors' homes, doubtless, may be credited with a considerable proportion of this improvement. In most large ports now, a sailor who wants to protect himself against temptation, is able to do so through the various instrumentalities of these admirable institutions. But there are fools amongst sailors still, as we see again when we go into some of the numerous dancing and singing rooms behind public-house bars, and about Ratcliff Highway, as St. George's Street, E., permits in calling itself and getting itself called. We do not see these rooms, however, in the full tide of their revelry, because, as we enter, we generally hear the warning ting of a bar-pulled bell. The women customers of the house do not seem to mind our brief presence, but rather to like it—so long as we soon move on again—as an unexpected item in the evening's entertainment; but the white-faced, brown-Caribbean, short-aproned, used-up-looking waiters regard the unprofitable visitors as colluders as they dare before a dragoman from Scotland Yard, and fingered graph contemptuous appointments of us (as we judge from the figures which acknowledge the receipt of the telegram) in the girls behind us. Some of the houses are frequented by sailors of all nations; others are distinctively Spanish, German, and so on. In a Prussian house we enter, we are told that the girls are dancing with one another, "because this war keeps all the men away." In another house, an old Irishman, drunkenly sympathetic with the French, and most gratuitously supposing that none of us can, more soberly, share his sympathy, inquires with unarticulate indignation whether we expect to go to heaven? The landlord takes him by the collar of his coat and the seat of his breeches and runs him out into the street, where, when we go out, we find him waiting to bid us go—to the antipodes of heaven.

Dancing and drinking are the staple amusements of these belated rooms. The poor but wretched—only or two bloated middle-aged women, but more than young women, some women, some girls—poor women and girls, who, if any of them ever had a trace of

beauty in their faces, have had it fearfully obliterated, sit on the benches that run round the room, by themselves, or loll against men, and dance with one another, and dirty, half-drunk, heavy-footed sailors. Some of the miserable creatures are the lowest dregs of prostitution, filthy in person and almost in rags; but others wear low-necked dresses of cheap flashy silk and sham moire-antique, white petticoats with worked borders, white stockings, and red boots with tassels. They leer very openly; now and then they indulge in a little horseplay, and give just a hint of the lascivious style in which they usually dance, but they have not drunk enough yet to make them utterly reckless; and so, whilst we remain, they behave as decently as they know how. Not only the sullen waiters, but the surly, silly sailors, who will be carried off by-and-by to be robbed—perhaps literally stripped of everything—in Palmer's Rents or Tiger Bay, look relieved when we move towards the door of the dancing-room. In one case the company sends after us a *male*—rather than a *rule*-dictory "Yah-ah-ah!"

Some of the rooms have a little stage at the farther end, on which hired performers dance and sing. The amusement provided in one room is about the most singular we ever witnessed anywhere. A zany, in a bobtailed, plaid dress-coat, is dancing about the floor, pulling his long, bushy, false moustache, and lifting a tiny drab hat, which, being tied on with elastic, flies back to his head as often as it is lifted; meanwhile the zany sings a lot of gibberish to which not one of the people he has been engaged to entertain condescends to pay the slightest attention.

Her Majesty has given her name to a good many streets; but dirty, narrow, squalid Victoria Street, Bluegate Fields, is, we think, the one that she would feel least proud of, if she could see it. Off this dismal Victoria Street there is a double row of miserable little two-floored houses, called Victoria Court, and two of these are houses-of-call for Chinamen and Lascar opium-smokers.

"Close up, gentlemen, don't lose sight of me," says our dragoman, as we sidle in single file through a fog-choked little covered passage. Presently we reach Victoria Court, and stop outside Eliza's door. (Eliza is the original of the woman opium-smoker in "Edwin Drood.") Our dragoman calls up the pitch-dark staircase, "You at home, Eliza?" Being answered in the affirmative, he leads the way up the narrow, low, corkscrew-like little staircase—or rather, we have to stumble up it the best way we can. In a dirty little room there is

a dirty little bedstead, outside the dirty clothes on which a black-moustached, swarthy Lascar, who passes for Eliza's husband, lies rolled up in a rug. He pretends to be asleep, but now and then gives a grunt of inquiry, and Eliza answers him in his own tongue. She is a sallow-faced, carelessly-dressed woman, reclining on the other end of the bed, with her opium-pipe, lamp, &c., ready to her hand.

Some wet clothes are hung up to dry before the little fire. She is asked whether she is getting ready to go to church or chapel next day. "Ah, no," she answers in a canting whine, "that's what I can't do, but it's where I should like to go if I was prepared." When asked how she came to take to opium-smoking, she says that she can speak Hindi and Hindustani, and used to be with those that spoke them, and one would say to her, "Have a whiff," and another would say to her "Have a whiff," and she knew no better, and so she got into the habit, and now she cannot leave it off.

In intervals between her talk she scoops out prepared opium from a little gallipot, sticks it on the needle that crosses the broad shallow bowl of her ruler-like pipe, turns the bowl to the orifice in the glass cover of her lamp, humours the pill with the spatula end of another needle to get it to kindle, and then takes a long pull,—sometimes sending back the smoke through her nostrils and her ears.

"It's very healthy, gentlemen," she says, when we remark upon its not unpleasant odour. "When the cholera was about, nobody took it that lived in a house where they smoked opium."

There used to be half-a-dozen and more of these houses in the East-end, but the two in Bluegate Fields are the only ones now known to the police. The Strangers' Home officials exerted themselves a good deal to put the others down; but lodgers in the Strangers' Home are still, during the day, pretty frequent customers at the two houses in Victoria Court.

"Craving for drink, gentleman!" Eliza presently exclaims, "wanting to have a smoke, and not to be able to get opium, is a hundred times worse than that. I used to drink about as free as any, didn't I, sir?" appealing, almost proudly, to our dragoman for corroboration of her statement. "But I've broke myself of that; but if you can't get a pipe when you want it, it's like as if you was having electric shocks one after another, or as if you was having a knife scraped along your bare bones." A drachm of opium is the largest amount which Eliza owns to having smoked in a day.

Across the court and up another dark little staircase into "Johnson's" dirty bedroom. Johnson is a Chinaman, but he has an English "wife," who sits before the fire grumbling because they have to pay 4s. a week for a house that lets in the rain. There are a few dirty prints on the walls, and a little oblong chimney-glass, with the backing almost worn off. On the dirty bed reclines Johnson, a corpse-complexioned, sapless-looking man, whose face twitches as if he had *thetie douleurs* until he succeeds in lighting his charge of opium. When asked *why* he smokes opium, he answers that he could not "go to *sillip*" (sleep), if he did not smoke it, and when an inquiry is made as to the number of pipes he could smoke in a day, he says five hundred dozen, if he could get them. A Chinese lodger in Chinese costume (a slender, taper-fingered, black-moustached, almost obsequiously polite young fellow, who is sitting at a little table reading a Chinese history of the Taiping Rebellion) bares his white, gleaming teeth in a broad smile when he hears his landlord give this hyperbolic estimate of his powers. The two Chinamen cannot talk to each other in Chinese, as they come from different provinces. From what they say to each other and ourselves in "pigeon English," we gather that the lodger came over to England as a ship's cook, and is now staying to see a little of the country, supporting himself by selling penny packets of scent in the streets. At Johnson's hint he brings out the box in which he keeps his stock, and soon disposes of sundry little white and pink parcels of some atrociously sickly-scented stuff. Johnson next shows us the modicums of opium, which he sells his customers for 6d., 8d., 1s. 6d., and so on, and then taking a stickless gas-candle, he shambles off the bed and down his narrow staircase, to light us out. As he stands at his doorway and looks out into the fog, he holds the candle above his head. When the light falls on his filmy-eyed, twitching, sickly-yellow face, it looks not unlike that of a galvanised corpse.

On another night Johnson is in his ground-floor room, and calls out cheerily, "Come in," as soon as he hears us at the door. He is lolling on a bed-tick divan, made out of a greasy bed and mattress placed on the floor and against the wall. He is in high good humour, almost constantly joking and laughing. Now he takes a pull at the opium-pipe, and then he puts it into the mouth of a drowsy Lascar, who begins to smoke with his head on the legs of another Lascar who is lying as motionless as a log. Johnson manages the



lamp for his lazy customers, and meanwhile smokes a cheroot. A slight Chinese sailor, who has had his dose, stands up in the middle of the room chuckling at anything and nothing. A more powerful fellow, of a negro-like complexion and cut of countenance, but who says that he comes from Singapore, has also had his dose. He sits musing by the divan for a minute, and then gets up and seats himself before the fire, where he begins a song of the kind the tom-tom players sing. Johnson says, approvingly, "Nice—very good cantic," and then he and the two Lascars

and the Chinaman burst out laughing, in that dingy little hole, as if care, for them, were banished from the world.

Through the fog again, in which stray sailors and Guardsmen are reeling, and women of the town and roughs are standing at corners on the look-out for prey. When we stop before the first lodging-house we have to enter, a drink-flushed young fellow in a duck jacket staggers up, and demands, rather than begs, for money. When he is refused, he inquires, with the greatest gravity, *à propos* of nothing, "Are you aware that



*C. T's Magazine* has got a good deal more outside than it's got inside?"

This lodging-house makes up more than three hundred beds for men. It was formerly a sugar works. The ceilings, the beams, and the pillars that prop the different floors all smell of fresh limewash. The alterations are not quite completed in the lowest floor. The pavement is littered with rather uncomfortable-looking heaps of mortar. The washing-places are on this floor, and every lodger is expected to wash before he goes to bed. Here, too, is the kitchen, with a num-

bered locker for each inmate, and a wide range, in which, as is the case in all common lodging-houses, an almost oppressively hot fire is kept up night and day all the year round. The furniture consists of tables and forms, on which here and there a man is asleep on his back, or with his head upon his arms. The dormitories, through which we walk as quietly as we can, are big enough in length and breadth, and, of course, as they are registered, each sleeper has his proper cubic allowance of air; but they are low. A tall man is apt to knock his head against the

whitewashed ceiling. The beds stretch away in long vistas, head to head. The bedsteads are of wood, and the lodging-house keeper maintains that if taken to pieces every now and then, and plunged into a copperful of boiling water, they can be kept freer from vermin than iron bedsteads could be. A good many of the bedsteads are already occupied; the dark coverlets swell up like graves. Some of the occupants are snoring, others, half awake, blinking watch us as we pass their beds. Here and there a man is undressing. The ventilation is good, the bedding sufficient; but there is a lack of privacy in the great dormitories, in which men are herded like boys at school, that makes them look very unhomelike.

Across the Whitechapel Road, where the fog is so thick that passing vehicles, dimly appearing, suddenly vanishing, have a phantasmal look, and people who want to cross linger on the kerb, like timid bathers hesitating to take their plunge. Up, by way of Osborne Street, to the lodging-houses which are thick as thieves—and some of them almost exclusively used by thieves—in and about Flower and Dean Street. But there are comparatively respectable houses—houses that will not take everybody in—in that neighbourhood; and in some of these there is a degree of comfort which a stranger does not expect to find in a low lodging-house. To be able to pass the little lodge in which sits the proprietor or his deputy before his account-book, must be cheery after a weary day in the cold streets or wearying docks. Some of the inmates have lived in them for years as weekly lodgers; others pay half-weekly; chance-comers pay every night. The general charge is fourpence a night or two shillings a week, for a single bed in a general dormitory. For a trifle more, a boarded-off bedroom, dark, but private, can be secured. In all registered houses the number of beds which each room is to contain is stated in a ticket hung upon the wall. In the comfortable houses it is enclosed in a little gilt frame; in the houses in which the proprietors strive to do the very least they can, it is pasted on a bit of mill-board. These comfortable houses have “maple”-framed engravings along their walls, and, besides the kitchen, with cooking apparatus, and dressers covered with white crockery, a “coffee-room,” with boxes, to which the lodgers can retreat when tired of the kitchen, in which each cooks for himself the food he has brought in. One of these comfortable houses is a regular warren. A row

of old-fashioned buildings have been thrown into one; and if it were not for index-fingers, with verbal directions beneath, painted on the corner of every passage, a stranger might wander about in it the whole day long without being able to find his way out. It must not be supposed, however, that all the inmates of these better houses are model characters. In one, a hulking tramp dogs us about, hoping first that our honours, and then that our lordships, will give him a trifle to drink our healths. In the coffee-room of the same house a lodger of the “patterer” class leans back in his box, puts his legs on the seat, and somewhat to this effect addresses the room at large:—“My friends, we are in a place of public entertainment. Is there anything derogatory in that? My friends, there is nothing derogatory in being in a place of public entertainment, into which, as into the London Tavern, any person of good moral character, or, perhaps, otherwise, can come, if he has only money enough to pay for his admission. My friends, there are gentlemen present. They may, and they may not, have paid for admission to our room; I cannot say. But, my friends, the gentlemen go about and smile, and now they laugh. *Why* do they smile and laugh? What *is* a smile and laugh? Can they not express their feelings in a way more satisfactory to *our* feelings?—put into a more substantial shape those sentiments of deep admiration and philanthropy with which doubtless they regard us?” Even in these houses, too, it is considered a great joke for a lodger to ask of our dragoman, “Who’s wanted?” or for our dragoman to say to some unseen sleeper, into whose cupboard bedroom he has peeped, “Don’t disturb yourself; I’ll let you go to church in peace to-morrow.”

On our way to houses of a lower class,—lower in character and comfort, although the charges are sometimes the same as those of the better class houses,—we pass one with the whole of a lower window-sash smashed in. The dirty drab blind, inscribed with “Accommodation for Travellers,” leans against the shattered frame. The mischief was done, we learn, by some ill-conditioned fellow who had a spite against the keeper of the house; and as we pass the broken window there comes out a clamour of angry voices, highly flavoured with the hottest oaths, which seems to menace the continuity of the other casement.

Whilst our dragoman is giving some local information in straight, narrow, dark, damp, dingy Flower and Dean Street, one of us hap-



one to be looking through the glass of the door of the most lodging-house upon our list. There are thieves, slimly-built thieves, very shabby-looking thieves, slipping about, by twos and threes, in the dimly gaslit darkness; but they cannot see our guide, and slip past as quietly as they can. Inside, however, eyes begin to peer curiously into the outside gloom. Presently three or four fellows make a move towards the door, and one hatches out into the street with a view of commencing operations on the inquisitive stranger, who is supposed to be alone. It is odd to note how disappointed he looks, how his bullying aspect collapses into servility, when he catches sight of our police guide.

When we enter, we find that an attempt is being made at "cleaning up for Sunday." A table has been pushed askew, a form laid on it, and a man and woman are ploughing up the conglomerate of mud, greasy newspaper scraps, and litter of various kinds with which the floor is caked. At a table on one side sit a number of limp, damp, scanty-dressed, depressed women, who look as if they had been not long before fished out of a stagnant dock. On two forms running from the fireplace sit two rows of men. The last of the right-hand row is an almost unrecognisable young man, who is nursing a fever—a wee, sickly mite, with a pinched, pale blue face, staring goggle-eyed out of the tangle-jacket of its clumsy nurse. The fire would soon roast an ox. The men's clothes are very dirty, some of them filth-sodden; bottles are being washed, rank tobacco is being smoked, there is a stale smell of fried fish in the air; the mere memory of that stodge-lug gives one nausea. When we go into the bedrooms we find one of the lodgers smoking in bed. The dragoon taps the pipe with his stick, and says, "Don't go to sleep with that in your mouth, my man." It is taken out of the mouth, but is popped into the mouth again, as we pass out of the further door.

One house we enter, whose deputy has to go out to buy a "halfpenny dip" to show us over the bedrooms, is almost entirely occupied by young thieves and prostitutes, ranging from youths and girls of eighteen or nineteen down to mere children. As we go in, a woman, who feels herself, or pretends to feel herself above her company, calls to our guide, "Turn out the thieves." Thieving does not seem to be a very profitable calling, judging from the members of the profession seen here. They are eating coarse food in a foul-scented room, and are all shabbily dressed. One of the boys is without shoes and stockings, and his clothes are more like lengths of list tied on to him than torn portions of once continuous cloth. The hobbledehoys look heavy, both in heart and mind, but the boys are merry as grigs and sharp as needles. "We're only having a game, sir," explains the spokesman of a double row of them seated before the fire. It is a queer game. The spokesman makes a little speech, and then all the other boys hold out their hands in turn to receive a sounding whack from a weighted thong. The harder a boy is hit, the more he seems to like it. Merry as they are, however, it is most painful to see so many mere "chits of children," girls as well as boys, each on his or her "own hook," without any home but such a crowded den as this, earning their scanty bread by vice and crime. Surely, for our own sakes we ought to do something for these fatherless and motherless. From the boys at any rate—acute, patient, daring—good citizens might be made. The hobbledehoys sit mum whilst we are in the house. "We are very quiet, you see, gentlemen," says our smiling guide. "*Sometimes*," emphasises one of the party, and the heavy hobbledehoys silently relax into a broad; knowing grin. "Good night, sir; good night, gentlemen," they shout after us in a tone of relief, as the door closes behind us.

## THOUGHTS ON THE TEMPTATION OF OUR LORD.

By THE EDITOR.

"Thou art tempted of the devil, to be tempted of the devil."—MATT. iv. 1.

### III.—THE FIRST TEMPTATION.

OUR Lord began His great work as the Messiah, by a fast of forty days. Moses as representing the Law, and Elijah the Prophet, had each inaugurated a great crisis in the history of the kingdom of God by fasting

for a like period. And we cannot forget how these three sufferers and conquerors appeared together in glory on the mount of transfiguration, when God, as our Lord was about to enter on the last great trial and

evidence of his Sonship, that of his baptism by blood on the cross, again testified, "This is my beloved Son."

We are too ignorant of the power of man's spirit to subdue or triumph over the body, to affirm that such fasts were necessarily miraculous.\* But they were certainly connected spiritually with seasons of great trial, and were preparatory to the discharge of duties requiring the greatest courage and endurance, the strongest faith in God, and the most complete resignation to his will. And in every age of the Church the holiest men have in their experience found how bodily fasting in secret before God, as a remembrancer of sin, and in connection specially with its confession in prayer, is most helpful in bracing the soul for beginning any great work requiring faith and patience.

St. Mark seems to state that our Lord was tempted in some form or other, during the whole of those forty days. But whether He was or not, the three temptations of which we have an account appear to have taken place immediately after, or towards the end of his fast, when the ecstasy of high and holy communion was over, which, while it lasted, might without irreverence be described as

"That blessed mood

In which the affections gently lead us on—  
Until the breath of this corporeal frame,  
And even the motion of our human blood  
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
In body, and become a living soul."

Then it was that Satan came to Him. He knew that Jesus was the Son of God, but what did this imply? He might still question whether sin was so absolutely alien to the nature of Jesus as to make temptation necessarily a failure? He knew from experience that personalities created pure and holy enough to be termed "sons of God" had sinned and fallen. He himself was one of these, yet he "abode not in the truth." The first man, Adam, was called "son of God;" yet he too had sinned, and all his descendants, without one exception. Arguing from such an awful experience as this, and knowing certainly that Jesus was a real man, and in all things made like his brethren, nay, that his very fasting, and hunger, and weariness, and prayers, testified to the reality of his *humanity*—there was surely in this undoubted fact alone a sufficient ground to induce

the wicked one to tempt Our Lord to evil, in the hope that He would form no exception to the universal apostasy of his race.

We should also keep in mind that the invariable object of all Satan's temptations, whatever be their variable form, is to destroy *true religion in the soul*, by destroying that which is its sum and substance, or very essence—*love to God*, implying a true spiritual knowledge of his character, a filial confidence in the wisdom of all the arrangements of his providence, an unswerving faith in the truth of all his promises, and a deliberate acceptance of his will as being always righteous. So long as such love to God exists all is well, because all is right in the soul; but once that love is lost, all is lost. To shake, therefore, the perfect confidence of Jesus as a Son, in God as his Father, prompted and guided every subtle attack of the Evil One.

Satan came to Him and said, "If thou be the Son of God, command these stones to be made bread."

Now this "if" has special reference to the declaration made at his baptism, "This is my beloved Son." He who is a liar from the beginning insinuates that this voice spoke not the truth. *If*—why if? Had not God said it? But Satan professes to doubt the fact, in order to tempt Christ to disbelieve it. His object is to *shake Christ's confidence in the fatherly character of God*; and he makes the *circumstances* in which Christ is placed the occasion for darkening his soul with a doubt, which if entertained would soon involve Him in murky gloom. "A Son!" as if he had said, "a Son of God! and here in this wilderness, without even a friend, and fainting with hunger! It cannot be—no such Father would thus treat a child." And then the wicked one, having cast this seed of doubt into the heart, at once suggests, either as a proof of his being the Son of God, or as a legitimate exercise of the power which as such He must possess, and be doubtless free to use, that He should submit no longer to his Father, but *command* the stones to be made bread. The Tempter, as it were, said, "Come, thou hast power; use it according to thine own will. Submit no longer to the Providence of God. Command bread. It is right and reasonable that it should be so. Wait no longer on thy Father, who cannot or will not help thee!" We see then, that the first temptation was to shake the faith of our Lord in the love of his Father, because of the *outward trying circumstances* in which He was placed.

It was thus in Eden the tempter endeavoured to shake the faith of our first parents by an

\* As to the number forty, which so often occurs in the Old Testament in connection with remarkable events, such as the forty days during which Moses and Elias fasted; the forty years in the wilderness; the forty days during which Moses interceded, &c., Archbishop Trench notices that "everywhere it is the number or signature of penalty, affliction, confession, or the punishment of sin."



argument derived from the alleged restrictions of God's providence upon their enjoyments. "Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of *all* the trees of the garden?" With what cunning is the doubt insinuated! What God had so liberally given is not mentioned. A veil is drawn over all his rich and exuberant bounties; and the tempter selects the one solitary restriction as the true exponent of God's feelings towards man. "What! has He actually denied you *this* tree? Has He said *thou shalt not*? If so, is this kind? Is it generous? Is it like a Father? Trust Him not then! but trust me. I am thy true friend. Eat, therefore, I say, of the tree, and live."

This, too, was the first temptation addressed to "the Church in the wilderness." "And the whole congregation of the children of Israel murmured against Moses and Aaron in the wilderness: and the children of Israel said unto them, Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, *when we sat by the flesh pots, and when we did eat bread to the full*; for ye have brought us forth into this wilderness, to kill this whole assembly with hunger." (Exod. xvi. 1—3.) Compare this with Deut. viii. 1—3: "And He humbled thee, and suffered thee to hunger, and fed thee with manna, which thou knewest not, neither did thy fathers know; *that He might make thee know that man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live.*"

Need I farther point out how this temptation has been repeated from generation to generation? It is perhaps the most common, the most universal form of attack with which the enemy has assailed the soul of man, this of making him lose confidence in the fatherhood of God, because of the wilderness, the hunger, and the physical sufferings into which God has brought him in his providence; and to make him rebel against the "thou shalt not" with reference to the restrictions He lays upon many things we might naturally desire. Such a temptation more than any other perhaps appeals to man in his lower nature in the form of "the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes," and to his necessities and wants as a creature. In suffering especially, it opens a wide door for doubt and suspicion to enter regarding the good-will and love of God, whose power to supply these wants is unquestionable.

We have in Scripture many illustrations of this form of temptation. The case of Job is one. Satan's assumption regarding Job was, that he only served God for what God gave him—that he had no love to God

himself or confidence in Him as his Father—that, as a servant, he only loved his wages, and, as a man, the portion only of the goods assigned to him. "Take these gifts away," alleged the accuser, "lead him into a wilderness, leave him alone and solitary there, and he will curse thee to thy face!" We know the glorious result!—how, when everything which he possessed as a creature—money, family, health—were removed, his faith in God triumphed over all, enabling him to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

After the destruction of Jerusalem the prophet Jeremiah told the remnant of the people to remain in the land under God's protection; but they preferred going to Egypt. As he had anticipated, they there gave themselves up to heathen lusts and idolatries. The prophet addressed to them a letter of solemn admonition and warning. Their reply is recorded: "Then all the men which knew that their wives had burned incense unto other gods, and all the women that stood by, a great multitude, even all the people that dwelt in the land of Egypt, in Pathros, answered Jeremiah, saying, As for the word that thou hast spoken unto us in the name of the Lord, we will not hearken unto thee. But we will certainly do whatsoever thing goeth forth out of our own mouth, to burn incense unto the queen of heaven, and to pour out drink offerings unto her, as we have done, we, and our fathers, our kings, and our princes, in the cities of Judah, and in the streets of Jerusalem: *for then had we plenty of victuals, and were well, and saw no evil.* But since we left off to burn incense to the queen of heaven, and to pour out drink offerings unto her, *we have wanted all things, and have been consumed by the sword and by the famine.*" (Jer. xlv. 15—18.) We see how they fell into the snare of this temptation, and forsook God, because while doing his will they had suffered from physical calamities; and how, like their fathers, they preferred Egypt and sin, with its flesh pots and plenty of victuals, to the service of God, when it involved trial.

But why multiply illustrations of this form of temptation? What has been the history of the Church of Christ but a history of those who have been, like their Lord in the wilderness, subjected to every kind of physical trial, from hunger and thirst, and from men more cruel than wild beasts?

"They had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings; yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment. They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, and were slain with the sword, and wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth." Yet all held fast their confidence in God. And was not St. Paul himself a noble specimen of a man in the midst of "perils in the wilderness," with no certain dwelling-place, in fastings oft, in nakedness and cold, and fighting with wild beasts? But in the spirit of his Master, he held fast his confidence in his Father, casting all his care on Him, as one who cared for him. O let us not be ignorant of the devices of the enemy!—for now, as ever, he assails Christians with this fiery dart. He assails them when, in the providence of God, they are made to suffer from bodily want; from the pains of hunger and nakedness; from struggles with temporal difficulties; from seeing those dearer to them than life share such sufferings; from captivity day and night, through long, long years; from exile among strangers; from grievous bodily pain, incurable by human skill; from the loss of all that was most attractive and beautiful on earth; or from being held back as by chains of iron from attaining some very dear object—these are some of the wildernesses into which many children of God are led. And this is the temptation which the old serpent hisses into their ears, "*If thou be the son of God,*" "*If God be thy Father—how is it thus?*" O dread if! "*If He were thy Father He could by a single word bring relief, and dispel the cloud, and bestow the blessing. But He does not. Is He thy Father, then? Does He love thee? and canst thou love Him and trust Him? Thou dost well to be angry! If, then, He does not give, get thou as thou canst!*" Blessed be God that his Son in whom He was well pleased, was led into the wilderness to be thus tempted of the devil, and that He suffered hunger, and loneliness, and deepest anguish! He who was rich, yet for our sakes became poor. He took upon Him the form of a servant, and endured the cross, and despised the shame; and having been tempted, He is able to deliver those who are tempted. He has exposed the enemy's attacks by receiving them, and shown us the weapons by which we are to overcome. What said the Lord? "*It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.*"

Let us consider this reply, and learn how

fitted it is to meet and to overcome the suggestions of the evil one.

We observe that our Lord here speaks as the Son of man, not as the Divine Eternal Son of God. He speaks as a member of the human family—as a brother for his brethren. The sword He uses in the combat is not one suited merely for a giant's hand, or to be wielded only by supernatural power, but it is such as may be used by a child, nay, it can be used only by one who has the child's spirit of true sonship. And hence we see indicated in our Lord's reply a principle which, if acted upon by us, will prove a sufficient defence against the wiles of the adversary.

The tempter professed, as he always does to the tempted, to have our Lord's interest at heart. Evil does not claim the heart as evil, but as good; not as an adverse but as a friendly power. Satan would thus have himself recognised as one who sympathised with Christ's sufferings—who pitied this Son so ill-used by his Father—who desired therefore to give Him that life and happiness in outward things which were so cruelly denied him. It could not surely be that He was to die when through the exercise of power He was able to command life! Life must be maintained at all hazards. But what life was here in this wilderness! Nothing but fasting and the pains of hunger. Ye shall not surely die; command, therefore, these stones to be made bread and *live*.

Of a truth life is the most precious possession. For life the living God hath created us, and to enjoy life is our blessed inheritance. But *what kind* of life? Is it a mere physical life? If so, it is true man lives by bread only. As an animal with a bodily frame, and craving appetites, and gnawing wants, and sensitive nerves, man has indeed to do with the outward world, and with outward circumstances, and with all that can affect him through his sensuous nature. And our Father who hath so made us, and who knows our frame, provides for those wants in subordination to higher ones, and gives us all things richly to enjoy. But man is more than body. He is soul—he is spirit. He himself as a person is greater than all *things*. And therefore man, the immortal responsible being, man made after God's image—man the son of God, and heir of God, and joint heir with Christ, does not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

Our Lord's reply, to see its force, requires a little further thought. "Every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of



good" is a Hebrew phrase to express "everything that God appoints," or "arranges." What a deep and significant truth is this! It is the full recognition of God's Fatherhood. It assumes that every appointment of God is wise and loving; and asserts accordingly that a man's life, that which is his *being*, and abiding life and happiness, cannot consist in *opposing* such appointments of his Father, or in trying to get free from them as from chains and fetters; but must consist in a meek acquiescence in them, in trusting, and sympathising with a Father's will as revealed in them, and thus by the inner chemistry of love converting them into food wherewith to nourish the life of the spirit. Our Lord, therefore, as a man, takes his stand upon a principle so broad and comprehensive as to include every possible appointment of God—so that whatever the arrangements of his wise and fatherly government may be—however varied, however trying to flesh and blood, however mysterious and incomprehensible with reference to his universal plan, yet that plan is perfect in every part, each person may rely with unbounded confidence on God, knowing that he may, out of all, receive life more abundantly to his spirit, provided only he will first as a son have true life in God Himself. With such life as this in God, the God of providence, the Governor of the world, the wise Disposer of all things, no man can ever be in any wilderness where no life can be found, for God is there! The universe thus becomes an Eden to his child! God has so adjusted all circumstances with reference to him as a well-beloved son in Christ, that all things appointed *about* prove the means of promoting his higher nature, enabling him to bring forth more fruit to his glory. For a soul in which the spirit of love thus dwells as its life is like a living plant that gathers to itself strength and beauty from all the varied surroundings—from darkness and light, from storm and calm, from cold and heat, from drought and moisture, from the solid earth, and from the viewless air: all must contribute to its growth and fruitfulness. But the soul which loses its life becomes like a plant whose sap has ceased to flow; so that the very things which, while it lived, worked together for its good, now that it is dead, work together for its destruction, and turn it into the corruption of the grave.

This principle—so elevating and sublime, so heavenly, yet of such practical power for us while dealing with earthly things, is often depicted in Scripture, as when it is said,

"A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth;" "All things work together for the good of those who love God;" "All things are yours, for ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

And we find the same principle illustrated in history, and in the lives of good men. Job learned the lesson of living by faith in God alone when he said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." David learned it when he said, "There be many that say, Who will show us any good? Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us! Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time their corn and their wine increased." The prophet Habakkuk learned it when he declared, "Although the fig tree shall not flourish, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." Hezekiah learned it when, after recovering from the sickness which brought him to the gates of death, he thus prayed to God, "What shall I say? He hath both spoken unto me, and Himself hath done it. O Lord, *by all these things do men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit.*"

And have not all who have thus trusted God found it to be true in their own experience, that in all his appointments they could find life? Whether He appointed them a palace or a hovel, health or sickness, riches or poverty, their living souls drew a better health from all the varied outward vicissitudes of time; that they possessed a life which was hid from the world with Christ in God. Oh! how many holy and happy ones have thus learned of Christ:—the meek one dying from slow decline; the agonized one suffering from excruciating pain; the father or mother bravely fighting life's battle in the cold and bleak day; the bereaved orphans or widows, without relations, money, or health; this one with honourable ambition never to be realised; that other with the object of a deep attachment, part of his very being, buried in the grave, or in some way gone for ever; each and all suffering, walking in darkness, which no light from earth can pierce—nothing left, as it were, but God! But they found that He alone was more than all persons and all things; and that to know Him was life eternal; and that verily man, as a Son, a beloved Son, does not live by bread only, but by all that his Father appoints.

But what of the discontented and peevish, the complainers against God and man, who are kept quiet only as mere animals are by being fed; whose whole life is in outward things,—health, wealth, amusement, business, pleasure, society, and the like,—who seem to deny the very possibility of any one possessing peace without these;—who justify impatience, discontent, despondency, wickedness, or despair, if their wants are not supplied, or their desires gratified? What do all such confess but that they believe with Satan that man lives by bread only, and by those appointments only of God which are agreeable to flesh and blood? Whatever other loss these may incur hereafter, they must incur the loss of their names from the roll of the noble army of martyrs gathered from all lands and all ages! This is a glory they will never share. Let us beware then lest the adversary get the advantage over us. For this very temptation has led multitudes to the ruin of soul and body. It has led to many a suicide. How often has the old serpent suggested this short method of getting quit of the wilderness, and the hunger, and the wild beasts, instead of a meek submission to God's will! And so the precious talent of life has been squandered—the opportunity of doing good lost—the last act being a testimony of lost faith in God, and of rebellion against his appointments. No doubt this terrible act is generally the effect of temporary insanity—an insanity that may be a mysterious infliction, through hereditary disease, for which the poor sufferer is in no way responsible, any more than for the delirium of fever. But may not the condition of mind which produces suicide be often traced to bad habits, and to the neglect of religious principle during previous years, so that when the wilderness comes, and the hunger, and the distress, no God is known, or loved, or trusted; and the mind wanting this light wanders in darkness, and without this hope falls into despair, and without this strength perishes in weakness! Oh! how many souls would be saved from that habitual state of spirit which produces at last a diseased body, and a diseased mind, if they ceased from practical atheism, and cultivated a spirit of faith in God as their

Father, and perilled their soul upon the blessed principle which the Man of Sorrows unfolded, and on which He acted:—"Man shall not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God!"

And this want of faith too in a living God has also tempted many to escape from poverty by dishonest means. They dare not be poor as Jesus Christ was, and refuse to dwell in a wilderness with God—they prefer a palace without Him, even if built up with the wages of dishonesty and sin. During a famine in Germany, some who insisted on obtaining bread by violence justified themselves, saying: "You know we *must* live." "I don't know that," said Luther bravely, "but I know we must be honest."

How much wicked sentimentalism, too, has been uttered with reference to young women working for small wages, taking to evil ways for their support, as if their difficulties justified them in becoming slaves to the devil and his vilest agents in destroying others! Unless God provides them with food in the wilderness, they must cast off his authority and supply it in their own way or in Satan's way!

Lastly, we should observe that Jesus, neither in the wilderness nor during his life, ever used his supernatural powers to supply any of his own wants or the wants of his Apostles. This grand principle holds true with reference to the exercise of the same powers by every servant of God who possessed them, in any age of the world and in any period of the history of the Church. These were never used for mere personal or selfish purposes—never made the means of escape from sufferings or duties imposed by God, but were in every case made directly or indirectly to advance the kingdom of God, as "righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." From a holy and loving God these powers came; they revealed Him; in his name they were used; and to Him they returned in the spiritual good which they occasioned. Jesus thus accepted and lived this principle, that "man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."







## LOVE.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY GRACE."

## SCENE I.

CYRIL. BERTHA.

(BERTHA sings.)

FILM after film the distance lies  
 Away from our pursuing eyes,  
 Till, having sweetly pondered through  
 Each lovely change of light and hue,  
 They rest upon the final blue.

I'd after fold the bud receives  
 Summer's soft fire among its leaves,  
 The message touches one by one,  
 They thrill, they heave, with life begun,  
 Till all be open to the sun.

So perces life, while hour by hour  
 The slow heart opens like a flower;  
 So spread the lights and shadows of love  
 For eyes which, lingering while they move,  
 Pause not until they pass above.

Cyrl. Was that the song?  
 Bertha. Do you forget so soon?  
 I sang it when I saw you first, and you  
 So list'ning with the silence of your eyes  
 That I sang all in you. I little dreamed  
 You were afar, pursuing some swift thought,  
 And my poor music only fanned your ears,  
 Passing your busy heart.

Cyrl. You sang for me?

Through all the notes I only heard yourself,  
 Sweeter than music's soul; I do not know  
 One note. I know the voice—sung by another  
 It is another song.

Bertha. Seems it so now?

Alas! I fear the dew has died from it;  
 The gem is but a grass-flower! Seems it so?

Cyrl. Look at me! Are you Bertha?

Bertha. Look at me.

Cyrl. I cannot see the half of all I love;  
 Dazed by its presence, I must glance aside  
 Like men who watch for mighty stars—or wait  
 Till some reflected calm of memory  
 Makes contemplation possible.

Bertha. You mock me

With such sonorous love; unlike yourself;  
 I hate professions—poor as showers of gold  
 Flung in the lap are poor to her who waits  
 For one soft touch from one beloved hand.

Cyrl. Dear, when you doubt, must I not needs  
 profess?

We play with our untroubled certainties  
 Like children who, familiar with their tasks,  
 Pretend a coaxing ignorance, to catch  
 The smile of wonder when the words ring out.

Bertha. Am I so certain?

Cyrl.

You have vexed me now,  
 Bertha. Nay, but that daily miracle, your love  
 Bewilders me. If I could find a cause  
 Why you should choose me, I were more content;  
 But in me there is only simpleness,  
 And such sufficiency of tender thoughts

\* See "Choice," p. 324. GOOD WORDS for 1899; and  
 "Work," p. 100. GOOD WORDS for 1900.

As make me happy when I look at you,  
 But give you nothing. When I see you walk  
 Like a swift angel up the steep of fire,  
 My heart longs after you to call you back,  
 Fearing the pain. I know that pain is good,  
 And you are strong, and God is pitiful,  
 Grieved with our griefs; and yet I shrink for you  
 (I fancy I could bear it for myself);  
 And though I pray to cling about your feet,  
 Going up with you so, healing your wounds  
 With my weak hands, or by some special grace,  
 Taking sometimes a hurt instead of you,  
 Yet is this living earth so sweet to me  
 That if a flower dies I am sorrowful,  
 And all sea-moonlights or processioned clouds,  
 Or flash and shadow blown about the grass,  
 Or depths of summer in the nested woods,  
 Motions of birds and sounds of shaken leaves,  
 Perplex and satisfy me with delight;  
 Therefore I fear I am not made for you,  
 Not an helpmeet for you; it breaks my heart  
 To think that you will see me as I am,  
 And turn away; yet if I bring you down,  
 Or merely do not help you as I might,  
 As your wife should, as I would were I fit  
 To be your wife, then I am bound to wish  
 That you may shake me from you while you mount,  
 Then I am bound—O! tell me, am I bound  
 To take the task upon my faulty self,  
 Who never should have held you, and set free  
 Your soul to seek its throne?

*Cyril.* Have you confessed?  
 Are these your sins? O! when I think of heaven,  
 I see you with a lily in your hand  
 Walk softly through the gates, with robe unstirred,  
 And all the morning calmness on your cheeks.  
 I would not sting your tender soul with praise:  
 Hear only this—that, when I yield, you are  
 My strength, and when I conquer, my delight;  
 Hope when I faint, refreshment when I fail,  
 Day to my doubting footsteps everywhere,  
 Whether I die or live, my truest life.  
 Beside me, that sweet current of your thoughts  
 Flows like a river by a toilsome road,  
 Where weary feet and dust-bewildered eyes  
 Pause and are comforted. Were it not too bold,  
 I'd think your soul was made for serving mine,  
 Apt for its utmost needs; yet I were blest  
 If I could spend myself in serving you  
 Who need me not, for even these gracious tears  
 Which your quick conscience trembles at, are strength  
 To him who feels "What matter if I die?"  
 There is no pain since Bertha weeps for me!"

*Bertha.* Unkind, to take your comfort from my tears!  
 Why do you talk of death?

*Cyril.* Death is life's servant.  
 It follows us, close, faithful, vigilant,  
 Plucks out, if we receive that ministry,  
 At every step some thorn or stain of life;  
 Takes off the mask of sin, that we may see  
 What 'tis that tempts us; and with ready breast  
 Pillows us when the warfare is complete,  
 When we want rest.

*Bertha.* And parts us. Could we go  
 Together to that beautiful new world  
 Which we believe in, death would seem to me  
 Like a soft call into some fairer room  
 Where we may look at wonders. But it parts us.  
 O! Cyril, can you bear it?

*Cyril.* There you touch me;  
 I know not how we came to such a theme;  
 Press it no further.

*Bertha.* Why do you clasp me so?  
 Why are you pale?

XII—18

*Cyril.* I cannot tell—a fear:  
 I saw Earth gaping darkly at your feet  
 For one fierce moment.

*Bertha.* 'Tis my turn to chide  
 Myself, not you, for stirring such a fear.  
 O, Cyril! how you love me! I have done  
 With doubts that grow from mine unworthiness.  
 Your love creates what it would find in me:  
 I have no power to lag behind your trust.  
 If you so fear to lose me, I am sure  
 I must be worthy keeping. I have heard  
 A maze of music from three notes unwound,  
 And ever winding back to these three notes,  
 Telling us whence it sprang; so I come back  
 To my sweet secret—"Cyril, how you love me!"  
 And "How you love me, Cyril!"—nothing else—  
 Till all my life grows musical, to frame  
 Fit harmonies round that informing phrase.  
 I wonder— (She stops suddenly.)

*Cyril.* What?  
*Bertha.* It is such foolishness  
 I am ashamed to say it. But I wonder  
 If, when I walk abroad, all people see  
 That glory which began upon my face  
 When you first said you loved me.

*Cyril.* Never doubt  
 'Tis for that cause they turn to look at you  
 More than at women whom I do not love.  
 See, while we trifle, Time leaps on. At four  
 My mother comes. (Holds up his watch.)

*Bertha.* 'Tis kind. Alas, I wish  
 I had such state and practice in the world  
 As she desires! If she but pardons me  
 For stealing this her jewel from the hand  
 She meant it for, I'll so entangle her  
 With harmless guile, that she must yield at last,  
 And love me ere I let her go.

*Cyril.* She comes  
 To love you. True, she questioned you, unseen;  
 She had a scheme which flourished like a flower,  
 And, when she found it rootless, yours the blame;  
 But, knowing that my heart is fixed, she comes  
 To grace, not judge you—though to such as you  
 The stricter judgment brings the surer grace.  
 You must not fear her.

*Bertha.* Nay, I fear her not.  
 How should I fear your mother? She must be  
 Tender and wise, with thoughts that cannot wound  
 A safe heart lying quietly in your hand.

*Cyril.* That's bravely said. Yet, dearest, yet I see  
 An unfamiliar crimson in your cheek,  
 Like a white rose at sunset; do not wrong  
 Yourself or her by one uneasy pang;  
 Make your whole heart a welcome.

*Bertha.* So it is:  
 I fear myself a little, but not her.  
 Whence these unwarrantable blushes come  
 I know not. Would it were to-morrow!

*Cyril.* Why  
 Hurry the gentle hours that are so fair?  
 I would keep each for ever, did I not see  
 The smile of the new-comer.

*Bertha.* 'Tis my way  
 To think remembrance sweeter than possession.  
 When you are by (nay, look not grave, I am blest  
 When you are by), yet is my heart so full  
 That if I catch a pause between the beats,  
 I find I long for evening, for a calm  
 To ponder all the secrets of your face,  
 And tell myself the tender things you looked,  
 And count the precious words which came like shocks,  
 So that I could not hear how kind they were.  
 I tremble in the strong grasp of "To-day,"  
 Like a caught bird, which sings not in your hand,



But if you lose it, on the nearest tree  
I'll draw the vigorous gratitude.

*Cyril.* A plea  
So lively, that it only seems to say,  
"Take me again! I am here!"

*Bertha.* Take me again,  
And I am again, for if you take me not,  
Death, desolate, and free, I can but die  
For want of home.

*Cyril.* My bird, my child, my darling,  
Why do you put such pathos in your face  
That all the splendour of my happiness  
Is seen through tears? You were not thus before.  
You say the very words I long to hear,  
You touch me with the glory of your hand;  
But those appealing eyes go through my heart,  
Which shiver like a harp-string, fit to break  
With its own music.

*Bertha.* Well, I am to blame;  
Let me not shake you—talk of something else;  
It is my birthday, and we should be gay.  
See, your ring glitters!

*Cyril.* For your birthday, love,  
The sweetest gift is that new daughterhood  
Which now begins.

*Bertha.* I do desire it much.

## SCENE II.

*Enter MARKHAM.*

*Cyril.* Come in good time! I have a lady here  
So timid, that two heroes like ourselves  
Are scarce enough to cheer her.

*Bertha.* Do not say so,  
I shall be scorned.

*Markham.* No tongue but yours would dare  
To couple scorn with your sweet name; for that  
I hold you brave; and for the rest, your fears  
Shall fly before a woman's gentle face  
For you can draw them. Two are on the way  
To bring you courage.

*Bertha.* Two?

*Markham.* With your new mother  
(*Seeing you shall find her*) a new sister comes,  
To try to win you—nay, there's no escape;  
At the first summons you must strike your flag,  
And let them fix your fetters.

*Cyril.* You bring news.  
Come, I stand with my mother? That is kind.

*Markham (to BERTHA).* Shall I be pardoned if I  
tell you bluntly

I never saw you look so well?

*Cyril (looking at her).* I think  
I like the lilies better.

*Markham.* You can choose.

And thus he gives you valour!

*Bertha.* O, believe

I do not feel such reasonable doubt  
As must haunt me if I match myself  
Against the love that chose me. I am forced  
To speak of what I would not. Were I such  
As in their kindly judgment I shall seem,  
I might be sure, but I could not be  
Happier than now.

*Markham.* Be only as you are;  
You cannot mend it. Shall I make you here  
Contented with? You scorned my memory  
A week ago, and now I wish you joy  
On your remembered birthday!

*Bertha.* Are you sure  
You did not hear us talking as you came?

*Markham.* Septic, behold the proof! (*Gives her  
a bracelet.*)

*Bertha.* A miracle,

Which I must kneel to! Cyril, look at it!

I cannot find a language for my thanks.

*Markham (to CYRIL).* Will you not clasp it?  
(*CYRIL clasps the bracelet on her arm.*)

*Bertha.* 'Tis the perfect size!

*Markham.* Do not sit there; the shadow touches  
you.

See, Cyril, when they cross the threshold here

We'll set her like a picture, *jour à gauche*,

And tell them where to stand.

*Bertha.* You make me laugh!

*Cyril.* That is his purpose. I commend him for it.

*Bertha.* Defend me from these mockers! Two at  
once!

SCENE III.—*Enter MRS. VERE and LADY EMMA.*

*Cyril (advancing to them).* See, mother, we are  
ready. Not a word, (*he puts BERTHA'S hand  
into his mother's.*)

But take her, for she will not come to me  
Unless you give her.

*Mrs. Vere (rather ceremoniously to BERTHA).* I am  
glad to see you,

And sorry that your father keeps his room.

*Bertha.* It grieves him that he cannot welcome you.

*Mrs. Vere.* You will not let us miss him. Here,  
you have

A gracious landscape and a kindly hearth—

Two things to make home charming. It is strange

To come upon this pretty calm, so near

The roar of our confusion. I have heard

You lived here always?

*Bertha.* I have still to learn

If there are other places in the world

As tender to my simpleness as this.

*Emma.* I'll help to teach you. Must I name  
myself,

Or do you know me? Cyril, is it right

To make me seem so bold?

*Cyril.* You blame me well;

I have lost all my manners in the deep

Of this long-looked-for joy. If, one by one,

We reach the things we live for, there is time

To ponder them like reasons and be calm.

The man who sees one picture in a day

Takes it to bed among his choicest thoughts,

And in the night beholds it, and at morn

Beholds it still, and grows familiar with it,

Till, seen again, it greets him like a friend,

Telling no news, but coming to his heart

With itself only—so my separate loves

Ruled my soul's leisure—but I go perplexed

About this gallery, scarce discerning yet

Which bright appeal should have its answer first,

Passing where I should pause, at every step

Turning to soothe some beautiful reproach

With tardy homage. (*He takes EMMA'S hand.*)

*Markham (who has remained in the background  
till now).* Your one picture has

Companions, but no rivals.

*Mrs. Vere.* Are you here

To penetrate this poesy with facts?

O keep your friendly office! Cyril needs

A rein—we know it. Ever scaling heights

And scorning valleys, covering half the world

For each neglected mile of beaten road.

*Cyril.* Ay, mother, is my daily waste so great?

Yet are there rocks about my daily path

Which need a stronger blast than poesy!

*Mrs. Vere.* You do not move them; there's the  
sorrow, Cyril.

Your cause lies crushed among them, even the cause

For which you flung away your noble life;

While you go harvesting the fruitless winds

Or triumphing over clouds.

*Cyril.* Not from the ground  
Come the great forces which compel the world;  
We build them out of fire and air, because  
He that would rule earth must first rise above it.  
On our invisible banners stand the words—  
"Life risen and Life hidden."

*Mrs. Vere.* Mystical  
As ever! Now, I wish a Seer would say  
Why some draw changes from the years, and some  
Carry their childhood always. He was yet

(*To BERTHA.*)  
A slender sprite of ten, faced like a girl,  
When, if you grazed him with a doubt, he straight  
Would toss and tangle you in parables  
Till you grew faint.

*Bertha.* Was he so wise a child?

*Cyril.* A pedant in that pre-historic age  
Before the twilight of my beard.

*Markham.* And still  
A pedant—so your mother says—complete  
With all primeval dragon-slaying arms,  
Though now there be no dragons (and what tongue  
Shall certify us of the time and place  
When as the dogma struck, the dragon died?)  
No matter—you can hurl your dogmas still,  
And hope for living dragons! Is it not strange

(*To MRS. VERE.*)  
That all this growing glory of young days  
Which we stood by to watch is rounded thus,  
As if a great tree, breaking out in spring  
With blossom-torrents, there should stay and cease,  
And in the harvest, like a giant flower,  
Wither unfruited?

*Mrs. Vere.* If you speak of Cyril,  
I should know more than you. I find no cause  
To mourn one fruitless promise in his life.  
I think you have not seen his work.

*Markham.* Forgive me!  
I meant to make you bless him unaware.

*Cyril.* Mother and friend, I must beseech you,  
choose

A livelier theme. I am no more a child,  
Called to reluctant stand when strangers come  
To test my growth, or show how like I am  
To some half-uncle in another world  
Whose shadow never touched my thoughts. I hate  
To criticise my own biography,  
Searching myself with hesitating eyes  
To tell which flaws are only in the glass,  
Which in the face it mirrors. Let me rest  
Like a dull book. Now if we talk of Emma,  
The topic has some grace!

*Emma.* I'll not allow it.  
I could not trust my tender qualities  
To such free handling.

*Mrs. Vere.* We seem all adrift.  
Shall we have music? (*To BERTHA.*) I believe you  
sing?

*Bertha (looks at CYRIL).* I must learn better ere I  
sing for you,  
Must I not, Cyril?

*Mrs. Vere.* Nay, I press you not;  
Refuse me if you will. Emma, I think  
Your voice is always ready; let it flow  
To smooth this ruffle of uneasy talk.

*Bertha (distressed).* I did not mean—  
*Emma (kindly).* I will but lead the way,  
Since use has made me bolder. (*Aside to MRS. VERE.*)

O! be kind;  
See how that tide of blushes ebbs and flows  
At every word you speak. I am sorry for her.

*Mrs. Vere.* For him! for him! Why picked he  
from the streets

This shred of homespun?—links of virgin gold  
Were ready for his neck!

*Lady Emma.* For shame!  
*Mrs. Vere.* Enough.

I will constrain myself to courtesy.

*Bertha (aside to CYRIL).* How childish was I not to  
sing at once!

How shall I please her now?

*Cyril.* Sing afterwards.

Be brave—this voice is nothing beside yours!

A dancer's paces on the polished floor

To the airy poise and passage of a nymph  
Across the woods!

*Bertha.* You cannot make me think so,  
But you may think so always if you will.

*Mrs. Vere (aside).* Mark her appeals! That way  
she won him, Emma.

O, to divide this knot!

*Lady Emma.* I will not hear you.

(*She preludes and sings.*)

What have you done with my flower, my flower,

That lay on your breast, so gay, so sweet?

I wore it there for half an hour,

Then I cast it under my feet.

Fade, flower, fade you may

Now, for you have bloomed your day!

What have you done with my ring, my ring,

That clasped your finger, golden and true?

It clung too close, the weary thing,

I have dropped it into the dew.

Break, ring, break you may

Now, for you are cast away!

What have you done with my heart, my heart,

That lay in your hand so safe, so still?

I let it fall in field or mart,

You may look for it if you will.

Die, heart, die you must

Now, for you are in the dust!

*Cyril.* A bitter song! Have you dropped many  
hearts

To whisper all their wrongs about your feet?

You should tread lightly.

*Lady Emma.* 'Tis a woman's song;

This kind of crime is only masculine.

*Cyril.* Indeed!

*Mrs. Vere (to BERTHA).* You do not speak?

*Markham.* Her face speaks for her,

Being full of praise and wonder.

*Bertha.* I could listen

Hours into minutes. Will you sing again?

*Lady Emma.* No, no, your turn is come.

*Markham (to BERTHA).* Then let me choose;

Do me so much of honour—sing for me

That—faith, I cannot name it—which you sang

In the last twilight, and which seemed to us

A murmur from one mourning in the woods

Ere he goes home; when the lamp came, we glanced

To see who had not wept.

*Bertha.* That little ballad?

Bear with it, for the singer and the strain

Are artless both!

(*BERTHA sings.*)

"They came together to see me,"

The old woman said, and sighed;

"One was tall and the other small—

I think the little one died;"

She had a trick of sighing,

And she heeded not what she said;

But O! how could she say to me,

"Is the little one dead?"

For strange to me seemed any doubt

Of that which did betide,



Because the light of my life went out  
When the little one died;  
And every leaf on every tree  
Since then to me has said,  
And will no ever say to me,  
"Is the little one dead?"

And everywhere I see the room  
And all the weeping eyes,  
And I hear the tender, terrible words  
While the little one dies;  
And everywhere I feel the blank  
With empty arms outspread,  
Till I would give all those that live  
For my little one dead.

And if I hear that one is sick,  
I shrink and turn aside,  
Ever I fear that death is near,  
Because my little one died;  
And if I hear that one grows well,  
I lift a cruel cry,  
"Why, O why, should any get well,  
And just my little one die?"

And through my heart the word went down,  
There ever to abide,  
Why, O why, am I alive  
Since my little one died?  
While, with her trick of sighing,  
Again the old woman said,  
"One was tall, and the other small—  
Is the little one dead?"

*Mrs. Vere.* Sweet, but untrained!

*Emma.* A voice like a wild rose.

*Cyril.* O, what a pang of silence follows it!  
Yet, Markham, yet I will not praise your taste.  
Find you a charm in phantasies of pain  
To soothe away the substance of your griefs?  
I ever held that Art should stand by Truth,  
To draw the secret beauty out of it,  
And show us all we miss; providing us  
With havens and repose, whence, refreshed,  
We go back to our toil. Tears are not Rest;  
I grudge them to my Visions, being sure  
My facts will need them.

*Markham.* Reason goes with you;

But I, who shudder at the depths, can play  
Among the shallows.

*John Vere.* Time demands us now;  
tell youma. (To BERTHA.) You must visit me at  
I never fail.

*Cyril.* *Veronica*, do spare, or shall we fix

I like the lines better.

*Veronica.* Ev, mother, you forget  
And thus he gives you value he grows? the shade.

*Bertie.* my summons crossed

I do but feel such reasonable doubt,  
As must be set me if I match myself able,  
Against the love that chose me. I am  
To speak of what I would not. Were hope  
As in their kindly judgment I shall seem,  
I might be over, but I could not be  
Happier than now.

*Veronica.* Be only as you are;  
You cannot mend it. Shall I make you here "  
Content a fault? You seemed my memory (BETHA.)  
A week ago, and now I wish you joy  
On your remembered birthday!

*Bertie.* Are you sure me  
You did not hear us talking as you came? (RE.)

*Markham.* See, behold the proof! (Gives  
a bracelet.)

*Bertie.* A mira

This kiss as warrant. (*Kisses her, and exit following*  
MRS. VERE.)

*Cyril* (to BERTHA). Look not sad, my love!

*Bertie.* You did not like my song.

*Cyril.* Child, is that all? (*Exit MARKHAM.*)

That wound finds speedy healing. All the while  
It seemed as if you sang about yourself,  
And that soft wailing for the little one  
Came back and back again to trouble me,  
Like some light haunting pain, the seed of death,  
Till, angry with unreasonable fears,  
I blamed the strain. But, for the rest, it was  
Too precious, like a picture in the street,  
Which we would cover from the wind and dust,  
Or chill of eyes neglectful. Are you healed?

*Bertie.* Ay, with a word.

*Re-enter MARKHAM.*

*Markham.* Now thank me, for I did  
Your office nobly, and devised excuses  
(At least a dozen) why you did it not.

*Bertie.* Alas! I fear I am to blame for this.

*Markham.* You were the sole excuse I did not name.  
How have you fared? Come, tell us, will you call  
Your terrors treason?

*Cyril.* Do not press her now,  
She is weary.

*Markham.* Ah, you should be satisfied.  
The lilies that you missed are here again.

*Bertie.* Am I so pale?

*Cyril.* White as a dream of angels.

*Bertie.* I'll rest.

*Cyril.* And so farewell. At evening time  
I will return. (*Exit CYRIL and MARKHAM.*)

*Bertie.* O yes, at evening time!  
But never since I knew of waning lights  
Have I so longed for evening. When it comes  
I shall be happy. What a thankless soul!

Now will I set my joy before my soul,  
And so compel it into happiness.

First, then, he loves me; next—but no, there is  
No second to the first; it covers all.

I'll think of it before I fall asleep,  
That all my dreams may be astir with hope  
Of bright awakening. If his mother grieves  
That he should look so low, I blame her not;

Yet am I sure of something in myself  
Which answers and aspires to what he is.  
And if on that sweet upward slope of Time  
At which I gaze, she sees me by his side,

Giving such comfort as a woman may  
To him who loves her, she will pardon me.

But shall I walk beside him? I am tired,  
And all the future seems too difficult.

Only at evening time, when there is light,  
Shall the way soften, and the distance charm.

Good night, my love. Come back at evening time.

(*She lies down on a couch and sleeps.*)

(*After a pause re-enter CYRIL.*)

*Cyril.* Now steadfast day, before she meets the  
night,

Stands still and tries her strength; not soon to yield  
Her fair defences, but with many a charge

Into the shadows, many a shining pause  
On cloud or mountain vantage, where she waves

Banners of gold and ranges scarlet plumes  
For last encounters, beaten inch by inch

With drifts of gloom and passages of wind  
And mustering of dark multitudes, at last

To fall like a good soldier at his post,  
O'ermastered, but not conquered. I am come

Before my time. The dumb sting of a thought  
Compels me, though I scorn it. I must see

That face, which is my only face on earth,  
Smile once and scatter all my haunting sighs.

Why did she sing that song? (*He perceives BERTHA.*)  
O, here she sleeps!

As tranquil and as easily disturbed  
As light on summer water. Shall I touch her  
To her sweet life again? I am a coward  
Before this semblance. When upon my knees  
Daily I offer her to God, my heart  
Condemns itself for falsehood, knowing not  
If it could give her, praying that its prayer  
Turn not to sin. How motionless she lies!  
That curve of golden hair across her neck  
Is still as sculpture, and the white hand drops  
Like a forgotten lily, when no breeze  
Ruffles the lawn. Her face is very calm.  
She looks at something blessed in her dreams,  
And these shut eyes are satisfied. I think  
I could not wake her if the lightest care,  
The faint first whisper of uneasy thought,  
Awaited her. One shred of passing mist  
Shows like a storm upon a cloudless sky;—  
But out of the contentment of this sleep  
I rouse her into fuller joy. So thus!

(*He kisses her forehead and starts back.*)

Ah! that was cold! Awake, my love. I know  
The music of my name upon your lips  
Will sound in a moment. You are pausing now  
Before you smile. Then, for the first time, here!

(*Kisses her lips.*)

Ice to me! Where's your hand? Cold too! Move,  
speak!

Are all things dumb, or did I hear a scream  
Out of the distance? What has fallen upon me?  
Madness? O grant it madness, and not death!  
Not this death! But I know it now! Help! help!  
She cannot be so far away from life  
Without farewell! There must be time! My Bertha,  
Do you jest with me? Open your sweet eyes!  
O, Bertha, Bertha! (*Throws himself on the body.*)

Enter MARKHAM.

Markham. What a cry was there!  
O, Cyril, Cyril, has your God done this?

(*Stands still, appalled.*)

Cyril (*rising from the body*). I think I have not  
seen your face before,  
But you seem pitiful. Look here for me.  
You weep, and cannot! I am blind myself.  
Will no man give a name to this cold sleep?  
Tell me the truth—Friend, is there hope?

Markham. No, no!  
Alas, she's dead!

Cyril. You must not touch her hand,  
It's mine; and she—not she, but all I have  
Instead of her—friend, for I know you now,

I was to-day the richest soul on earth,—  
You saw me so. What have I now?—My world  
Narrowed to—this! An empty garment, friend.  
I cannot, as some do, look calmly at it,  
And ask you if it is not beautiful.  
I cannot cast it from me; there it lies—  
My darkness and my poverty lie there.  
What shall I do?

Markham. How shall I speak to you?  
It is too soon for comfort,—but Time lives  
While all things die, and Time will comfort you.

Cyril. Time lives, and I must live again in Time.  
The certainty is on me that I must;  
I am afraid of it! There are the streets  
Where I shall walk—the men that I shall meet—  
The things that I shall do; but, in the midst,  
Or in the hollow times that look like rest,  
Suddenly I shall feel her in my arms,  
And all I see or hear shall fall from me  
Like cold mists from a climber, leaving me  
Alone upon the summit of my grief—  
Then most alone when I am most with her,  
Who was the sweetest company on earth.  
O for an endless cloister!

Markham. If my pity—  
Nay, if my wrath could aid you, they are yours.  
Why are we cast so helpless into life,  
To suffer what we would not? Either God  
Rules not at all, and then he is not God,  
Or if He rule the world, He is not good—  
Because He makes it vile and miserable—  
Vile to the vile, and dreadful to the good,  
Who serve Him to no purpose.

Cyril. O, be dumb!  
Her angel's here already, and is grieved.  
Henceforth I go to meet that touch of God  
Which we call death, and when upon my way  
I faint or shrink, or falter among men,  
Suddenly I shall feel her in my arms,  
And all mean thoughts shall drop away from me.  
The cloud shall cease, the trouble shall be calm,  
The future shall possess me (having lost  
All else), till mantled in that coming light  
Which dwarfs and dims the distances of earth,  
Crowned with unconscious conquests, which she wins,  
I reach the perfect Presence where she waits.  
This, friend, is what my God has done for me,—  
I'll own it though I die.

(*Enter MRS. VERE. She falls on CYRIL'S neck.*)  
Mrs. Vere. O, my dear son,

I know your trial is hard.  
Cyril. Alas, my mother!  
Yours is still harder. You missed loving her!

## "QUEER JEAN."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PEASANT LIFE IN THE NORTH."

TWO PARTS.—II.

SIN brings sorrow not only to the individual sinner, his errors react on all around him, falling with heaviest reflux on those nearest to him. Especially so it is when the sinner is young, still of the home-group, which fills the poor heart of father and mother with anxious love. Thus it was that on the morrow of that night of grief which revealed to them that their daughter, their

Jean, so long their quiet comfort, if not pride, was weak, even wicked, the old soldier and his wife sat moodily at their cottage hearth, sighing much, groaning greatly, eating not at all. "If we haed buried her whan a bairnie, it wad hae been noucht at a' by this," said the father. "I cud aisily hae followed her corpse a month syn, better nor ken she is leevin' the day." The mother sighed



and spoke not. She was not sure that her girl was of the living.

The veteran spake no word of regret for the hard mandate that had sent her from her home. Yet, perhaps, if he had had it to say again, he would not have uttered it. It was a sore day for the parents. Then, at noon, there came in a sister-worker, asking "Whaur's Jean? She's no been oot the day."

"She's no here," the old man answered slowly.

"Weel, whaur is she? I maun tell the grieve!"

"She's no here, I tell ye," he fiercely spoke back. "I'm no her keeper! I keepit her ower lang. Gang awa!"

Poor father! he would no longer claim his crring child; and for many days neither father nor mother quitted the distressful hearth. Christmas and New-Year day came, and still they stirred not, nor brewed the jugful of punch, nor cooked the "bomb-shell" mutton dumpling with which they used to celebrate those festive days.

Indeed, they might well forego the punch-jug, for now they were fully aware of Ned's frequent intoxication. Sorrowfully the mother must sit up waiting the home-coming of the reckless youth. "Weel, weel, puir auldither!" the weary mother often said, "we maun gae beverin an' murnin' till oor graves! There's little pleasure o' this side o' it for us, I am feart." They were sad and weary these two old folk.

The father went not forth till the 6th of January, when he must go to receive his pension, and, contrary to his wont, he returned alone. He could not ask one of his old veteran cronies to come with him to his unhappy home. Yet it did him good thus to be forced out, for he found that his poor little world, which he fancied was pointing the finger of scorn, or of shame, or of pity at him, was but little troubling itself with his grief or shame. Thus his load seemed lighter.

But still their grief abode with them, and I do not wonder. For the home that has known two tiny weans, prattling round the parents' knees—that has been their home when the light faces of their youth made glad the daily meals, that has witnessed the gratification of paternal love, and been lighted with paternal hope, fresh trimmed at the outgoing and incoming of the young folk, surely that home must be black with sadness when the parents crouch at the fireside disconsolate and alone.

So the fishing-rod hung in the cobwebs,

for unhappiness caused neglect of appearances, even when the bright May days brought the leaping trouts to the river surface. The old man could not fish, he could not stroll about. What pleasure in such things could the father take, whose finny spoils used once to awake such innocent glee? Ever yearned his old heart within him for a joy departed, for something of gladness gone out of his poor life. Yet would he not own the aching void at his heart. Perhaps, as is often the way in such things, he inquired not what ailed him, thought it was only sorrowing anger, whilst greatly it was the extinction of his love and hope. As for the poor mother, alas! she knew what she ailed and longed for; but cowering on the wee stool at the fireside, she bore her longing in silence, breaking the silence only by her many sighs. "Whate'er haes com' o' her?" was ever the one thing at the mother's heart.

But the year went by, as years will do, and towards its close the improvident Ned said boldly to his parents, "I'm gaein' tae get married."

"Mairried, boy!" cried they. "What wae ye hae ye for a wife? Ye dinna keep yersel'. Ye're daft!"

"Weel," said he, "if ye dinna gang in wi' it, I'm aff till the sodgers."

They dared not gainsay him, for the veteran dreaded the army with a horror strange in one who had spent his best days in it. He was their only son, you know, now their only child. They could not think of losing him. Still must they think of this most reckless proposal as the reckless thing it was; and they bent their old heads even while they answered him. But he went away, and made himself half tipsy, and when he must leave his lass at night, he went to sleep in his stable, so that the parents might fully realise the hazard of losing him wholly.

At evening a neighbour came in, no doubt, of purpose to tell them the gossip which so concerned them, for visitors were rare at the pensioner's hearth. The girl their Ned was to marry was Jean Lamont, "the new waiter lass" at the inn. "Ye ken she cam' only at the Mairtmas. Sae she's maid it up unco quick and clever." And when the parents expressed their doubts of her, as a stranger, and because she hastened in this matter, their friend very frankly stated her opinion. "Deed, ye see, she canna be muckle warth whan she'd tak' the lik' o' him."

"Surely, faither, he'll hear raison! Surely ye can bring the lad oot o' sic folly!" said the

agitated mother. And the father would do what he could to that end; and they sat up waiting for the youth's return; but, as you know, at midnight he was snoring in a stall. When then he came not, sadly they crept to bed, lying wakefully, however, through the restless morning hours. Fear filled their old hearts. Had he gone off as he threatened? Were they really left childless in their drear old age? Thus in unrest, they tossed about through the long morning hours, the howling hours of this December morning. And a bitter memory they have of December, for just a year ago they had lost a child. "Un-easy lies the head that wears a crown." Chaff bolsters are woefully interperced with thorns.

In their unrest they spoke of their lad. Ned had much need of being weighted and steadied. Might not marriage bring him to that state of mind and heart so much to be desired? "But wha's tae feed them, if he cairries on as he's daean'? Gude kens, oor bit is scant enoo as we be." And this was too true; for Ned gave never a penny towards the housekeeping, and a shilling a day goes for little, expend it cannily as you may. Yet any change that gave them a hope, however feeble, of escape from their misery, was preferable to the evil that encompassed them, and they resolved to welcome Ned's marriage and his wife, if he should be restored to them.

At five of the morning the father got up, with his heart resolved on this peace and welcome, and went forth to seek his son. The bleared moon shone wearily, as it does of mornings, in the rifted heaven, while the old man wandered up and down the village, catching and hurrying towards each early footstep, going again and yet again into the cottage to tell, "I hae na seen him." It was grey light, eight o'clock, when he found him at his stable work, and blessed God and was thankful to see him once more.

On the 11th of January, in the week following "pension-day," the pension money was largely used up to provide a feast for the marriage of the pensioner's son. Not many were bidden. An old veteran, who was a bachelor, came six miles from the uplands; another old man came with his son and daughter. There were two horsey friends of the bridegroom, resplendent in flash waist-coats and corded garments fitting tight to their limbs; a maid from the inn, and a girl friend of the bride's, who came no one knew whence. Indeed, the whole arrangement greatly shocked our little community; for in the ordinary case the marriages of the villagers

were celebrated in a public way and place. The "best man," and some other friend, devoted a day or two to canvassing the village and the district around, as far as the parties were known, inviting all and sundry to the festival. Then, the householders who accepted "the call," some even who did not avail themselves of it, sent of their stores to the home of the bride, or wherever the feast was to be held—meal, butter, cheese, whiskey, and so forth, as each might have convenient. And when the dancing was briskest and the company warm, the "best man" made the circuit of the floor, cap in hand, and levied a money contribution from the men, and he was "nae man at a'" who failed to contribute. Thus, the guests, in fact, defrayed the charges of their entertainment, sometimes leaving a surplus of provisions and money for the start in life of the new-married pair. Whereas, here was "pensioner Cammil" breaking through all rule, outraging the legitimate expectation of his neighbours of dancing, and whiskey, and cakes, "keepin' his waddin' till himself," and bearing the whole charges of it.

"Gudeness kens!" said the neighbours, "they hae muckle raison tae set aboon their equals! They wadna lik' their dochter and her wean, that'll be there, nae doot, to be seen o' dacent folk. The puir chiel, Ned!—he'll sune be drunk as blazes! Auld Cammil is richt tae keep his hoose dark for the richt."

But the wedding guests ate of the pensioner's feast, and pledged the young couple from the punch-jug; and the old bachelor scraped on his violin, and "the party" had a dance. And a semblance of pleasure once again seemed to light up the poor cottage. The bride certainly was not much to be praised either for face or figure, but the mother-in-law was resolute to accept her kindly for her son's sake; and, mind you, her name was Jean, a name dear to the cottage, sweet in the mother's mouth. "Oh, me! what but the Lord may be tae mak' us up for the loss o' oor ain puir lass!"

And notwithstanding the evil croakings and hopes of the villagers, a pleasant change came over Ned. No longer did he neglect his meals, no longer tarry late over the gill-stoup; but every sixpence he won was brought home to wife and mother. So new peace and hope filled the old hearts again, and they forgot their sorrows of other days as tranquillity and fulness were confirmed to them in the spring. The young wife, too, was not unhandy, was of an easy, pliant dis-



position, which readily adapted itself to the family modes and ways. Thus the name "Jean" once more became a home word, falling pleasantly from the lips of father and mother, with much of the old accent and somewhat of the old feeling.

No, they never mentioned the poor wanderer. She had become to them much as one who had gone to her grave prematurely and with bitterness in her death. Ned, no doubt, had a lively recollection of her; for a day or two after his marriage, some one, "speirin' the partik'lars" of the festivity,

asked him if it was true that his sister and her wean had come home. Thereupon, greatly irritated with his interrogator, he swore wildly against his sister. "She kens she needna come seekin' hame there. If she's on airth, she kens better nor tae faice me!"

How light great sorrows seem when they are more than twelve months old, especially when new sources of pleasure have been found! Thus, in the April days, when the fitful breezes were rippling the pools, and fitful shadows played over the streams, the



Page 279.

old rod came down from its cobwebs, and the reel out of its long resting-place, the cupboard, and again the river bank and river saw the pensioner, more bent than of yore, I dare say thinner too, but still striving to win pleasure and a dish of trout 'twixt sheen and shadow on the water.

The old bridge spans the Alkie at the Haugh-craig; and down below the bridge is a deep pool, and on the steep banks the hazel and the rowan-tree crowd on each other, jostle and beat one another when the wind sweeps down the glens and soughs out beneath the lofty bridge. It was the summer

term day, and many changes were being wrought out on the lives of the country-side. But no change was at work in the pensioner's household, and there was he on a rock which jutted out into the river, clear of the hazels and the lower abutment of the bridge. The trout were biting freely, and already he had half-a-dozen in his canvas-bag, and dexterously, in the sunshine, he swept his line into the air, and gently it fell back on the pool, as lightly as a snow-flake might fall, scarce rippling the surface where the shadow of the southern bank lay on the water. His eye followed his line as arm and rod moved



upwards. Once he thus chanced to glance, and his eye caught the bridge wall far up, and there his gaze got fixed; for staring down at him from the parapet was the face of a woman, and at first he thought it was the face of his wandering daughter.

He thought it was his daughter, the poor lost Jean. But if it was, then the face was greatly altered. He had no time to note how it was altered; for as soon as he caught sight of it, the face was withdrawn. Then he became aware that his rod point was dipping in the stream. He raised it, and tried

to go on with his fishing; but the vision had destroyed the mental quiet needed for his pursuit, and nervously he twitched the line, and the flies fell with a splash. To what end was he thus disturbed by the recollection of his daughter's face? It had so gone away from him, that he felt no yearning for its return. Emotion at thought of her was quiet, if not dead; for now thought of her was little or not at all. Yet, certainly, he was disturbed, so much that he abandoned his pleasure, reeled up his line, unfixed his rod, and betook him to his home.



Page 270.

By-and-by, Ned came in for supper, and they gathered together round the evening meal, which the old man blessed and gave thanks for. And as they spoke, the sire told of the face that had looked upon him, and sent him from the river. "Ah me!" said the mother, "wha kens but oor een may see her yet, gin the Lord haes spaired the puir bit lass!" The father responded not; but Ned made answer that his eyes, at least, would not look on the black jaud with pleasure. She had given him too many red faces for that. She might come when she liked: in there she would not win. His voice was

loud, and his mother was silent before him who now in some wise was the hope and holdfast of the cottage.

They had supped, and Ned was standing on the floor, about to go his ways to feed and bed his beasts, when the door of the cottage room opened, and the daughter of the cottage stood before them. She was not, as in other days, attired in tidy garments. Her raiment was rough and rent and soiled. Her countenance, too, was changed and marred, for the freshness of youth was gone from it, and it was bleared and tawny, and the lustrous eyes were dim. She stood in



the open doorway before father and mother and brother, who saw and yet scarcely noted her weary, sorrowing look, and no voice bade her welcome; at first, no voice reproached her.

Ned first broke the silence—broke it by calling her the vilest name by which woman may be dishonoured, asking how she dared come there.

"It's nae till ye I cam, Ned! I dinna want tae win in. Wae's me for the grief I'm till ye! But let faither spaik tae me. Winna ye forgie me, faither?"

She asked it very sadly. She got no answer, save from his shaking head. The mother saw the tears on her child's face, and turned away that her own might not be seen. When she looked again, the daughter was gone from the trance.

She did not again approach them. They learned that she had found shelter in the back street with an old woman who lived there. In a few days they were told that she had found work on her old employer's farm—work for the half-year; and by-and-by they knew that she would talk with no one, avoided her fellows as much as she might, doing her labour in silence, seeking her home by by-paths, that she might shun all. Alone, as much as she might be, and silently she went on her way, nor joined the gossip of the field gang, nor smiled at the wit with which it sought to lighten labour. Sunday and market-day came, and found her tattered raiment unchanged.

Yet was it matter of much comment that, in her garment soiled and in shreds, she stole, Sunday after Sunday, into an unfrequented pew in the church, in a part afar off, where the thoughtless ones, watching her, sometimes saw her weeping when the preacher spoke most simply of God's love and constancy. It was in those days that they who carelessly regarded her thought that her brain was touched, and called her "Queer Jean." They took up the belief—I don't know how they came by it at all—that she "went wrong" when her baby died. "Gude ken! Maybe she had some pairt in't," they said. Yet all the time it was not her head, but her heart, that was affected. Her poor head only suffered through the heart's woes that oppressed her.

The year ran out till Martinmas was come again, and the pensioner's cottage had fresh show of gladness once more; for, lo! a grandchild was born therein. The old man by the ingle-side brewed him a pitcher-

ful of punch, and all who came were welcome to sip of it, for it was well with both mother and child. And Ned, now a father, was most irrationally elevated by the fact of paternity, and was tempted to call together some of the looser spirits whom he knew about the inn, that they might make merry and be glad at this especial time. So it was that he got badly into liquor, and came home the worse for it, which was not good; but he had been steady for so long that they thought it not much of evil. In the store-shed the working girls said how drunk he was, and "Queer Jean" heard it as she wrought her turnip-cutter. Her comrades saw it vexed her; perhaps, too, they saw a tear; but they laughed not at it and were silent, for they had learned to respect the settled sadness of her ways.

Yet very sad consequences flowed from Ned's aberration. Next day, arising with a headache, he "must hae jist a wee drap tae set him richt." Then, in course of the day, his friends of the previous night came dropping into the stable one by one; and each must "treat" him, so that by night he was well-nigh as bad as on the night before. And while he tarried slumberously in the tap-room, waiting till it was eleven o'clock of the night, when his duties ceased, there came the cry of "Hostler, hostler!" He got up, and, scarcely half awake, he went out and found a commercial traveller in his gig at the door. "Now, lad! look sharp and get the beast under cover from the cold," said the man, dismounting. "Ay, ay, sir," hiccuped Ned in the frosty night air, as he led away the steed. Nearly an hour thereafter the traveller found his beast shivering at the stable-door, and the hostler dead asleep in the stall. There was very properly a great ado about it, ending in Ned's dismissal then and there. Thus was the joy for his first-born converted into grief.

It was enough to turn their mirth into mourning, for the young father had lost his only chance of a livelihood in these parts, and more than enough that then and thus he had lost it. But might not, would not Mrs. Polson take him back, seeing that for so long he had served her well? Would she not give him another chance to win his bread soberly and honestly? I dare say she would have acted in a kindly spirit, and certainly Ned kept up his heart and the hearts of the little household with hope of lenient treatment. But, unfortunately, the cold after a hard drive had "foundered" the traveller's good steed, swelled its pasterns, and loosened its joints and relaxed its whole frame, so that

its owner demanded heavy damages, would not relieve the worthy landlady of the beast, but intimated a law plea. Thus, poor Ned was not recalled to the stables, and dire certification was made to him and the household that he must be answerable for the consequences of his misconduct. So with hanging head he sat at the kitchen fireside, or with idle hands in his breeches pockets, whistled away the hours at the corner of the square, eating meantime the scanty provisions which the father's thirteenthpence a day sufficed to procure.

Again unhappiness and hard times beset the cottage, for Ned grew fretful to parents and wife; even his baby girl had no charm for his wayward, restless nature. In the cold January days, if a gig was bound for Inverwick, the county town, and he could get upon it, away he went, frequently without notice to the household, and sometimes he came not back for days. He was looking for a job, he would say on his return; but somehow no job came of it. Once he went off thus, and came not back again; and when they heard of him thereafter, he was an attested soldier. Great was the grief that arose thereupon. The old couple by the dim ingle bewailed him, crooned over the smouldering hearth with hearts cold with sorrow. "God break hard fortune afore him!" said the father. The women sobbed their responses to the prayer, for much they all feared that the stern and grinding life of a soldier would ill accord with their versatile son.

He was sent to Fort George to learn "the goose step," to be drilled into soldierhood. Two months of the cheerless, hopeless routine of that most desolate of barracks quite broke down the spirit of the lad, and he wrote very miserable letters to his father and his wife. His life was wretched, he said. He was resolved not to bear it for long. Either they must "buy him off" or he would end his days in the Firth that flowed past the silent walls of the spectral fort, or, what was worse, he would desert. His mind was ill-regulated, you see, and would not brook quiet or control.

Young wife and old mother fell a sobbing. Their Ned was sure to be found some morning amid the tangle and seaweed on that joyless beach, which the mother remembered from her own times of soldiering. Indeed, those were terrible days before the father yielded to them, and said he would sell their cottage to redeem their son. But who would buy the poor little house? You would wonder how

readily property of every sort finds a purchaser. Since it had become his own the old man had from time to time spent many a pound on it, fully as much as he had paid for it at the first. It was with a grieved and grudging heart that he looked out for a purchaser. House of woes and mourning, still it was his home, wherein he had seen many happy days, so that even in his present distresses the heart of him clung fast to the old door-jambs, and would not be peaceably evicted.

But a purchaser who seemed kindly, if not liberal, was found. The village merchant would advance twenty-five pounds, taking an absolute disposition to the cottage, but giving a "back letter," to the effect that he would reconvey it to the old man if principal and interest were repaid to him within two years. So the deed was done, and yet so done that the veteran sat still by his old hearth. Through the intervention of the minister his son was discharged and restored to him.

Of course the transaction was greatly gossiped of by the villagers. "Cammil's surely deytit! Sell his hous' tae free sic a son! Pay a score nots tae buy aff sae fine a fella! Weel, he may mak' ready tae bid it gudebye. Auld Grippie 'll hae the richts o' it certain."

To one soul in the village the gossip brought gladness, real gladness, and that was the soul of Queer Jean. What do I say? Just this, that when Jean heard it, the aspect of life changed for her; pleasure in life to which she had long been a stranger once again found her. How was this? She rejoiced not because the tidings meant sorrow in the cottage that disowned her, not because she foresaw her father's inability to redeem the cottage. In lonely isolation, she felt and shared in all the sorrow that befell them. But this special sorrow and inability was her special advantage and silent pleasure. In due time *she* would redeem the home. This was the sunbeam that fell through the mists upon her, gladdening her lone life, giving her an object in living. She spent nought of her money wage save for rent, and thus she had accumulated somewhat already. Now she could count again the one-pound notes, which heretofore she dared not look at, scarcely recollected to have laid by, and each one of them became a precious thing, means and instrument by-and-by to tell the love of father and mother and brother that burned in her weary heart.

Ned was restored to them, and now, in his twenty-first year, he must go learn a trade. He selected that of blacksmith, as somewhat



cognate to his former calling.—cognate, you know, through the shoeing of horses and the tiring of cart-wheels. A great change had been wrought in him by his six months of discipline. No doubt, as the future proved, the recklessness of his nature had not been utterly beaten down and eradicated, although, indeed, it was much crushed. No longer did he look upon life as a thing to be tossed about in boyish pastime. He had ceased to regard youth as an alleviation of wrong-doing, and to give up this hallucination is, I think, a beginning of wisdom. So steadily he toiled away, although his wage was but six shillings a week, and his apprenticeship was to endure for six years; soberly, calmly, cheerfully toiled from week to week, and week after week laid the poor little wages in his mother's hands. It was in August that he began to work, and his father's plan was this. They all should live, as best they might, on the pension, and the apprentice's fees should go to clear off the debt and interest for which the cottage stood impledged.

But still a better change was manifested, when, on an autumn evening, he stood at the door of his poor sister's bothy, for I should have told you that the old woman who had first received Jean therein lay in the kirkyard. "Sister," said he, "wull ye cam' hame? If ye wull, I'll clear the road for paice." "Na!" was all her answer, calmly but distinctly given—given without sign of hope, and he turned away abashed. But how did her heart leap within her at the proposal, anticipating the hour when she, proudly bearing the redemption of her home, would go to her people! And well he might be abashed, for he was the voice that had repulsed her from her father's door; his the hand that with the hot iron of selfish, resentful anger, had seared and burnt her soul.

It is easy even for poverty to get under the millstone of indebtedness. Escape from it is a wondrously hard work. Sometimes many special things will conspire to prevent deliverance, to thwart all efforts towards it. Thus, meal was very dear that year, and the two or three drills of potatoes which the old couple had planted with tears in the spring, were blighted by the blight in autumn. Perhaps, too, they miscalculated the purchasing power of the pension-money, for when it was paid in October, it was mostly pre-engaged. "Skin for skin," said the evil one, "yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life." In the present need the salvation of the home—stead was forgotten, and the son's wages went into the porridge-pot.

Nay, I am wrong, it was not forgotten. How could it be, seeing that at Martinmas the merchant came claiming rent for the past half-year? "If you pay the debt and interest, the rent will, of course, stand you in the reckoning. But, meantime, I am not to take a bare interest on my cash." Two pounds ten he demanded, and thereat the little household was aghast, not comprehending the transaction, seeing only that thus all their hopes of saving were swept away. They had no money wherewith to pay it, and the creditor said they abused his goodness and liberality. He spoke also of his rights as landlord, and of the sheriff-officer. The old soldier was terribly unnerved and shaken by it. He would pay in January, when he got his money, he humbly said. Coldly the rich man turned away, saying that he must secure himself of payment; and the veteran sat down on his stool and cried outright. When with trembling hand he had dried his tears, and stood up, he feebly complained of a sharp pain in his chest. "It gaes doun my airm," he said, raising his left arm while he pressed his right hand on his chest. "I maun lie doun and rest a bit;" and he lay down with the tears in his old eyes on his old and uneasy bed.

Half an hour later, the swarthy blacksmith came in for his supper, and none of them mentioned the new distress that had arisen; but "Gran'father's nae weel the nicht wi' sair pain i' his breist." But the pain itself was gone, and the old man was sitting at the hearth. "I ne'er felt the lik' o' yon pain," he said. "It went dirlin' roun' ma auld hairt, gey unchancey lik'." Too truly, the mischief lay at his heart. That night week, as he lay in bed, awake and waiting for his wife to lie down beside him, suddenly he said he felt that pain again. At the call of the old woman, son and daughter-in-law were promptly at the bedside. The old man moaned once and again, "Ma breist, ma breist! Gie me watter!" They raised his head, for he seemed powerless. They held a bowl with water to his lips, but he drank not; for while they held him in their arms the old man passed away from the sorrow and cares which so much oppressed him, to the everlasting quiet that stills and solaces the worst of human woes.

The sun shone bright on the whitewashed wall, with that crisp and cheery light which a frosty November day sheds on the cold chill world. You could not have guessed in the external light and brightness, that within the white wall of the cottage its old tenant lay stark and stiff in death. At mid-day a mourner,

dark and dirty, entered the doorway, raised the latch, and stood before them all. Silent she stood for a moment, then in hoarse tones muttered, "Ma faither's deid! I maun see his corp' in paice!" It was the daughter Jean. They stayed her not. They did not welcome her. The mother, now widow, on a stool at the fireside went on rocking her body backwards and forwards, "makin' her maen," for to her this dispensation was specially bitter. So the daughter went to the bedside where the body of her father lay, underneath the white sheet, which she folded down from the rigid old face. At sight of it a great sob burst from her rugged breast, a great cry was wrung from her, "He did ne'er forgie me!" A gentle woman would have kissed the cold face, a gentler soul would have knelt down and prayed God to do what the earthly father had not done. Jean only howled again in anguish, "He did ne'er forgie me!" They did not one of them seek to comfort the heart-stricken daughter; offered her no word of sympathy in her special sorrow. Perhaps they were each so engrossed with grief that they had no eye or sense for the suffering of others.

Much cannot be said against the merchant, although in a few days after the old man was buried he hypothecated the poor household stuff that was the cottage furniture for security and in payment of his rent. If his claim was just, this certainly seemed the only source from which he could obtain payment. If unjust, there was the sheriff to do justly between them. Indeed, the merchant professed much desire for peace with all men, and especially with this little family. He offered to forego the claim of rent altogether, if the deceased's heir gave up the back letter, paid him £1 5s. by way of interest, and evacuated the cottage at the following Whit-Sunday. Poor helpless things, they accepted his terms, for they clung to the poor sticks of furniture eagerly now that their home was lost.

Ned laboured on for a month, steadily sticking to his trade, but that time was enough to show him that his toil would not suffice to feed those who now depended on him solely. What were his six shillings a week? Indeed, one shilling each week was paid towards the debt entailed by his father's funeral, and with the tiny balance there were three mouths to fill, besides the halfpence for baby's milk. Well-nigh in despair, he stated his case to his master, the blacksmith, setting forth the urgency for his betaking himself to ordinary labour, so that his weekly wage might be

enlarged. The man saw the case was urgent, and let him go; and almost joyously Ned found himself in the field digging drains, joyous for that he earned eighteenpence a day. The wage would expand, you know, with the lengthening day.

To the lone, silent woman in the back street the father's death was a cruel wound. She had so wrought out her scheme for aiding that father when his extremity should draw near, had so pictured the joy of the redemption of the cottage, and forecast so largely her own restoration to it, a prodigal truly, but stealing back to the old father to show him that even in her farthest wanderings he and home were not forgotten. Oh, it was cruel that all this pleasure, that all this hope was vanished, buried with him who was the centre of her visions! It quite crushed her. She went for days without lighting her fire or cooking food. It was probably the routine of labour that forced her out at early morning, and detained her late of evenings; that occupied her muscles, and stayed the strain upon brain and nerves; this routine it probably was that saved her tottering reason. Souls only who have panted for forgiveness, staked all the joy of life upon the hope of being forgiven, can gauge the woe of her whose hope was dead.

In early February the silent snow came down over the fields, and labour was stopped. Of course there was no work and no pay for the luckless Ned. Yet for the first fortnight of this weather his employer gave him three stones of meal a week, to tide him over the hard time, barely enough to keep bodies and souls of them together. No doubt the allowance would have been continued. But poor Ned sickened at the hearth where was no fire, while mother, and wife, and bairn sought now and again the warmth of a neighbour's ingle. I dare say he was hungry too, as well as down-hearted in his idleness, as down-hearted he must be at sight of the pale faces of his wife and child. Perhaps he despaired of ever seeing those pale faces rosy and joyous through his labour. Who knows the spirit of a man, what he can bear, what do? But ere the second week was ended, Ned went forth and returned not. It was cowardly thus to flee.

When his disappearance was noted and published about, so also was the unhappy fact that the cottage was the merchant's past redemption. It was even said that Ned had got a sum by way of reversion on surrendering the back letter, and fled therewith.

Then the daughter once more stood in the



cottage. "Ned haes gane frae ye," she said.

Her mother was sitting with her grandchild on her knee. "Weel," she answered, "it mak's nae muckle differ tae us i' the foord o' fourtith. We were a' stairvin' when he gied oot."

"Ye maun come wi' me. I hae store! Ye're ma mither, an' hae nane but me."

"Ay, dochter; there's this pair wean an' its mither. I winna quit them, though I stairv' wi' them."

"Cum' wi' me, mither! I hae routh for twa. I dinna ken them at a'. Cum' wi' me!"

While she spoke, the little child had slipped from the old woman's knee, and came toddling to the tattered skirt of its aunt, and the instinct of the woman within her, long congealed and frozen, suddenly thawed away at the touch and voice of the child. She took it up, and peered into its face; and a great sickness and yearning came over her desolated heart, like, I dare say, to the tingling pain that comes to limbs benumbed on the return of warmth. She was thinking of another baby face. In her sickness she sat down on a stool at the fireside, where was no fire; on the little stool that, in other days, had been "her own stool," and still she held the child.

And now she would have them all to her little cabin. "Ye beist tae leave this whatever, and I hae meal and milk; leastwise, a little portion; an' wages forbye. I can keep ye a' through spring. Perhaps the wean's mither can help a bit."

She was a strange protectress this for a helpless household. Her dress, bemired and tattered, scarce hung about her body. Her hair was unkempt, and her face unclean, and the hands that proffered aid were horny and coarse. Their alternative was the harder, coarser charity of the poor's roll; and the child and its grandmother would go to sup with her when at night she came home from her labour.

They found her in her room, unswept and unlighted, save by the blazing peat fire, at which she was making porridge for them. She gave them few words of welcome, for speech had mostly gone from her. But her face and eyes spoke out the welcome that the fire gave out; mild of pleasure restored to her whose life had been all coarse pain only, and blunted regret, so long that the face could not fashion itself to smiles. It was clear that she had eaten to live, and no more; for her allowances of meal had accumulated into

quite a store, in sacks and old barrels, and in an old wash-tub. Musty and damp in its ill-keeping it must be, yet was it well to see it thus laid up. She showed her money to her mother also—full sixteen pounds; and the meal and the money were all for the mother, if only she would come to her.

They all came from the old home where famine pined, to the warm and full bothy of the daughter, and they brought all the old furniture with them. They swept up her floor, and brightened her poor home when they came; and slowly the dead feelings of life awoke within "Queer Jean" again in the companionship which sore calamity had won for her thus, albeit her companions were still green in sorrow and full of tears. And Jean would clothe her mother with a black wincey gown and a widow's cap, which poor symbols of grief had hitherto been beyond her reach. The mother would not have them unless Jean got a gown for herself. There was some debate about it, but at length they were both attired as was fitting. And after that they were found together again in the old church pew; and I am sure that joy was mingled greatly with sadness, perhaps I should say that their sadness was sprinkled with joy, for sad was the fact that they two poor women alone remained of the old pensioner's family group.

I do not know that poor Jean could for long have borne the burden thus adopted, but the same friend, that had aforetime succoured her, again came unlooked-for to lessen her load. In early May Ned's widowed wife gave birth to a baby boy and died. People said she was "broken-hearted;" but for that, I think, so were they all. The survivors took up the infant tenderly, and nursed it with milk from the worker's pitcher, and it grew up a winsome child. But just when it had learned to name its "grannie," in the February, which was two years and three months after the pensioner went to his rest, his widow also died. It was matter of wonder how constantly and long poor Jean bewailed her, but I think I know why her grief was so persistent. When in her evil days, in her lonely sorrow, she had sorrowed most, even then she felt not utterly alone, for "up by" dwelt father, and mother, and brother. What although they had cast her from them? Still they were there, filling some gap in her poor heart, giving her some holdfast and hope in life. Then when her mother came to her the blankness in which she so long had laboured was changed into a true sense of living, with some little pleasure in it, I am sure, although

it was only the pleasure of stinting herself for the mother's sake. Now father and mother were with the dead. The brother was not; and she, poor woman, stood alone on the earth, feeling her isolation bitterly.

It was well that the two little children stood between her and a life blank and objectless. Rough woman as she was, she was very tender of them. At first it was perplexing how to deal with them, as she must go forth to her labour daily. But right ready are the poor to help such as they; and the widow next door cared for "the bairns" while Jean was absent. And now she has toiled and fed them for seven long years. They are the well-spring of life's gladness to her, she a loving mother, and more than mother, to them, specially watchful and tender of the young girl on her knee, who now is saying her evening prayer. Thus she sits in her cottage door in the evening sun, with the children twain, feeling, dimly and indistinctly no doubt, still feeling somewhat of the pleasantness that God sheds into the humblest

hearts that serve Him. Somehow I feel assured that Ned, father of these little ones, will come back, quieted of disposition and prosperous, and that Jean's toil and struggles shall have an ample reward.

Is there "poetry" in this poor story, think you? Nay, believe me, it tells of every-day sins, of every-day sorrows, and of every-day goodness only. A thousand hearts throughout our land are bleeding and breaking now for evil thoughtlessly enacted. Ten thousand poor hearts are beating with humble, but most lovable devotion, nerving rough hands for unwearying toil, that little ones like these may not lack food. Sin, sorrow, and self-sacrifice go largely to make up the sum of lowly humble life. At least, let it have your sympathy, and safely you may give sympathy here. Not one of our villagers doubts it—that to "Queer Jean" the King will hereafter give to eat of the hidden manna of his great love; will give her, also, the white stone of his perfect grace, and in the stone a new name written which no man knoweth.

## THE BULLERS OF BUCHAN.

BY THE LATE HENRY ALFORD, D.D., DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

**A**MONG the consequences of this lamentable war, one of the very least certainly, but one of the most universal in operation on a numerous class of persons, is, the derangement of plans for health and invigoration during the early autumn. True, it seems almost shame to mention such a thing, when the vast mass of human misery weighs on the heart day by day as the sad tidings arrive. But life must go its way, and health must be cared for, and even the most active sympathy cannot engross every thought. So the intervals of travelling leisure are bestowed as before: such of them, that is, as can be spared from the demands of the daily journal of "lamentation, mourning, and woe."

I was due at Ober-Ammergau, to witness the remarkable Passions-spiel, on the 7th of August. I had communicated with the worthy parish priest, Johann Nepomuk Müller, who had most kindly engaged lodgings for me, and a stall at the great performance. But the cruel necessities of the war cut all short: "Christus," "Judas," and "Petrus" were called to the front, and July 31st witnessed the last of the Passions-spiel.

So plans were rudely shattered. For in the wake of the Ammergau engagement followed the further intention of visiting and exploring the Dolomite mountains of Carin-

thia and Styria—of seeing Trieste and the Semmering railway, and possibly Pola and Istria. Much of this might be realised without much difficulty: "Sed revocare gradum?"

Thoughts therefore turned another way. But whither? The answer was furnished by an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of August 3, on the "Bullers of Buchan." Marine sketching of no common order was held out as an inducement to visit the North-Eastern corner of Scotland. And when a favourite scheme has been disappointed, we find, I think, that if its place can be consolingly filled, it is by something as unlike it as possible. Marine sketching had not been, since my expedition to Cornwall with my old friend Borellius Pictor. Suppose I look him up again. After which done, it is found that he has ten days to spare, and does not refuse the coasts of the North. He has friends at Tweedside, and takes them by anticipation. At the Berwick station, accordingly, we are to meet on the evening of Monday, Aug. 8.

All that is passed by rail, who does not know? We speed on, past Edinburgh, past Stirling: where, by-the-bye, the great piece of confectionery destined to keep William Wallace from oblivion has won, in its completion, a first prize for snobbish ugliness,



even more easily than I had believed its progress to foreshadow.

We first draw rein (if such an expression may be still used) at Stonehaven, with a view to see, and draw, Dunnottar Castle. A capital little hotel at the station invites hungry men, and a lunch, and a trap for Dunnottar, are almost simultaneously ready.

More than five hundred miles since yesterday morning: and a country utterly unknown. What are we to find? A castle on a cliff, we hear: but what sort of a castle, and

what sort of a cliff? Our driver, who is also our landlord, is much questioned on these things. The finest view in Scotland, is the answer: and as for the cliff, no, it isn't granite, it isn't limestone—"it's just Auld Nick's been trying his hand at a hotch-potch." From which we infer, and as it proves, rightly, plum-pudding stone. So we rattle down, past the "fishing village" as we ventured to suppose it, but were somewhat indignantly corrected by the information that it was the county town of Kincardineshire



H. A.

Dunnottar Castle.

and the pointing out of assize courts and other such dignified blocks of building. Then up a cliff side, with a charming backward view of the herring-fishing establishments and a long curving beach and rough reefs of rock to the northward, and on about a mile: when our host points down a field path to the left, and that's the way to Dunnottar. Curiously bristling against the blue sea, rise the black battlements and chimneys, reminding us of Tintagel. After a hundred yards or so, an incipient glen runs deepening and moistening on our right; and rapidly develops in steepness and importance. Then vast masses of the dark spotted conglomerate

begin to crop out from the grass; and almost before we have time to say it, a black yawning ravine is opened beneath us, and we have to pick our way, for safety, even with the caution of the grey old hand-rail provided to secure us. At the end of the ravine, hardly a hundred yards off, rises a grand lump of black and brown-red cliff, on the edge of which a fine double tower, the most important part of the ruins, seems to balance itself. It is tempting; but not a good subject: does not compose well. The chasm is too narrow—the colour of the rocks too uniform. Here however it is: we put in a pencil outline, which afterwards somehow got



A Cove on the Buchan Coast.

H. A., del.



The Bullers of Buchan.

H. A., del.



finished, and may serve at all events to show the site of Dunnottar. Add to which, the day was showery, and at present there was no sunlight. So we descended the steep grass staircase on the left, leading to the foot of the cliff outside the glen, and thence mounted to the castle door. A string by which hung a twisted ram's-horn led up to a cracked bell, which being sounded, an ancient voice somewhere on the ramparts replies, "It's no lookit," and we enter. Our explorations soon culminate in a sketch during a shower from the ruined windows of a covered room, looking over a near promontory into the bay of Stonehaven.

But the sun shines, and again we sally forth, determined on a picture. It must be taken from the north side, as the few fitful gleams of the sun are now falling on the north-western corners of the old ruin and bathing them in orange light. So we mount the cliff side of the other horn of the northward bay, but in consequence of the continual dropping both from sky and umbrella, could not get in a coloured view.

On our return, we witness for the first time the not very pleasing process of salting and packing the herrings.

The next day was our great time at Dunnottar. We spend from morn to dewy eve of a bright gleamy day (varied by showers), first in a finished view of the castle from the beach of the southern bay, secondly in colouring yesterday evening's outline.

The curious pebble-conglomerate results in a very interesting beach, described below. But the general effect of the rock is strange, and, at first trial, unmanageable both in marking and in colour. It is of course easy to give all such trouble of accurate expression, and to produce a popular marketable picture by turning "Old Nick's hotch-potch" into limestone or granite. But against all such disloyalty to nature I would wish every page of this article to be a protest. Let those avoid her difficulties who will: we hold it better to fail by grappling with them, than to succeed by shirking them.

Well then—the plum-pudding stone has of course no stratification, and no natural cleavage. It seems to have settled in tough scumulous lumps of immense size, which when too heavily pressed in the upheavage, just cracked across here and there. And as to colour, you may sit and think over half the contents of your box, before any combination occurs, likely to express the dull nameless tint which is presented, but which lights up in patches into various bright hues.

However, thanks to my friend's intimate knowledge of the combined powers of colour, it is ere long settled that Mars orange and cobalt is the mixture, which, in its various degrees of warmth or coolness, will express the Tartarean hotch-potch. The sea is somewhat provokingly calm, and seems indeed to have assumed that mood for the period of our visit to the north-east coast. The insulated rocks which dapple the surface are singularly like in form to those at the Lizard. They have the gracefully grouped and poised character to which we were familiarized during our sketching tour in Cornwall. It is curious that this should be so; for there surely is no common tendency towards shape in this and the serpentine.

Thus passes the bright morning, diversified by a scudding shower, by the occurrence of lunch, and by the discovery that the beach, consisting of the round pebbles and boulders from the disintegrated hotch-potch, abounded in stones of gorgeous colour, tempting the polisher's art. By the way, these goodly stones are a sore temptation to the self-contained tourist. I was last spring at Etretat on the Norman coast (alas, poor France! as comely a spot as sea-siders could frequent), and was so taken with the capabilities of the cornelians and agates on the beach, that my scanty baggage thenceforward was poised by the porters at the inns as if it contained bullion. However, one only, a magnificent fellow of half a pound weight, gorgeous in scarlet and purple marbling, was brought away on this occasion.

As we returned amidst the orange sunlight and lengthening shadows, we coloured the view which we had met in under adverse circumstances on the previous evening. Then, a late train to Aberdeen, *en route* for the next portion of our work.

It has always seemed to me that they hardly do justice at Aberdeen to the noble building material which nature has given them. White and dazzling their granite must of necessity be: and we freely grant it toilsome and expensive to work: but surely something might be done to produce, in these long rows of houses, some set-off, or source of shadow, to relieve their dreary uniformity. I counted, in one part of the chief street, eight or ten considerable houses, along the combined fronts of which you might set a straight-edge without encountering an obstacle. It looks as if some Aberdonian architect, at some time or other, had really thought this cardboard style of building the one thing desirable. Or is it that municipal

regulations have enforced the undeviating straight line?

Better things seem however to be coming at Aberdeen. We were out early exploring, and saw the promising beginnings of a new town-hall, which seemed to us of worthy and noble style.

And now we speed, in a gleaming morning with deep cloud shadows and an occasional scud of rain, through one of those long stretches of featureless country which separate the noteworthy portions of Scotland. Crossing the river Ythan, we enter Buchan.

What is Buchan? It is, O Southern reader, a tract of country, embracing the north-east corner of Scotland, from the Ythan aforesaid nearly to the Deveron at Banff: it rejoices in a range of glorious coast, first granite, facing East, then slate and granite, facing North. It has two noticeable towns, Peterhead and Fraserburgh, rivals for the honour of being the capitals of the herring fishery: and one big hill known as "Mormond hull." The whole district is comparatively low, and the said "hull" of heretical name reaches no higher than 810 feet.

We make our arrangements in our comfortable "Temperance" Hotel in Peterhead, and at once get lunch put up for us, and "hire" for the Bullers of Buchan. These, whatever they may turn out to be, are six miles distant southward along the coast. As we drive on, the town of Peterhead stretches picturesquely on its long tongue of land into the sea, which is seen enveloping it with a background of living blue, sprinkled with hundreds of little craft, plying their busy trade. The best view is from the mouth of the world-known granite quarries, about two miles from the town.

Presently a bit of very appetizing coast opens on the left. The sea view through all this part of the ride is glorious; and it is now fringed by a dark bristling row of granite headlands, heightening as they bend away to the south. Thence we rise to less interesting table land; until at length our driver halts where there is a rough lane to the left, and a humble public-house to the right, and proclaims, "that leads down to the Bullers." So we sling our folios and wind downwards. There are thousands of such lanes "leading down" to sea-coast, and every one of them worth exploring. First, the gradual subsidence of the road as the summit fields are left rising over it, then the bits of local rock cropping out as the banks soar higher and higher; then the spring-head, bare, or with its little rough-built shelter, and lapped in

luxuriant verdure; then its result, the trickling rivulet, with its fringe of ferns, and marsh-mallows, and myosotis. And while we are advancing and speculating, that triangular bit of sea between the sentinel cliffs; and then buttress after buttress the rock bastions unfold themselves, and the cove-terrace is reached, and the zigzag path sought out which on either side, a path on one, and cart-track on the other, twists down to the underlying beach. In all this, most cove-paths are alike; but in all else, how different! From the flat lines of the sandstone, deposited and coloured as if by Act of Parliament, to the great tumbled masses of the riven and variously-stained granite—then again from the serrated and square fissured slate to the gracefully grouped and cave-pierced serpentine—then yet again from the dazzling flint-streaked chalk to the dark-frowning lumpy conglomerate, what a power of wealth and beauty is there in nature's harbours of shelter! Nor is she less various in their shapes and features of outline and colour. Sometimes, twin rock-buttresses seem to have been cloven asunder, and to have admitted the rest-seeking strip of water; sometimes the great Mother's hand, smiting but healing, has been at work for centuries piercing and softening, till a gently graduated bay has superseded the original rift, and the rocks have arranged themselves in fair receding perspective on either side. At other times,—and as we write, the example opens before us in the first cove of the Bullers of Buchan,—great impregnable masses of primæval rock have resisted the disintegrating process, and block the entrance, passable only through winding vistas and avenues of difficult water.

But to this especial cove, as in duty bound, we must now devote ourselves; for it is our first introduction to the Buchan coast. Besides, are we not bound to confess that we at first imagined it to be the far-famed Bullers—did we not put in order our sketching apparatus and almost spend the day on it, outwardly and to appearance full of admiration, but inwardly troubled, and voting the *Pall Mall* correspondent an impostor? Yet let us make amends to the cove by saying that, after all, it is both grand and beautiful in no common degree. The cliffs, of course granite, mainly of a rosy colour, are attainable by washes of Mars orange and madder brown, varied in dark rock-faces and stains by mixture of cobalt. The light on them is at its very best. The southern wall of the cove is of course buried in shade. Here the rock soars in grand masses, rifted and broken in a



thousand jagged forms. A small smooth promontory projects into the dark water, to which, as we draw, some fishermen bring in and moor their boat. The other side basks in the slanting sunlight. It is full of play of form and colours. Almost in front, a rock mass blocks the way, whose face the sun maps out into a thousand lines of beautiful shadow. To the left of this chief obstruction, a tortuous vista of the deepest blue water, bounded by more rock masses, planted in the gangway. Over, and among them, play the sunbeams, quickening them and their intermediate channel with purple and green hues of shade.

Never attempt at once both sides of a cove. You will only produce two pictures spoiled. So I at once become the sworn liege of the sunshine, and sit down to the left-hand cliffs. (See first cut, p. 273.) Borellius, with his more self-denying artistic instinct, declares himself the servant of the grander forms and better-massed lights of the sombre side of the cove.

And thus pass, varied with lunch, and with talk arising out of the progress of our work, those most delightful hours of the sketcher's life, during which he is drinking in nature—receiving, and, as far as in him lies, transmitting, her loveliness of form and colour. There is no pleasure so pure as this. For it is not accompanied with pain to aught in creation, like “le sport;” it is not troubled with great crack-jaw names of human build, like physical science: nay, the freer it is from mere rules, the more at liberty to rove its own way in expression of form and colour, the better. It teaches humility—for any one worthy to follow it, from the highest to the lowest, will feel more and more every time, the immeasurable distance between his finest touch and Nature's meanest footstep: it keeps up ambition—for as each year passes, new approaches are opened to success in treatment, new combinations of colour, new features in Nature herself, never observed before. The sketcher's art having all this capacity of delight and of teaching, I never could imagine how Ruskin, so admirable where he himself studies and describes nature, should deny to us amateurs—but never mind him now: he can afford it,—so can we, in this our affluence of natural delight.

I am off exploring; but Borellius still sits, canopied by his holland umbrella, behind a great half-sheet picture as big as himself: no uncommon incident; for did he not paint like a dragon? and has he not accumulated a winter's work for himself, formidable to think of? Let us wish him all prosperity in the finishing

and disposing; and may glorious contempt of butcher, baker, and rate-collector be the happy result!

Meanwhile I, toiling up the cliff side path to the south, open fresh fields and pastures new. Glorious is the downward view over our cove, with the fishing-boat now brought to her moorings in the black-green water, but not having yet ceased to streak it with the throbbing lines of its restless reflexion. As I advance, other lesser coves and chasms open, terrible to look down into; and on the southern horizon something rises, bristling with pinnacles and chimneys, which I conclude from what I heard to be Slains Castle, the boundary of this portion of the Buchan coast.

But my path seems narrowing, and some uncanny sort of depression to be gaining on me to the right, as well as the awful and constant one on the left. And now the said path is not wider than one cares to think of, and its right-hand limit becomes a precipice also, and the half-scared eye peers over into a huge round cauldron of rock. My contempt for Borellius, working under his umbrella, is past all limit of sobriety. This then is the Buller or Bullers, the Boiler or Boilers, of which I read at Canterbury,—which is to console me for the Ammergau and the Dolomites—to seek which I have shewn my tickets for a six-hundred mile journey, and placed myself nearer Christiania than London. I approach closer, impressed with the magnitude of the occasion,—and—of the drop down into yon crater. For so it looks. But the deep indigo water is as still as death; and the kettle is not on now. “Eh, sirs, but she's awfu' when she boils,” said a native to us next day. “My friend, I have no doubt of it.” And till Borellius has finished his picture, and fetches up his lee-way, let us attempt our picture in words, and cite two others.

Given then,—a roughly circular rim of rocky grass, from which descends sometimes steep herbage ending in rock, sometimes sheer rock itself. You are standing, facing eastwards, on the landward portion of the circumference, looking across the Buller. On your right, the granite shelves down gradually, for the most part bright red, seamed with great cracks and fissures. As the eye, in its travel round, approaches the point diametrically opposite, the deep line of shadow cast by the right or seaward side, slopes over the bright surface. That side itself is in shadow, with various bright points of sunlight. The circumstance of that being its normal state has doubtless brought it about, that the dips and dark lines, are clothed, in

this part only, with rich fringes of fern. Now cast the eye a stratum lower. Here, all is shadow: deepening, deepening downwards. But at the point diametrically opposite you, a narrow opening, arched with receding vaults of blackest shade, lets in the dazzling light and the sparkling water from the outer sea. As you trace that water nearer and nearer beneath your station, fewer are the sparkles, and deeper the gloom; till, sheer beneath, it takes a keen inspection to divide the black surface from the black rock surrounding it. Only on one spot, where a stray sunbeam touches the bottom, does a dark clear green medium shew the red rock below. Before we pass on, just cast a look to the upper ground on your right. There the scanty pathway is narrowed, between the cliffs of the Buller, and the cliffs of the cove, till it seems easier to pass it astride than afoot (see second cut, p. 273).

Such was my view. Of the boiling, I know nothing, any more than of the smoke on Vesuvius, which did not choose to appear during the only week I ever spent at Naples.

It is curious, how many permanent false impressions are conveyed by partial observation. In the instances above quoted, no such result has followed, because the testimony to the non-apparent was too overwhelming to be set aside. But our ordinary experience is full of such mistakes. Travellers leave a brilliant day at their homes and arrive at their destination amidst a piercing wind and leaden clouds. Perhaps the next day is the same, and the next. No inquiry is made whether the same were not the case at their home also; but a difference of climate is at once inferred. I once spent a night at an inn where it was with the utmost difficulty that I could get any attention. Everything was neglected in the most shameful manner. I should have given the house the blackest of marks in my memory and mention of it, had I not casually learned, on leaving in the morning, that the landlord was dying upstairs. We should be surprised, I often think, could we learn in how many cases our estimates have been made in the absence of the key-fact. So I betook me to the descriptions of others: and first to that given by the faithful Boswell, in his report of Dr. Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides. But this also was a sketch taken during calm.

The great man and his satellite were guests at Slains Castle in 1773.

"The house," says Boszy, "is built quite upon the shore: the windows look upon the main ocean, and the King of Denmark is Lord Erroll's nearest neighbour on the north-east.

"We got immediately into the coach, and drove to Dunbuie, a rock near the shore, quite covered with sea fowls: then to a circular basin of large extent, surrounded with tremendous rocks. This place is called Buchan's Buller, or the Buller of Buchan, and the country people call it 'the Pot.' Mr. Boyd said it was so called from the French *bouloir*. It may be more simply traced from *boiler* in our own language. We walked round this immense cauldron. In some places, the rock is very narrow: and on each side there is a sea deep enough for a man-of-war to ride in: so that it is somewhat horrid to move along. However, there is earth and grass upon the rock, and a kind of road marked out by the print of feet: so that one makes it out pretty safely: yet it alarmed me to see Dr. Johnson striding irregularly along. He insisted on taking a boat, and sailing into the Pot. We did so. He was stout, and wonderfully alert. The Buchan men all showing their teeth, and speaking with that strange sharp accent which distinguishes them, was to me a matter of curiosity. He was not sensible of the difference of pronunciation in the South and North of Scotland, which I wondered at.

"As the entry into the Buller is so narrow that oars cannot be used as you go in, the method taken is to row very hard when you come near it, and give the boat such rapidity of motion that it glides in. Dr. J. observed what effect this scene would have had, were we entering into an unknown place. There are caves of considerable depth: I think, one on each side. The boatmen had never entered either of them far enough to know the size. Mr. Boyd told us that it is customary for the company at Peterhead-well to make parties, and come and dine in one of the caves here."

It was, by-the-bye, during this visit at Slains Castle that Boswell gives his quaint description of the night he passed:—

"I had a most elegant room: but there was a fire in it which blazed: and the sea, to which my windows looked, roared: and the pillows were made of the feathers of some sea-fowl which had to me a disagreeable smell: so that by all these causes, I was kept awake a good while. I saw, in imagination, Lord Erroll's father, Lord Kilmarnock (who was beheaded on Tower-hill in 1746) and I was somewhat dreary."

Dr. Johnson elsewhere says of the scene,

"No man can see it with indifference, who has either sense of danger, or delight in rarity. If I had any malice against a walking spirit, instead of laying him in the Red Sea, I would condemn him to reside in the Buller of Buchan."

The other description I fairly own is not from nature, I owe its substructure to my friend at Peterhead. The clothing is *de meo*.

"What a day for the Bullers," we said, as we looked out of our inn window, dim with flecks of spray and rain, and rattling with the onslaught of the gale: "what a day for the Bullers!" So the waterproofs are carefully buttoned up to the very last button, and the "wide-awakes" turned down to shoot off the water: and despising all thoughts of umbrella both as unprofitable and as impossible, we mount the trap, and face the tempest.

Creeping round the edge of the cliff we with difficulty make our way to the awful spot. Long



before we reach it, explosions like those of artillery continually meet our ears. When we can manage to look up under the dripping brim of the hat, what a strange sight! The fields for a mile from the shore are whitened with balls and tatters of scudding spray; it might be a snow-storm just begun. Seaward—but it is no easy matter to turn one's eyes in that direction—rank upon rank, like a great invading army, come leaping and dashing the white-crested billows, even to the very horizon, which, mingled with mist and rock, is fringed with a serrated bank of torn water. But here we are at the edge of the cauldron, happily faced landward and not seaward, by the wind. "Schlag auf schlag," as the Germans would say, come the angry waves knocking for admission; and as they gain it, tumbling into the rocky arch, meeting the reverberated wave from within, and then up leaps the raging foam, hissing, surging, boiling—a mis-shapen column of forty or fifty feet high, spending itself in the troubled air and falling back in seething ruin on the tossing lake below. It is a sight which nothing but the elements in fury could produce, and which no word-painting can describe.

My survey of the Bullers ended, I return, and from the margin of the cliff summon my friend, who is still at work on the shore. Our driver, who is hanging about, informs me of some wonderful place yet beyond the Bullers, and we set off thitherward bound.

Various rock-forms and coast-outlines are taken down *en route* in the incident-books: and never, certainly, was there a coast more abundant in subjects. One after another, the chasms, black and red and grey, pierce up into the land: and each has its fringe of picturesque island rocks. There must be grand painting from a boat: for deep water comes close in shore, and you may see the salmon-nets lying immediately beneath the vertical walls of granite. It is, in many respects, Cornwall again; but with some noticeable differences. The granite cliffs here are less weird and more picturesque than those in the west country, properly so called. The stern north permits few of the fantastic growths of prismatic lichens, which drape the huge blocks at the Land's End: while on the other hand the forms and cleavage here have none of the almost provoking Cornish regularity, making the headlands appear as if made up of vast rectangular packages.

We did not this evening reach the scene of wonder, whatever it might be, which our driver's somewhat obscure Doric had described. The wind was raving chill over the

cliff tops and beginning to speck the sea with white horses; and the few questions of the good landlady as to what we would like in the evening began to recur temptingly to our minds. So we work back to the little inn, congratulate ourselves alike on our first impression of the Bullers, and on our providence in having put in all our wraps in the morning; and after a charming sunset view of the far-reaching buildings of Peterhead, backed by a sea crowded with hundreds of herring boats, are soon snug in our well-lighted and well-provisioned parlour.

The next morning rose gloriously, and ushered in our chief day at the Bullers. On arriving, I at once push on for the mysterious spot indicated yesterday by our driver: Borellius preferring a southward picture along the coast, taking in Slains Castle and a distant glimpse of Aberdeen. So we pass the morning hours: he and his appearing to me like a bright fungus on a distant headland in the sun: till I, who bore the commissariat, find even enthusiasm giving way before hunger, and, as the last rude markings are put in, rouse him at length by all the unearthly screams which I can utter, to strike his tent and foregather for luncheon.

Then, and then first, does he become aware of the dark skirts of what glory he had been depicting. For has he not carefully and exquisitely painted the back of this very headland, unaware of its grand arch of light and gloom? With more than his usual frugality is that mid-day meal dismissed by him, a new half-sheet seized, his bright orange washes laid on, and principal markings registered, with a promise that my details shall be at his service for the completion.

What those details were, Messrs. Dalziel's light and shadow will testify. It may be enough to say that the grand headland bears the name of Dunbuie. At the time of our sketch, the water between the headland and our station was a perfect marvel of colour. First noticeable was the rendering, in the dancing ripples, of the arch of light—brightest pale blue, weird beyond description. Then all the sunlit rocks had their counterfeits in lines of orange with shadows of green, which, after their proper work was accomplished, kept up their remembrances in evanescent fragments, even till the grassy foreground of cliff edge shut them from our view. As the boat in our sketch (see p. 280) plied its task among the salmon-nets, each movement sent a column of prismatic lights and shadows into the quivering depths, and the sunlight on a bright silver fish, which was drawn up over

the gunwale, shot down its glitter like the reflex of a star.

Rambles round hitherto unexplored headlands, new bits of incident on the coast, and last looks and touches, lead on to our ending picture—a stretch of northward coast, bringing in the distant lighthouse, always a graceful object in a line of retiring headlands.

And so, farewell to the Bullers. It is but little to say that the coast merits all the praise of the writer in the *Pall Mall*. That will have been abundantly testified by these hasty and fanciful notices. But one thing ought to be mentioned. To grumble at his guide-book is the acknowledged privilege of the tourist. Still, it will hardly be credited, that barely a word of this district, or of any name occurring in it, is to be found in the current guide-book of Scotland. Take your Black, and search the index. "Buchan, Bullers of, 478," "Bullers of Buchan, 478"—turn it out, and just eight lines. Buchan itself, no mention. Peterhead, seven lines. Fraserburgh ditto, the whole being merely a passing notice *en route* by sea from Aberdeen to Kirkwall!

In tracing the cliff-side paths, and painting the coves, we often thought of Cornwall—of Tol Pedn, of Porthcarnow, and of Pradennick. The two granite districts, distinct, as has been already pointed out, in their separate details, have so much in common, that many scenes in either might pass for portions of the others. Even Peterhead and Penzance are, in situation, not unsuggestive the one of the other: and "there is salmons in both."

We have now to record a day of adventure. A kind friend, whose acquaintance we had made at Peterhead, spent our last evening with us, and gave us our marching orders. Our object was, Banff;—the next day but one, Sunday. The journey was forty-two miles: hardly to be thought of with horse and trap in the day: and there was a noble coast of higher cliffs than we had yet seen, not to be thus hurried over. There was a village, which, for reasons hereafter to be surmised, shall be nameless, where our friend had found (to be sure it was fourteen years ago) a comfortable little inn. It was only seven miles short of Banff; and we might, after sleeping there, either drive into Banff on Sabbath morning for our day's worship, or spend it in our village, and drive on in the evening. One of these plans was binding, for we were due to the early train from Banff to the South on Monday.

Thus advised, with our old driver, who "knew every inch of the way," we bid fare-

well to Mistress Laing, and faced the uncertainties of the day.

The road, like most Scottish traverses from one noticeable point to another, is for many miles dull: over low table-land, mostly in arable. It is relieved by the sight of Inverugie Castle, and the mouth of the Ugie, about two miles from Peterhead: two pretty scenes left and right of the old bridge over the Ugie: the one, sylvan and smiling, the other, a bit of quiet water and shelving sand. Thus, talking, and half dozing, we trot cautiously over a loose stony road till we arrive at Aberdour, waiting-place the first; a gloomy moorland village, where lunch is in vain attempted: the only answer to all our inquiries being, "she's oot." So, after ten minutes, and no chance of a hostess, we defer our hopes and pursue our plans. At this spot, our friend had told us, the beautiful coast begins: we were to walk down to the beach, and thence along the cliffs to Pennan, over which rock-nestled village our trap would again meet us.

As we wind down from the moorland, there is the excitement of a totally unknown coast. High cliffs are promised us. Will they be granite again? A high granite cliff would be a novelty: they are mostly only just lofty enough to hold their character for grandeur. Sandstone? We hope not: the horizontal lines of such headlands are apt to be superimposed in a somewhat dreary uniformity. There is a frequent near neighbour of granite, which would complete our Cornish remembrances, at the same time that it furnishes us with cliffs the most picturesque and lofty of any. And while we speculate, even so it is. Our new friends are to be slate. First on the Aberdour beach, then along the edge of the cliffs, we witness, and we draw, a coast the very reproduction of Bedruthan (see p. 281). The headlands soar to the apparent height of four hundred feet and upwards: below, the rocks are broken into natural arches, and stretch interruptedly out to sea in little islands of jagged and many-cloven stone. In colour only do these cliffs differ from their Cornish counterparts. At Bedruthan, there is an universal prevalence of the red madder-brown slate; here, the deep blue and yellow seem to be general. But, as far as engraving will represent the two, they might be the same.

All who have experience in cliff walks, will know that their most baffling feature is, the occurrence of long glens running up into the land, whereby the distance to any point descried before they revealed themselves is doubled. In nine cases out of ten, the



way is to make at once for the head of the glen, and abandon rash attempts to drop down, and scale the opposite side. The former is the course of the experienced cliff walker, and he will be comfortably down at his inn and half through his meal before his blown and wearied fellow-travellers come in.

Now it seemed as if the North Aberdeenshire glens took delight in giving us these pétours. As soon as we were fairly round one, and again launched on the head of the dromontory, behold another, longer, and more hopeless, than the last. At length it plainly

appeared, that our only way was to regain the main-road on the moors.

This done, and our trap rediscovered, we dropped down upon Pennan (see p. 281), and there found in the humblest of inns, the long-desired lunch. Pennan we thought the strangest of cliff-crushed villages: but a stranger experience was to come.

Our friend had strongly recommended to us a glen leading up to the "Tor of Troup," as being one of the finest in Scotland. If we succeeded in gaining quarters for the night as promised, we could go to a church which was



Dunbuie.

near the mouth of the glen, and get a walk up it after service. With this prospect, we fare forwards, with deepening shadows, and a gradually tiring horse, till at length we draw up at a lonely post-office from whence drops down the path, inaccessible for ordinary wheels, which is, or is not, to lead us to our Sabbath quarters. Weary are the legs which bend under the shouldered luggage, as we thread the rapid zigzags over the tops of the houses, looking in vain for the appearance of an inn. At length we are in among the streets; or shall we call them kennels? A set of filthy unkempt children gathered at our

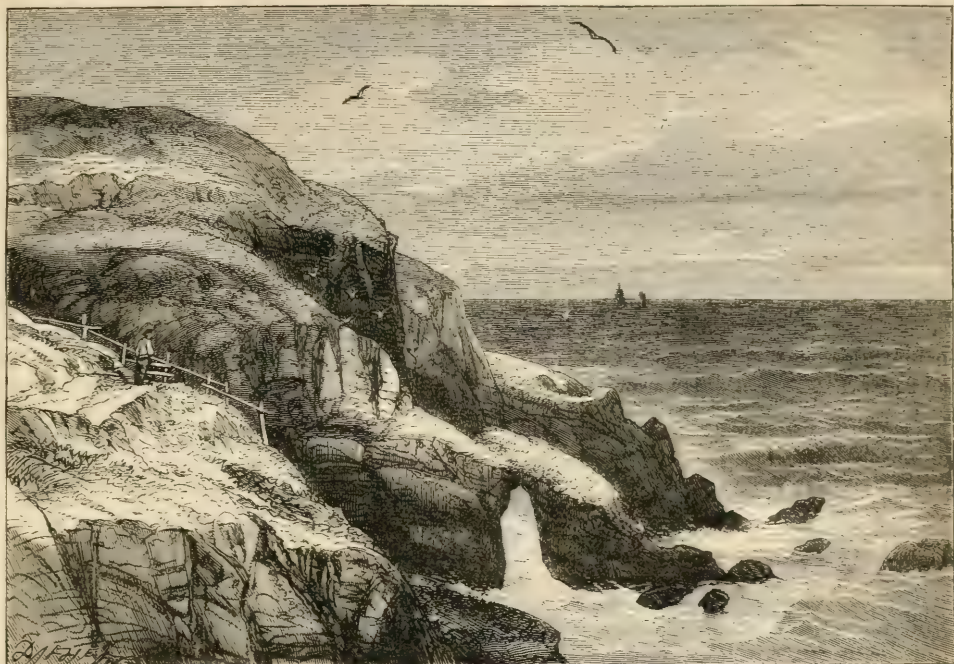
heels: and just as we are treading in the deepest of the sludge, an inquiry for the inn is answered by a drunken hiccough, a tremendous oath, and "Thot's the hoose, an' I'm the mon;" a great whip being at the same time pointed at a wretched house with broken windows down a side sewer. In spite of our remonstrances, our would-be host clears the road by plying his whip among the bare legs of the filthy urchins, sending one of them sprawling in the mud, whom we pick up and console. Thus introduced, he marches us off to his den.

We shall never cease to reckon it among

the minor bright chances of our lives, that the house offered but one bed. Had there been more, I believe our sheer weariness

would have prevailed: and the horrors of that Sabbath who shall venture to guess?

But if the weary legs had tottered under



J. Burrell Smith, del.

On the Coast near Aberdour.



J. Burrell Smith, del.

Pennan

the baggage in descending, thy sympathy, O reader, is claimed for the unsped travellers, who had now to make their ascent with the same! In this labour our driver, who had

come down to see after our welfare, good-naturedly shares; full of wrath however against the cottage at the top, where there was "nae stable for his beast." We wished,



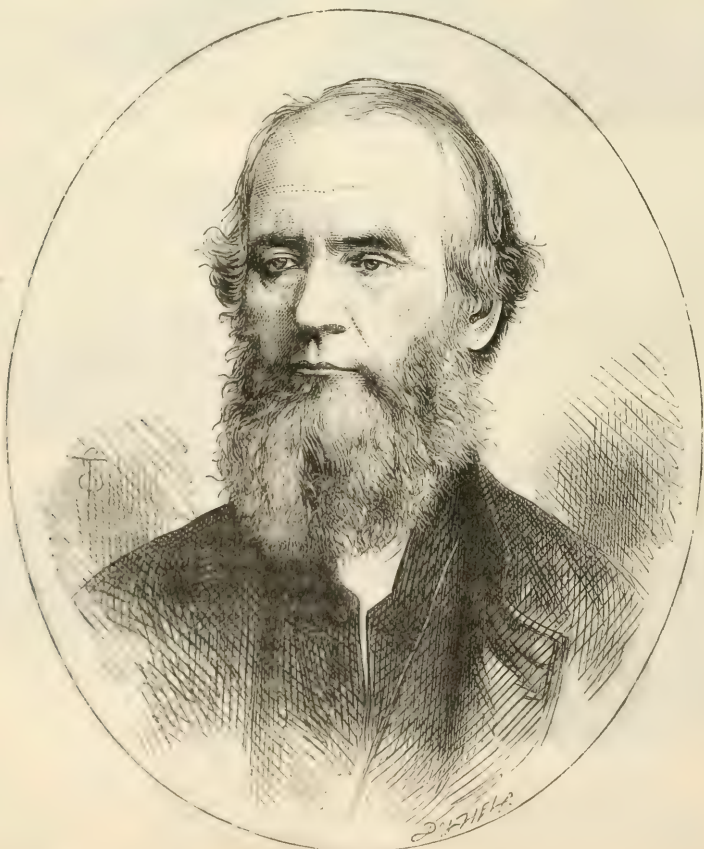
on arriving, that this had been otherwise : as there seemed a prospect of our being, by dint of a small bedroom, and a shakedown, comfortably "put up" by very kindly and respectable people. But the poor "beast" was standing ungroomed in the open, and we were quite of one mind with the driver, that there was nothing for it but Banff. Dark—a hilly road with loose stones—an overtired horse. My own experience of this year was not encouraging. I hired from St. Valéry sur Somme to Dieppe, waiting three hours at Tréport. About eight kilometres from Dieppe (close upon five miles) the visible lurching and swaying of the horse made me caution the driver. "Soyez tranquille, m'sieur, tout va bien"—words which have been too often heard in France since. And with a like result. For in less than two minutes, down came the poor brute like a lump of lead, smashing the shafts and his own knees. The lad sat down on him and wept like a child. Poor fellow, I wonder where he is now!

But our canny Scotchman was not going to get into any such scrape. He chirruped his horse along, never pressing him, never letting him go to sleep : gently stroking him with the whip, and keeping his head well up, so that he had hardly a chance of dropping if he would. And thus we got safely and right glad to our inn at Banff.

Two days in the Perthshire highlands finished our sketching tour. Why should I describe what all know? Are not these things in the mouths of all, and on the walls of every exhibition?

Thus we, painting and roaming and setting down our fancies : while the second Empire was in its death-throes, and "the city Shushan was vexed." Day by day, the faithful *Scotsman* deals to us the fatal news : and as we speed southward again, our thoughts are full of—

"The desolator desolate—  
The victor overthrown :  
The arbiter of others' fate  
A suppliant for his own."



HENRY ALFORD.

## HOW WE ARE ALL NEGLECTED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

I SUPPOSE that there is no person, however strong-minded or wise-minded, who has not, at some time of his or her life, suffered grievously from being, as he or she would say, neglected. This worst of injuries, neglect, has been inflicted upon the greatest as well as the meanest of mankind. Those who have read the exquisite essays of Charles Lamb will recollect (for who can forget those essays who has once read them?) his charming essay on Ellistoniana. In that essay Lamb relates a most significant anecdote of his hero. A poor girl, of very humble pretensions, "a dirty fringe and appendage of the lamp's smoke," as he describes her, had performed her meagre part to the dissatisfaction of the audience; had been hissed, and had refused to come on again. She was brought before the great Elliston, who was then manager of the Olympic Theatre. The manager at first spoke in general terms of blame to the unhappy culprit. She replied in extenuation, that the audience had hissed her. Then Elliston "gathering up his features into one significant mass of wonder, pity, and expostulatory" indignation, exclaimed, "They have hissed me." And more he could not say.

Now, applying this story to our present subject, each of us must say, if brought into the Palace of Truth, "They have neglected me." Luckily for Shakespeare, we know but little of his life. I have no doubt, however, that even that great personage sometimes thought that he was neglected. An ingenious critic, I think it was Mr. Hallam, has pointed out that there was a period in Shakespeare's life when he was evidently much dissatisfied with himself, with the world, and probably with his treatment by the world. I did not need the comments of this ingenious critic to assure me of the fact in question. Such passages as—

"The learned pate ducks to the golden fool;  
All is oblique"—

are sufficiently significant as to the state of Shakespeare's feelings at that period.

I think I have shown, or at least indicated, that this complaint of neglect is likely to be almost universal throughout the human race; and I have no doubt that it is as keenly felt in distant Tartary as it is in Kent, Surrey, or Sussex. It would, therefore, be a not unworthy enterprise to see if one could find out any mode of comforting ourselves when we are suffering from real or imaginary neglect—

the latter condition being, as I contend, in the proportion of nine to one of the former.

In the first place, I maintain that there is no time for intentional neglect. This may seem at first to be a very bold proposition, and one which requires some explanation. What I mean is, that few people have the spare time in which they can show intentional neglect to others. Take the daily life even of the least engaged person. He has to live; and, in order to carry on life at all, there is a great deal to be done by him every day. You will find, if you examine the life of the least busy man of your acquaintance, of the man of whom you are prone to say, "He, at least, should have had time for remembering me," that he has really very little leisure at his disposal. His case, as regards spare time, resembles that of rich men as regards spare money. Even very wealthy people have often but little of that commodity. It is needful to have much tolerance for them as regards this matter of spare money, and for him as regards spare time.

But there is yet a much more subtle aspect of this question, and one which is of general application. It is not so much spare time that is wanted, as *spare energy*. We never hardly make sufficient allowance for that deficiency. The powers of human beings are very limited. Physiologists tell us that the brain can only undertake a certain amount of work in the day. Let us put the matter arithmetically: a man has the energy to propose to himself to do, and does accomplish the doing of seven things in the course of the day. You imagine that he could easily do an eighth—especially if it be such a simple thing as to write a letter, or to pay a visit of condolence to an old friend. But that eighth is really more than the man's energy can undertake to do, though it is fully in his heart to do it, and he has the intention of doing it "to-morrow." That "to-morrow," for which we leave so much to be done, does not come soon; and, when it does come, this unfortunate idea enters into the man's mind, "It is too late now; it will almost appear an insult if I write to my friend or go to see him so long after it (the matter for condolence) has happened."

I have spoken of *real* and of *imaginary* neglect; but there is a combination of the two which is most frequent, and often most fatal. In the case described above, the



neglect was real: at the same time a thoroughly imaginary cause was probably attributed to it by the neglected person. Whereas, the apparent neglecter is more ashamed than neglectful.

The truth is, that nine-tenths of what we suffer, either from real or supposed neglect, are caused by want of imagination on our part—or rather, by what I will venture to call an excess of partial imagination. I suspect that almost every human being performs an imaginary part in life's drama. But this part is by no means that of a supernumerary, or of an actor, upon whose sayings or conduct the tragedy or comedy turns but little. No: the play or the novel which each one of us is carrying on in his or her mind has an important hero or heroine; but that hero or heroine is assuredly himself or herself, and not anybody else. If we could but imagine the novels or the plays which other people are imagining for themselves, we should make great excuses for them as regards every part of their conduct; and especially we should not expect so much attention as we do from themselves to ourselves, seeing that we are but subordinate characters in their novel or their play.

I now pass from the more general discussion of the subject to particular instances. And, first, I take one of the most common forms of supposed neglect. Our friend rises in the world. New duties crowd upon him. New friends and acquaintances must inevitably be made; and each of these will make demands upon his spare time and energy. He has risen into a "higher sphere." We sometimes use this phrase ourselves somewhat maliciously, intimating that our friend has forgotten the denizens of the lower sphere in which we, alas! are compelled to abide. He, however, has but little thought about "higher sphere or lower sphere," but simply finds that he has a great deal more to think of and to do, and rather wonders (for he, too, is the victim of neglect) that his old friends do not seem to cluster about him, as was their wont in former and perhaps happier days. I will dwell more upon this instance, because it is a case which has often been touched upon, and made the theme of many moralisings. I shall, however, venture to discuss an analogous instance, of which the analogy may not at first sight be evident.

It is the case of lovers. The lover is mostly a young man, generally a disengaged man (disengaged, I mean, in the way of business), or he makes himself disengaged for the time. They marry; and, the honeymoon once dis-

posed of, there is, from that time, the entrance into *another* sphere. I will not call it a higher or a lower sphere: secretly I think it is a lower sphere, for love is the one thing worth living for. However, we will describe it as the *sphere of necessity*, for such it mostly is. Now this sphere goes on widening and widening: notably so, and especially so, on the part of the man, though there is something similar on the part of the woman. I need hardly pursue this branch of the subject. I only brought it in to show that it was analogous to the former case, and should be treated accordingly. It is also one of the mixed cases of real and imaginary neglect. There is a little real neglect, if we must use that awkward word; but the loving person, who feels himself, or herself, to be neglected, is most times in great error, if he or she ascribes it to intentional neglect, or fails to class whatever neglect there may be under the head of neglect of necessity.

Now let us take an instance of a very different kind, which we will call neglect in literature. This neglect may be divided into two heads—the neglect which the young man of letters deplores, and which the veteran mourns over. In both instances the feeling is a most unreasonable one. As regards the young aspirant, he surely might remember that this supposed neglect is simple ignorance. He can't maintain that the world neglects that about which it knows nothing. He may look around him in all professions; and he must acknowledge, that to get a first hearing, a first acknowledgment of any talent you may have, is inevitably one of the prime difficulties in the world. With regard to the veteran, it is a more difficult and complicated case to explain. He, too, often feels that he is neglected, and is greatly surprised at it, for he has won his spurs, and cannot understand why any new feat of knightly enterprise is not at once noised, by sound of trumpet, throughout the world, which has long ago acknowledged his merits. He forgets that that very potent motive in the human mind is absent in his case—curiosity. To use a homely phrase, often to be heard in the city of London, whatever he may say or do, is, to a certain extent, "discounted." Moreover, this veteran in the Field of Literature, being somewhat tired of effort in the one direction in which he has been pre-eminently successful, must needs try his hand at some new form of endeavour. Now the busy world has, for some time, made up its mind about him and his performances. And it objects to having its convictions disturbed. Besides,

it has a rooted belief that no man can do two things of different kinds equally well.

So much for what I have called neglect in literature. Now comes neglect in office. To that word *office* I mean to give an extensive application. It is meant here to apply to all kinds of occupation in the way of business, wherein the person, who I suppose to complain of neglect, can be employed. He often goes home, and complains in the domestic circle that nobody seems to recognise his services, whereas they all know how hard he works, and how devoted he is to his duties. I suppose him to be a very sensitive man; and there are many such whose experience of the world, long as it may have been, fails to harden. If one wished to comfort this man, one must say to him much of what I have said beforehand as regards the veteran man of letters. The merits of this good man in office are so fully recognised, that both superiors and inferiors have ceased to talk about them. It is an old story that he does his work well. People have something else to talk about—something new. "Yes," he replies, "but why don't I have my share of substantial rewards?" Often the rather awkward response must be made—"You fill your present office so well, that you cannot possibly be spared. Now you would not wish to fill it less well, would you?"

I admit that the foregoing seems to be a very ungracious rejoinder. It is, however, often true, and there is always some comfort in the truth, although unwelcome.

He should recollect, too, that in-door work—work done *intra muros*, as it has been called—is, of necessity, known but to few. It has no chance of popular applause. Often the better the work is done, the less likely it is to come to the surface, and to be appreciated by many people.

I now take up a most thorny branch of the subject: it is what I will call neglect in society. There is an immense amount of misery (I scarcely use too strong a word) arising from social neglect. I am not sure that it does not outweigh all the rest. "Why am I not invited here? How is it that I was invited there last year, and now they seem to have quite forgotten the fact of my existence?" This is but one form of social neglect: it is myriad-formed. There is the neglect of salutation; the diminution of correspondence, the decrease of that companionship which used to be so long and so unwearied; but now it appears, as the neglected person peevishly exclaims, "He can

hardly spare a word to throw at me." What is to be said to all these poor, neglected people? I think you must show them that they often omit all consideration of the chief elements of human life—namely, time, space, money, trouble, illness, and adverse or hindering circumstances of all kinds. I will give an instance, apparently of a very trivial character, but which will serve as a good illustration of what I mean. A great lady, now, alas! dead, who of late years was the foremost entertainer of our time, and whose parties were certainly most successful, happened once to discuss the subject of invitations with the writer of this essay. After speaking generally of her difficulties, she said, "Now there is dear Lady —, one of my oldest and best friends; she has five daughters. I have known the girls ever since they were babies, and I like them all; but I am afraid I have vexed her by not asking all of them. If I ask them, I must ask others of the same age—members of large families; and our rooms, though tolerably big, are not palatial, and, unfortunately, are not stretchable, else I am sure I would have all the young things; for I am very fond of them. But Lady — does not see how I am situated, and, I have no doubt, is much offended with me."

The moral of the foregoing instance is only this—that when we exercise our imagination, we should not make the central figures of our imaginings to be our own unworthy selves. The Christian maxim, to do as you would be done by, requires a great deal of imagination to carry it out thoroughly; for the difficulty is, not so much in subduing selfishness, as in imagining the circumstances in which your neighbour is placed, and so appreciating what he would wish and might fairly ask of you.

Now I will speak of neglect in friendship. The preceding observations about want of time, deficiency of energy, and dulness of imagination apply here. But there are also special considerations. Friends very often differ essentially in character. Of two friends, one has a steady, composed character, whose affections change but little, and who has no idea that other persons are perpetually suspecting a change of affection. The other, perhaps, is a man who requires to be constantly assured that he is as much loved and cared for as he was formerly by his friend. The first friend I have described has no notion of this, and fails to give, from time to time, the requisite assurances of loving friendship. Hence there comes a coldness between the two. Again, and this is an almost universal



time, there is an inevitable awkwardness in the meeting of friends, who, however firm their mutual affection, meet but rarely. It is as when a vase of any kind is very full, but has a narrow neck, and, even if you turn it upside down, only a few insignificant drops will come out, if but a short time is allowed for the pouring. It has always been noticed what unsatisfactory meetings those are which occur when two friends meet at sea, in ships going contrary ways. The ships heave-to, and there is an interchange of civilities between the passengers. The two friends who meet can hardly do more than exchange civilities, though, when the ships have parted company, there are many things that occur to each of the friends which he ought to have said to the other. A similar awkwardness, and poverty of thought and expression, occur in the meeting of friends, not only at sea, but in the streets of a great city or in crowded drawing-rooms; and the sensitive friend goes away and says that the other is beginning to neglect him.

There is a frame of mind which people, who deem themselves to be neglected, should greatly beware of. Jean Paul Richter says, "The first thing that we have to contend against and despise, in sorrow as in anger, is its poisonous enervating sweetness, which we are so loath to exchange for the labour of consoling ourselves, and to drive away by the effort of reason."

A similar remark is to be made with regard to neglect. If you wish to conquer the habit of mind which leads you to suppose that you are constantly being neglected, you must subdue the enervating sweetness of neglect, as Jean Paul counsels us to avoid the enervating sweetness of sorrow. Mawworm exclaims, "I like to be despised;" and many a person says to himself, "I like to be neglected." Not that he does like it; but this is a way of getting over some of the pain of it, namely, by dramatising himself as a person usually neglected. There is a great deal of cleverness in this mode of reconciling oneself to a disagreeable position; but it does not answer in the long-run, for it induces the habit of considering ourselves to be neglected; and such a morbid state of mind never fails to bring its own punishment.

I have always thought that abstract statements, however just and true they may be, have comparatively little weight, and dwell but a short time in the memory, unless they are wedded with the concrete. That is why I have ever striven to find some apposite facts in real life, or some short story which should

illustrate any maxim I have ventured to lay down.

The simple story I am going to narrate affords, as it seems to me, a good illustration of much that has been said in this essay; and, indeed, it was the cause of my attempting to write the essay. The circumstances are much disguised, but the story is essentially a true one. It was told me by an official friend; and I give the anecdote in his own words.

"A sensitive, affectionate man, of much ability, well known in society, had come on a sudden rather prominently before the world. He had done, said, or written something which rather affronted the world. He had, we will say, taken the unpopular view of some great question, and found himself in a very small minority with only one or two other recusants of popular opinion. Shortly afterwards he came to see me. He was evidently much out of heart, and had a disappointed look. I soon found out what was the matter. His friends had on this occasion—a very important one, as he thought, in his life—neglected him. 'The Thanes fly from me,' was the burden of his complaint; and his Thanes, unlike Macbeth's, were, as he had supposed, loving friends. 'I don't blame you,' he said (I knew he did); 'you are a very busy man, and there is some excuse for you; but the others! You know that Jones and I were the most intimate college friends, and up to this time scarcely a week has passed without our seeing one another. I know, too, the fellow thinks as I do, only the world has pronounced against me, and there was always a little world-serving about Jones, I am sorry to say. As for Smith, his conduct is abominable. What will you say, my dear friend, when I tell you that Smith was the first person to put this thing into my head, and I have merely been carrying out his unblest crotchets? Not a line from him, though; and he is not a busy man like you, but always mooning away his time in that study of his. Robinson, too, has behaved very ill to me. He is not a man whose opinion I value much; but I did think he was a firm friend, and would not like to see me abused, as I have been, in those confounded newspapers. Not a word from him! He might have looked in upon me some evening. We do not live so very far apart, but that Master Robinson might have made the journey of five miles. I never thought much of Brown, as a man of any intellect; but still I imagined he was a hearty sort of fellow, and his very obstinacy

would, I thought, have made him take the weaker side. Brown and I belong to the Direction of the same Insurance Office; he has contrived to be absent at our last two meetings. The chairman takes a different view from what I do in this matter, and I suppose Brown did not like to go against the chairman, though, in matters of business, he is a steady opponent to him, to show his independence. Green is the worst of all. You know how I pulled him through that very awkward affair of his. I must own that, hitherto, he has ever been most profusely grateful in word and deed, but his gratitude does not extend to battling with the world for a friend who is now himself in some trouble. Good heavens! how afraid you all are of this same world—so many millions of insignificant units—mostly fools.

"To this tirade I replied, 'I am very busy now; let us go and dine at the "Garrick" next Saturday. We'll talk it well over then.' I like dining at the 'Garrick,' and looking at the portraits of the great actors and actresses, about whom the last generation used to tell us such grand things. What playgoers they were, that last generation! How they knew their Shakespeare by heart. I remember an old gentleman whose favourite phrase, when he wanted to describe an ignorant man, was, 'Sir, he is as ignorant as dirt.' I ventured one day to ask the old gentleman where he got his simile. 'Young man, you don't seem to know your Shakespeare,' he replied, and true enough that simile is to be found in Shakespeare.

"My friend then withdrew, having a very sour aspect, sourer even than when he entered, thinking me no doubt frivolous, vexatious, and unkind. But I had some meaning in what I said.

"In the next few days I was not unmindful of my friend; and, as you may imagine, had, as they say in official life, some 'communications' with those unkind fellows, Brown, Green, Jones, Smith, and Robinson, with all of whom I had, luckily, some slight acquaintance.

"My friend and I met at the 'Garrick' at the appointed time. His countenance was mightily changed, and was, indeed, quite pleasant to look upon. I pretended to be entirely occupied in admiring the theatrical portraits. 'Do let me tell you before dinner,' he said. 'No, no,' I replied; 'let us have our dinner first, grievances afterwards.' 'But I must tell you,' he rejoined; 'I've been the greatest fool alive. I am a calumniating scoundrel.' And then came out the whole

story, which, of course, I knew before. There had been a real cause in each case for the non-manifestation of sympathy, that had been so bitterly felt by my poor sensitive friend. Jones had been desperately ill; there had been a death in Brown's family, which accounted for his absence at the two previous meetings of the Insurance Office; Robinson had gone to fetch his daughter from a school in Paris; Green had been in sore distress, but had not liked to apply again to his former benefactor.

"'I'll do my best for Green once more,' exclaimed my generous friend.

"There had been a marriage in Smith's family, which had occupied all their attention.

"In short, there were not merely excuses, but valid excuses, in every case, for the apparent neglect from which my friend had suffered so keenly.

"The best part of it was, that three out of the five thought that *they* had been neglected, and complained that they had seen nothing of him on occasions which were so important to them. All five vowed that his conduct had been most noble and disinterested, and that they entirely agreed with his opinion. The perfect sincerity of that statement I doubt a little; but my friend was quite satisfied with the truth of it. We had a most pleasant dinner at the 'Garrick,' for no one could be more agreeable than my sensitive friend, when he was not in one of his most sensitive moods. I was, however, left to battle out with him the original question of dispute; for I was unfortunately, on this occasion, of the opinion of 'those wicked newspapers.' But what did he care for me or for the newspapers, as he almost told me, now that he had his dear friends, Jones, Smith, Brown (Brown's intellect was much underrated by people who did not know him well), Green, and Robinson, entirely on his side, and on the side of right?"

It is needless to comment much on the foregoing story. It was, no doubt, a singular coincidence that all five of the sensitive man's friends should have had valid excuses for their seeming neglect. But, perhaps, it would be safe to assume that at least three-fifths of what we suppose to be neglect of ourselves are to be attributed to simple ignorance, on our part, of the circumstances of others. Not knowing where the shoe pinches, or that the shoe pinches at all, we expect our friends to have no pain or difficulty in walking exactly in the path that we have laid down for them.





### THE PRAYER OF A DYING SUFFERER.

**I** COME to Thee, blest Jesus,  
 I who have little faith,  
 I clasp Thy hand to hold me  
 Through all the pain of death.  
 When heart and flesh are failing,  
 O Saviour, fail me not;  
 No evil thing can hurt me,  
 If not by Thee forgot.

As to repentant Mary.  
 As to the dying thief,  
 To me, repentant, dying,  
 Speak pardon and relief.  
 Through the sharp hour of parting,  
 While doubts and fears increase,  
 Into the grave's dark shadow  
 Bid Thou me go in peace.

Entering the unknown region  
 Of the strange spirit-land,  
 Guide Thou my timid footsteps,  
 Hold Thou my trembling hand.

O let the heavens opening  
 Not dazzling angels show,  
 But my departed dear ones,  
 Whom best I love and know.

And do Thou, O my Saviour!  
 Thine earthly likeness wear,  
 That as the "Man of Sorrows"  
 I first may see Thee there,  
 And at Thy blest feet kneeling,  
 As oft I've longed to kneel,  
 To Thee, with grief acquainted,  
 All my sad case reveal.

If Thou dost say "Forgiven,"  
 If Thou forbid'st to weep,  
 If Thou Thyself dost promise  
 Those I now leave to keep;  
 I too of the glad angels  
 May join the happy song,  
 Nor downcast and a stranger  
 Fear their too joyous throng.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF FRANCE AND ITALY.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

## IV.

## ROME.

*FEBRUARY* 19<sup>th</sup>.—Yesterday, I went out betimes, and strayed through some portion of ancient Rome, to the column of Trajan, to the Forum, thence along the Appian way; after which I lost myself among the intricacies of the streets, and finally came out at the bridge of St. Angelo. The first observation which a stranger is led to make, in the neighbourhood of Roman ruins, is that the inhabitants seem to be strangely addicted to the washing of clothes; for all the precincts of Trajan's Forum, and of the Roman Forum, and wherever else an iron railing affords opportunity to hang them, were whitened with sheets, and other linen and cotton, drying in the sun. It must be that washerwomen burrow among the old temples. The second observation is not quite so favourable to the cleanly character of the modern Romans; indeed, it is so very unfavourable, that I hardly know how to express it. But the fact is, that, through the Forum, and anywhere out of the commonest foot-track and road-way, you must look well to your steps. If you tread beneath the triumphal arch of Titus or Constantine, you had better look downward than upward, whatever be the merit of the sculptures aloft. After awhile, the visitant finds himself getting accustomed to this horrible state of things; and the associations of moral sublimity and beauty seem to throw a veil over the physical meanesses to which I allude. Perhaps there is something in the mind of the people of these countries that enables them quite to dis sever small ugliness from great sublimity and beauty. They spit upon the glorious pavement of St. Peter's, and wherever else they like; they place paltry-looking wooden confessionals beneath its sublime arches, and ornament them with cheap little coloured prints of the crucifixion; they hang tin hearts and other tinsel and trumpery at the gorgeous shrines of the saints, in chapels that are encrusted with gems, or marbles almost as precious; they put pasteboard statues of saints beneath the dome of the Pantheon; in short, they let the sublime and the ridiculous come close together, and are not in the least troubled by the proximity. It must be that their sense of the beautiful is stronger

than in the Anglo-Saxon mind, and that it observes only what is fit to gratify it.

To-day, which was bright and cool, my wife and I set forth immediately after breakfast, in search of the Baths of Diocletian and the church of Santa Maria degl' Angeli. We went, too, far along the Via di Porta Pia, and, after passing by two or three convents and their high garden walls, and the villa Bonaparte on one side and the villa Tortonina on the other, at last issued through the city gate. Before us, far away, were the Alban hills, the loftiest of which was absolutely silvered with snow and sunshine, and set in the bluest and brightest of skies. We now retraced our steps to the Fountain of the Termini, where is a ponderous heap of stone, representing Moses striking the rock—a colossal figure, not without a certain enormous might and dignity, though rather too evidently looking his awfulest. This statue was the death of its sculptor, whose heart was broken on account of the ridicule it excited. There are many more absurd aquatic devices in Rome, however, and few better.

We turned into the Piazza di Termini, the entrance of which is at this fountain; and, after some inquiry of the French soldiers, a numerous detachment of whom appear to be quartered in the vicinity, we found our way to the portal of Santa Maria degl' Angeli. The exterior of this church has no pretensions to beauty or majesty, or indeed to architectural merit of any kind, or to any architecture whatever; for it looks like a confused pile of ruined brickwork, with a façade resembling half the inner curve of a large oven. No one would imagine that there was a church under that enormous heap of ancient rubbish. But the door admits you into a circular vestibule, once an apartment of Diocletian's baths, but now a portion of the nave of the church, and surrounded with monumental busts; and thence you pass into what was the central hall, now, with little change except of detail and ornament, transformed into the body of the church. This space is so lofty, broad, and airy, that the soul forthwith swells out and magnifies itself, for the sake of filling it. It was Michei Angelo who contrived this miracle; and I feel even more grateful to him for rescuing such a noble interior from destruction than if



he had originally built it himself. In the ceiling above you see the metal fixtures, whereon the old Romans hung their lamps; and there are eight gigantic pillars of Egyptian granite, standing as they stood of yore. There is a grand simplicity about the church, more satisfactory than elaborate ornament; but the present Pope has paved and adorned one of the large chapels of the transept in very beautiful style, and the pavement of the central part is likewise laid in rich marbles. In the choir there are several pictures, one of which was veiled, as celebrated pictures frequently are in churches. A person, who seemed to be at his devotions, withdrew the veil for us, and we saw a martyrdom of St. Sebastian, by Domenichino, originally, I believe, painted in fresco in St. Peter's, but since transferred to canvas, and removed hither. Its place at St. Peter's is supplied by a mosaic copy. I was a good deal impressed by this picture—the dying saint, amid the sorrow of those who loved him and the fury of his enemies, looking upward, where a company of angels, and Jesus with them, are waiting to welcome him and crown him; and I felt what an influence pictures might have upon the devotional part of our nature. The nail-marks in the hands and feet of Jesus, ineffaceable even after He had passed into bliss and glory, touched my heart with a sense of his love for us. I think this really a great picture. We walked round the church, looking at other paintings and frescoes, but saw no others that greatly interested us. In the vestibule there are monuments to Carlo Maratti and Salvator Rosa, and there is a statue of St. Bruno, by Houdon, which is pronounced to be very fine. I thought it good, but scarcely worthy of vast admiration. Houdon was the sculptor of the first statue of Washington, and of the bust whence, I suppose, all subsequent statues have been, and will be, mainly modelled.

After emerging from the church, I looked back with wonder at the stack of shapeless old brick-work that hid the splendid interior. I must go there again, and breathe freely in that noble space.

*February 20th.*—This morning, after breakfast, I walked across the city, making a pretty straight course to the Pantheon, and thence to the bridge of St. Angelo, and to St. Peter's. It had been my purpose to go to the Fontana Paolina; but, finding that the distance was too great, and being weighed down with a Roman lassitude, I concluded to go into St. Peter's. Here I looked at Michael Angelo's *Pietà*, a representation of

the dead Christ in his mother's lap. Then I strolled round the great church, and find that it continues to grow upon me, both in magnitude and beauty, by comparison with the many interiors of sacred edifices which I have lately seen. At times, a single, casual, momentary glimpse of its magnificence gleams upon my soul, as it were, when I happen to glance at arch opening beyond arch, and I am surprised into admiration.

I have experienced that a landscape and the sky unfold the deepest beauty in a similar way; not when they are gazed at of set purpose, but when the spectator looks suddenly through a vista, among a crowd of other thoughts.

Passing near the confessional for foreigners to-day, I saw a Spaniard, who had just come out of the one devoted to his native tongue, taking leave of his confessor, with an affectionate reverence which, as well as the benign dignity of the good father, it was good to behold.

I returned home early, in order to go with my wife to the Barberini Palace at two o'clock. We entered through the gateway, through the *Vià delle quattro Fontane*, passing one or two sentinels, for there is apparently a regiment of dragoons quartered on the ground-floor of the palace; and I stumbled upon a room containing their saddles the other day, when seeking for Mr. Story's staircase. The entrance to the picture-gallery is by a door on the right hand, affording us a sight of a beautiful spiral staircase, which goes circling upward from the very basement to the very summit of the palace, with a perfectly easy ascent, yet confining its sweep within a moderate compass. We looked up through the interior of the spiral, as through a tube, from the bottom to the top. The pictures are contained in three contiguous rooms of the lower piano, and are few in number, comprising barely half-a-dozen which I should care to see again, though doubtless all have value in their way. One that attracted our attention was a picture of Christ disputing with the Doctors, by Albert Durer, in which was represented the ugliest, most evil-minded, stubborn, pragmatical, and contentious old Jew that ever lived under the law of Moses; and he and the child Jesus were arguing, not only with their tongues, but making hieroglyphics, as it were, by the motion of their hands and fingers. It is a very queer as well as a very remarkable picture. But we passed hastily by this, and almost all others, being eager to see the two which chiefly make the collection famous—Raphael's *Fornarina* and Guido's portrait of

Beatrice Cenci. These we found in the last of the three rooms; and, as regards Beatrice Cenci, I might as well not try to say anything, for its spell is indefinable, and the painter has wrought it in a way more like magic than anything else. . . . It is the most profoundly wrought picture in the world; no artist did it, nor could do it again. Guido may have held the brush, but he painted better than he knew. I wish, however, it were possible for some spectator, of deep sensibility, to see the picture without knowing anything of its subject or history; for no doubt we bring all our knowledge of the Cenci tragedy to the interpretation of it.

While we were looking at these works, Miss M—— unexpectedly joined us, and we went, all three together, to the Rospigliosi Palace, in the Piazza di Monte Cavallo. A porter, in cocked hat, and with a staff of office, admitted us into a spacious court before the palace, and directed us to a garden on one side, raised as much as twenty feet above the level on which we stood. The gardener opened the gate for us, and we ascended a beautiful stone staircase, with a carved balustrade, bearing many marks of time and weather. Reaching the garden level, we found it laid out in walks, bordered with box and ornamental shrubbery, amid which were lemon-trees, and one large old exotic from some distant clime. In the centre of the garden, surrounded by a stone balustrade like that of the staircase, was a fish-pond, into which several jets of water were continually spouting; and on pedestals, that made part of the balusters, stood eight marble statues of Apollo, Cupid, nymphs, and other such sunny and beautiful people of classic mythology. There had been many more of these statues, but the rest had disappeared, and those which remained had suffered grievous damage—here to a nose, there to a hand or foot, and often a fracture of the body, very imperfectly mended. There was a pleasant sunshine in the garden, and a spring-like, or rather a genial autumnal atmosphere, though, elsewhere, it was a day of poisonous Roman chill.

At the end of the garden, which was of no great extent, was an edifice, bordering on the piazza, called the Casino, which, I presume, means a garden-house. The front is richly ornamented with bas-reliefs and statues in niches, as if it were a place for pleasure and enjoyment, and therefore ought to be beautiful. As we approached it the door swung open, and we went into a large room on the ground-floor, and, looking up to the ceiling,

beheld Guido's *Aurora*. The picture is as fresh and brilliant as if he had painted it with the morning sunshine which it represents. It could not be more lustrous in its hues if he had given it the last touch an hour ago. Three or four artists were copying it at that instant, and, positively, their colours did not look brighter, though a great deal newer, than his. The alacrity and movement, briskness and morning stir and glow of the picture are wonderful. It seems impossible to catch its glory in a copy. Several artists, as I said, were making the attempt, and we saw two other attempted copies leaning against the wall; but it was easy to detect failure in just the essential points. My memory, I believe, will be somewhat enlivened by this picture hereafter; not that I remember it very distinctly even now, but bright things leave a sheen and glimmer in the mind, like Christian's tremulous glimpse of the celestial city.

In the other rooms of the Casino, we saw pictures by Domenichino, Rubens, and other famous painters, which I do not mean to speak of, because I cared really little or nothing about them. Returning into the garden (the sunny warmth of which was most grateful, after the chill air and cold pavement of the Casino), we walked round the laguna, examining the statues, and looking down at some little fishes that swarmed at the stone margin of the pool. There were two infants of the Rospigliosi family, one a young child playing with a maid and head-servant; another, the very chubbier and rosiest boy in the world, sleeping on its nurse's bosom. The nurse was a comely woman enough, dressed in bright colours, which fitly set off the deep hues of her Italian face. An old painter, very likely, would have beautified and refined the pair into a Madonna with the child Jesus, for an artist need not go far in Italy to find a picture ready composed and tinted, needing little more than to be literally copied.

Miss M—— had gone away before us, but my wife and I, after leaving the Palazzo Rospigliosi, and on our way home went into the church of St. Andrea, which belongs to a convent of Jesuits. I have long ago exhausted all my capacity of admiration for splendid interiors of churches; but methinks this little, little temple (it is not more than fifty or sixty feet across) has a more perfect and gem-like beauty than any other. Its shape is oval, with an oval dome, and above that another little dome, both of which are magnificently frescoed. Around the base of the larger dome is wreathed a flight of angels, and the smaller and upper



one is encircled by a garland of cherubs—cherub and angel all of pure white marble. The oval centre of the church is walled round with precious and lustrous marble, of a red-veined variety, interspersed with columns and pilasters of white; and there are arches, opening through this rich wall, forming chapels, which the architect seems to have striven hard to make even more gorgeous than the main body of the church. They contain beautiful pictures, not dark and faded but glowing, as if just from the painter's hand; and the shrines are adorned with whatever is most rare; and in one of them was the Great Carbuncle—at any rate, a bright, fiery gem, as big as a turkey's egg. The pavement of the church was one star of various-coloured marble, and in the centre was a mosaic, covering, I believe, the tomb of the founder. I have not seen, nor expect to see, anything else so entirely and satisfactorily finished as this small oval church; and I only wish I could pack it in a large box and send it home.

I must not forget that on our way from the Barberini Palace, we stopped an instant to look at the house, at the corner of the street of the four fountains, where Milton was a guest while in Rome. He seems quite a man of our own day, seen so nearly at the hither extremity of the vista through which we look back from the epoch of railways to that of the oldest Egyptian obelisk. The house (it was then occupied by the Cardinal Barberini) looks as if it might have been built within the present century; for mediæval houses in Rome do not assume the aspect of antiquity; perhaps, because the Italian style of architecture, or something similar, is the one more generally in vogue in most cities.

*February 21st.*—This morning I took my way through the Porta del Popolo, intending to spend the forenoon in the Campagna; but getting weary of the straight, uninteresting street that runs out of the gate, I turned aside from it, and soon found myself on the shores of the Tiber. It looked, as usual, like a saturated solution of yellow mud, and eddied hastily along between deep banks of clay, and over a clay bed, in which doubtless are hidden many a richer treasure than we now possess. The French once proposed to draw off the river, for the purpose of recovering all the sunken statues and relics; but the Romans made strenuous objection, on account of the increased virulence of malaria which would probably result. The banks and vicinity of the river are very bare and uninviting, as I then saw them, no shade, no

verdure; a rough, neglected aspect, and a peculiar shabbiness about the few houses that were visible. Farther down the stream the dome of St. Peter's showed itself on the other side, seeming to stand on the outskirts of the city. I walked along the banks, with some expectation of finding a ferry, by which I might cross the river; but my course was soon interrupted by the wall, and I turned up a lane that led me straight back again to the Porto del Popolo.

I went along the Via di Ripetta, and through other streets, stepping into two or three churches, one of which was the Pantheon. . . . There are, I think, seven deep pillared recesses around the circumference of it, each of which becomes a sufficiently capacious chapel; and alternately with these chapels there is a marble structure, like the architecture of a doorway, beneath which is the shrine of a saint; so that the whole circle of the Pantheon is filled up with the seven chapels and seven shrines. A number of persons were sitting or kneeling around; others came in while I was there, dipping their fingers in the holy water, and bending the knee as they passed the shrines and chapels, until they reached the one which, apparently, they had selected as the particular altar for their devotions. Everybody seemed so devout, and in a frame of mind so suited to the day and place, that it really made me feel a little awkward not to be able to kneel down along with them. Unlike the worshippers in our own churches, each individual here seems to do his own individual acts of devotion, and I cannot but think it better so than to make an effort for united prayer, as we do. It is my opinion that a great deal of devout and reverential feeling is kept alive in people's hearts by the Catholic mode of worship.

Soon leaving the Pantheon, a few minutes' walk towards the Corso brought me to the church of St. Ignazio, which belongs to the College of the Jesuits. It is spacious and beautiful architecture, but not strikingly distinguished, in the latter particular, from many others; a wide and lofty nave, supported upon marble columns, between which arches open into the side aisles, and, at the junction of the nave and transept, a dome, resting on four great arches. The church seemed to be purposely somewhat darkened, so that I could not well see the details of the ornamentation, except the frescoes on the ceiling of the nave, which were very brilliant, and done in so effectual a style that I really could not satisfy myself that some of the figures did not actually protrude from the ceiling;

in short, that they were not coloured bas-reliefs, instead of frescoes. No words can express the beautiful effect, in an upholstery point of view, of this kind of decoration.

I reached home at about twelve, and, at one, set out again, with my wife, towards St. Peter's, where we meant to stay till after vespers. We walked across the city, and through the Piazza de Navona, where we stopped to look at one of Bernini's absurd fountains, of which the water makes but the smallest part—a little squirt or two amid a prodigious fuss of gods and monsters. Thence we passed by the poor, battered torso of Pasquin, and came by devious ways to the bridge of St. Angelo; the streets bearing pretty much their week-day aspect; many of the shops open; the market-stalls doing their usual business, and the people brisk and gay, though not indecorously so. I suppose there was hardly a man or woman who had not heard mass, confessed, and said their prayers; a thing which—the prayers, I mean—it would be absurd to predicate of London, New York, or any Protestant city. In however adulterated a guise, the Catholics do get a draught of devotion to slake the thirst of their souls, and methinks it must needs do them good, even if not quite so pure as if it came from better cisterns, or from the original fountain-head.

Arriving at St. Peter's shortly after two, we walked round the whole church, looking at all the pictures and most of the monuments, and paused longest before Guido's Archangel Michael overcoming Lucifer. This is surely one of the most beautiful things in the world; one of the human conceptions that are imbued most deeply with the celestial.

We then sat down in one of the aisles, and awaited the beginning of vespers, which we supposed would take place at half-past three. Four o'clock came, however, and no vespers; and as our dinner hour is five we at last came away without hearing the vesper hymn.

*February 23rd.*—Yesterday, at noon, we set out for the Capitol, and after going up the acclivity (not from the Forum, but from the opposite direction) stopped to look at the statues of Castor and Pollux, which, with other sculptures, look down the ascent. Castor and his brother seem to me to have heads disproportionately large, and are not so striking in any respect as such great images ought to be. But we heartily admired the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, and looked at a fountain, principally composed, I think, of figures representing the Nile and the Tiber, who loll

upon their elbows, and preside over the gushing water; and between them, against the façade of the Senator's Palace, there is a statue of Minerva, with a petticoat of red porphyry. Having taken note of these objects, we went to the museum, in an edifice on our left, entering the Piazza, and here, in the vestibule, we found various old statues and relics. Ascending the stairs, we passed through a long gallery, and turning to our left, examined somewhat more carefully a suite of rooms running parallel with it. The first of these contained busts of the Cæsars and their kindred, from the epoch of the mightiest Julius downward—eighty-three, I believe, in all. I had seen a bust of Julius Cæsar in the British Museum, and was surprised at its thin and withered aspect; but this head is of a very ugly old man indeed, wrinkled, puckered, shrunken, lacking breadth and substance; careworn, grim; as if he had fought hard with life, and had suffered in the conflict; a man of schemes and of eager effort to bring his schemes to pass. His profile is by no means good, advancing from the top of his forehead to the tip of his nose, and retreating, at about the same angle, from the latter point to the bottom of his chin, which seems to be thrust forcibly down into his meagre neck—not that he pokes his head forward, however, for it is particularly erect.

The head of Augustus is very beautiful, and appears to be that of a meditative, philosophic man, saddened with the sense that it is not very much worth while to be at the summit of human greatness, after all. It is a sorrowful thing to trace the decay of civilisation through this series of busts, and to observe how the artistic skill, so exquisite at first, went on declining through the dreary dynasty of the Cæsars, till at length the master of the world could not get his head carved in better style than the figure-head of a ship.

In the next room there were better statues than we had yet seen; but in the last room of the range we found the Dying Gladiator, of which I had already caught a glimpse in passing by the open door. It had made all the other treasures of the gallery tedious, in my eagerness to come to that. I do not believe that so much pathos is wrought into any other block of stone. Like all works of the highest excellence, however, it makes great demands upon the spectator. He must make a generous gift of his sympathies to the sculptor, and help out his skill with all his heart, or else he will see little more than a skilfully wrought surface. It suggests far more than it shows. I looked long at this



statue, and little at anything else, though, among other famous works, a statue of *Antinous* was in the same room.

I was glad when we left the Museum, which, by-the-bye, was piercingly chill, as if the multitude of statues radiated cold out of their marble substance. We might have gone to see the pictures in the Palace of the Conservatori, and S——, whose receptivity is unlimited and for ever fresh, would willingly have done so; but I objected, and we went towards the Forum. I had noticed, two or three times, an inscription over a mean-looking door in this neighbourhood, stating that here was the entrance to the prison of the holy Apostles Peter and Paul; and we soon found the spot, not far from the Forum, with two wretched frescoes of the Apostles above the inscription. We knocked at the door without effect; but a lame beggar, who sat at another door of the same house (which looked exceedingly like a liquor shop), desired us to follow him, and began to ascend to the Capitol, by the causeway leading from the Forum. A little way upward, we met a woman, to whom the beggar delivered us over, and she led us into a church or chapel door, and pointed to a long flight of steps, which descended through twilight into utter darkness. She called to somebody in the lower regions, and then went away, leaving us to get down this mysterious staircase by ourselves. Down we went, farther and farther from the daylight, and found ourselves anon in a dark chamber or cell, the shape or boundaries of which we could not make out, though it seemed to be of stone, and black and dungeon-like. Indistinctly, and from a still further depth in the earth, we heard voices—one voice at least—apparently not addressing ourselves, but some other persons; and soon, directly beneath our feet, we saw a glimmering of light through a round, iron-grated hole, in the bottom of the dungeon. In a few moments, the glimmer and the voice came up through this hole, and the light disappeared, and it and the voice came glimmering and babbling up a flight of stone-*stairs*, of which we had not hitherto been aware. It was the custode, with a party of visitors, to whom he had been showing St. Peter's dungeon. Each visitor was provided with a wax-taper, and the custode gave one to each of us, bidding us wait a moment, while he conducted the other party to the upper air. During his absence we examined the cell, as well as our dim lights would permit, and soon found an indentation in the wall, with an iron grate put over it for pro-

tection, and an inscription above, informing us that the Apostle Peter had here left the imprint of his visage; and, in truth, there is a profile there,—forehead, nose, mouth, and chin, plainly to be seen, an intaglio in the solid rock. We touched it with the tips of our fingers, as well as saw it with our eyes.

The custode soon returned, and led us down the darksome steps, chattering in Italian all the time. It is not a very long descent to the lower cell, the roof of which is so low that I believe I could have reached it with my hand. We were now in the deepest and ugliest part of the old Mamertine prison, one of the few remains of the kingly period of Rome, and which served the Romans as a state prison for hundreds of years before the Christian era. A multitude of criminals or innocent persons, no doubt, have languished here in misery, and perished in darkness. Here Jugurtha starved; here Catiline's adherents were strangled; and, methinks, there cannot be in the world another such evil den, so haunted with black memories, and indistinct surmises of guilt and suffering. In old Rome, I suppose, the citizens never spoke of this dungeon above their breath. It looks just as bad as it is—round, only seven paces across, yet so obscure, that our tapers could not illuminate it from side to side—the stones of which it is constructed being as black as midnight. The custode showed us a stone post at the side of the cell, with the hole in the top of it, into which, he said, St. Peter's chain had been fastened; and he uncovered a spring of water, in the middle of the stone floor, which he told us had miraculously gushed up, to enable the saint to baptize his jailor. The miracle was perhaps the more easily wrought, inasmuch as Jugurtha had found the floor of the dungeon oozy with wet. However, it is best to be as simple and childlike as we can in these matters; and whether St. Peter stamped his visage into the stone, and wrought this other miracle or no—and whether or no he ever was in the prison at all—still the belief of a thousand years and more gives a sort of reality and substance to such traditions. The custode dipped an iron ladle into the miraculous water, and we each of us drank a sip; and what is very remarkable, to me it seemed hard water, and almost brackish, while many persons think it the sweetest in Rome. I suspect that St. Peter still dabbles in this water, and tempers its qualities, according to the faith of those who drink it.

The staircase, descending into the lower dungeon, is comparatively modern, there

having been no entrance of old, except through the small circular opening in the roof. In the upper cell the custode showed us an ancient flight of stairs, now built into the wall, which used to lead from the Capitol. The whole precincts are now consecrated, and I believe the upper portion—perhaps both upper and lower—are a shrine or a chapel.

*February 24th.*—Yesterday I crossed the Ponte Sisto, and took a short ramble on the other side of the river; and it rather surprised me to discover, pretty nearly opposite the Capitoline Hill, a quay, at which several schooners and barques, of two or three hundred tons burden, were moored. There was also a steamer, armed with a large gun, and two brass swivels on her fore-castle, and I know not what artillery besides. Probably she may have been a revenue cutter.

Returning, I crossed the river by way of the island of St. Bartholomew, over two bridges. The island is densely covered with buildings, and is a separate small fragment of the city. It was a tradition of the ancient Romans that it was formed by the aggregation of soil and rubbish brought down by the river, and accumulating round the nucleus of some sunken baskets.

On reaching the hither side of the river, I soon struck upon the ruins of the theatre of Marcellus, which are very picturesque, and the more so, from being closely linked in, indeed, identified with, the shops, habitations, and swarming life of modern Rome. The most striking portion was a circular edifice, which seemed to have been composed of a row of Ionic columns, standing upon a lower row of Doric; many of the antique pillars being yet perfect, but the intervening arches built up with brickwork, and the whole once magnificent structure now tenanted by poor and squalid people, as thick as mites within the round of an old cheese. From this point I cannot very clearly trace out my course; but I passed, I think, between the Circus Maximus and the palace of the Cæsars, and near the baths of Caracalla, and went into the cloisters of the church of San Gregorio. All along I saw massive ruins, not particularly picturesque or beautiful, but huge, mountainous piles, chiefly of brickwork, somewhat weed-grown here and there, but oftener bare and dreary. . . . All the successive ages, since Rome began to decay, have done their best to ruin the very ruins, by taking away the marble and the hewn stone for their own structures, and leaving only the inner filling-up of brickwork, which the ancient architects never designed to be

seen. The consequence of all this is, that, except for the lofty and poetical associations connected with it,—and except, too, for the immense difference in magnitude,—a Roman ruin may be in itself not more picturesque than I have seen an old cellar, with a shattered brick chimney half crumbling down into it, in New England.

By this time I knew not whither I was going, and turned aside from a broad, paved road (it was the Appian Way) into the Via Latina, which I supposed would lead to one of the city gates. It was a lonely path; on my right hand, extensive piles of ruin, in strange shapes or shapelessness, built of the broad and thin old Roman bricks, such as may be traced everywhere when the stucco has fallen away from a modern Roman house; for I imagine there has not been a new brick made here for a thousand years. . . . The road went boldly on, with a well-worn track, up to the very walls of the city; but there it abruptly terminated, at an ancient, closed up gateway. From a notice, posted against a door, which appeared to be the entrance to the ruins on my left, I found that these were the remains of Columbaria, where the dead used to be put away in pigeon-holes. Reaching the paved road again, I kept on my course, passing the tomb of the Scipios, and soon came to the gate of San Sebastiano, through which I entered the Campagna. Indeed, the scene around was so rural, that I had fancied myself already beyond the walls. As the afternoon was getting advanced, I did not proceed any farther towards the blue hills which I saw in the distance, but turned to my left, following a road that runs round the exterior of the city wall. It was very dreary and solitary,—not a house on the whole track, with the broad and shaggy Campagna on one side, and the high, bare wall, looking down over my head, on the other. It is not, any more than the other objects of the scene, a very picturesque wall, but is little more than a brick garden-fence, seen through a magnifying-glass, with now and then a tower, however, and frequent buttresses, to keep its height of fifty feet from toppling over. The top was ragged, and fringed with a few weeds; there had been embrasures for guns, and eyelet-holes for musketry, but these were plastered up with brick or stone. I passed one or two walled-up gateways—(by-the-by, the Porta Latina was the gate through which Belisarius first entered Rome)—and one of these had two high, round towers, and looked more Gothic and venerable with antique



strength than any other portion of the wall. Immediately after this I came to the gate of San Giovanni, just within which is the basilica of St. John Lateran, and there I was glad to rest myself upon a bench, before proceeding homeward.

There was a French sentinel at this gateway, as at all the others; for the Gauls have always been a pest to Rome, and now gall her worse than ever. I observed, too, that an official, in citizen's dress, stood there also, and appeared to exercise a supervision over some carts, with country produce, that were entering just then.

*February 25th.*—We went this forenoon to the Palazzo Borghese, which is situated on a street that runs at right angles with the Corso, and very near the latter. Most of the palaces in Rome, and the Borghese among them, were built somewhere about the sixteenth century; this in 1590, I believe. It is an immense edifice standing round the four sides of a quadrangle; and though the suite of rooms, comprising the picture-gallery, forms an almost interminable vista, they occupy only a part of the ground-floor of one side. We enter from the street into a large court surrounded with a corridor, the arches of which support a second series of arches above. The picture-rooms open from one into another, and have many points of magnificence, being large and lofty, with vaulted ceilings and beautiful frescoes, generally of mythological subjects, in the flat central parts of the vault. The cornices are gilded; the deep embrasures of the windows are panelled with wood-work; the door-ways are of polished and variegated marble, or covered with a composition as hard, and seemingly as durable. The whole has a kind of splendid shabbiness thrown over it, like a slight coating of rust; the furniture, at least the damask chairs, being a good deal worn, though there are marble and mosaic tables which may serve to adorn another palace when this one crumbles away with age. One beautiful hall, with a ceiling more richly gilded than the rest, is panelled all round with large looking-glasses, on which are painted pictures, both landscapes and human figures, in oil; so that the effect is somewhat as if you saw these objects represented in the mirrors. These glasses must be of old date, perhaps coeval with the first building of the palace, for they are so much dimmed, that one's own figure appears indistinct in them, and more difficult to be traced than the pictures which cover them half over. It was very comfortable—indeed, I suppose nobody ever thought of being comfortable there since the house

was built—but especially uncomfortable on a chill, damp day like this. My fingers were quite numb before I got half way through the suite of apartments, in spite of a brazier of charcoal which was smouldering into ashes in two or three of the rooms. There was not, so far as I remember, a single fireplace in the suite. A considerable number of visitors were there, and a good many artists; The Prince Borghese certainly demeans himself like a kind and liberal gentleman in throwing open this invaluable collection to the public to see, and for artists to carry away with them, and diffuse all over the world so far as their own power and skill will permit. It is open every day of the week, except Saturday and Sunday, without any irksome restriction or supervision; and the fee which custom requires the visitor to pay to the custode has the good effect of making us feel that we are not intruders, nor received in an exactly eleemosynary way. The thing could not be better managed.

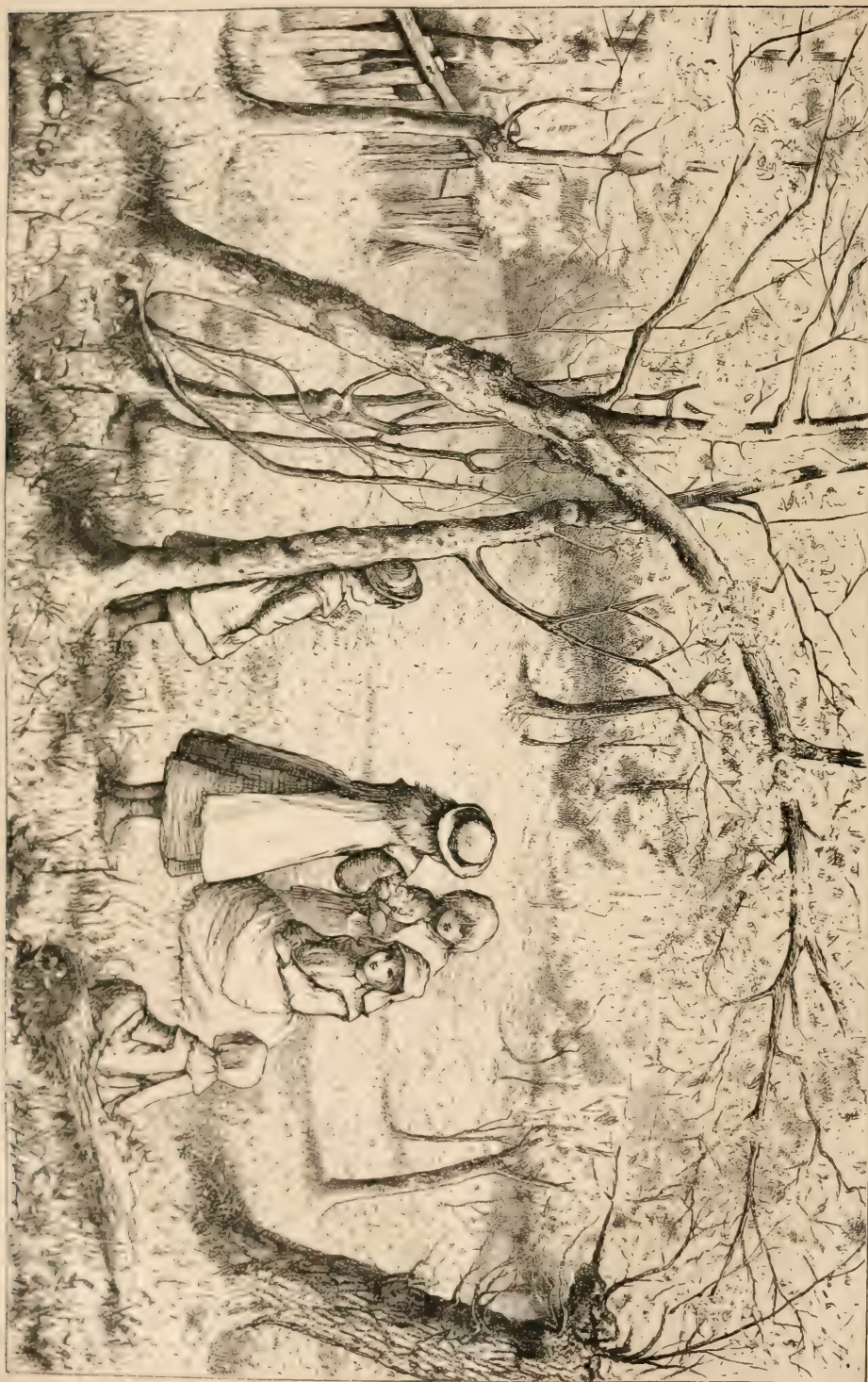
The collection is one of the most celebrated in the world, and contains between eight and nine hundred pictures, many of which are esteemed masterpieces. I think I was not in a frame for admiration to-day, nor could achieve that free and generous surrender of myself which I have already said is essential to the proper estimate of anything excellent. Besides, how is it possible to give one's soul, or any considerable part of it, to a single picture seen, for the first time, among a thousand others, all of which set forth their own claims in an equally good light? Furthermore, there is an external weariness and sense of a thousandfold sameness to be overcome before we can begin to enjoy a gallery of the old Italian masters.

I remember but one painter, Francia, who seems really to have approached this awful class of subjects [Christs and Madonnas] in a fitting spirit; his pictures are very singular and awkward, if you look at them with merely an external eye, but they are full of the beauty of holiness, and evidently wrought out as acts of devotion with the deepest sincerity, and are veritable prayers upon canvass.

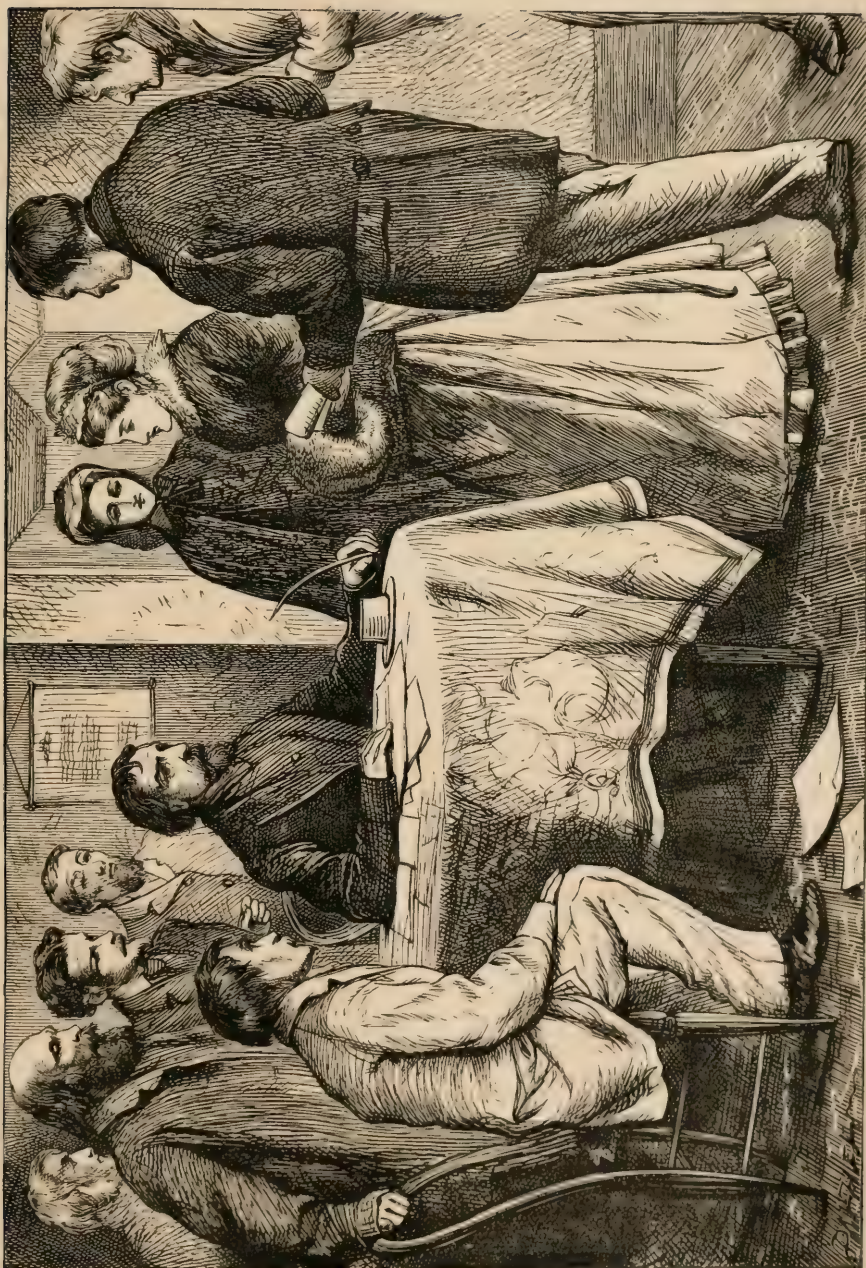
I was glad, in the very last of the twelve rooms, to come upon some Dutch and Flemish pictures, very few, but very welcome; Rubens, Rembrandt, Vandyke, Paul Potter, Teniers, and others—men of flesh and blood, and warm fists, and human hearts. As compared with them, these mighty Italian masters seem men of polished steel; not human, nor addressing themselves so much to human sympathies as to a formed, intellectual taste.





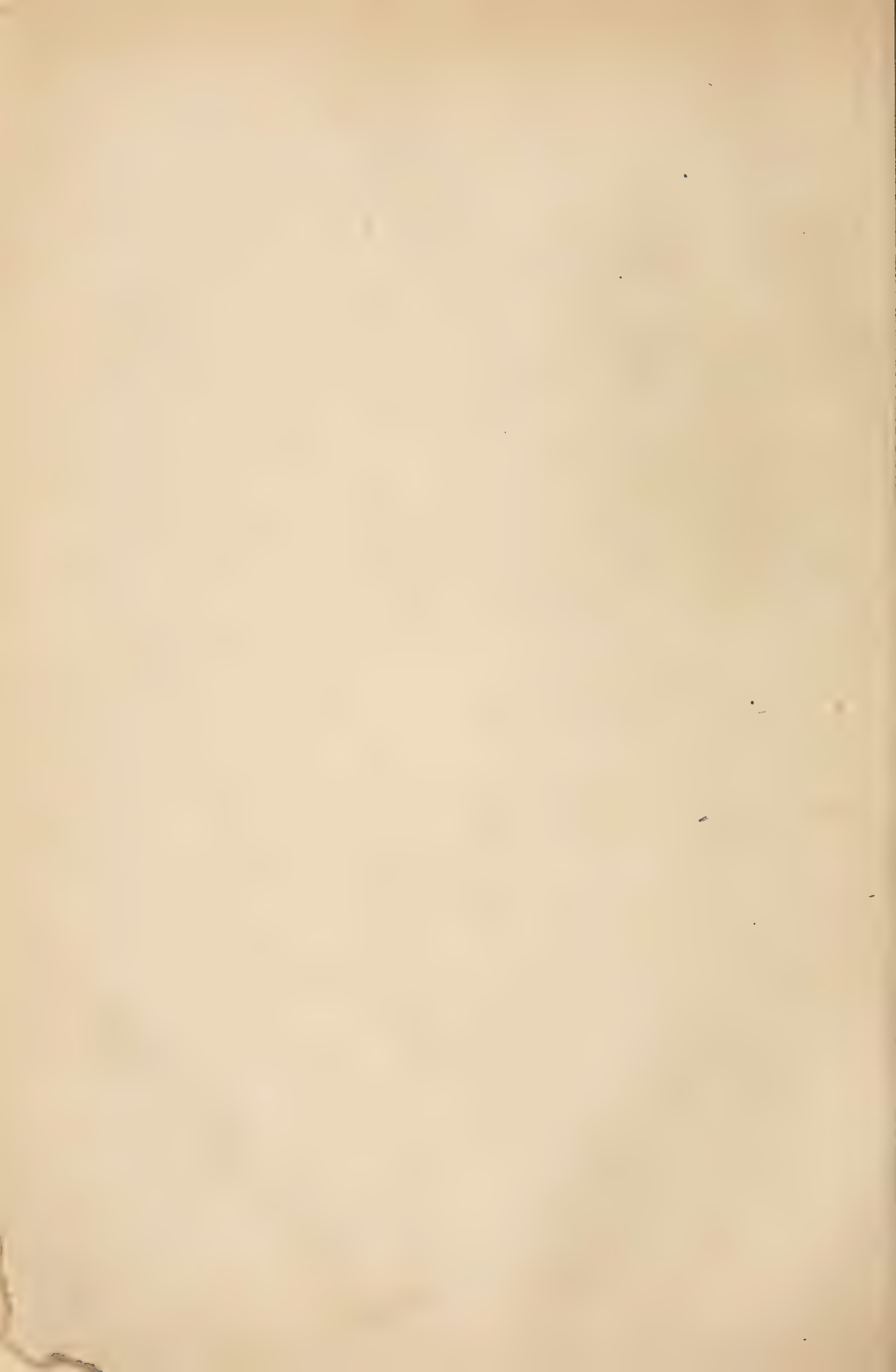






"THE SYLVESTRES."





## THE HIGH MILLS.

BY KATHERINE SAUNDERS, AUTHOR OF "GIDEON'S ROCK."

## CHAPTER I.



HERE is a turn in the road from Bulver's Bay to Lamberhurst from which the High Mills are first to be seen, looking like two pinned insects writhing on the hill.

It was at this turn of the road that Michael Swift first saw them at

noon on the third day of his journey. He stood still, his bundle on his stick, his face raised towards them, with the look of a man seeing at last in substance and reality what had been his chief vision awake or asleep, for years past.

It was such a look as Jacob might have cast upon the fields of Laban, Christian on the shining palaces of the Beautiful City, or Columbus towards the shores of the New World.

When he withdrew his eyes from the mills, Michael turned to look at the road by which he had come; and, dropping his bundle, took his stick and drew a little line across the road, saying to himself with a smile as full of sorrow as tears can sometimes be of joy, "Here my life is cut in two."

On one side of the line lay Michael's thirty-two years of peaceful, honest life, all darkened now by the great sorrow which had driven him forth; on the other remained only the High Mills and the hope which was too wild and daring to be told to any living creature, but for the sake of which he had left all he cared for in the world.

Michael had changed his travelling clothes at the last village that he passed, and was going into Lamberhurst in his white miller's dress. He was of middle height and broad-shouldered, and possessed all the vigour and careless grace of well-used muscles and per-

fect health. His face, too, was broad, and always pale; and this and his dark beard and eyes gave him a slightly Eastern look, which, however, was forgotten at the first sound of his hearty English voice.

Everything he saw was as fresh to him as if he had indeed entered upon a new world, a new life. He had never before been more than twelve miles from London; and this old village in Southdownshire, where life was still much the same as it had been a century ago, was full of wonder for him.

He laughed at the fat-legged children running into the cottages at his approach. He marvelled at the little Norman church, at its rich black old door, guarded with rustic white gates, which would have been thought too humble for the lowest cottage in *his* village. He went on a few steps into the churchyard, which was treeless and breezy, and where there was about one gravestone to twenty little mounds without. "Are folks here content to be buried, name and all?" Michael wondered; and he thought that if he grew old and died before his hope was realised, it would be better that he too should have his name go down into the grave with him.

As he was thinking of this his eyes fell on a stone bearing many repetitions of the name "Ambray;" and Michael no sooner saw it than his face became disturbed; a deep reverence came over it, and he took his cap slowly and with trembling hands from his head.

The first tracing of the name was fast following the bones of its owner to decay, but Michael could just read underneath it "of Lamberhurst Hall." There was next a John Ambray, of Lamberhurst Hall, then some names, which Michael passed quickly over till he came to that of a captain who had distinguished himself at Waterloo, and from this to the soldier's eldest son, George Ambray, of Buckholt Farm.

As he read this name, Michael bowed his head lower, and turned quickly away, treading gently in the grass, on which his eyes were fixed with a gravity as profound as if each green blade marked some dust dear to him.

The smell of wood fires came stronger on the fresh March breeze, and soon Michael reached the little inn by the sign of the Team, where he entered and asked for some ale.

The lad to whom he had spoken pointed into the little bar-parlour, where Michael had



already seen four or five smock-frocks round a table, and a tanglement of drab-gaitered legs underneath it.

It was market-day, and the heads of several of the neighbouring farms having gone to the town, the company in which Michael found himself was, he soon understood, composed mostly of old men who had been left at home in charge; and who had taken this opportunity of a quiet meeting and discussion of their several grievances, in the presence of the sympathising landlord of the Team.

Michael had never seen anything like these men in his life before. They all stopped talking as he sat down at the window, and stared at him, exchanged looks with each other, then stared at him again with as little regard for what he thought of it as if he had been a stray animal wandering at large in the village.

Michael returned their gaze with more than the surprise natural to a townsman meeting farm-labourers of a remote country place for the first time. An innocent prisoner, seeing impotent age or idiocy on his judge's face, might have had such a look of foreboding—almost terror—as came into Michael's eyes at the contemplation of these creatures of his new world.

Turning away from them to the window, he saw a boy running past, then heard heavy shoes in the passage, and in an instant a little smock stood in the doorway, and a small voice, full of excitement, was shouting—

“Ma'r S'one! The mill's agoing!”

At this every one looked at a little old man at a corner of the table.

Michael looking also, saw that Ma'r S'one (which he afterwards heard was a Southdownshire abbreviation of Master Stone) was quite different from the rest of the company, who had impressed him so unfavourably.

Ma'r S'one was very small and gentle-looking, and seemed to be almost visibly diminishing in size, under the influence of age and toil. His tanned hand shook on his knee like a dry leaf in autumn longing to flutter down and be at rest. His little eyes were bright, and ever ready to fill with childish surprise, or dismay, or pleasure—indeed, Ma'r S'one was very like a withered child looking gently on life as on a hard school, from which he waited patiently to be sent home. Afterwards, when Michael had much opportunity of watching him, he noticed that he never seemed quite at his ease, but appeared constantly haunted by the fear that he was not doing all that he could to please people, and might get into trouble. No one could ever

persuade Ma'r S'one that any portion of his time belonged to himself. His presence now at the Team was quite a piece of self-sacrifice, for Ma'r S'one drank nothing but water, and hated to leave his work, but he had been much too frightened at giving offence to refuse to go with those who had demanded his company. “All things to all men” was Ma'r S'one—but most innocently, and for nothing but peace.

When the boy called out that the mill was going, and every one looked at Ma'r S'one, his little eyes filled with astonishment, and gazed about helplessly. At last he fixed them on the boy, and asked—

“Be ye sure, Tum?”

“Ye'es,” answered Tom, jerking his head back to look through the outer door—“goin' a good'n! Come and look 'eself, Ma'r S'one.”

So Ma'r S'one got up, and leaning on his long-handled thud (for without some such aid he could not walk), and jerking his shoulder-blades as if he found it difficult to realise that they were not burthened with a bundle of sticks or hay, he went to the door and stood beside the boy, looking out up at the mills.

Michael watched him as he looked up with bright wondering eyes, which presently grew full of childish awe.

He came back shaking his head, and said in a trembling voice as he sat down—

“Poor old Ambray! I thart missis 'ud wuk 'im up to it—I thart she wourd.”

Michael, who sat holding his mug of ale without heeding it, and looking on the floor as he listened intently, heard several grunts of sympathy; and some one asked—

“Ah she's been at it agen, then, eh, Ma'r S'one?”

“Ye'es,” said Ma'r S'one; “I fetched her a sheert o' paper yest'y, and she writ to him un she must and wourd let the mill, as he couldn't wuk it 'e'self nor pay a grinder. And then she carled me in, and I see her a lickin' it to make it steeik, and a thumpin' it, and she scraeled the name on it and says to me, ‘Take this 'ere up to t' High Mills, Ma'r S'one, and look shearp.’ I wur most afeard to go, I wur.”

“The old flint might tark her 'ead arf afore she'd got *me* to gone,” asserted a voice at the table.

Ma'r S'one looked at the speaker with the humble admiration with which a weak little boy looks at a school-fellow of superior size, and repeated meekly—

“I wur most afeard to go; and when I heerd old Ambray's cough, I thart I shud a

tarned and gone down t'hill agen; but if I had, she'd comed e'self. So I gived it in, and they telled me bide a minute, and I heerd him fell off his cheer a coughin' and a chokin', and the wife wur on her knees holdin' up his 'ead and cryin', and says to me, 'Go, Ma'r S'one, there's no good to wait. Tell the missus John Ambray is old and helpless, but he has a son, and we have sent for him.'"

Michael had turned his back, and was looking up at the mills with wild eyes and white lips.

"It's beh oped you telled her that, Ma'r S'one," said the landlord of the Team.

"Ye'es," answered Ma'r S'one; "she wur jest arf in the caart—she and Ann Ditch—with th' butter under 'em, and she on'y larfed when I telled her, and says, 'Arl very fine, Ma'r S'one, but la's la', and right's right.'"

"But it beant all la' that's right, naythur," said an old man sitting next to Ma'r S'one.

Michael did not stay to hear the slow and complicated dispute which followed this bold assertion, but paid for his ale, and nodding gently to Ma'r S'one as the representative of the company, wished him good morning, and went out.

Though it was but one by the Dutch clock as Michael left the Team, Lamberhurst had sunk deep into its afternoon stupor.

Time dragged such a rusty and reluctant scythe over these downs of which Michael's new world consisted, that it is no wonder the inhabitants found it necessary to take him by the forelock to get on at all. So at three or four in the morning, the working day began; and who then could wait later than eleven for the noon, or seven or eight for night? Time, however, kept a strict reckoning with those who tried to beguile him in this way, and got what was due to him by stretching out the weary lives a score or so of years beyond the usual length. Sitting in the doorways, or crawling with sticks and crutches along the little passages, or peering from the windows, Michael saw several of these aged debtors whom the tyrant would not suffer to depart till they had paid what they owed him to the uttermost farthing.

At the smithy, by the steep lane leading up to the High Mills, the horse that was being shod, the smith who was beating the red-hot shoe, the two men looking on, and the fire itself, with the March sunshine on it, all seemed to Michael to be more than half asleep.

The ducks about the pond apparently thought there was at this hour nothing in

water requiring the attention of more than one eye, or on earth that made it worth standing on with more than one leg. The calves brought down to drink had fallen into a trance with their mouths full of water, which dribbled back into the pond, while the shadows of the overhanging catkins fell lightly on their sleek sides.

Michael Swift, as he strode through the village in his miller's clothes, every muscle and nerve of his body strung to action, and his face worn by sorrow and full of fervour, looked not unlike some white-robed messenger of fate coming with hands full of good and evil to waken this lethargic little world.

## CHAPTER II.

ALTHOUGH that lane to the High Mills was to become to Michael's feet as familiar a way as they had ever trodden, he remembered noticing nothing about it then but that it was steep and chalky, and seemed to end in a sharp line against the sky.

He had not gone far up before the wind which had lulled a few moments rose high, and suddenly he heard the grinding of the millstone and the rushing of the sails.

He had been expecting this sound ever since he set foot in the lane, listening for it, yet it came upon him with a tumult that bewildered and staggered him. He listened to it as one piloting a ship through perilous ways listens to the breaking of the waves upon a reef, his lips hard set, his eyes contracted, to prevent either breath or glance betraying the fear that is in him.

Michael could not keep his feet steady; his steps wavered from side to side of the narrow road. The higher he got, the more overwhelming to him became the voice of the little mill, which as yet he could not see. It was eloquent of things he dared not think of at this time. It filled the stark black hedges with visions of a face from which his own turned shudderingly away. It was in vain that his will strove against his imagination, which clutched at everything the mill's voice offered it—the vision of a little child laughing and clapping its hands at the sails turning merrily in the spring breeze—a lad's face at a mill window looking out upon the morning, flushed like itself with the hectic beauty of false promise—these, and many others such as these, Michael's fancy seized upon as the sound of the mill filled his ears.

At last something white came flashing up over the hill-line and against the vivid March sky.



The tips of the mill-sails were in sight, sweeping slowly round, for the wind had sunk.

Now that Michael was so near to what he had been journeying towards for three days, the energy died out of his limbs, so that he could scarcely drag them along; the whole journey began to appear to him a foolish and desperate thing.

He could see all the top of the mill now—the little sails opposite the great ones, and a tiny window.

A few steps more, and the whole scene he had so often pictured was before him—not as he had pictured it, but all strange—so strange, that old thoughts, which had grown half-lovingly, half-fearfully round Michael's picture, fled; and, before new ones had time to grow and fit themselves, there was nothing in his mind but dreariness, confusion, and a desire that was really a sharp pain after the home left—a bitter sense that the smallest thing *there*, in the place hidden from him by a three days' journey, was nearer and clearer to his perception at this moment than all which lay close before him.

He had thought of the two mills in a pleasant country field—the white one trim and orderly, and the old black mill beyond it, useless and falling to decay; but little had he imagined what kind of world they stood in—what valley crowned with a shining little circlet of sea lay stretched before them—green, plenteous, and so lovely as to be strange and foreign to eyes which had seen no farther than poor Michael Swift's. So as he looked on it his eyes grew heavy and sick; like a poor soldier's which, filled with the loved face he has left behind him, are compelled to look upon the smiles and gestures of some dancing peasant girl.

But this was no time to pause and give way to the bitterness of being a stranger in the land. The wind came up from the sea, and the voice of the mill aroused him. He looked up at it. How gaunt it was and weather-worn! How impossible he found it to look at the little windows without seeing the same face at each—the fresh boyish face with eyes blue and careless—that *would* meet his and kindle with tragic prophecy as they gazed at him.

Suddenly a real face appeared at the little square window of the grinding-floor. Not the face that had been haunting Michael since the mill had been in hearing and in sight. This face was aged, long, white, and stern, and with no colour in it but the cold steel-grey eyes which looked out beyond where

Michael Swift was standing right on to where the road from Bulver's Bay curved low among the downs.

Michael understood well the meaning of the look, and moved aside, because he could not bear to stand even unseen between it and its guest.

In moving he went towards the mill, which was going now with a velocity that reminded him how unfit perhaps to regulate its speed were the hands trying so feverishly to save and keep it from passing away from them.

At this thought Michael lifted his head and pressed on towards the mill door, with a tender pity in his face like one who hastens to the assistance of a child in distress or danger.

He went straight and opened the door, but when he stood inside among the sacks of flour, with the name of Ambray on them, and saw some feet coming down the little ladder from the dressing-floor, his confusion and dizziness came back, and he scarcely knew how he should face the tall white figure that was coming slowly down to him.

He was holding his hand to his side and coughing as he came, though Michael saw this rather than heard it because of the din of the grindstone, which drowned every other sound.

His grey eyes were fixed on Michael, whom he had seen approaching, and had come down to meet. He was very tall, and still upright in spite of his illness, which had left him white as the deal shaft he held by as he stood still at the foot of the steps. Michael could not tell if his hair was really white, for it was covered with flour, as were his eyebrows and lashes.

Michael could not speak; he moistened his lips and moved them, but no sound came through the noise of the grindstone.

The long ghostly figure holding by the shaft and coughing his painful and, as it seemed, silent cough, began to wonder at him, and the grey eyes to gather some impatient fire.

"The—the master?" Michael said at last, with a voice which he felt might ruin him, but which the miller thought strong and pleasant enough.

He nodded sharply, and Michael's hand went to his cap. Then the old man shouted above the din—

"And servant too." And at this Michael took his cap right off and held it in his hand.

The miller stared at him, but not so sternly; for respect is sweet to those who have had it, and lost or think that they have lost it.

The wind was gentler now, and Michael

had no trouble in hearing his own voice and making it heard when he said—

"I heard you were without a grinder, and I have come to offer myself."

The old miller looked at him in a way that made Michael's heart beat high with hope.

This was not because he saw in that look the least intention on the miller's part of engaging a grinder, he knew well nothing was further from him than any such purpose; but Michael could see that his proposal had disturbed the old man with what he himself felt to be a vain desire for that which he must refuse. Michael knew that as he looked at him he was considering his strength, and hopelessly longing that it might have been in his power to use it for the saving of the mill; he knew that he was thinking of the services he offered, and coveting them with all his soul and with all his poor weary body that longed to give up struggling against its chains of pain, and lie down to lessen their weight.

Reading all this with those simple clear-seeing eyes of his, Michael did not despair when the miller said—

"I am not in need of a grinder. Who told you I was? I do not employ one. I manage the stone and everything myself."

"So I heard," answered Michael, avoiding the haggard eye, and fixing his own on the name on a flour sack against the great scales. "But I heard, too, that there was like to be some change in your arrangements just now."

Ambray coughed painfully. The thought of what the change might be—the giving up of the mill—had made him tremble as he stood.

"No," he answered shortly. "No change that will make me engage a grinder."

"This person that was talking to me about it," said Michael, "was thinking you were likely to be making a fresh start altogether to put a stop to some change that was talked of about the mill. I don't know the rights of it exactly; but this friend of mine was saying that he was sure you would see that it would be the best thing you could do now to hire a grinder at once."

The miller gave Michael a bewildered and an astonished look, then bent his white brows in thought—painful and puzzled.

"No," he said at last, looking up with decision; "I don't think of doing any such thing."

Michael took his cap from under his arm, but instead of putting it on, as Ambray expected to see him do, turned it about in his hands thoughtfully.

"You'll excuse me," he began, looking up suddenly at the tall old miller, "if I take the liberty of mentioning that I know you couldn't—I mean that it would make no difference to me putting off the matter of wages for a few weeks or so."

Old Ambray did not answer, but stood looking at him through and through.

"Now," thought Michael, "he thinks I have got into some scrape, and want to earn a character at his expense." He put his hand into his pocket, and taking out a little old leather case, drew from that a paper which he gave to Ambray.

This was the written character Michael Swift had received from the manager of some mills he had worked at for five years.

"What is this?" asked Ambray, opening it as he spoke.

"I should like you to look at it," answered Michael, "in case you change your mind."

The miller read it through and returned the paper to Michael, repressing a sigh as he did so.

"Yes," he said, looking at him with more interest. "These are good lines—very good lines. You ought to get a good thing from these. These are famous mills too—I have heard of them. My son—I have a son in London—wrote to me about them."

Michael never afterwards understood what impelled him to look up at that instant, and meet the miller's eye, and give that little answering nod as the old man said, "I have a son in London." He has often felt it since to be one of the greatest sins he ever committed.

While Michael was hanging his head and suffering over this little involuntary act, Ambray was regarding him with a certain wistfulness in his wan eyes, and asking himself, "What does he mean—this well-to-do-looking fellow, with his good lines, coming to *my* mill when he might go anywhere? I take it he is not quite sharp."

Then he thought, "Perhaps he has come to Southdownshire to see after some important place that will take some weeks to settle about, and only wants to fill up the time." And here Michael saw that he again began thinking how well it would be for him if he could by any possibility agree to his proposal.

"Why have you come down here, so far from where you worked before?" inquired Ambray suddenly.

If Michael was for a moment at a loss for a reply, the miller did not perceive it, for his cough came on through his having spoken more quickly than Michael had yet heard



him speak; and by the time the fit was over Ambray was conscious of having received a simple and satisfying reason for Michael's presence at Lamberhurst. It was something about his having half arranged to engage himself at a steam mill near Bulver's Bay, but time finding there would be more night-work than he cared to undertake, he had given up the idea altogether.

The fit of coughing had so exhausted and depressed Ambray, that sinking on the sack of bran Michael had pushed near to him, he fell into a fit of gloomy thought, and appeared to forget Michael's presence, and to remember nothing but his weakness and the many troubles that lay so heavily upon him.

The sunshine streamed in under the door and through the little window all clogged with flour as with an indoor snow, and to make the mimicry of winter more complete, a robin came and clung to the window-frame, pressing its scarlet breast against it in its efforts to peck at a flake of bran sticking to the inside of the window. The old black mill-dog got up from the corner, where he had been eyeing Michael ever since he entered, and came and licked his hand with a gleam of stolid and decided friendliness.

As Michael patted him, the feeling that he should stay took hold of him very strongly.

At this moment a little bell high up in the mill began to ring with a weak tinkling sound that was scarcely heard above the other noise. It was the bell that was struck by the machinery when there was no more corn in the shaft over the grindstone.

Michael, having been used to the same arrangement in the mills where he worked, went halfway up the steps before he remembered where he was.

He turned and looked back hesitatingly.

"Where are you going?" asked Ambray gruffly.

"There's the child crying, as we call it in our talk," answered Michael with a smile; "shall I go and feed it?"

"Let it cry," Ambray said, beginning to cough; "leave it alone."

Michael paused on the ladder with brows knit in surprise.

"Is that a pity?" he remonstrated; "the child's getting steady now. I shall feed some corn on the shooting-floor, shan't I? You a good nurse, master; I can't bear to hear the child cry and not go and feed it. I shall feed my way."

"Let it cry. I tell you!" shouted Ambray, "and come down with you." As Michael obeyed, the old man, touched perhaps by

the gentleness of his steps and look, added bitterly—

"Let it cry. Let it be hungry. Let it starve. I have no more to feed it with. No; there's no corn on the shooting-floor, there is no corn in the mill. Be off, my man. I like you, but you've come to the wrong shop. Go your ways with your good lines, and luck attend you."

#### CHAPTER III.

In his heart the old miller did not take it ill that Michael, instead of obeying him, remained standing by the ladder; looking as if all the shame of the confession lay with him for having been the means of bringing it out.

"I won't deceive you, master," he said at last; "I guessed something of this before."

"Then why the—then, what do you mean by wanting to be my grinder?"

"Why not?" said Michael. "For one thing, I don't take all I pick up here and there for gospel truth, specially in the country, where folk must have something to keep them from stagnating. And then, too, the thought came to me, that perhaps if this lady that owns the mill and sells you the corn, if she heard you'd a good, strong, steady-going sort of grinder, she might be willing to leave things as they are a little longer, to give us a trial."

The miller mused over this profoundly, and studied Michael from head to foot.

"I thought that was her reason for wishing to put the mill in other hands, your keeping no man, and—and not having good health yourself?" Michael ventured to add, after a silence of some moments.

"Reason—her reason!" said Ambray, with a wrathful light gathering in his eyes. "It's no use going into that. The truth is, the woman wants to get the thing out of my hands altogether, if she can—if she can. But while I keep the mill in use, I have a sort of right to it: but that's nothing to do with you. As for what you say, I don't know but what there's something in it—in fact, I do see something in it."

He sat thinking, pressing the fingers of either hand to his temples, which Michael could see were still throbbing with the agitation of his last coughing fit.

"Well," he said, rising up to his full height, and taking hold of the shaft, "there can be no harm done by trying what you have proposed—it's not a bad proposal—not at all. I can't see the woman to-day; she's never home till late on market-days, and if she were," he added to himself reflectively,

"it's a chance if she'd be sober. No; we'll go in the morning,—that's if you really think you care to waste your time over the experiment."

"Why, what can I do better?" answered Michael, trying to speak only cheerfully, and to conceal his deep thankfulness.

"I can give you a good bed," said Ambray, with the faded light of a bygone hospitality in his eyes. "And, though there's no corn in the mill, there's bread in the house. Come—come home and see my wife."

Michael's eyes fell with a reluctant look. Then, as if a thought had suddenly come to his assistance, he glanced round the little room and shrugged his shoulders.

"It seems to me, master, the mistress would do right to send me back with a box on the ear if I leave such a place as this," he protested. "Look how that window is choked up—the brush must go to work here at once, or we shan't be able to see one pollard from another soon, or bran from sharps."

"Nonsense," grumbled Ambray, who did not like being opposed, and whose cough was aggravated by Michael's brush filling the air with white dust. "I'm going home to tea. You'd better come too."

Michael made a grimace.

"Tea, master?" he remonstrated, "before three o'clock! Come now, you must have a little patience with me. I shall get used to your country hours all in good time, and turn the day upside down as well as any of you. I've no doubt in a week or two you'll find me quite ready to spring up like a lark—no, I mean like a nightingale when the sun sets, and go to bed when the lark gets up. But who *can* be reformed all at once?"

"Have your own way, then," answered the miller, a smile playing for an instant on his thin white lips as Michael held open the door for him.

#### CHAPTER IV.

LIKE some churchyard ghost, Michael thought, that had gone wandering abroad at midnight and been overtaken by the sunshine before it had found its way back to the grave, the figure of the miller, tall and white, passed slowly across the corner of the sunny field.

He stood with the door in his hands for some moments looking after him with a gaze that had in it the tenderness of a child, the awe of a slave.

Then he shut the door gently, as gently and reluctantly as if some bright form, so it,

odour-breathing, and lovely, had just floated out, and he feared that the edges of a silken train might still be lingering on the threshold.

With his thumb upon the latch, he turned and looked around him, and up the little steps, and slowly realised that he was alone in the mill.

He realised that he was alone, and yet his eyes began immediately to look and turn slowly or quickly as eyes that are riveted on the movements of some person or thing whose presence causes restlessness and fear. The invisible object of Michael's gaze was felt by him to be anything but ghostly. The face and form that he felt living and moving about the mill were full of vigour and youth, and indeed it was the richness and fulness of life in his spectre that made it the more terrible to him. Many times he had the sense of hearing a clear strong whistle, or a snatch of song in a rich, young voice that seemed now in the room where he was, now above in the upper floors, and now upon the steps. When at last Michael's gay and busy ghost seemed to him to have passed up these steps, and to be moving about the dressing floor over his head, he could not keep himself from following.

Ascending the steps slowly, he reached this place, and gazed through the dusty glass door into the tiny closet that served as an office.

There was a little white coat which Michael knew could never have belonged to old Ambray hanging up here, and nailed against the wall he saw a tiny common looking-glass which he was sure was never hung there by the grim old miller.

Turning from the office, he was passing along by the great flour-bin in the middle of the room, when he saw on it in a patch of sunshine a confused mass of sketches and scribbling. The sketches were mostly of windmills, and all seemed to have been done by the same hand, which had evidently been possessed by a restless ambition to improve upon its first childish sketch of a windmill. In the top sketch it seemed to have fulfilled its desires, for a fantastic frame was pencilled round it, and just inside the frame was written, in a hand bold and flowing, "George Ambray."

The scribbling among the windmills consisted only of repetitions of the same name and a few dates and obscure records; but a little on one side two names were carved on the wood with a penknife, and a date, the 1st of March, two years back was cut beside them. Michael's eye was caught by this date in



stantly, and he drew in his breath as he saw it, and then stood gazing on it and on the names, "George" and "Nora," till the light and life seemed first to die out of his eyes, then to flash back strong and moist as he looked with an almost passionate sympathy at the spot where the cutting of the names and the parting which he knew by the date had followed it took place. So absorbed was he in this scene of two years ago that he behaved exactly as he might have done had it been taking place before his eyes. He watched the remembered, or the imagined, "George" and "Nora" across the room, and even went to look down the steps after them, and hurried to the window to see them go across the field. While standing there he heard the door opened below, and the old miller's voice calling him.

Michael started, then hurried to the ladder, but before descending it he stood still, and passed his hand across his face, and drew two or three deep breaths.

He came down at last whistling carelessly, so that Ambray should think he had not heard himself called.

"You're soon back, then, master," he cried, with pretended surprise.

"Yes," answered Ambray, sitting down on the sack of bran again and sighing heavily. "I've been speaking to my wife about this, and she thinks a deal of it. I only hope she won't think too much of it," he added in a lower voice. "But she thinks we ought to see the woman to-night about it, if that's any way possible."

"Is that wise," asked Michael with a comical look of fright and awe, "if, as I think you did say, the lady sometimes gets a little—a little over-excited on market-days?"

"Hold your tongue with your lady," cried Ambray; "a pretty lady!"

"Is she now?" said Michael, with affected simplicity.

"You'll see for yourself," answered the miller, half savagely, half amused.

As Michael stood waiting further orders, Ambray startled him by saying suddenly—

"Didn't you know then that my brother George Ambray married a hop-picker?"

"Me! I know nothing," stammered Michael confusedly. "I am quite a stranger here."

"Yes," growled the old miller, fixing on him eyes chilled and hardened by a life-long disappointment, "he did, sure enough, and was killed at five-and-twenty out a hunting. He was a gentleman, was George Ambray. Ah, you wouldn't take me for his brother

if you'd seen him. Yes, he was taken when he little expected it, and then everything was hers; and she kept everything, the High Mills and all, though she had a paper that only wanted his name, making them over to me. Years ago she'd have liked to turn me out, but she daren't, for the whole countryside would have been upon her. Besides, the mill did well; she couldn't have had it better filled, she knew that. But she's trying it on now. Yes, and the Lord knows where she'll stop!"

"She's a rich woman too, I hear," said Michael.

"Rich! Why, my brother when he married her had Buckholt Farm down there where she lives now and scrapes her gains together and plays the miser, and clacks her tongue from morn till night. He had the farm and mills—the old black one went too then—and half the church tithes, and some hop-gardens over at Tidhurst besides; then she married Grist, a retired chandler from Bulver's Bay—pretty comfortably off—in fact, there's no telling exactly what he did have."

"But I thought she was a widow," said Michael.

"So she is; Grist isn't in your way if you think of making yourself agreeable to her to-morrow, or to-night. He was taken off by dropsy twelve years ago."

"No," answered Michael, laughing and shaking his head; "the mill wants Grist, but not the miller."

The smallest of jokes went a long way in Lamberhurst, and if there ever was a man who found a joke at the expense of the enemy of his life unpalatable, old Ambray was not that man. It warned his heart towards Michael even more than the good lines he had thought so much of. He laughed till his old disease, as if enraged at seeing another power usurp its place in the poor old frame, drove off his mirth with a hard fit of coughing.

But when this was over he looked at Michael with a large and hearty liking.

"Come," he said, "I feel like a man who has been giving his guest nothing but bad wine when he's still some of the right stuff in his cellar. Things are not so bad as they seem at the High Mills, Michael Swift. I shouldn't have borne what I have if I hadn't had good reasons for patience. I have nothing to look to for myself, but I don't care for that—what's life to me now? The grain is ground, and the meal sorted, the flour taken away, and the bran left. No, I am nothing to myself now, nothing but an ache and a burthen. God knows what the

world would be to me if I hadn't my boy to think of, and if I couldn't look forward to a better lot for him than mine's been. But it's something to hope and live for to see all that belonged to my father come back to my son doubled, ay, more than doubled. That's what I live for, Michael Swift; that's the wind my sails are set to."

He looked up at Michael to see if he was as much impressed as he intended him to be. He was satisfied, and it struck him vaguely at the same time that he was about ten years older than he had first thought him.

Michael was leaning on the bran bin, resting his elbow upon it, and holding his beard and lower lip crushed in his hand, while his eyes were fixed on Ambray. He felt that they were very haggard, but he dared not move them from the miller's face.

"How old did you say you were?" asked Ambray with a kindly interest.

Michael had not mentioned his age at all as yet, and in his confusion now it occurred to him he had better tell a falsehood about it. But it lay like a piece of lead on his tongue, and he could not get it out. He ended this little struggle by saying, "I am only thirty-two, master, but five years of millering—"

"Takes ten of life," Ambray finished for him. "I often think that Miller of the Dee they sing about—a water miller, of course—must have been blessed with uncommon good lungs to have worked and sung from morn till night, as they say he did. I know I've found the work enough for mine without the singing."

He was silent a moment or two, then began in a troubled voice:—

"I don't know whether I'm glad or sorry that my son gave it up. It seemed a sin to keep him at it when there was every prospect of his taking the upper hand at Buckholt Farm in a year or two; but since things have gone so contrary lately, I have doubted a good deal whether I did right in not keeping him to the mill. Well, I was telling you how the land lies between my sister-in-law and us. It's this way. I had a brother besides George, her husband, and he died and left his little girl with us quite unprovided for. George took her, and for a wonder his wife made as much of her as if she'd been their own, and when George was killed, and his wife married again, little Nora was sent to a good school at Bulver's Bay. When Grist died, the little thing was had home again, and her aunt soon let it be known she was to have everything. George, that's my boy (he was called

after my brother), well, he and Nora were always together—it didn't matter to them whose ground they were on. There was never a day without her being over at the mill, and he had the run of the farm, with his aunt's leave or without it. They were as headstrong a pair of children as ever lived, and when they were grown up and chose to say they were engaged, Grist couldn't help herself; *she* knew Nora, and so, having to choose between taking the pair or losing 'em, she agreed to it. I often think she only did so because she thought that was the most likely way to make the girl change her mind, for she's a deep one, Jane Grist is. As for my George, she'd care little about breaking *his* heart, but Nora she *is* tender over; in fact she's the only creature she ever had a liking for in her life."

Michael now roused himself and began to put some sacks up together against the wall, but seeing that Ambray looked at him with a frown of impatience and annoyance on his pale face, he came back to the bin, and again leaned on it in an attitude of respectful attention. As a punishment for what he considered Michael's lack of proper interest in his affairs, Ambray remained silent.

"Does Miss Ambray live at the farm?" Michael at last ventured to ask very humbly.

"She does and she doesn't," the miller answered. "It's her real home, I suppose, but she's sought after so much, and she's away a great deal visiting here and there. She's been staying this six weeks—ah, more than that, pretty near all the winter—over at the Bay, at old General Milwood's, at Stone Crouch. He was an ensign of nineteen when he fought at Waterloo with her grandfather, who was over sixty then. The young people at Stone Crouch are mighty fond of Miss Nora. Money—money, what can't it do? Why, my wife was a head taller than her, and the prettiest girl in Lamberhurst, and nobody ever made *me* jealous. But, Nora—ah, what a fool that boy of mine is! Not but what *she* worships the very ground he's trodden on. Why, she never missed a day all this winter riding over to ask if we'd heard from him—till the last few weeks she's got tired, and no wonder! no wonder!"

Michael, with his brow on his hand and his elbow resting on the bin, held his breath at this silence, for he knew what would come after it—the burst of pain and anger that had been so long restrained.

It came, and Michael's form so shuddered under it that the old padlock hanging loosely to the bin shook and rattled.



"Ah, Michael Swift!" the miller cried, lifting up his head with a kind of proud abandonment to shame and grief; "my son is using us very badly—ungratefully! wickedly! Ah, what I have done for that boy! What I have gone through for his sake, the God I have made less of than him only knows! He fancied himself an artist, and nothing would do but he must go to London and study; and we two old fools, his mother and I, of course must set *his* opinion against all the world's, and get him his way by pinching and begging, and by hook and by crook. Two years he's been away now, and only troubled himself to come home once. Four letters I've written to tell him how Jane Grist is using us, and not a line have I had, except the answer to the first to say he couldn't come, and some hint about breaking off his engagement with Nora; but that was temper, and the girl shall never hear of it. He didn't want to hurry himself home, that's all, and showed his temper in that way. It was a sort of warning to us not to thwart him, I believe. Jane Grist is in high glee, the cat! and thinks Nora well rid of him, and tries to starve us out of the mill, out of the parish, out of the girl's sight; and I write to George and tell him all this, and he—he stays on, making game of us, no doubt, with his fine artist friends.

"But he can't last out long without money—that's my comfort. He'll be humble enough when he's in want again, though he was too proud to have his old father and mother go up to London to see him, as they offered to once when times were better. Ah, that was the first blow, that was. He was 'among friends,' he said. *Friends*, the young scamp, what friends had he such as *us*? He had 'no means of making us comfortable.' *Comfortable*, the young hypocrite! Ah, has he not done that?"

A long fit of coughing followed Ambray's bitter outburst. Michael remained bent over the bin motionless and mute.

The miller said nothing, but he could not help feeling surprise and disappointment at his silence. He thought he had secured a good-natured, sympathetic listener, who would be almost certain to defend his son, and in that manner give him the sweetest comfort that, in George Ambray's absence, the world could afford him.

He got up from his seat on the bran-sack in an ill-humour as soon as his cough was quieted, and told Michael to shut up the mill, and go round to Buckholt Farm to inquire what time Mrs. Grist was expected home.

Michael rose, and came and opened the door for him. Ambray pulled his coat-collar high up round his neck, and passed him without looking in his face. For this, when he was gone, Michael sighed with a great thankfulness and relief.

When he had shut himself in again, he leant his back against the door, and stood looking down with the expression of one contending in his mind against some unreasonable misery.

He stood so for some moments, then went to where the sun streamed through the little window, and looked up at it. Here a look of comfort and faint triumph came into his eyes, and he said softly—

"Ah, George, boy, if *you* could speak for me, you would!"

Afterwards he went about his work of shutting up very quietly, and with a calmer manner than he had yet had since he entered the mill.

He appeared to treat almost with reverence every little duty that came to his hand. The old dog followed him from floor to floor; the setting sun streamed warmly through and through the mill. Michael, though he dared not yet look back and wonder what they were all doing at home, began to feel less strange and chill at heart.

He did not care yet to look far out over the downs when he went to shut the doors leading on to the little terrace, for fear his thoughts should be driven by force of contrast to the dear old green at home. He only took one vague, sweeping glance over all—the stretches of light and shadow, the little line of sea, the mills on the far-away heights laying their sails like weary wings at rest against the sky—the white lane up from the smithy where a party of riders were waiting, their voices ascending in a pleasant murmur with the ring of the blacksmith's hammer and the tinkling of a sheep-bell in the mill-field.

Michael had locked both doors, and was going down the ladder to the next floor with his gentle, noiseless step, when all at once he stood still, and put up his hand to shade his eyes from the sun that streamed towards him. His other hand was still holding by the upper floor, and his eyes full of self-doubt and amazement were looking towards the great bin.

He knew that the mill must for him be incessantly haunted by forms and voices of the past, and for a moment or two he could scarcely feel sure whether he was looking at a phantom of his brain or a reality.

The object of his doubt was a girl in a riding habit, standing by the bin with her back towards Michael, and looking at George Ambray's sketches and the two names carved there.

Michael had barely time to say to himself, "I am not dreaming—it *is* a lady," before she bent her head and touched the names with her lips, then glided to the steps, and without Michael having seen her face, vanished down them as if her feet had been used to hem from childhood.

And they had been used to them from childhood, Michael was sure, for he knew that this was Nora.

#### CHAPTER V.

MICHAEL had not to find his way to Buckholt Farm that evening. He had only just come into the road out of the white lane when he saw a party of tipsy labourers on their way home from the Team, and Ma'r S'one was amongst them, himself perfectly sober and gentle, and looking the meekest and sweetest-tempered of victims.

On being drawn away and questioned by Michael, Ma'r S'one said he was sure his mistress would not be home till late, as he knew she was going to take tea with an aunt of her second husband's, who kept a draper's shop at the Bay.

So Michael wished Ma'r S'one good-night, and went back up the lane.

It was with a dreary feeling that he remembered he did not even know where the miller's house was, and should be obliged to ask his way to it. He had, seen Ambray when he left the mill go down a slope at the corner of the field, and he went on in that direction till he came to some cottages, which he would have fancied only the poorest farm-labourers lived in, till at the garden gate of one he saw the miller standing, evidently looking out for him.

He seemed disappointed at the result of Michael's inquiries; but, after one impatient exclamation, he led the way quietly into the cottage, saying to Michael as he appeared at the door—

"Here's my wife—crying, you see—fit to break her heart because Miss Nora Ambray has just paid us a flying visit."

Michael stood with his cap in his hand, trying his utmost not to look at a large portrait over the mantelpiece, which he could not help seeing wherever he turned, though as yet he had not lifted his eyes towards it.

Mrs. Ambray's was a clear-cut, beautiful old face, noble with shadows of other griefs

than her own. When Michael at last found courage to look at it, he saw so much more there than the likeness to another face which he had feared to see, that he felt full of pleasure when it smiled at him, and a voice, as like that face as could be, bade him come near to the fire.

The whole of that first evening at Ambray's house was like a dream to Michael. He can only recall the two voices talking at intervals—and that the talk was all George Ambray, Nora, and the chances of gaining the desired end from Mrs. Grist in the morning.

He understood well that evening what the old people were to each other. The miller's wife was to him no wife now except in name, but only the mother of his boy, in whom his very soul was bound up. He could remember and respect her sorrow on her son's account, but in everything else he slighted and ignored her. With her the case was exactly opposite—there was much more of the wife than the mother in her—she sorrowed over George, but chiefly on account of the grief he was causing his father, whose every look and movement Michael saw she watched with a young, suffering, loving heart in her old eyes.

He seemed to understand them both so well that he could scarcely believe he had not known and watched them many years, instead of a few hours.

When it was late on in the evening Michael was startled by Ambray saying suddenly—

"Esther, get the Bible and read me that about the prodigal son."

A shade passed over Mrs. Ambray's clear face, perhaps it was disappointment, almost jealousy; for she had been for some time attending to his comforts, and had thought that he was regarding her with some gratitude and tenderness.

She obeyed him, but began to cry before she was half way through the story, and Ambray took the book from her and himself read it aloud.

As he read, his harsh, weak voice grew stronger—it became almost sweet—his fine eye lit, and filled.

He finished—then looked back over the page and laid the book down.

When he turned again to the fire there were stains in the white dust on his cheeks, and he smiled on Michael as he said—

"It is different with *my* prodigal. It is I who must go and eat the husks to-morrow, and abase myself for his sake."

Michael said not a word, but bent down very low to pick up a brand that had fallen from the fire.



They put him in George's room, which was fortunately on the ground-floor, for he found it impossible to remain there two minutes, though it was all white and pink, and sweet as an orchard in bloom.

The old latticed window was easy to escape from, and Michael was soon out alone in his world of downs all bathed now in the whiteness and strangeness of moonlight.

He wandered till he was weary beyond the sense of weariness—living through all

the day again and again in his restless thoughts.

At last he went and let himself fall prone upon the ground under the little mill, where he could see the stars through its open sails, and the only prayer that he could pray that night was—

"O Great and Merciful, do but visit this little mill with Thy best winds, and I will grind it out—it was no crime—but I will grind it out."

## SUMMER SONG IN THE CITY.

THIS is the time of fresh winds blowing,  
And cuckoo-calls, and heather-bells;  
This is the time when streams are flowing  
Down the green mist of dreamy dells:  
Poesy, O Poesy,  
Stay in London lanes with me.

In the deep valley spring-winds hover,  
Shaking the dew from their wild hair;  
Beyond the cool shade of the lover,  
The mower sweats with sleepy stare:  
Colour and sweet melody  
Fill the forest greenery.

The mavis sings, "Young lover, lover,  
Be quick, be quick—kiss sweet, kiss sweet!"  
The young love breathes as sweet as clover;  
The old love hangs like ripen'd wheat—  
Misery, O Misery!  
Dost thou listen? canst thou see?

The scent of summer floateth hither,  
Into the dull streets' whitening blaze;  
The white clouds part, and eyes look thither,  
From thirsty lanes and weary ways:  
Charity, O Charity!  
Scatter thy bright seed fearlessly.

Nor shady bowers, nor summer gold,  
Pleasure the souls who lie so deep:  
Only the beggar is less cold,

And feels a drowsier thirst for sleep:  
Poesy, O Poesy!  
Whisper sweet to such as he.

When with the grain all England quivers,  
When nuts grow milky, wheat-ears burst—  
When clearly sparkle all the rivers,  
Ah, to be hungry and athirst!  
Water and bread, O Charity,  
Bring to poor humanity!

Dark is the poor one's hearth and lonely,  
He would not learn, he would not know;  
He craves the blessed wheat-bread only,  
Not the sweet light that makes it grow.  
Fruit of the forbidden tree  
Were but sour to misery!

Now all the days are rich with beauty,  
And other angels roam elsewhere,  
O Poesy! here lies thy duty,  
In darker days and fouler air—  
Poesy, O Poesy!  
Fold thy wings and do not flee.

While all the plains are heavy-laden,  
And richer grows the ripening ear,  
Pause in thy place, O heavenly Maiden!  
Gather thy harvest with no fear,—  
Let other angels wander free,  
Say *thou* Amen to Charity!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

## SIR CHARLES BELL.

## A Study.

"It is difficult to exaggerate the great good wrought by this great surgeon, Sir Charles Bell. He healed or alleviated suffering to an indefinitely great extent; he expanded the limits of medical knowledge; and in his *Bridgewater Treatise* he has made a valuable and lasting addition to the literature of science and natural theology. He has unconsciously left behind him one of the most winning portraits that have ever graced medical Biography."—PICCADILLY PAPERS.

EVERY word of the above passage is as true as so brief an estimate of a character made up of rare qualities, each demanding space to do them any justice, can be properly called true. There was nothing in the least mystical in Sir Charles Bell's character. What pervaded the whole was its perfect clearness and simplicity. He was deep because he would *pretend* to nothing, and because he steadily pursued his object till he was sure of having attained it. How such a man, so rare, so great a discoverer, so very unlike many of his compeers, yet with such a kindly insight into character, and so frank and forgiving towards everything but meanness or deceit, could have passed away from us twenty-nine years ago, and yet his life remain unwritten, may puzzle many. Puzzled they may be, but they need not be distressed.

We ourselves do not believe the world to be ungrateful or unmoved because it is silent. But, in fact, all that is wanting here is a judicious making up of many materials. The most learned scientific medical men have acknowledged their debt to Sir Charles Bell, Reviews and Encyclopædias have paid him no unworthy tribute, and the few who may have questioned the priority of his discoveries have been triumphantly answered; for you cannot well have stronger evidences than sturdy words and dates, put down from year to year, in the confidence of a brotherly correspondence. But, above all, there has been a heartiness, a chorus of consent, in almost all that has been written of him. Nothing can be clearer than that his memory is kept green and fresh in the affections of the many who knew and loved him, and now, very recently, we have had a volume containing some of the most simple, sterling, genuine outpourings of an honest, affectionate man's mind, that it has ever been our privilege to read.

As to a regular biography, there is always something of accident in these things. The character, and the actual life, and the suitable biographer, do not always come together at the right point of time. But there is a species of indirect biography (not auto-biography, either) which is exceedingly precious; and from what we have read of this kind we are inclined to think an ideal, though liable to mistake, is often more to be trusted than the cold jour-

nalising lines of many biographers. Every noble heart, every real conquest gained over mind and matter, every emphatic mode of sending truth home into the hearts of pupils and friends, is treasured up, and cannot die. You have not Sir Charles Bell in Westminster Abbey, as perhaps you ought to have, but from his simple tomb in a village churchyard he still speaks to us, and will never speak in vain.

With regard to the volume of Sir C. Bell's letters referred to above, "Letters to his Brother," we would not be misunderstood. They are tantalising in many respects, and while their impromptu thoughts have the good effect of making us sure that they are no far-fetched attempt to forestall criticism, they certainly do not satisfy very rational inquirers. To say nothing of the imperfect account of his early years, the beginnings of his professional education, &c., they often mortify us by hinting at thoughts with which his mind was teeming, and then leaving us with an awkward gap waiting the result, which never comes. So open-hearted a man, so bright and yet so meditative, must, we feel, have written and said in offhand ways many a thing we should be glad to know, and we cannot help fearing there has been a fastidiousness where unreserve might have been best. Of this, however, more hereafter. For the present we wish to supply in some brief manner an account of his early days.

Sir Charles Bell's father, the Rev. William Bell, an excellent, able, and most conscientious clergyman of the Episcopal Church in Scotland, died when Charles was very young. The family left behind consisted of their mother, four sons, and two daughters. Very scanty was the provision for these; but the two eldest sons had already had some advantages from their father's position. Robert was a writer to the Signet, and John, born in 1762 (twelve years before Charles), when his Edinburgh school education had been completed, was entered as a pupil in surgery with Mr. Alexander Wood. John Bell was certainly a very remarkable young man. From an early period his devotion to medical, especially surgical, science and practice so commended itself to those who were connected with him, that they made use of his services when he had scarcely emerged from



boyhood. He was ambitious, eager after improvement; and although Munro taught anatomy well, John Bell was not satisfied with his application of its principles to surgery. And this led to the singular step of his building, in 1790, a theatre in Surgeons' Square, Edinburgh, where, though only twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age, he delivered lectures, performed operations, and laid the foundation of a museum.

The father of the family died in 1779. John could then have been only nineteen. George Joseph, the third son, born in 1770, was but nine years old, and Charles four years younger. To both of these boys the loss was irreparable; but happily they had a mother—a woman whose union of strength, gentleness, piety, and sturdy independence made her invaluable to her family. Her education under her grandfather, Bishop White, had also been good; and thus, although her sons were put to terrible disadvantage by the scantiness of her means (for she could not even afford George the five shillings a quarter necessary to continue him at the High School), they were trained to work out for themselves some difficult problems. Helped, also, it ought to be added, by Mrs. Bell's only sister, who long survived her, and who was always known as "Auntie."

One thing seems to be certain, that the members of the family were kind to one another. Charles, who as the youngest was the pet, testifies to this, and only complains of their allowing him too much liberty. "Oh, never mind! Charlie will do very well! No fear for Charlie!" was the ordinary cry. His mother, however, did what she could for him; but we gather that he was, naturally enough, the least industrious among them, and hated what lessons he had to learn very cordially. His elder brother, John, however, very early found out his special bent and his perseverance in following up a discovery. He took him into his own hands as his medical pupil. He soon caught John's enthusiasm, and was his helper as well as pupil in dissections and operation; yet in general education he was very defective, and only by great labour in after years acquired the knowledge of French and Italian. Also—and this deserves special mention—he had a valuable friend in Allan, the painter, who, together with his own mother (not unskilled in art herself), must have done very much in calling out his remarkable powers of observation, and his taste for everything excellent in delineation.

Years, however, went by: the mother died. "For twenty years of my life," said Charles,

"I had but one wish—to gratify my mother, and to do something to alleviate what I saw her suffer." "No wonder that in losing her there was a long blank, an indifference to all accustomed objects. I hardly know how ambition was again produced on my mind." "Then John said to me, 'Let it be a pleasure to you to reflect that you were always her comfort.'"

And so, poor youth, he went to work again; but George Joseph, four years his senior, was more than ever his real friend and sympathiser. He had been gaining ground in his legal profession, and in the spring of 1797 both he and Charles came to the resolution of each writing on professional matters. So, while George Joseph laboured at a great legal work, which afterwards made his name famous, Charles began his "System of Dissections." They lived with Auntie, who made their home comfortable; but it became very apparent, to George Joseph especially, that as years went on it would not do for Charles to remain in Edinburgh. John, with all his merit and talent, had got into inextricable quarrels with many of his medical brethren. Charles might know that he was in the main right, but it was plainly a bad thing to be considered as the partner and upholder of his brother in the disputes too often occasioned by an overbearing and satirical habit. Recently the contention had led to John's losing his infirmary practice; and, on the whole, it was clear to George's mind that at Charles's age (he was just thirty) there was no time to be lost, and that he had better go to London and do his best among the eminent medical practitioners there. John remained behind; and, to finish what we are able to relate respecting him, we will add that he married in 1805; that he some time afterwards fell into poor health, and travelled with his wife in Italy, dying in 1820 at Rome, of dropsy. He left many papers behind, and his widow afterwards published his "Notes and Observations on Italy."

To return to Charles. He first set foot in London in November, 1804. It was a sorrowful time for all; but most, perhaps, for the brother George. "I felt," says he, in words which go to one's heart, "when he went away" (23rd Nov., 1804), "that he had left me never to meet again but for a visit; that our long brotherly life of uninterrupted companionship was at an end. Yet I believed this to be most manifestly for his advantage, and forced my inclination to advise and promote it."

That it was a wise step there can be no doubt. On that point we think Charles's

reminiscences at fault when he tells his future sister that "*in an evil day* he came to London, *a slave to ambition and pride.*"\* George knew better; but it is rarely, perhaps, that a greater and more painful struggle could have been made; and, as in all such cases, spite of risks and discomforts, it is the one left behind, all alone who probably suffers the most. The adventurous brother, who for thirty years of life had had his daily wants supplied without his own thought or care; boyish in many ways, ludicrously ignorant of common things, with a spice of self-assertion which might have run into vanity and self-conceit if it had not happily been checked by a profound sense of the depths of knowledge yet to be explored; open to first impressions, vivacious, hasty, yet most tender and affectionate in heart, was most bravely resolved to do his duty by his brother and himself. One turns to his almost daily correspondence with George, with half-amused, half-pitying, half-admiring interest. We know very well that there are some people who incline to think some of Charles Bell's letters are too off-hand and careless in their details to deserve publication. We hold all such judgments as quite beside the mark. True portraits of men are rare enough, heaven knows! Too often they are dressed and bedizened for show, and small characteristic touches are lost. Commend us to the simple, *real* contributions of those who have let us see Sir Charles Bell in his habitual dress. We care comparatively but little for the Court suit and the Order of the Guelph.

The beginnings of Bell's London life were surely encouraging. In a very few days after reaching London he had seen the first professional men of the day, and been received with much of consideration. Astley Cooper invited him to meet him at St. Bartholomew's, and Bell's offer to make drawings for him had been eagerly accepted. Very soon we hear of his assisting Lynn at operations. Every eminent surgeon in London had heard of John Bell; and Charles, too, had published some time before. In 1799 and in 1801 he had brought out two volumes of a "System of Dissection," with plates taken from his own drawings, and also engravings of the arteries and of the brain and nerves; and then his "Anatomy of Expression," though not fully published till 1806, was also partially known. But for all this, his Edinburgh pupilage had its disadvantages. Those who were well aware of John Bell's talent and accomplishments knew also his irascible

and sarcastic treatment of the Edinburgh medical authorities, and supposed, though not quite fairly, that Charles partook of his brother's failings. Whether there might not be a little mingling of fancy in the matter we cannot say, but certainly Charles thought the London doctors were looking upon him with some suspicion and alarm. His fast friend, Lynn ("Old Lynn," as he was familiarly called), had told him that the London doctors would have it that "he was come to ruin them all." But Lynn would not be frightened; neither would Abernethy, nor Sir Astley Cooper; and we find that at a hospital dinner at St. Bartholomew's, in 1805, he received great marks of distinction. Longman had offered him £300 for two volumes on surgery, and he was a visitor at Sir William Blizard's and Cline's.

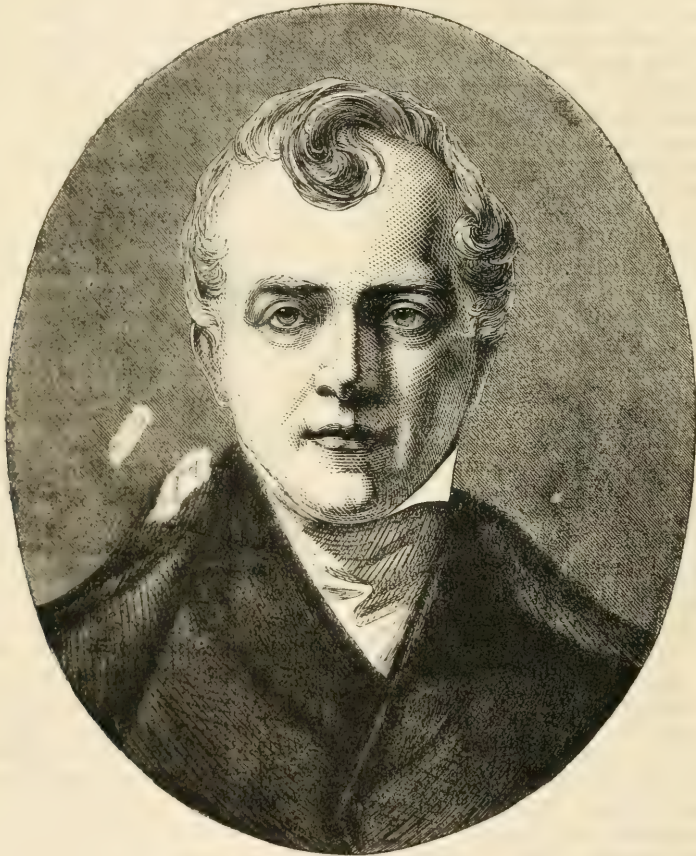
Up to this time, 1806-7, he had lived in a lodging in Fludyer Street, Westminster, but this was not suitable to the objects he had most at heart, for there was no field so congenial to him as class-teaching, and for this, house, pupils, and space were necessary. What was then to be done? Of course his brother George's counsel and purse were indispensable, and George came up, and, as usual, threw himself with ardour into the subject of Charles's difficulties and hopes. Though full of anxiety on the subject, he seems to have agreed with him, after much talking and walking, that an old, cheerless, ruinous mansion, once Speaker Onslow's, in Leicester Street, Leicester Square, might be made to enclose in its large bounds classrooms, an anatomical theatre, room for his museum, and accommodation for house-pupils. So the house was taken, and he had it on his hands from 1807 till 1812. One of his early pupils tells us that this old dwelling had got the name of being haunted; that Bell's servants left him one by one; and the pupils did not fancy sleeping in the ancient rooms near the anatomical theatre. He himself was startled on his first night's experience when he found the floor give way on stepping into bed, and next morning discovered a loose board, a tube, and some machinery, which had pertained to "the Invisible Girl," who had been exhibited here. This discovery vexed him extremely. He had been too hasty, no doubt. Being where he was, however, he made the best of it; and it certainly would seem to have advanced his objects in some degree, though we hear much of disappointment as to the irregular numbers who attended his classes.

In 1806, he records favourable opinions of



his "Anatomy of Expression," from Flaxman and Fuseli, as well as others; and this seems to be the proper place to mention his great and constantly improving talent for drawing. Had not Bell been eminent as a surgeon, he must still have been remarkable as an artist. No one could be more happy than he was in the rapid and forcible illustrations of his meaning with which the pencil, the chalk, and the blackboard made his hearers so fami-

liar—more and more, as time went on, this habit became easy and natural to him. It stood him in the stead, not of preparation, but very often of preparation *in writing*; and when we hear how his lecture-room was, in later times, crowded by gentlemen and men who ranked among the highest in science and art, we must not forget that no one had done more to show the value of a true knowledge of anatomy, to artists themselves, than Bell;



*Charles Bell.*

that what he urged upon them was what he invariably practised himself—a search after truth and beauty, and a following up of everything to its root and first principles.

While he was struggling in alternate moods of discouragement and hope, an event was taking place in Edinburgh which deeply interested him—George Joseph was about to marry. We have said far too little of that admirable brother, except as concerns Charles,

but in truth no one ranked higher than he did in the minds of those who knew him. "I know no one," says Jeffrey, writing to Charles, "whose character is so completely respectable, whose heart is so kind, whose principles so honourable and steady." Of his legal writings Lord Cockburn speaks in the same work with the highest praise; and he, too, is not slow to commend the London brother.

It is impossible to advert to this period of their joint lives without recurrence to the tender and faithful regard of each for each. How fondly Charles dwelt on his beloved brother's prospects of happiness and anticipated the onward career must be put in his own words. Writing to his future sister-in-law, he says—

"You have now my dearest interest and happiness in keeping, and this interest I commit to you with a grateful joy. You will find my brother beloved and respected—one to whom his friends have recourse when their misfortunes have sickened them of the common character of the world, and made them cleave to those of a feeling heart with honour and abilities to give advice."

Again, to his brother himself, writing on his wedding day (through a mistake in time, which had prevented his doing so in readiness for the morning of the day). Professional duties were just then irksome, and he says—

"I consider this unnatural, when he whom I most value upon earth is taking so important a step. I should have a jubilee—do something to mark the occasion; but here I am, stupidly employed in my duties. But, my dear George, they are duties to you as well as myself, for I know you will not be happy if I should be uncomfortable; and, to success, this incessant application is for the time necessary. Lecturing, which used to be my bane, is now my delight. When and where will this find you? I cannot calculate. 'I know it will find you happy, and I write it with a feeling unusual and agreeable. I see new holds on the world. To your children I think I could measure my degree of attachment; *never to yourself*. I have never had a feeling of pleasure or happiness in which you did not make part of the idea. . . . When I have run my course, upwards or downwards, I'll return to you and spend the winter of my days with you, go down the hill with you hand in hand, and see your little ladies and gentlemen ascending, with much satisfaction.'" (Letters, p. 83, &c.)

The letters written about this time are full of mingled pleasure and business. The event which led to the utterance of his affectionate sympathy took place in October, 1806; and even then it is pretty certain that lurking thoughts of a happiness still more personal to himself mingled with the rest, for he had seen his sister-in-law's (Barbara) sister Marion, and from that time, we doubt not, hope mingled with many alternate doubts and difficulties. But these were not realized till the year 1811; and we can hardly allow the intervening four years and a half to pass without recording somewhat of his incessant professional labours, and especially his keen interest in the subject of the functions of the brain and nerves. In December, 1807, we find him telling George, "My new Anatomy of the Brain is a thing which occupies my head almost entirely. I hinted to you that I was *burning*, or on the eve of a grand discovery. I consider the organs of the outward senses

as forming a distinct class of nerves from the others. I trace them to corresponding parts of the brain totally distinct from the origins of the others," &c. (Letters, p. 117.)

This goes on, step by step being marked most clearly. It is not for us to write on medical science; but those of our readers who can get the latest edition of Sir Charles Bell's Bridgewater Treatise "On the Hand," published by Bohn in an inexpensive form, will do well to read the paper prefixed to it by Alexander Shaw, Esq., the author's pupil and brother-in-law, on "Sir Charles Bell's Discoveries in the Nervous System." This will give, in a clear and able manner, all the information necessary, and we cannot do better than refer to it.

Throughout the four-and-a-half years intervening between his brother's marriage and his own we find him advancing in various ways, but particularly (outside the profession and his anatomical researches) in his study of pictures and statuary. Of these he was an excellent judge; and his knowledge made him extremely desirous of gaining the Professorship of Anatomy to the Royal Academy. Here, however, he was disappointed. Though only canvassing for it once, he was three times passed over, in spite of the interest of competent judges. Among others Sir Astley Cooper, writing to Sir W. Beechy, says, "Bell, of all the men I know, beyond all comparison, merits the situation of Professor to the Royal Academy. He adds to a very extended knowledge of anatomy a perfect acquaintance with the principles of painting. . . . If I had the ear of the King, I should tell him he ought not to vote for any other person."

Mr. Carlyle was the person elected. At that time Bell was lecturing to thirty-six pupils, while Carlyle had but four. His "Anatomy of Expression" meanwhile was read and admired in high quarters, and continued to be, perhaps, his own favourite work.

We must pass on to the year 1809. In that year his favourite pupil, the one who gains upon the reader with every coming page, fell ill of scarlet fever. The illness of John Shaw, this valuable assistant, the brother of his future wife, occasioned him great alarm, and he himself caught the disease in nursing him. He was delirious and in some danger. George was distracted by his fears, and wanted to come up to town, but was not permitted to do so.

A happy time was coming. The sister of his brother's wife, Miss Marion Shaw, long the object of his deep regard and love, was to be his in June, 1811. Perhaps no man ever



read the book of good omens to better purpose. He was now to secure the companionship of one who saw his objects with the eyes of a sympathiser, and whose every-day life was that of an earnest and faithful helper, clearing away obstructions from his path, enjoying his successes, and even his lightest pleasures, and making as little as possible of vexations. His hands were strengthened for good; his friends were hers; his pupils, his daily avocations, became her object of interest. It was well, too, for himself that both loved the country and fresh air, and that they could only keep up health by their habits of seeking recreation whenever it was possible to get a holiday. Then, as we have referred to the pupil of pupils, John Shaw, we cannot but advert to the help Bell received from *both* the brothers of his wife, John and Alexander. It was John's part especially to work out the problems belonging to nerves and brain, to be the copyist, the suggester, and coadjutor in all that might lend aid to the discovery of truth. He, too, was the witness to his master's horror of unnecessary cruelty to animals, and went hand in hand with him in his endeavours to find out nature's secrets without injuring her beautiful handiworks. So the family firm went on, and was more and more strong and happy.

The "haunted house" had given place to another residence, No. 34, Soho Square.

But a very important source of interest was to come in the course of 1812. An offer was made to Charles Bell in that year which tempted him most powerfully. Faust himself could not have been more tried. Wilson, the proprietor of the Anatomical School and Museum, in Great Windmill Street, offered it to him at a price, not perhaps greater than its value, but far beyond his means. He, of all men in London, knew its value, and to such an one as he was, it was doubtless an object of the highest ambition to possess such a treasure and such facilities of carrying on his lectures and his work as those rooms presented. He could not resist it; and though the terms were modified, one cannot help fearing that the undertaking and the funds required involved too great a responsibility. Always scrupulously anxious to avoid debt, even the delights of such an acquisition might not save him from anxious moments. Yet he was always full of hope; and it is probable that such an enlargement to his renown as a lecturer was a certain, though not, perhaps, overbalancing, gain. The museum was before him by day and night. He, as usual, in-

spired George Joseph with his own feelings, and the two brothers were strengthened by the verdicts of the most eminent scientific men in London. These were Brande, Brodie, Cooke, Dr. Roget, Wilson, himself, and others, taking their turn in giving courses of lectures,—the arrangements much depending on Bell. Early and late his thoughts were on his Museum. It was a time of immense enjoyment to him,\* though the labour was great. His own classes also flourished; and to crown all, he was chosen by a large majority as Surgeon to the Middlesex Hospital—a most important step in his career.

By a singular coincidence these advantages came at a time when the public mind was stirred up by those marvellous events on the Continent which, among other incidents, brought with them to London numerous illustrious guests, and particularly many of the most eminent of the surgical staff of the allied sovereigns. 1814, that memorable time, was come—that time, respecting which Walter Scott's beautiful lines still ring in our ears. Well does he say,—

"O who that shared them ever can forget  
The rapture of that spirit-raising time,  
When breathless in the mart the couriers met,  
Early and late, at evening and at prime?  
When the loud cannon and the merry chime  
Hail'd news on news, as field on field was won;  
When Hope, long doubtful, soar'd at length sublime,  
And our glad eyes, awake as day begun,  
Watch'd Joy's broad banner rise, to meet the rising sun?"

"O those were hours, when thrilling joy repaid  
A long, long course of darkness, doubts, and fears:  
The heart-sick faintness of the hope deferred,  
The waste, the woe, the bloodshed, and the tears  
That tracked with terror twenty rolling years,  
All were forgot in that blithe Jubilee," &c.

LORD OF THE ISLES, Introduction to Canto vi.

One naturally connects the period with the men just about to be brought together—and here came numerous doctors and surgeons, French, Germans, and Russians; and here also came patients. One Russian baron, with a ball in his thigh, sent to Bell for surgical treatment by the Emperor Alexander; and in no long time a fee of £200, with a piece or two of plate. Bell is rather impatient of the bustle of the doings and of the bad English he had to listen to (which possibly might be matched by his own French). Still it was a compliment that so many of these doctors came to his hospital and his lectures.

Another year brought him to 1815, and to the battle of Waterloo. Immediately after the battle he resolved to go to Brussels, and do and see what he could among the wounded, taking Mr. John Shaw with him. Two of his letters written to friends on this occasion

\* The Edinburgh College of Surgeons purchased the Windmill Street Museum in 1825. It is placed in the fine hall of the College of Surgeons, Edinburgh.

have had a wider circulation than any in the volume, perhaps, and the subject of his hard and distressing work in the performance of operations on the wounded French is so painful that we forbear again to transcribe the details. Nothing, however, is more characteristic of the man than his energetic behaviour on this occasion; and although we have read from so many hands descriptions of the field of Waterloo itself, there is a vividness and reality about Bell's notes on his visit to it which make them well worth reading.

We ought, perhaps, to have before mentioned that the subject of "gun-shot wounds" had long been a peculiarly interesting one to him—and interest in a medical subject always took a practical turn with Bell, and was quite sure to be acted upon for the increase of knowledge and experience. In 1809, he had gone to meet the wounded from the battle of Corunna, at Haslar. His feelings on that occasion were expressed strongly to George—"I have muttered," he writes, "bitter curses and lamentations, have been delighted with the heroism and prowess of my countrymen, and have shed tears of pity in the course of a few minutes. I find myself, my dear George, in a situation unexpected and strange; such as I hope you may never see. I have stooped over hundreds of wretches in the most striking variety of woe and misery, picking out \* e wounded. Each day as I awake I still see the long line of sick and lame slowly moving from the beach: it seems to have no end. There is something in the uninterrupted and very slow motion of these distant objects singularly affecting." Yet he rejoiced at having gone. "*I find myself a foot taller.* I know nothing of Portsmouth. I was only one hour out of the hospital, and came away at eleven o'clock at night."

Dates are not given; but he must, we suppose, have been there ten days or a fortnight.

Sad news met him on his way home—even the death by his own hand of one whose kind exertions had greatly assisted him in gaining his position at the Middlesex Hospital (Mr. Whitbread). Bell felt his death, and especially the manner of it, most keenly—he recurs to it more than once. "He kill himself! I am even now inclined to say it is a lie!"

But it was too true, and Bell could only do his own duty to the hospital, and to that special ward (the cancer ward) which his deceased friend had pointed out to him, and he did it through twenty-four years more of life.

He seems to have gained in spirits and

ardour for work during his recent foreign visit. His hospital was his delight; his anatomical researches more interesting to him than ever. In fact, he plainly shows that the physical man was more to his mind than the moral one. His ideas of the prevailing moral state of society were certainly gloomy. Is this marvellous? See what our "rough and ready" correspondents have been writing home from the war scenes abroad; but here was a man of acute feelings, fresh from seeing the horrors of a great battle-field and cruel sufferings after it. Is it wonderful that he likes the contemplation of "structure" better than its destruction? and that the great comfort he has under his strong sense that the moral world is in a state "most offensive to the notions of rectitude which nature has implanted," arises from a return to the perfectly-fitted, beautiful works of the Creator, and the belief thence arising that in the moral government of that great Creator "things are not really left in all the disarray which our partial view would persuade us they are?"

Such thoughts and inferences, when drawn by a man so perfectly independent and single-minded as Sir Charles Bell, are to us very touching. True, many will feel it is hard to be groping thus for a great truth which to their own minds has been made clear on authority; but we must be thankful that light comes to peculiar minds in many ways, and there certainly appears to us strong evidence to show that here was a willing and a thoughtful spirit, one anxious ever to draw nearer and nearer to truth, claiming no kindred with scepticism as such, but devout in its homage, and delighting in the inferences it was constantly drawing of the beneficence of the Father of spirits.

In a like strain of thought, alluding to the grief of Burke on the death of his son, Bell observes, "If in such a state there were no refuge for the mind, then were there something wanting in the scheme of nature,—an imperfection in man's condition at variance with the benevolence manifested in all other parts of animated nature.\* . . . Reasons accumulate at every step for a higher estimate of the living soul, and give us assurance that its condition is the final object and end of all this machinery, and of these successive revolutions."

It has been observed a little earlier in this notice, that we are often led to wish for a more complete working out in the letters of a thought just hinted at and left, as it were,

\* See "The Hand," Bohn's Edition, pp. 1, 2, and 1, 3.



behind; but, in fact, we feel sure that it never was abandoned—every deeply interesting topic was pursued—Bell's mind never stood still; and the worthiest objects, though for awhile pressed back by the incessant calls upon him, were always welcomed by his appreciative spirit.

Thus, as scientific discovery became more and more dear to him, he availed himself of every opening by which he could show his pupils, at all events, the patient processes by which the knowledge he was still acquiring could alone be won: while the high purposes of that knowledge were never overlooked. "In the Lecture-room," says Mr. Moncrieff Arnott (in the Hunterian Oration for February, 1843), "he shone almost without a rival. His views were nearly always solid; they were always ingenious, and his manner and language enchained the attention of his audience. Dull, indeed, must have been the pupil who could have slumbered when Charles Bell was in the professional chair. In his hands dry bones lived again, imagination clothing them with the textures which had once invested them; a muscle was no longer a mere bundle of fibres, rising here and inserted there. . . . He made his pupils THINK.\*"

Bell's essay, entitled "Idea of a New Anatomy of the Brain," had been published in 1811; but it does not seem to have attracted the attention it deserved. For the next ten years he had been following up the studies and experiments to which his "idea" pointed, and in 1821 a paper, communicated by him to the Royal Society, excited much more stir in the medical and scientific world. Of course, questions, doubts, even denials, were the fruit of this awakened interest. Some of these came from France, some nearer home; and John Shaw went over to Paris, and no doubt did service to truth and justice by stating to competent persons there the order of Bell's discoveries and their complete independence. Majendie, who had been largely experimenting too, offered to send him the gold medal, which amused Bell more than it gratified him—we conclude he considered himself somewhat in advance of those who offered it—and he had plenty to say for himself to his pupils and friends, though he might not condescend to any actual controversy. He had the mind of a true gentleman, and well knew how, early and late,

he had laboured for his beloved science; nor was it to be borne that he should rise up at this period of his career merely to say, "I am no charlatan."

In 1825 Sir Charles Bell seems to have achieved real and extended honours. His lectures in March of the above year, delivered after his election to the Professorship of Anatomy in the College of Surgeons, were crowded to a degree hardly ever before known. The oldest surgeons came to them—Cline, Abernethy, Sir Astley Cooper—and so great was the rush, that numbers went away from the theatre unable to get places. "I had lots of compliments from the *old gents*," writes Bell in one of his amusing fits of exhilaration to his brother, writing, as he did, from youth to age, his first fresh feelings. He had no after-thoughts or scruples about this. It was simply that he must bring George in where, through the long, precedent years, he had earned his right to be. This was one phase of the happy, brotherly intercourse—familiarity, ease, liberty to boast or to blame, to be hilarious or despondent.

Early in the same year (1824) came out the second edition of the "Anatomy of Expression," dedicated to his brother as follows:—

"To George Joseph Bell, Esq., Advocate, Professor of the Law of Scotland in the University of Edinburgh.—The reprinting of this volume recalls the time when it was written, when we studied together before the serious pursuits of life were begun. I inscribe it to you as the first object of my pride, as well as of my affection, and that those most naturally interested in us may know how we have been united, so that from the age when they begin to wonder at the strange faces in their uncle's book, they may learn how much brotherly attachment adds to the value of life.—CHARLES BELL."

"This dedication to you," Charles says, "has cost me more trouble than the book." The third edition did not appear till 1843, after the death of Charles. George died before it was printed.

Alas! a most sad event was impending. In July, 1827, Bell lost his dear, his invaluable helper, friend, and brother-in-law, John Shaw. It was a short warning, and Bell was actually gone to procure medicines for his friend's relief when the stroke came. No death, next to that of his wife or of George Joseph, could have been a more terrible blow. It was not merely the help, the almost necessary aid, that was withdrawn, but an object of the warmest affection. It seemed that all who knew them both felt alike. John Shaw was beloved by every one of Bell's friends, and they stood almost aghast at the idea of his sorrow. They came about him—George from Edinburgh, the remaining brother and

\* "He varied his Lectures year by year, and studied for each as if it were to be the only one. His notes were on strips of paper, with pen scratches of figures rudely drawn, to remind him of the 'Heads.' Lord Cockburn took one from me. In such hieroglyphics I remember a key, a finger-post, a gallows, with other suggestive *mems*." (Lady Bell's "Recollections," p. 410.)

pupil, Alexander, came from Cambridge, where he was studying for his degree, to take John's place, as far as it was possible. Only one letter of Charles Bell's to his friend Mr. Richardson briefly tells of his loss; but in Lady Bell's "Recollections," at the end of the volume, we hear how keen was his anguish: "He would waken in the night weeping. 'It is *imagination*,' he said, 'that kills me.'"

A considerable pause occurs in the printed correspondence, for the next letter to his brother is dated January, 1828, half a year later, and that year begins with business. The idea of a London University had been started before John Shaw's death; now it seemed to be like realization, and Sir Charles Bell was in the course of the year persuaded to accept a professorship, and to give the opening address. He did not consider the first measures good, and was all along dissatisfied, till at length the disputes in the council and among the professors gave him great distaste to the whole.

Probably he himself was less fit to deal with difficulties. His health, as it appears to us, never quite recovered the severe shock he had received from John Shaw's death, and he wished to diminish his cares rather than increase them. He gave up his connection with the new university in 1830. It was, of course, quite impossible for him to be idle, and his devoted wife laboured to supply the place of the lost amanuensis by writing at his dictation. Within the years from 1826 to 1836 he wrote "Animal Mechanics" for the "Library of Useful Knowledge," and his "Treatise on the Hand" (finished in 1831), one of the Bridgewater series. The payment for this, as for the rest, was £1,000. At Brougham's instigation, he wrote "Notes on Paley's Natural Theology." The second and third volumes of this, brought out in 1835 and 1836, are Bell's.

An honour, well merited, came upon him in October, 1831. George Joseph, writing home from London, tells his daughter, "To-day (October 5th), the Order of the Guelph was sent to Charles, and had he been ready for going to the levée he would be now Sir Charles." He did attend the next levée, and was knighted at the same time with Sir John Herschel on the 12th, but it was not without some comical previous annoyance.

"I let them dress me," he says, "in a *borrowed* court dress, feeling very sheepish. But when at length I saw, in my wife's dressing-glass, myself thus decked out, the absurdity of the whole exhibition was too apparent; I broke away from their importunities with an energy of language which showed them I was in earnest. I was forced to make my excuses for not

attending that day. On the following day I was a little better provided, and had my lesson when to kneel and when to kiss hands.

"I confess myself to have been gratified by the distinction, that is, from the manner and time in which it has been conferred. The intended batch consisted of Herschel, Babbage, Leslie, Ivory, and Brewster, the object being to show respect from Government for men of science, and it was determined that the Guelphic Order should become the mark of distinction for scientific men. We shall soon see what comes of this! How many are there who think themselves deserving of this honour! However, in the meantime, the batch makes it respectable.

"I persuaded Herschel that on this occasion he represented the higher sciences, and that therefore he must precede me in receiving the *accolade*; and he did precede me into the presence chamber, but in approaching the lord-in-waiting he lost heart, and suddenly countermarched, so that I found myself in front. My niece's dancing-master having acted the king the night before, I had no difficulty."\*

A removal to Brook Street took place soon after this.

Gathering up fragments from our *now* at least chief authority, the Letters, we pass on to the autumn of 1832. He is still "busy, active, and youthful," he says, in his pursuits—revising a paper on the Organs of the Human Voice for the Royal Society, and preparing some chemical lectures. Likewise he makes sketches for his wife's book, such as Dumbiedykes taking leave of Jeanie on the Wildyard powney; and so he fights with anxious thoughts, partly arising from his Marion's bad state of health. Much is yet to be done, too, to the new home in Brook Street. But as years go on we hear more and more of fishing. Then he vibrates between London and Edinburgh, and in 1834 he and his wife both go there on a visit—or rather they go to Merchiston, near Fountainbridge, the suburb of Edinburgh where George and Charles had spent many of the "auld lang syne" years. It was the fourth meeting of the British Association. He took some notes on this occasion, and, as may be supposed, his appearance and address in his section awakened great interest, and a wish was expressed that he would give a more formal address on the mode of studying the nervous system.

"We met," he goes on to say (in the notes referred to) "in the Anatomical Theatre, in the place where I had received my first lessons in anatomy. I had reason to regret that I had not more maturely considered my task, when I found the class-rooms crowded, and all my friends who had risen to eminence before me; the reverend Principal and medical professors, many of the judges, clergy, &c., of Edinburgh. In short, instead of a theatre

\* Letters, p. 324.



of young men, the benches were filled with the most respectable and learned of my own profession." We feel compelled to omit his own modest and quiet account of his address, but cannot bear to suppress the account afterwards given of it in a letter from the venerable Archdeacon Sinclair, which is given in the Appendix to the Letters:—

"It was only by going early that my brother and I could obtain admission to one of the furthest rows of seats. But we should have considered ourselves abundantly rewarded for our trouble had it been ten times greater. After the lapse of thirty years (the letter was written in March, 1862), I still dwell with pleasure on the dignified manner of the lecturer, and the clearness with which on a profoundly philosophic subject he made himself intelligible, even to non-professional hearers. As he was about to address no ordinary audience, I expected a written composition, but I do not think that he had even a single note before him. He felt well-grounded confidence in his ability to speak extemporaneously on a subject he so thoroughly understood. What gave me the greatest satisfaction was the religious tone of the lecture. He remarked that the doctrine of 'final causes,' when rightly applied, so far from being 'barren,' is, on the contrary, our chief source of knowledge. All scientific discovery, he observed, proceeds upon the principle that Nature does nothing in vain, and that every fibre of the human frame has a specific purpose which it is the object of science to ascertain. In the course of his anatomical demonstrations he had observed a division in some of the larger nerves. With the help of a microscope, he found that the division extended even to the most minute. He inferred that it had an object. He suspected that each portion had a different function, and his endeavour was by observation and experiment to discover what that function was. Among other conjectures, it occurred to him that the division might be the nerve of motion, the other of sensation. After numerous experiments, he became convinced that his conjecture was correct, and ventured to publish his discovery to the world. 'I do not say,' he added, 'how any man can be a discoverer in anatomy, or even an anatomist at all, without proceeding on the principle which, in this instance, was my own;—that there is a final cause for everything, a purpose, a function, which every fibre of the human body is intended by Divine Wisdom to

perform."

Not improbably the keen interest which he himself, and all his friends for him, felt on this visit to Edinburgh might give great force to the earnest persuasions of his brothers and of the Edinburgh University to remove from London and accept the chair of surgery it offered to him. In November of the same year (1835), a very strong and unanimous call being made by the Professors of the University, the Town Council, and the whole medical profession, he humbly accepted it, and henceforth resided in the city of his youth.

It was not, however, without some struggles. He had very recently been a successful advocate and liberal contributor to the building of a new theatre and lecture-rooms

in the Middlesex Hospital, and of this he was really proud. He had promised to give sixty lectures himself there. In a very short time he had sixty pupils. He afterwards says he had not received a guinea from the lectures so far, nor did he expect it, but, on the contrary, had subscribed to the buildings and fittings, &c. His own health, however, was not so good as formerly, and various demands upon him had made the London life one of incessant care, though mingled in his ardent mind with much of the old spirit of enterprise and enjoyment. It is easy to conceive that his generosity, his unselfishness, and forbearance in his medical practice, in conjunction with many family claims, may have rendered it impossible for him to have laid by for age, as many hearing only of his name and fame would have expected, and he constantly felt a longing after country scenes which he could not indulge. London in summer was intolerable to him. Yet it pained him to leave many objects there, and friends who yet could not but advise his going.

He did not finally depart for Edinburgh till the following August, when he took up his abode at No. 6, Ainslie Place, Edinburgh, thenceforth his beautiful and most congenial home.

Looking back, we can but remember the man of thirty, who, in 1804, left Edinburgh for a life of experiment and at first doubtful success in London. It was now 1836; those thirty-two years had of course produced changes, bodily and mental, but the elements of the character remained the same. To our own minds, the remarkable part of the whole is the perfect preservation of its simplicity and originality. His letters are graver—have an occasional touch of sadness—but his ardour, his kindness, his gentlemanliness, his aversion to everything low or mean, have evidently been on the increase. He is still easily roused to mirth, loves his amusements—fishing especially—and pursues them with perhaps passionate eagerness; but what is to be done? His best thoughts, he still declares, come to him in those happy hours, and the good and watchful wife will share his pleasures, as she has his pains, whenever it is possible to do so.

Six years of life only were yet to come. To all appearance, judging from his correspondence with his friend Richardson, and from Lady Bell's "Recollections," those years were very happy ones, though not without anxiety and disappointment, and though his occasional severe sufferings from what appeared at first to be spasms in the stomach

increased upon him. Yet, in 1840, he had sufficient health and energy to enjoy, almost in perfection, a delightful tour in Italy with Lady Bell. They were absent from April to October. He wrote diligently all the time, but his "Italian Journal" is still more valuable for the masterly and rapid sketches in water colours than for its written notes, and it still remains a storehouse of ingenuity, industry, and exceeding great cleverness, just as he left it when the active hand laid down pen and pencil for ever.

Passages in the third edition of the "Anatomy of Expression" display his fidelity to his purpose of making that book more perfect and satisfactory than before; passages also in his letters home show how much the spirit of work was mingled with that of enjoyment:—"I have filled two books," he says, writing to his brother, "one with Italy and one with Rome, and you must look them over some night to know how we have been employed." "I am agreeably employed," again he says (this time to Mr. Richardson), "in introducing my Italian notes into a new edition of my 'Anatomy of Expression.' Indeed, I am writing the book anew."

In 1841 we find him, having worked hard since his return to Edinburgh, resorting again, as joyous summer days dawned upon him, to his old sport and his old friends. Late in that autumn—in November—we find his ever-ready sympathy called out by the marriage of his dear friend Richardson's daughter. He went over, with his wife, to the wedding, and danced with the rest, and enjoyed the happiness around him. He then went back to Edinburgh, took up his winter tasks once more—alas! *but once*—and then came the spring. One's heart fails in going back and picturing to oneself what it must have been to see that bright, clear, happy being, laid low. The question will force itself upon us, Was he not rashly regardless of life when his favourite pastime was concerned? Did he not shorten his days by over-indulgence in this otherwise pure and simple pleasure? We know not. The sufferings he endured might not be the result of those early morning chills and fatigues; and then there was no long protracted illness to make his friends sad; and there can be no doubt that if he was mistaken, he was not untrue to his own ideas of what was right and good for himself.

We must hasten to the end. He was travelling with his wife from Edinburgh to London, and had reached Hallow Park—Mrs. Holland's, near Worcester—on the 27th of April, 1842. He had had several severe

attacks of spasms during the week, and was uneasy and low about himself the first night, but the next day appeared perfectly well. We must give the rest as it is written in the volume from which we have quoted so often. No others ought to be heard but those.

"He went with his wife over the grounds, and got lightly over a gate to recover a sheet from his sketch-book which had been blown away. The path led to the churchyard, where he sketched an old yew tree, some sheep feeding, the winding Severn, and some distant hills, and said to his wife, 'This is a sweet spot; here I fain would rest till they come to take me away.' He sat there long in a shady nook, drawing two children and a donkey; then they went slowly up the hill to the house, he looking with interest at every shrub they passed, observing on the different order of birds, and gathering up their feathers to dress his flies.

"At dinner Mr. Carden, the medical man of the neighbourhood, joined the party, and was struck by the smallness of Sir Charles's appetite and by his complaints of chilliness. When the ladies left, he drew from him that he had suffered much the preceding evening, and from the symptoms he described he felt convinced that what he called spasms, 'or something worse,' as he added in conclusion, was, in fact, *Angina pectoris*.

"Sir Charles, however, soon turned from his own illness, gave graphic sketches of the medical celebrities he had known, and touched on many subjects of interest. Once, after joining the ladies in the drawing-room, Mr. Carden perceived a deadly pallor steal over his face, and was on the point of rushing to his assistance when, his colour returning, he fancied he had been misled by his fears. They paused before an engraving of Leonardo da Vinci's 'Last Supper,' Sir Charles pointing out its several beauties; and when the evening closed he accompanied Mr. Carden to the door, looked at his horses, took his hand kindly, and wished him a hearty good night.

"On retiring to rest, a severe attack came on; but his draught and warm applications relieved him of the pain, and he said to his wife, 'Did you ever see me happier or better than I have been all this forenoon?'

"The 'evening reading' that night was the 23rd Psalm—the last prayer that beautiful one for 'that peace which the world cannot give,' and then he sank into a deep and quiet sleep.

"In the morning he awoke with a spasm, which he said was caused by changing his position. His wife was rising to drop his



laudanum for him, but calling her to him, he laid his head on her shoulder, and there 'rested.'

"Ere the medical man, hastily summoned, could reach Hallow, he had passed away.

'A deathlike sleep,  
A gentle waking to immortal bliss.'

"They laid him to rest in the peaceful churchyard of Hallow, not far from the yew tree. A simple stone marks the spot, inscribed with the name, the dates of his birth and death, and the words—

'The pure in heart shall see God.'

A more elaborate inscription, from the pen of his life-long friend Jeffrey, was afterwards placed in Hallow churchyard.

After all we have written and extracted from the wonderfully living letters of Sir Charles Bell, we are quite aware that we must appear less impressed with the value of his literary undertakings than in fact we really are. They deserve careful comment. We admire exceedingly a great part of the treatise on the Hand, and the two on Animal Mechanics—most of all the Anatomy of Expression; but yet, except in the last, we own that he does not appear to us so much at home when writing for the public, as when preparing or extemporising his wonderful power of delineation, for his classes especially. That perfect consciousness of mastery, that strong love of sympathy also, made him for the time an absolutely royal personage—not a thought was given to mere style; yet as several of those who knew him well as a lecturer have said, he held them captive by the force of his truthful earnest words. It would be unjust to ourselves, however, as well as to him, if we did not say that his writings, if studied attentively, throw great light on his character, and give the idea of one whose mind was perpetually growing in clearness. He is always on the search, and will never, if aware of it, embarrass a theme by his own hesitations. His habit, as we have said, was deeply reverential. He gave his sympathies to the earnest and devout. He was certainly no accomplished theologian, but his prayers mingled with those which went up from his church and from his dearest companion, and the last words in which he joined expressed his hope and trust.

In alluding as we have done to his writings, we may add that he had a consciousness of their not being satisfactory to the critical Jeffrey. It is plain that this dis-

appointed him.\* But let us, as in all justice we ought, give the concluding words of this affectionate friend, when writing to the chief mourner after Bell's death:—

"I need not tell you how wide-spread and heart-struck was the sorrow for the great calamity which has befallen you—nor how deep, and cordial, and lasting the sympathy with which every one turned to you. For myself I may say with truth that few hours have since passed over me without bringing you to my thoughts, with crowds of recollections from which I do not willingly turn away, and I cannot yet pass that deserted dwelling which used to be the abode of concord, cheerfulness, and love, without a pang as sharp as that I felt on my first glance at its desolation. . . .

"And so, Heaven bless you, my very dear, constant, gall-less, and guileless old friend. I know that you will not forget me, nor suspect me of forgetting you. Write to me, if it will give you any pleasure or relief, but not otherwise. We shall still meet somewhere in this world. With kind regards to Mrs. Shaw, and all who are dear to you,

"Ever very affectionately yours,

"F. JEFFREY.

"To LADY BELL."

Although in this very inadequate sketch of the Life of Sir Charles Bell the writer has been compelled to speak chiefly of the principal person whom it commemorates, it is impossible to conclude without adverting to the admirable man, the true brother, whose affectionate intercourse was one of the greatest blessings of Charles's life. George Joseph was indeed his unfailing resource; but George had himself to struggle with personal and family sorrows. Several times he had warnings from severe illness that he had taxed his powers too heavily; and disappointment in what he himself and his friends considered as just claims to promotion, after long and faithful service, pressed upon his spirit. Then inflammation in the eye injured the organ, and from this period blindness gradually stole upon him. He "survived his brother Charles little more than one year."

Still dwelling on the object of his life-long interest, he continued almost to the last preparing the third edition of Sir Charles's "Anatomy of Expression," containing much that was perfectly new, the result of the visit to Italy.

T.

\* He said that Jeffrey thought too much of style. "He would like a beautiful essay better than the most striking fact."





## IN THE GLEN OF DALZIEL.

"OH! ken ye wha has left us?"  
 Said the Woodruff to the Fern,  
 "Oh! ken ye wha has left us?  
 E'en the Laird's sweet laddie bairn.  
 Never mair amang the Starworts  
 In the sunshine he'll be seen,  
 Wi' his hauns as white's my petals,  
 And his bonny, glancin' een;  
 For they've laid him in a shadow  
 That nae sunbeam lights, I ween.

"Ha'e ye heard the waefu' wailin'  
 O' the Linties, Lady Fern?  
 Ha'e ye heard their waefu' wailin'  
 For the Laird's lost laddie bairn?  
 E'en the Kaes are chatterin' saftly,  
 And the Robin sings, they say,  
 As he sings in dull October,  
 When the grass is turning grey,  
 As when ne'er a Flower can hear him  
 On a cheerless winter day.



"Hearl ye ocht like some ane sabbin',  
 Lady Fern, fu' late yestreen,  
 When the Stars we saw were glimmerin'  
 In the lift, like tearfu' een?  
 While the ivy leaves were flappin'  
 A' along the kirk-yaird wa',  
 And the dew, like tears, about us  
 Frae the trees began to fa',—  
 Heard ye nocht like some ane sabbin',  
 Lady Fern, yestreen ava?

"'Twas his mither's sel' was passin',  
 Wae and weary, up the glen,  
 In sic grief as only mither's  
 Wha hae lost like her can ken.  
 There are kindly hearts aboot her,  
 That, to see her tears, are sair,

And there's ae dear ane that blithely  
 On himsel' wad tak' her care:  
 But the cup o' grief's nae sweeter  
 Though a mournin' warl' may share.

"Oh! gin we micht but tell her,  
 While she's wailin', Lady Fern,  
 That the flowers she'll see neist summer  
 But precede her bonny bairn.  
 We micht wile her frae her sorrow,  
 And wi' this micht dry her e'e:—  
 'He but lies a langer winter  
 In the lichtless gloom than we,  
 But the summer will be endless  
 When your bairn ye neist shall see.'"

DAVID WINGATE.

## GROTS AND GROVES.

A Lecture delivered at the King's School, Chester.

I WISH this lecture to be suggestive, rather than didactic; to set you thinking and inquiring for yourselves, rather than learning at second-hand from me. Some among my audience, I doubt not, will neither need to be taught by me, nor to be stirred up to inquiry for themselves. They are already, probably, antiquarians; already better acquainted with the subject than I am. They come hither, therefore, as critics; I trust not as unkindly critics. They will, I hope, remember that I am trying to excite a general interest in that very architecture in which they delight, and so to make the public do justice to their labours. They will therefore, I trust,

"Be to me faults a little blind,  
 Be to my virtues very kind;"

and if my architectural theories do not seem to them correct in all details—well-founded I believe them myself to be—remember that it is a slight matter to me, or to the audience, whether any special and pet fancy of mine should be exactly true or not: but it is not a slight matter that my hearers should be awakened—and too many just now need an actual awaking—to a right, pure, and wholesome judgment on questions of art, especially when the soundness of that judgment depends, as in this case, on sound judgments about human history, as well as about natural objects.

Now, it befel me that, fresh from the tropic forests and with their forms hanging always, as it were, in the background of my eye, I was impressed, more and more vividly the longer I looked, with the likeness of those forest forms to the forms of our own Cathedral. The grand and graceful Chapter-

house transformed itself into one of those green bowers, which, once seen, and never to be seen again, make one at once richer and poorer for the rest of life. The fans of groining sprang from the short columns, just as do the feathered boughs of the far more beautiful Maximiliana palm, and just of the same size and shape; and met overhead, as I have seen them meet, in aisles longer by far than our cathedral nave. The free upright shafts, which give such strength, and yet such lightness, to the mullions of each window, pierced upward through those curving lines, as do the stems of young trees through the fronds of palm; and, like them, carried the eye and the fancy up into the infinite, and took off a sense of oppression and captivity which the weight of the roof might have produced. In the nave, in the choir, the same vision of the Tropic forest haunted me. The fluted columns not only resembled, but seemed copied from, the fluted stems beneath which I had ridden in the primæval woods; their bases, their capitals, seemed copied from the bulgings at the collar of the root, and at the spring of the boughs, produced by a check of the redundant sap, and garlanded often enough, like the capitals of the columns, with delicate tracery of parasite leaves and flowers; the mouldings of the arches seemed copied from the parallel bundles of the curving bamboo shoots; and even the flatter roof of the nave and transepts had its antitype in that highest level of the forest aisles, where the trees, having climbed at last to the light food which they seek, care no longer to grow upward, but spread out

in huge limbs, almost horizontal, reminding the eye of the four-centred arch which marks the period of Perpendicular Gothic.

Nay, to this day there is one point in our cathedral which, to me, keeps up the illusion still. As I enter the choir, and look upward toward the left, I cannot help seeing, in the tabernacle work of the stalls, the slender and aspiring forms of the "rastrajo;" the delicate second growth which, as it were, rushes upward from the earth wherever the forest is cleared; and above it, in the tall lines of the north-west pier of the tower—even though defaced, along the inner face of the western arch, by ugly and needless perpendicular panelling—I seem to see the stems of huge Cedars, or Balatas, or Ceibas, curving over, as they would do, into the great beams of the transept roof, some seventy feet above the ground.

Nay, so far will the fancy lead that I have seemed to see, in the stained glass between the mullions and the tracery of the windows, such gorgeous sheets of colour as sometimes flash on the eye, when, far aloft, between high stems and boughs, you catch sight of some great tree ablaze with flowers—either its own or those of a parasite, yellow or crimson, white or purple, and over them again the cloudless blue.

Now, I know well that all these dreams are dreams; that the men who built our northern cathedrals never saw these forest forms; and that the likeness of their work to those of Tropic nature is at most only a corroboration of Mr. Ruskin's dictum, that "the Gothic did not arise out of, but develop itself into, a resemblance to vegetation. . . . It was no chance suggestion of the form of an arch from the bending of a bough, but the gradual and continual discovery of a beauty in natural forms which could be more and more transferred into those of stone, which influenced at once the hearts of the people and the form of the edifice." So true is this, that by a pure and noble copying of the vegetable beauty which they had seen in their own clime, the mediæval craftsmen went so far (as I have shown you) as to anticipate forms of vegetable beauty peculiar to Tropic climes, which they had *not* seen: a fresh proof, if proof were needed, that beauty is something absolute and independent of man; and not, as some think, only relative, and what happens to be pleasant to the eye of this man or that.

But thinking over this matter, and reading over, too, that which Mr. Ruskin has written thereon in his "Stones of Venice," vol. ii. cap. vi., on the nature of Gothic, I came to certain further conclusions—or at least sur-

mises—which I put before you to-night, in hopes that if they have no other effect on you, they will at least stir some of you up to read Mr. Ruskin's works.

Now Mr. Ruskin says, "That the original conception of Gothic architecture has been derived from vegetation, from the symmetry of avenues and the interlacing of branches, is a strange and vain supposition. It is a theory which never could have existed for a moment in the mind of any person acquainted with early Gothic: but, however idle as a theory, it is most valuable as a testimony to the character of the perfected style."

Doubtless so. But you must remember always that the subject of my lecture is Grots and Groves—that I am speaking not of Gothic architecture in general, but of Gothic ecclesiastical architecture; and more, almost exclusively of the ecclesiastical architecture of the Teutonic or northern nations; because in them (as I think) the resemblance between the temple and the forest reached the fullest exactness.

Now the original idea of a Christian church was that of a grot; a cave. That is a historic fact. The Christianity which was passed on to us began to worship, hidden and persecuted, in the catacombs of Rome, it may be often around the martyrs' tombs, by the dim light of candle or of torch. The candles on the Roman altars (whatever they have been made to symbolize since then) are the hereditary memorials of that fact. Throughout the North, in these isles as much as in any land, the idea of the grot was, in like wise, the idea of a church. The saint or hermit built himself a cell—dark, massive, intended to exclude light as well as weather; or took refuge in a cave. There he prayed and worshipped, and gathered others to pray and worship round him, during his life. There he, often enough, became an object of worship, in his turn, after his death. In after ages his cave was ornamented, like that of the hermit of Montmajour by Arles; or his cell-chapel enlarged, as those of the Scotch and Irish saints have been, again and again; till at last a stately minster rose above it. Still, the idea that the church was to be a grot haunted the minds of builders.

But side by side with the Christian grot there was throughout the North another form of temple, dedicated to very different gods—namely, the trees from whose mighty stems hung the heads of the victims of Odin or of Thor, the horse, the goat, and in time of calamity or pestilence, of men. Trees and not grots were the temples of our forefathers.



Scholars know well (but they must excuse my quoting it for the sake of those who are not scholars) the famous passage of Tacitus which tells how our forefathers "held it beneath the dignity of the gods to coop them within walls, or liken them to any human countenance; but consecrated groves and woods, and called by the name of gods that mystery which they beheld by faith alone;" and the equally famous passage of Claudian, about "the vast silence of the Black Forest woods, and groves awful with ancient superstition, and oaks, barbarian deities;" and Lucan's "groves inviolate from all antiquity, and altars stained with human blood."

To worship in such spots was an abomination to the early Christian. It was as much a test of heathendom as the eating of horse-flesh, sacred to Odin, and therefore unclean to Christian men. The Lombard laws and others forbid expressly the lingering remnants of grove worship. St. Boniface and other early missionaries hewed down in defiance the sacred oaks, and paid sometimes for their valour with their lives.

It is no wonder, then, if long centuries elapsed ere the likeness of vegetable forms began to reappear in the Christian churches of the North. And yet both grot and grove were equally the natural temples which the religious instinct of all deep-hearted peoples, conscious of sin, and conscious, too, of yearnings after a perfection not to be found on earth, chooses from the earliest stage of awakening civilisation. In them, alone, before he had strength and skill to build nobly for himself, could man find darkness, the mother of mystery and awe, in which he is reminded perforce of his own ignorance and weakness; in which he learns first to remember unseen powers—sometimes to his comfort and elevation, sometimes only to his terror and debasement; darkness: and with it silence and solitude, in which he can collect himself, and shut out the noise and glare, the meanness and the coarseness of the world; and be alone awhile with his own thoughts, his own fancy, his own conscience, his own soul.

But for awhile, as I said, that darkness, solitude, and silence were to be sought in the grot, not in the grove.

Then Christianity conquered the Empire. It adapted, not merely its architecture, but its very buildings, to its worship. The Roman Basilica became the Christian church; a noble form of building enough, though one in which was neither darkness, solitude, nor silence, but crowded congregations, clapping—or otherwise—the popular preacher; or fighting about

the election of a bishop or a pope, till the holy place ran with Christian blood. The deep-hearted Northern turned away, in weariness and disgust, from those vast halls, fitted only for the feverish superstition of a profligate and worn-out civilisation; and betook himself, amid his own rocks and forests, moors and shores, to a simpler and sterner architecture, which should express a creed sterner, and at heart far simpler, though dogmatically the same.

And this is, to my mind, the difference, and the noble difference, between the so-called Norman architecture, which came hither about the time of the Conquest, and that of Romanized Italy.

But the Normans were a conquering race; and one which conquered, be it always remembered, in England at least, in the name and by the authority of Rome. Their ecclesiastics, like the ecclesiastics on the Continent, were the representatives of Roman civilisation, of Rome's right, intellectual and spiritual, to rule the world.

Therefore their architecture, like their creed, was Roman. They took the massive towering Roman forms, which expressed domination, and piled them one on the other, to express the domination of Christian Rome over the souls, as they had represented the domination of heathen Rome over the bodies, of men. And so side by side with the towers of the Norman keep rose the towers of the Norman cathedral—the two signs of a double servitude.

But, with the thirteenth century, there dawned an age in Northern Europe, which I may boldly call an heroic age; heroic in its virtues and in its crimes; an age of rich passionate youth, or rather of early manhood; full of aspirations, of chivalry, of self-sacrifice as strange and terrible as it was beautiful and noble, even when most misguided. The Teutonic nations of Europe—our own forefathers most of all—having absorbed all that heathen Rome could teach them, at least for the time being, began to think for themselves; to have poets, philosophers, historians, architects, of their own. The thirteenth century was especially an age of aspiration; and its architects expressed, in buildings quite unlike those of the preceding centuries, the aspirations of the time.

The Pointed Arch had been introduced half a century before. It may be that the Crusaders saw it in the East and brought it home. It may be that it originated from the quadripartite vaulting of the Normans, the segmental groins of which, crossing dia-

gonally, produced to appearance the pointed arch. It may be that it was derived from that mystical figure of a pointed oval form, the vesica piscis. It may be, lastly, that it was suggested simply by the intersection of semi-circular arches, so frequently found in ornamental arcades. The last cause is probably the true one: but it matters little where the pointed arch came. It matters much what it meant to those who introduced it. And at the beginning of the Transition or semi-Norman period, it seems to have meant nothing. It was not till the thirteenth century that it had gradually received, as it were, a soul, and had become the exponent of a great idea. As the Norman architecture and its forms had signified domination, so the Early English, as we call it, signified aspiration; an idea which was perfected, as far as it could be, in what we call the Decorated style.

There is an evident gap, I had almost said a gulf, between the architectural mind of the eleventh and that of the thirteenth century. A vertical tendency, a longing after lightness and freedom appears; and with them a longing to reproduce the grace of nature and art. And here I ask you to look for yourselves at the buildings of this new era—there is a beautiful specimen in yonder arcade\*—and judge for yourselves whether those, and even more than they, the Decorated style into which they developed, do not remind you of the forest shapes?

And if they remind you, must they not have reminded those who shaped them? Can it have been otherwise? We know that the men who built were earnest. The carefulness, the reverence of their work have given a subject for some of Mr. Ruskin's noblest chapters, a text for some of his noblest sermons. We know that they were students of vegetable form. That is proved by the flowers, the leaves, even the birds, with which they enwreathed their capitals and enriched their mouldings. Look up there, and see.

You cannot look at any good church-work from the thirteenth to the middle of the fifteenth century, without seeing that leaves and flowers were perpetually in the workman's mind. Do you fancy that stems and boughs were never in his mind? He kept, doubtless, in remembrance the fundamental idea, that the Christian church should symbolize a grot or cave. He could do no less, while he again and again saw hermits around him dwelling and worshipping in caves, as they had done ages before in Egypt and Syria; while he fixed, again and again, the site of his convent and his minster in some

secluded valley guarded by cliffs and rocks, like Vale Crucis in North Wales. But his minster stood, often, not among rocks only, but amid trees; in some clearing in the primæval forest, as Vale Crucis was then. At least he could not pass from minster to minster, from town to town, without journeying through long miles of forest. Do you think that the awful shapes and shadows of that forest never haunted his imagination as he built? He would have cut down ruthlessly, as his predecessors the early missionaries did, the sacred trees amid which Thor and Odin had been worshipped by the heathen Saxons—amid which still darker deities were still worshipped by the heathen tribes of eastern Europe. But he was the descendant of men who had worshipped in those groves; and the glamour of them was upon him still. He peopled the wild forest with demons and fairies; but that did not surely prevent his feeling its ennobling grandeur, its chastening loneliness. His ancestors had held the oaks for trees of God; even as the Jews held the Cedar, and the Hindoos likewise; for the Deodara pine is not only, botanists tell us, the same as the Cedar of Lebanon, but its very name—the Deodara—signifies nought else but "The tree of God."

His ancestors, I say, had held the oaks for trees of God. It may be that as the monk had sat beneath their shade, his Bible on his knee, like good St. Boniface in the Fulda forest, he found that his ancestors were right.

To understand what sort of trees they were from which he got his inspiration, you must look, not at an average English wood, perpetually thinned out as the trees arrive at middle age. Still less must you look at the pines, oaks, beeches, of an English park, where each tree has had space to develop itself freely into a more or less rounded form. You must not even look at the tropic forests. For there, from the immense diversity of forms, twenty varieties of tree will grow beneath each other, forming a close-packed heap of boughs and leaves, from the ground to a hundred feet and more aloft.

You should look at the North American forests of social trees—especially of pines and firs, where trees of one species crowded together, and competing with equal advantages for the air and light, form themselves into one wilderness of straight, smooth shafts, surmounted by a conspicuous flat sheet of foliage held up by boughs like the ribs of a groined roof, while underneath the ground is bare as a cathedral floor.

You all know, surely, the Hemlock spruce

\* An arcade in the King's School.



of America—while growing by itself in open ground, the most wilful and fantastic, as well as the most graceful, of all the firs; imitating the shape, not of its kindred, but of an enormous tuft of fern.

Yet look at this sketch of the same tree, when struggling for life from its youth amid other trees of its own kind and its own age.

The lower boughs have died off from want of light, leaving not a scar behind. The upper boughs have reached at once the light and their natural term of years. They are content to live, and little more. The central trunk no longer sends up each year a fresh perpendicular shoot to aspire above the rest, but as weary of struggling ambition as they are, is content to become more and more their equal as the years pass by. And this is a law of social forest trees, which you must bear in mind, whenever I speak of the influence of tree-forms on Gothic architecture.

Such forms as these are rare enough in Europe now. I never understood how possible, how common they must have been in mediæval Europe, till I saw in the forest of Fontainebleau a few oaks like the oak of Charlemagne, and the Bouquet du Roi, at whose age I dare not guess, but whose size and shape showed them to have once formed part of a continuous wood, the like whereof remains not in these isles—perhaps not east of the Carpathian mountains. In them a clear shaft of at least sixty, it may be eighty feet, carries a flat head of boughs, each in itself a tree. In such a grove, I thought, the heathen Gaul, even the heathen Frank, worshipped, beneath "trees of God." Such trees, I thought, centuries after, inspired the genius of every builder of Gothic aisles and roofs.

Thus, at least, we can explain that rigidity, which Mr. Ruskin tells us, "is a special element of Gothic architecture. Greek and Egyptian buildings," he says—and I should have added, Roman buildings also, in proportion to their age, *i.e.*, to the amount of the Roman elements in them—"stand for the most part by their own weight and mass, one stone passively incumbent on another: but in the Gothic vaults and traceries there is a stiffness analogous to that of the bones of a limb, or fibres of a tree; an elastic tension and communication of force from part to part; and also a studious expression of this throughout every part of the building." In a word, Gothic vaulting and tracery have been studiously made like to boughs of trees. Were those boughs present to the mind of the architect? Or is the coincidence merely fortuitous? You know already how I should

answer. The cusped arch, too, was it actually not intended to imitate vegetation? Mr. Ruskin seems to think so. He says that it is merely the special application to the arch of the great ornamental system of foliation, which "whether simple as in the cusped arch, or complicated as in tracery, arose out of the love of leafage. Not that the form of the arch is intended to *imitate* a leaf, but to be invested with the same characters of beauty which the designer had discovered in the leaf." Now I differ from Mr. Ruskin with extreme hesitation. I agree that the cusped arch is not meant to imitate a leaf. I think, with Mr. Ruskin, that it was probably first adopted on account of its superior strength; and that it afterwards took the form of a bough. But I cannot as yet believe that it was not at last intended to imitate a bough; a bough of a very common form, and one in which "active rigidity" is peculiarly shown. I mean a bough which has forked. If the lower fork has died off, for want of light, we obtain something like the simply cusped arch. If it be still living—but short and stunted in comparison with the higher fork—we obtain (it seems to me) something like the foliated cusp, both likenesses being near enough to those of common objects to make it possible that those objects may have suggested them. And thus, more and more boldly, the mediæval architect learnt to copy boughs, stems, and, at last, the whole effect (as far always as stone would allow) of a combination of rock and tree, of grot and grove.

So he formed his minsters (as I believe) upon the model of those leafy minsters in which he walked to meditate, amid the aisles which God, not man, has built. He sent their columns aloft like the boles of ancient trees. He wreathed their capitals, sometimes their very shafts, with flowers and creeping shoots. He threw their arches out, and interwove the groinings of their vaults, like the bough-roofage overhead. He decked with foliage and fruit the bosses above, and the corbels below. He sent up out of those corbels upright shafts along the walls, in the likeness of the trees which sprang out of the rocks above his head. He raised those walls into great cliffs. He pierced them with the arches of the triforium, as with hermits' cells. He represented in the horizontal sills of his windows, and in his horizontal string-courses, the horizontal strata of the rocks. He opened the windows into wide and lofty glades, broken, as in the forest, by the tracery of stems and boughs, through which was seen, not merely the outer, but the upper world.

For he craved, as all true artists crave, for light and colour; and had the sky above been one perpetual blue, he might have been content with it, and left his glass transparent. But in that dark dank northern clime, rain and snow storm, black cloud and grey mist, were all that he was like to see outside for nine months in the year. So he took such light and colour as nature gave in her few gayer moods, and set aloft his stained glass windows, the hues of the noonday and the rainbow, and the sunrise and the sunset, and the purple of the heather, and the gold of the gorse, and the azure of the bugloss, and the crimson of the poppy; and among them, in gorgeous robes, the angels and the saints of heaven, and the memories of heroic virtues and heroic sufferings, that he might lift up his own eyes and heart for ever out of the dark, dank, sad world of the cold north, with all its coarsenesses and its crimes, toward a realm of perpetual holiness, amid a perpetual summer of beauty and of light; as one who—for he was true to nature, even in this—from between the black jaws of a narrow glen, or from beneath the black shade of gnarled trees, catches a glimpse of far lands gay with gardens and cottages, and purple mountain ranges, and the far-off sea, and the hazy horizon melting into the hazy sky; and finds his heart carried out into an infinite at once of freedom and of repose.

And so out of the cliffs and the forests he shaped the inside of his church. And how did he shape the outside? Look for yourselves, and judge. But look, not at Chester, but at Salisbury. Look at those churches which carry not mere towers, but spires, or at least pinnacled towers, approaching the spire form. The outside form of every Gothic cathedral must be considered imperfect if it does not culminate in something pyramidal.

The especial want of all Greek and Roman buildings with which we are acquainted is the absence (save in a few and unimportant cases) of the pyramidal form. The Egyptians knew at least the worth of the obelisk; the Greeks and Romans hardly knew even that: their buildings are flat-topped. Their builders were contented with the earth as it was. There was a great truth involved in that, which I am the last to deny.

But religions which, like the Buddhist or the Christian, nurse a noble self-discontent, are sure to adopt sooner or later an upward and aspiring form of building. It is not merely that, fancying heaven to be above earth, they point towards heaven. There is a deeper natural language in the pyramidal

form of a growing tree. It symbolizes growth, or the desire of growth. Now the Norman tower does nothing of the kind. It does not aspire to grow. Look—I mention an instance with which I am most familiar—at the Norman tower of Bury St. Edmund's. It is graceful—awful, if you will—but there is no aspiration in it. It is stately, but self-content. Its horizontal courses, circular arches, above all, its flat sky-line, seem to have risen enough, and wish to rise no higher. For it has no touch of that unrest of soul which is expressed by the spire, and still more by the compound spire, with its pinnacles, crockets, finials—which are finials only in name; for they do not finish, and are really terminal buds, as it were, longing to open and grow upward, even as the crockets are bracts and leaves thrown off as the shoot has grown.

You feel, surely, the truth of these last words. You cannot look at the canopy work or the pinnacle work of this cathedral without seeing that they do not merely suggest buds and leaves, but that the buds and leaves are there carved before your eyes. I cannot look at the tabernacle work of our stalls without being reminded of the young pine forests which clothe the Hampshire moors. But if the details are copied from vegetable forms, why not the whole? Is not a spire like a growing tree—a tabernacle like a fir-tree—a compound spire like a group of firs? And if we can see that, do you fancy that the man who planned the spire did not see it as clearly as we do, and perhaps more clearly still?

I am aware, of course, that Norman architecture had sometimes its pinnacle, a mere conical or polygonal capping. I am aware that this form, only more and more slender, lasted on in England during the thirteenth and the early part of the fourteenth century; and on the Continent, under many modifications, one English kind whereof is usually called a "broach," of which you have a beautiful specimen in the new church at Hoole.

Now no one will deny that that broach is beautiful. But it would be difficult to prove that its form was taken from a North European tree. The cypress was unknown, probably, to our northern architects. The Lombardy poplar, which has wandered hither, I know not when, all the way from Cashmere, had not wandered then, I believe, further than North Italy. The form is rather that of mere stone—of the obelisk, of the mountain peak; and they, in fact, may have at first suggested the spire. The grandeur of an isolated mountain, even of a dolmen or single upright stone, is evident to all.



But it is the grandeur, not of aspiration, but of defiance; not of the Christian, not even of the Stoic, but rather of the Epicurean. It says—I cannot rise. I do not care to rise. I will be contentedly and valiantly that which I am; and face circumstances, though I cannot conquer them. But it is defiance under defeat. The mountain-peak does not grow, but only decay. Fretted by rains, peeled by frost, splintered by lightning, it must down at last, and crumble into earth, were it as old, as hard, as lofty as the Matterhorn itself. And while it stands, it wants not only aspiration, it wants tenderness; it wants humility; it wants the unrest which tenderness and humility must breed, and which Mr. Ruskin so clearly recognises in the best Gothic art. And, meanwhile, it wants naturalness. The mere smooth spire or broach—I had almost said, even the spire of Salisbury—is like no tall or commanding object in Nature. It is merely the caricature of one—it may be of the mountain-peak. The outline must be broken, must be softened, before it can express the soul of a creed which, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries far more than now, was one of penitence as well as of aspiration, of passionate emotion as well as of lofty faith. But a shape which will express that soul must be sought, not among mineral, but among vegetable, forms. And remember always, if we feel thus even now, how much more must those mediæval men of genius have felt thus, whose work we now dare only copy line by line?

So (as it seems to me) they sought among vegetable forms for what they needed: and they found it at once in the pine, or rather the fir—the spruce and silver firs of their own forests. They are not, of course, indigenous to England. But they are so common through all the rest of Europe, that not only would the form suggest itself to a Continental architect, but to any English clerk who travelled, as all did who could, across the Alps to Rome. The fir-tree, not growing on level ground, like the oaks of Fontainebleau, into one flat roof of foliage, but clinging to the hill-side and the crag, old above young, spire above spire, whorl above whorl; for the young shoots of each whorl of boughs point upward in the spring, and now and then a whole bough, breaking away, as it were, into free space, turns upward altogether, and forms a secondary spire on the same tree—this surely was the form which the mediæval architect seized, to clothe with it the sides and roof of the stone mountain which he had built, piling up

pinnacles and spires, each crocketed at the angles, that, like a group of firs upon an isolated rock, every point of the building might seem in act to grow toward heaven; till his idea culminated in that glorious Minster of Cologne, which, if it ever be completed, will be the likeness of one forest-clothed group of cliffs, surmounted by three enormous pines.

One feature of the Norman temple he could keep; for it was copied from the same nature which he was trying to copy—the high-pitched roof and gables. Mr. Ruskin lays it down as a law, that the acute angle in roofs, gables, spires, is the distinguishing mark of northern Gothic. It was adopted, most probably, at first from domestic buildings. A northern house or barn must have a high-pitched roof, or the snow will not slip off it. But that fact was not discovered by man; it was copied by him from the rocks around. He saw the mountain peak jut black and bare above the snows of winter; he saw those snows slip down in sheets, rush down in torrents under the sun, from the steep slabs of rock which coped the hill-side; and he copied, in his roofs, the rocks above his town. But as the love for decoration arose, he would deck his roofs as nature had decked hers, till the grey sheets of the cathedral slates should stand out amid pinnacles and turrets rich with foliage, as the grey mountain sides stood out amid knolls of feathery birch and towering pine.

He failed, though he failed nobly. He never succeeded in attaining a perfectly natural style.

The mediæval architects were crippled to the last by the tradition of artificial Roman forms. They began improving them into naturalness, without any clear notion of what they wanted; and when that notion became clear, it was too late. Take, as an instance, the tracery of their windows. It is true, as Mr. Ruskin says, that they began by piercing holes in a wall of the form of a leaf, which developed, in the rose window, into the form of a star inside, and of a flower outside. Look at such aloft there. Then, by introducing mullions and traces into the lower part of the window, they added stem and bough forms to those flower forms. But the two did not fit. Look at the west window of our choir, and you will see what I mean. The upright mullions break off into bough curves graceful enough; but these are cut short—as I hold, spoiled—by circular and triangular forms of rose and trefoil resting on them as such forms never rest in

Nature; and the whole, though beautiful, is only half beautiful. It is fragmentary, unmeaning, barbaric, because unnatural.

They failed, too, it may be, from the very paucity of the vegetable forms they could find to copy among the Flora of this colder clime; and so, stopped short in drawing from nature, ran off into mere purposeless luxuriance. Had they been able to add to their stock of memories a hundred forms which they would have seen in the Tropics, they might have gone on for centuries copying Nature without exhausting her.

And yet, did they exhaust even the few forms of beauty which they saw around them? It must be confessed that they did not. I believe that they could not, because they dared not. The unnaturalness of the creed which they expressed always hampered them. It forbade them to look Nature freely and lovingly in the face. It forbade them—as one glaring example—to know anything truly of the most beautiful of all natural objects—the human form. They were tempted perpetually to take Nature as ornament, not as basis; and they yielded at last to the temptation, till, in the age of Perpendicular architecture, their very ornament became unnatural again, because conventional, untrue, meaningless.

But the creed for which they worked was dying by that time, and therefore the art which expressed it must needs die too. And even that death, or rather the approach of it, was symbolized truly in the flatter roof, the four-arched arch, the flat-topped tower of the fifteenth century church. The creed had ceased to aspire: so did the architecture. It had ceased to grow: so did the temple. And the arch sank lower, and the rafters grew more horizontal, and the likeness to the old tree, content to grow no more, took the place of the likeness to the young tree struggling toward the sky.

And now—unless you are tired of listening to me—a few practical words.

We are restoring our old cathedral stone by stone after its ancient model. We are trying to build a new church. We are building it—as most new churches in England are now built—in a pure Gothic style.

Are we doing right? I do not mean morally right. It is always morally right to build a new church, if needed, whatever be its architecture. It is always morally right to restore an old church, if it be beautiful and noble, as an heirloom handed down to us by our ancestors, which we have no right—I say, no right—for the sake of our children, and of our children's children, to leave to ruin.

But are we artistically, æsthetically right? Is the best Gothic fit for our worship? Does it express our belief? or shall we choose some other style?

I say that it is; and that it is so because it is a style which, if not founded on Nature, has taken into itself more of Nature, of Nature beautiful and healthy, than any other style.

With greater knowledge of Nature, both geographical and scientific, fresh styles of architecture may and will arise, as much more beautiful, and as much more natural, than the Gothic, as Gothic is more beautiful and natural than the Norman. Till then we must take the best models which we have, use them, and, as it were, use them up and exhaust them. By that time we may have learnt to improve on them, and to build churches more Gothic than Gothic itself, more like grot and grove than even a northern cathedral.

That is the direction in which we must work. And if any shall say to us, as it has been said ere now, "After all, your new Gothic churches are but imitations, shams, borrowed symbols, which to you symbolize nothing. They are Romish churches, meant to express Romish doctrine, built for a Protestant creed which they do not express, and for a Protestant worship which they will not fit"—then we shall answer, Not so. The objection might be true if we built Roman and Romanesque churches; for we should then be returning to that very foreign and unnatural style which Rome taught our forefathers, and from which they escaped gradually into the comparative freedom, the comparative naturalness of that true Gothic of which Mr. Ruskin says so well:—

"It is gladdening to remember that, in its utmost nobleness, the very temper which has been thought most averse to it, the Protestant temper of self-dependence and inquiry, were expressed in every case. Faith and aspiration there were in every Christian ecclesiastical building from the first century to the fifteenth; but the moral habits to which England in this age owes the kind of greatness which she has—the habits of philosophical investigation, of accurate thought, of domestic seclusion and independence, of stern self-reliance, and sincere upright searching into religious truth,—were only traceable in the features which were the distinctive creations of the Gothic schools, in the varied foliage and thorny fretwork, and shadowy niche, and buttressed pier, and fearless height of subtle pinnacle and crested tower, sent '*like an unperplexed question up to heaven*.'"

So says Mr. Ruskin; and I, for one, endorse his gallant words. And I think that a strong proof of their truth is to be found in two facts, which seem at first paradoxical. First, that the new Roman Catholic churches on the Continent—I speak especially of France, which is the most



highly cultivated Romanist country—like those which the Jesuits built in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, are less and less Gothic. The former were sham-classic; the latter are rather of a new fantastic Romanesque, or rather Byzantine style, which is a real retrogression from Gothic towards earlier and less natural schools. Next, that the Puritan communions, the Kirk of Scotland, the English Nonconformists, as they are becoming more cultivated—and there are now many highly cultivated men among them—are introducing Gothic architecture more and more into their churches. There are elements in it, it seems, which do not contradict their Puritanism; elements which they can adapt to their own worship; namely, the elements which Mr. Ruskin has discerned.

But if they can do so, how much more can we of the Church of England? As long as we go on where our mediæval forefathers left off; as long as we keep to the most perfect types of their work, in waiting for the day when we shall be able to surpass them, by making our work even more naturalistic than theirs, more truly expressive of the highest aspirations of humanity: so long we are reverencing them, and that latent Protestantism in them, which produced at last the Reformation.

And if any should say, "Nevertheless, your Protestant Gothic church, though you made it ten times more beautiful, and more symbolic, than Cologne Minster itself, would still be a sham. For where would be your images? And still more, where would be your Host? Do you not know that in the mediæval church the vistas of its arcades, the alternations of its lights and shadows, the gradations of its colouring, and all its carefully subordinated wealth of art, pointed to, were concentrated round, one sacred spot, as a curve, however vast its sweep through space, tends at every moment toward a single point? And that spot, that focus, was, and is still, in every Romish church, the body of God, present upon the altar in the form of bread? Without Him, what is all your building? Your church is empty: your altar bare; a throne without a king: an eye-socket without an eye."—

My friends, if we be true children of those old worthies, whom Tacitus saw worshipping beneath the German oaks, we shall have but one answer to that scoff:—

We know it; and we glory in the fact. We glory in it, as the old Jews gloried in it, when the Roman soldiers, bursting through the Temple, and into the Holy of Holies

itself, paused in wonder and in awe when they beheld neither God, nor image of God, but—blank yet all-suggestive—the empty mercy-seat.

Like theirs, our altar is an empty throne. For it symbolizes our worship of Him who dwelleth not in temples made with hands, whom the heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain. Our eye-socket holds no eye. For it symbolizes our worship of that Eye which is over all the earth, which is about our path, and about our bed, and spies out all our ways. We need no artificial and material presence of Deity; because we believe in That One Eternal and Universal Real Presence of which it is written, "He is not far from any one of us. For in God we live, and move, and have our being;" and again, "Lo, I am with you, even to the End of the World;" and again—"Wheresoever two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them."

He is the God of nature, as well as the God of grace. For ever He looks down on all things which He has made, and behold they are very good. And, therefore, we dare offer to Him, in our churches, the most perfect works of naturalistic art, and shape them into copies of whatever beauty He has shown us, in cave or mountain peak, in tree or flower, even in bird or butterfly.

But Himself? Who can see Him, except the humble and the contrite heart, to whom He reveals Himself as a Spirit to be worshipped in spirit and in truth, and not in bread, nor wood, nor stone, nor gold, nor quintessential diamond.

So we shall obey the sound instinct of our Christian forefathers, when they shaped their churches into forest aisles, and decked them with the boughs of the woodland, and the flowers of the field: but we shall be obeying, too, that sounder instinct of theirs, which made them at last cast out of their own temples, as misplaced and unnatural things, the idols which they had inherited from Rome.

So we shall obey the sound instinct of our heathen forefathers, when they worshipped the unknown God beneath the oaks of the primæval forest: but we shall obey, too, that sounder instinct of theirs, which taught them this, at least, concerning God—That it was beneath His dignity to coop Him within walls; and that the grandest forms of nature, as well as the deepest consciousnesses of their own souls, revealed to them a mysterious Being, who was to be beheld by faith alone.

C. KINGSLEY.

## A FACT.

IT was on an English summer day,  
 Some six or seven years ago,  
 That a pointsman before his cabin paced,  
 With a listless step and slow.  
 He lit his pipe—there was plenty of time—  
 In his work was nothing new :  
 Just to watch the signals and shift the points  
 When the next train came in view.

He leant 'gainst his cabin, and smoked away,  
 He was used to lounge and wait ;  
 Twelve hours at a stretch he must mind those points,  
 And down-trains were mostly late !  
 A rumble—a roar—"She is coming now—  
 She's truer to time to-day !"  
 He turns,—and not far off, between the rails,  
 Sees his youngest boy at play !—

Not far, *but too far*. The train is at hand,  
 And the child is crawling there,  
 And patting the ground with crows of delight—  
 And not a moment to spare !  
 His face was dead-white, but his purpose firm,  
 As straight to his post he trod,  
 And shifted the points, and saved the down-train,  
 And trusted his child to God.

There's a rush in his ears though the train has passed ;  
 He gropes, for he cannot see,  
 To the place where the laughing baby crawled,  
 Where the mangled limbs must be.  
 But he hears a cry that is only of fear—  
 His joy seems too great to bear,  
 For his duty done, God saw to his son—  
 The train had not touched a hair !

L. C. S.

## TODDY'S LEGACY.

IN a recent number of GOOD WORDS I brought under the notice of the reader an example of the eccentric way in which conscience will occasionally develop itself in the minds of the most degraded of our population—the oft-convicted and apparently irreclaimable female ticket-of-leave convict.\* I now propose giving an example of the manner in which this class will occasionally take for granted that a sin they may have committed is forgiven, and mentally bring forward in proof some inanimate object wholly unconnected with the transaction.

Charlotte Young, the subject of my present narrative, was brought up in a small country workhouse, where she received the very limited amount of education which the poor-law authorities then considered sufficient for

female orphans. She could certainly read, though with great difficulty, and could repeat the Church Catechism with parrot-like volubility, though, with the exception of that portion which related to her duty towards her neighbour, she understood it no more than the bird itself. Of the art of writing she knew nothing whatever. When she was about fourteen years of age, the wife of a small tradesman residing in a street leading out of Ratcliffe Highway, paid a visit to her relative, the matron of the workhouse in which Charlotte had been brought up. During her visit this woman had frequent opportunities of seeing Charlotte, and observing her to be a strong, intelligent, and tractable girl, she conceived the idea of bringing her up to town as her servant. Application having been made to the parish authorities, Charlotte was

\* "The Devil's Boots," Good Words for March, p. 219.



allowed to leave the workhouse with her new mistress for London.

During the next few years of Charlotte's life, nothing occurred particularly worthy of remark. She continued in the same situation, and proved herself a good and faithful servant to her employers; and although the locality in which they resided was by no means celebrated for the moral tone of its inhabitants, not one person was ever heard to breathe a word against her fair fame. When between nineteen and twenty years of age, she received an offer of marriage from a young man—a ballast-heaver. She was, at the time, a healthy, well-made, good-looking girl, though without any pretensions to beauty. She was, moreover, admirably adapted to be the wife of an honest labouring man, having been brought up in habits of strict cleanliness, sobriety, and industry. She was also very economically disposed, and was able in her housekeeping to make a shilling go as far as most people.

Unfortunately, Charlotte's admirer was by no means worthy of her. He was a tall, powerful young fellow, capable of a considerable amount of labour; and when it pleased him to work he was known to earn as much as 25s. or 30s. a week. Possibly, when he commenced ballast-heaving he may have been industriously inclined, but as the work is of the most laborious description, and is thought to necessitate copious draughts of porter, he gradually acquired a habit of drinking. Unfortunately, as is well known, this habit leads to other vices, and among them idleness, which almost invariably leads to dishonesty. In the case of Charlotte's admirer this was indisputably the fact. A drunken fit generally ended in one of idleness, which, in its turn, was succeeded by some act of dishonesty. Before making her an offer he had been more than once in prison for petty thefts. To do the prison authorities justice, they generally induced him when liberated to return to his work, at which, for some time, he would continue steadily enough, only to relapse, however, into his old fault.

At the expiration of one of his punishments, he conceived the idea that if he married and had a home of his own, he should have less inclination to go to the public-house; and he immediately began to look about him for a wife. He had, to use his own phraseology, the "pick of a dozen," and of these he chose Charlotte. When she informed her master and mistress that it was her intention to leave them, and told them the cause, they, having considerable respect

for their servant, made inquiry into the character of the young man, and the answers being unsatisfactory, they attempted to dissuade her from the match. But all their efforts were useless; love had taken too strong a hold of the girl's mind; and a few months after she had received the offer she was married. For a short time—and a very short time it was—Charlotte's life went on smoothly enough. Her husband kept steadily to his work, and in spite of the invitations he received to convivial meetings with his fellow-workers, he spent his evenings comfortably at home with his wife. Unfortunately, after a few months, things took a change for the worse. Charlotte expected to become a mother, her health at the same time failed, and her husband, not finding his home as agreeable as it had hitherto been, again became a frequenter of the public-house. Charlotte's expectations, however, were disappointed, some say in consequence of a beating she received from her husband; but if this were the case, she complained of it to no one, and it is, therefore, only justice, in accordance with our English ideas of jurisprudence, to conclude it was not the case.

Her recovery brought about no reformation in the character of her husband, who ill-treated her grossly. For some time she submitted with great patience, but at length it became unsupportable, and she sought consolation in that source to which those of her class are too frequently in the habit of resorting—she gradually contracted a habit of drinking. The husband, instead of continuing to ill-treat her, seemed rather to sympathise with her, and a change took place in his habits of drinking. He now no longer confined himself to the public-house, but continued the habit, in company with his wife, at home.

It would be too painful to trace minutely Charlotte's fall. Those who have paid any attention to the psychology of drunkenness must be aware that the moral abasement of an individual is generally the lower in proportion as the former respectability was the higher. It was so in Charlotte's case. Bad and daring as her husband was in his drunken fits, his wife was positively worse, and frequent and disreputable were her disputes and collisions with the police. At last her husband was convicted of highway robbery, and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude; and as he will no longer appear in our narrative, we may state that he died three years after his sentence.

About two months after her husband's

conviction Charlotte became the mother of a son. Her life was now one of abject wretchedness. But evil as she was, the soul of goodness was not extinct within her; and instead of deserting her child and throwing it on the parish, she endeavoured to nurse it herself. This, however, was a difficult task, partly from the poverty of her own constitution, and partly from the difficulty she had in getting it attended to while she was earning a trifle. The child in consequence gradually fell away in health. Charlotte, who had contrived to get some medical advice, was told to live well, so that her child might be better nourished. Unfortunately, she translated the advice to live well into drinking well, and on more than one occasion she was seen in a state of intoxication. When sober, it was impossible to exceed the kindness and attention she showed to her child, but when under the influence of drink she treated it with great brutality. One night, on returning to her room, when the child was crying for her, she was heard by a fellow-lodger to abuse it in most violent language, and threaten to kill it. The next morning it was found lying dead by her side, with a bruise on its head. An inquest was held, and a verdict of manslaughter returned against her. At her subsequent trial she was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment.

During this term nothing could have been more exemplary than Charlotte's conduct. She was sorry for the fault she might possibly have committed, for there was no doubt she conscientiously told the truth when she said that she was unconscious whether she really did strike the blow, urging at the same time the female drunkard's habitual excuse, "It wasn't me, it was the drink." But if the prison chaplain, and the ladies who visited her, failed to elicit from her any very strong signs of repentance for her crime, they had little difficulty in discovering that she grieved bitterly for the loss of her child. Altogether her case, as well as her excellent deportment during the time she was in prison, excited strong feeling in her favour among the prison authorities and lady visitors; and, when her term of punishment was over, they obtained for her employment in an umbrella manufactory. By dint of excessive labour, for which she was very inadequately paid, Charlotte contrived, with a small allowance from the parish, to keep body and soul together, and that without injury to her self-respect.

Some months now passed on calmly enough. Still one great source of sorrow preyed on her mind—the death of her child.

She could not divest herself of the terrible feeling that she did perhaps strike the blow that caused its death. Occasionally the feeling would weigh on her so bitterly that she would spend hours together in tears. Earnestly would she pray that she might be relieved from the sensation, but she received no comfort. At last she began to entertain the terrible idea that her sin would not be forgiven, and a despondency crept over her which threatened to terminate in suicide.

The firm for which Charlotte worked having received a large shipping order, she was during one week obliged to labour nearly eighteen hours a day. So far from considering this a misfortune, she accepted it almost in the light of a beneficial dispensation of Providence, and worked on with a cheeriness which supported her during the heavy task she had to get through. At last, Saturday night came round, and she took home her labour of the week to the house of business. Her work was carefully examined by the foreman. It was pronounced irreproachable, and she left the house with a far higher wage in her pocket than she had earned in any week since she had been employed by the firm.

As Charlotte was returning to her room in the outskirts of Hoxton, between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, she had to pass a row of unfinished small houses. Although the night was bitterly cold, there was a bright moon shining in the heavens, and by its light she perceived sitting under a doorway the figure of a child. She advanced towards it, and found it to be a little boy between two and three years old, miserably clad. Charlotte spoke to the child, but it returned no answer, and, on attempting to arouse it, it seemed almost in a state of torpor, and still returned no answer. On lifting it in her arms she found it held something in its hand, and bringing it more into the light, she saw it was a piece of firewood. Thinking the child might hurt itself, she attempted to take the wood away, but it clutched it so firmly she was unable to do so. She then attempted to open the child's finger, when it gave a low whine, and she desisted. Possibly aroused to a state of half consciousness by her endeavour to remove the stick from its hand, the child turned itself in her arms, and laying its head on her breast again sunk into a state of torpid slumber, still keeping the stick closely clutched in its little hand.

The confidence the child showed in laying its head on her breast, completely went to her heart. When at first she lifted it from the ground she had no other intension than



that of placing it in somebody's care, and then proceeding on her homeward path; but she now seemed to feel that, as the child had placed implicit confidence in her, it would be almost an act of sin on her part to abuse the trust. She now walked onwards, endeavouring to find out to whom the child belonged, determined, if she failed, to take it to her own room. No person, however, did Charlotte meet (and she spoke to several) who knew anything about the child. A policeman whom she accosted advised her to take it to the workhouse, and see whether the parish officials would accept it. For a moment she hesitated, but before she had come to a conclusion the child partly awoke, and nestling its head more comfortably on her breast, threw its left arm round her neck, and again fell asleep. This mute appeal was more than Charlotte's womanly feelings could withstand, and she continued her path homewards without speaking to any other person.

On arriving at her room, she placed the child on her bed; then after drawing the embers of the fire together, she lighted her candle, and proceeded to examine her *protégé*. The child, which slept on, was miserably emaciated, and from the blue tinge visible under its eyes and round its mouth, she concluded it was in a very ill state of health. After she had finished her examination she continued to gaze on the child, when she reflected that if her own had been alive, it would have been about the same age. Hitherto Charlotte's sympathy was only such as a good-hearted woman might show to an infant found under the circumstances; but now another feeling began gradually to mix with it—that of a mother for her child. At last, drawing a long sigh, she placed the candle on the table and attempted to awake the child that she might wash it and give it some food. Its sleep, however, was so heavy, that she could elicit nothing more from it than a slight cry of impatience, so she determined for the present to let it sleep on. Before quitting it, however, she once more tried to take the piece of wood from its hand, but without effect, for the little fellow clutched it tightly.

Charlotte now sat down to her evening meal, and when that was over, she again looked at the child. Finding its slumber as heavy as before, and feeling herself greatly fatigued by the exertion she had undergone from her extra work during the past week, she stretched herself, dressed as she was, on the bed by the side of the child, resolving to remain quietly there till it awoke. In spite of herself, however, she fell asleep, and it was day-

light next morning when she was awakened by the crying of the child. Rising from the bed, she took the infant in her arms, and made preparations for giving it some breakfast. The little thing eat so ravenously as clearly to prove to Charlotte that it had been half starved. As soon as the meal was over, she attempted to get some information from it, by which she might obtain a clue to its history, but all she could learn was that its name was Toddy. After improvising a little seat for it near her own chair by the chimney, Charlotte proceeded to arrange her bed, and while doing so, took from it the piece of wood the child had held in its hand the night before. The fire at the moment not burning very brightly, she advanced towards it to put the piece of wood in it. The child seeing this, stretched out its little hand to receive it. She at first paid no attention to its wish, when the child began to cry, at the same time rising from its seat to take the wood. By way of pacifying it, she gave it the stick, and immediately it became quiet.

Charlotte having now arranged her room, began to consider what steps she ought to take with respect to the child. If it had been lost, it was her duty to restore it to its parents; if deserted, her own experience of the treatment of a parish child taught her that it would be happier under her management than in the workhouse. But the former point had to be cleared up, and after consulting with her fellow-lodger what she ought to do, she clothed the child warmly, and taking it in her arms proceeded to the police-station. She informed the inspector of the manner in which it came into her possession, and her willingness to adopt it should no claimant with a better title appear. The inspector offered no objection, merely taking down her name and address, and Charlotte returned home with her adopted son.

For the first few days things went on smoothly enough, with the exception of the child suffering from a severe cough. Charlotte, who had obtained a fresh supply of work from the umbrella manufactory, applied to a chemist for some medicine, which, however, gave the little sufferer no relief, and in a very short time the disease had increased to such intensity as to oblige her to take it to a dispensary in the neighbourhood. The medical man who examined the child told Charlotte that it required great care and attention, and that she should not bring it out again, especially if the weather were cold and frosty. He further said, that if her circumstances would not allow her to engage a

medical man to attend it, she had better apply to the parish doctor to take charge of the case. Charlotte followed his advice, and the parish doctor called to see the child.

"Is it your own?" he asked of Charlotte.

"No, sir, it is not. It's a poor little thing I found one night as I was coming home from my work, and as I didn't like to send it to the workhouse, it's remained with me ever since."

The parish surgeon was too much accustomed to acts of kindness among the poor to show any special wonder at Charlotte's behaviour; on the contrary, he seemed to look upon it as a matter of every-day occurrence, and after having prescribed for the child, left the house.

The case ran on, the child daily getting worse, notwithstanding all the care and affection lavished on it by its protectress. The poor little thing supported its illness with marvellous patience, the only signs of irritability it showed being when Charlotte refused to give it its plaything—the piece of firewood—which she reasonably enough objected to its having, fearing it might hurt itself with it.

At last Charlotte could not disguise from herself that the poor child was evidently sinking. For some days she hoped against hope that this might not be the case, till the parish doctor told her that nothing could save it. She attended to it to the last with the same kindness and affection as when she first found it.

A little incident occurred on the morning of its death which had a singular effect on the mind of Charlotte. Toddy was evidently in the slumber of death, and Charlotte, seated on the bed, was watching by its side, the tears streaming down her face the while. Suddenly consciousness appeared to return to the poor infant. It opened its eyes, gazed at her anxiously for a moment, and then holding out its little hand, placed the piece of firewood in hers. Then falling again into its slumber, the machinery of life ran quietly down, and Toddy was dead.

After the first burst of sorrow, Charlotte began to consider what steps she ought to take for the child's funeral. Placing the stick that Toddy had given her in her box, she left the house, and applied to an undertaker. And here a great difficulty arose. Charlotte, when she heard the expense of the funeral, found she had not money enough to meet it. For some time she considered as to whether there was any way of avoiding that terrible degradation to the minds of the honourable poor—a parish funeral for a lost friend. She determined, if possible, to compromise the matter, and going to the parish

undertaker offered to pay part of the expenses, if the parish would make up the remainder. She was told, in reply, that such an arrangement was contrary to the spirit of the British poor-law. The whole expense must be borne by the parish, or none. At last, in deference to the earnest entreaties of Charlotte, the undertaker agreed, for a trifle in excess of the parish allowance, to place some ornaments on the coffin, as well as to use one or two other emblems of sorrow. Charlotte's mind being now somewhat more at ease, she returned home, and the following day poor little Toddy's mortal remains were consigned to their mother-earth.

The evening after the funeral, Charlotte naturally enough allowed her thoughts to dwell on the circumstances connected with the child's death. By degrees an impression came over her that the finding of the child was not purely accidental, but that it had been left expressly for her to take charge of. And then she began to think whether there might not have been some mysterious connection between this child and her own boy—whether it had not been to her, in the true meaning of the word, a Godsend. The more she reflected on this the more she became convinced of its truth; and, to her great satisfaction, her conscience told her that she had stood the test to which she had been subjected.

Another thought also came prominently before her—Was there any hidden meaning in the piece of wood for which Toddy had shown so great an affection, and which he had placed in her hand apparently as a gift before his death? The more she reflected the more the subject interested her, and she came at last to the conclusion, after dwelling on it for many days, that the dying child, by placing its plaything in her hands, had given her a pledge that the death of her own child was forgiven.

This idea, strange as it was, had a most beneficial effect on the poor woman. It gave her renewed energy, her disposition became more cheerful, and she contrived to make herself friends. At length, through the instrumentality of the clergyman of the district who had performed the funeral ceremony for little Toddy, an emigration ticket as a domestic servant was obtained for Charlotte, and she proceeded to Melbourne, where there is every reason to believe she is doing well. One thing is certain, among the few articles she took with her the one she prized most was "Toddy's legacy."

WILLIAM GILBERT.





"TODDY'S LEGACY"—P. 334.

## THE SYLVESTRES.

BY M. DE BETHAM-EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "KITTY," "DR. JACOB," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXI.—LAVING THE FOUNDATION.



HOW much or how little the good people of St. Beowulf's understood of Monsieur Sylvestre's discourse, which he had forthwith printed for gratuitous distribution, it would be hard to say; what they thought of it, harder still. That he pos-

sessed the gift of speech none could deny, for he had made them smile, weep, go into ecstasy, or look aghast, as he willed. The poor wished they could hear him preach every Sunday, the clerical ladies courted his fine voice for their choirs. But the chief consequence of his discourse was the curiosity thereby excited. Every one wondered who he was, why he had come there, and what he wanted to do. He talked of disseminating ideas. What were ideas? Had he invented a new plough or a sowing machine, and proposed to test its powers before the eyes of possible buyers, the matter would have been easy to understand. But as far as they could make out, he had done nothing of the kind, and only wanted to talk and be listened to. Was he a second Tom Paine in disguise, come to corrupt the minds of the young with atheistical doctrines, or an apostle of Mormonism come to preach plurality of wives, a Fenian plotting against the government, or a Red Republican contriving the ruin of the French Empire? These surmises floated hazily in the minds of those who had heard of such things as atheists, Mormons, Fenians, and other conspirators, but at present they were content to let their suspicions take the form of mild inquisitiveness. He amused them, and how good and pleasant it is to be amused! Within living memory no such social phenomenon had appeared.

And his deeds were as mysterious as his words. The first to rise in the morning, he was the last to relinquish work at night, interspersing his hours of labour with pianoforte-playing, painting in water-colours, or writing essays. He undertook the roughest work, and made his labourers take two hours out of the middle of the day for what he called intellectual advancement,—alas! most often devoted to drowse and beer. He turned half an acre of corn-land into a garden of standard roses, so that young men and maidens should have garlands during the following summer. He planted a whole field with saplings of the Australian *Eucalyptus globulus*, which he predicted would become a superb forest in the course of twenty years. He sent to Spain for sheep, to Algeria for silk-worms, to the farthest quarters of the world for seeds and roots, intending to turn his farm into a *jardin d'acclimatization*. He planted his banks with strawberries, and employed children to gather thistle-down for pillows. People saw plain enough that he was playing fast and loose with somebody's money, and they naturally said it was with Ingaretha's money.

The Academy, for so the newly-opened hall of arts and sciences was named, fell under his entire administration, and as far as amusement went, the people had no right to complain. Besides fortnightly readings and lectures on a variety of subjects, he organized concerts and dances. There is a good deal of music in our country people, if only brought out, and after the first awkwardness wore off, the invitations were responded to with alacrity, partly because the villagers thought it a fine thing for their children to learn dancing, partly because they were anxious not to affront Ingaretha's friends.

Maddio played the violin, Euphrosyne the piano. Monsieur Sylvestre initiated young and old into the mysteries of the quadrille and country dance. Why should not the poor be fêted as well as the rich, he asked, since in temperate gratification of the senses lies the only road to an adequate development of character? Accordingly, the hall was decked with banners and evergreens, guests were encouraged to come in their Sunday clothes, and were plied with cakes and lemonade by their three hosts. Every one knows that English rustics are far from possessing the dignity and good-humour of the



French, German, and Italian peasantry, partly because their life is much more monotonous and wholly pleasureless, and partly because they are on different terms with their superiors. Had the ladies and gentlemen of St. Beowulf's mixed with them on the same free and easy terms, most likely such an intercourse would have ended in downright boorishness on the one side and disgust on the other. But in this case no such inconvenience arose. In the first place, Monsieur and Madame Sylvestre and Maddio all three possessed that exquisite simplicity of manners which disarms coarseness, and that ineffable tact which knows how to deal with every quality of character except knavery. Their past acquaintance with poverty, moreover, never for an instant concealed, touched the hearts of their rough acquaintances. And then they were ever ready to help any one in need or distress, whether Churchman or Dissenter mattered little, which afforded a new reading of the texts about charity. If a little boy was to be breeched, none in the village could cut out a pair of trousers so well as Madam, thus had Madame Sylvestre come to be called. If a labourer fell on to a pitchfork, she could bind up his wound like a surgeon. As to Maddio, he knew everything, people said, from catching a mole to stuffing a peacock, or, what seemed more difficult still, making gripe balls for horses. He was an excellent herbalist, and they soon had recourse to his homely specifics with as much faith and alacrity as if he had been a quack. Perhaps his odd appearance reminded them of the Wise Man of whom their fathers had bequeathed such strange tales, for seventy years ago few towns were without some mysterious person, wizard, doctor, astrologer, and fortune-teller in one, to whom people went if a cow fell ill, if they wanted to know when rain was expected, or if a gipsy had stolen a silver spoon. But the activity of the little family at Pilgrim's Hatch did not end here. Before the dreary days of winter fairly set in, a newspaper issued fortnightly from the press of the Liberal St. Beowulf's newspaper. It was called "The Germ of Truth," and consisted of two small sheets, fairly printed. First came a leader, which was, properly speaking, a short sermon on the divine right of equality, the attraction of labour, the benefits of association, or some other Socialist topic treated with no little unction and picturesqueness; then followed the application of these principles in the following manifesto:—"To material bankrupts, moral millionaires, friends of Socialism

and followers of the divine Fourier. We call upon you to aid us in organizing a Phalanstery, that is to say, an agricultural community based upon the principles of the divine Fourier. It is not money we want, nor land, nor any fruits of the earth, all these are abundantly supplied us by the large generosity, we might rather say exquisite justice, of those friends who share our views and understand to the full the meaning of that pregnant word, Solidarity. But we want men, women, and children who will strive with us to establish the glorification of labour, and to bring about the regeneration of society by means of harmonious attraction. Come to us, labour with us, enjoy with us, O choice souls who have drunk from the fountains of our great master's wisdom, and we will begin the joyful task of reforming the world." A short advertisement follows to this effect:—"N.B. —The Phalanstery in course of organization is to be heard of through the printer of this journal, where are to be had back numbers of 'The Germ of Truth,' price one halfpenny." The remaining space was filled with scraps of poetry, mottoes, notices of foreign societies, &c.

This little paper was distributed largely among the good people of the village, though, as may easily be imagined, not a word of its purport was understood. Copies were dispatched to London, Paris, Alsace, and Algeria. Monsieur Sylvestre rubbed his hands with glee when the printers announced that a fresh edition was necessary.

"Ah, we shall soon recall the happy days of old," he would say, "the seed is falling on good soil. In a week, nay, in a day, we may find our fondest dreams brought to pass, and our phalanstery a thing of reality."

"Meantime the printing of so many tracts is sadly expensive," Euphrosyne said sighing. "If people would only pay their subscriptions!"

"To make a traffic of the truth is a prostitution," he answered with indignation. "I would rather starve than earn a penny by selling my ideas."

"Alas! one must sell something in order to live."

"Well, let us sell our corn."

"But the wheat now being put into the ground will not be ripe till August, and the barley is not to be sown till the spring. We have three quarters of a year before us."

"We must be economical then, my angel, that is the easiest solution of the problem."

Euphrosyne said no more, but straightway racked her brains to devise some

means of saving money.. The Sphinx had never a harder task. Monsieur Sylvestre's pet extravagance represented a good round sum yearly, and could she have persuaded him to leave off printing pamphlets, to buy no more costly seeds or new farming implements, to be reasonable in fact, the prospects of nine months without corn to sell would not have seemed appalling. She knew too well, poor woman, that to reason with him on such points was to pour water through a sieve.

Already the full blossomed prosperity that had burst upon them like the first day of roses in summer, was tarnished. Gay as a butterfly, he disported himself among the flowers; sad as Eve, she trembled at every shadow lest it might portend the presence of the expelling angel.

#### CHAPTER XXII.—RENE'S LETTER.

AND what of René? As week after week slipped by, and still he gave no sign, Ingaretha's cheeks lost something of their roundness, and her smile something of its joy. Monsieur Sylvestre could not be induced to share her anxiety.

"Wait a little, sweet child," he said, "and you will see that our René departs himself like a hero."

"Ah!" Maddio would rejoin, rubbing his hands gleefully, "we shall hear of him creating an Eden in the Far West, perhaps. Our René has so much courage."

At length the mysterious silence was broken by a little letter, evidently written in great haste and perturbation:—

"Sweetest lady and friend," he wrote to Ingaretha from Paris, "I never meant to have troubled you any more as long as I lived; but now you will be seeing my name in the newspapers soon, and that would disconcert you. You know what a war I have waged with my pen, ever since I was a boy, against oppression and prejudice. I have never been idle, God knows; and whatever I did was done in the hope of more useful achievements by-and-by. To project and carry on a newspaper seems a little thing; but how much it may mean in such days as these, when written words are winged, omnipotent, omnipresent! Has not the right of speaking out saved your England, and shall it not save our France! Alas! not yet. Do you understand what I mean, when I say that I am a member of the Association Internationale des Travailleurs? That is to say, that I am a volunteer in what will soon be the largest army the world has ever seen,

but an army of peaceful men of all nations and not of soldiers, whose watchword is Progress instead of Glory—that noble legend, as some one has said, over which is scrawled in bloody palimpsest the parody of tyrants. What our society is I cannot stop to tell you now, ask *le père Sylvestre* or Maddio—I can only say that it is composed of the staunchest friends of peace and liberty, two names that are but words here in our beautiful France where tyranny and selfishness incarnate, wrapped in purple, sit on the necks of the people. Of course, if the worm turns it is crushed or quelled. I have done nothing to make you blush for your friend. My guilt and that of my friends lies only in daring to belong to a peaceful progressive society at all; and we are to be tried forthwith. You will see the result in the papers, or if not, have only to apply to our secretary in London. Whether things turn out well or ill for me, does not much matter. I commend you to your brothers and sisters, the angels, and all good people. Your devoted servitor, RENE."

Ingaretha was not a woman to sit by when her friends were in trouble, and an hour later she was on her way to London, accompanied by Madame Sylvestre. There seemed only one way of helping René, namely, by means of advocates' fees. Accordingly, she had supplied herself with a good round sum in Bank of England notes, and a letter of introduction to the London secretary of the Société Internationale des Travailleurs. As luck would have it, there was a sitting of the council at the society's chambers in High Holborn that very night; but the working men's parliament cannot open proceedings whilst the working men are at work, so they had to get through the weary hours of waiting as best they might. Everything was wrapped in yellow fog, and what a dreary phantasmagoria is a London day in November! you walk through the lurid alleys, meeting livid spectres at every step, for surely these blue-faced, shivering ghosts are no men and women! Ingaretha and Madame Sylvestre, ill-fated like all women in quest of manly comforts, fared badly. Thankful enough that the time was come for going out, they left these blissful regions exactly at half-past seven, and at eight o'clock their cab stopped at a little shop in High Holborn. The shutters were closed, and the side door also. It was opened by a young German mechanic, dishevelled, and in working clothes. His look of surprise vanished on hearing their errand, though he held the



door open gingerly, evidently in doubt as to the possibility of admitting them.

"The council is sitting, and I am not sure whether ladies are allowed to be present, but I will ask the secretary," he said, and ran up-stairs, taking Ingaretha's credentials, namely, Monsieur Sylvestre's letter, with him.

A parley of some minutes followed, the two ladies waiting in no little suspense. At length the messenger returned, and with a nod of affirmation conducted them up the dark and narrow staircase into the council-chamber of the Association Internationale des Travailleurs.

The room was small and dingy, but supplied with abundance of light. Round the table sat ten or a dozen men, most of them dressed like ordinary workmen when the day's work is done—all looking more or less wearied, a few terribly pale, some thoughtful and serious, others animated and eager. The chief European nationalities were here represented—German, French, Spanish, Italian, English—and better types, intellectually speaking, could hardly be found anywhere. Self-government, concentration, purpose, were written on every brow; of energy there was ample sign, of restlessness none. Much as one face might differ from the rest in other respects, they were alike in this, that all wore an expression of oneness with self and the world. The general physique was inferior. In spite of fair stature and manly beard, they lacked that look of vigour and health indicated by the broad chest, the ruddy skin, the bright eye.

On the entrance of the strangers, all rose from their seats and bowed. The secretary advanced, gave Ingaretha his hand, and led her into a corner, saying in a low voice that her business should be attended to presently. Then the work of the evening was resumed; the quiet dignity and politeness with which they had been received putting Ingaretha and Madame Sylvestre as much at their ease as was to be expected under such circumstances.

One by one, a member stood up and read a report, and laid a proposition before the council. The proceedings were occasionally interrupted by the tinkling of the street bell and the admittance of a tardy member; but all was done in the quietest manner possible. Citizen after citizen—thus each speaker was called—said what he had to say, and made way for his neighbour.

At last the matter of the impending trials in Paris was brought forward, and Ingaretha's friend, Citizen Berger, rose to address

the meeting. He had received, he said, a communication concerning Citizen René Rubelle, which he should presently disclose. In the meantime, what was the attitude that the association should assume at such a crisis? They were accused of being a secret society, whereas no society could be called secret which embraced the great bulk of all nations, namely, the working-men. They were accused of having plotted in the dark against the Empire, whilst the revolution they proposed to bring about was no conspiracy against tyrants in particular, but social despotism in general, and could only be accomplished in the broad daylight of public opinion. Surely now or never was the time to declare and define, without compromise, the objects of the association, and to lay before the world a straightforward programme of the ends they had in view. An animated discussion followed, at the end of which the secretary and the president interchanged a few hurried words of explanation. Then Ingaretha was requested to make known her wishes, and way was made for her at the table. But at this juncture courage forsook her; she turned first red, then pale, stammered out an incoherent apology, and looked on the point of bursting into tears, had not Euphrosyne come to her aid. "Citizens," she said, speaking with her usual quiet pathos, "this lady is a good friend of my husband, Jean Charles Sylvestre, whose name will be known to some of you, and of our fellow in misfortune, Citizen René Rubelle. She has hastened to London to see if she can be of use to him at this crisis—that is to say, to offer money for the defrayal of his legal expenses. I trust, citizens, that you will accept this offer, made as it is in all sincerity and affection."

She sat down, and again a lively discussion took place. Not unnaturally, a few shy glances were directed towards Ingaretha, that lovely golden-haired lady who had come hither on René's account. A presence so enchanting had never before graced the gloomy little council-chamber in High Holborn, and it touched the hearts of those toil-worn representatives of labour. They also felt a little natural pride in having gained over such a convert to their cause. What cause ever despised the advocacy of a young, rich, and beautiful woman?

Citizen Roser thanked Madame Sylvestre in the name of the assembly, and accepted the offer made to them by René's friend. Madame Sylvestre tendered the money, and the two ladies were then permitted to retire.

## CHAPTER XXIII.—A PETROTHAL.

A DREARY interval of suspense followed, Ingaretha and her friends watching the Paris trials with alternate hope and fear. What those trials were like may be easily conceived by those who have been in the habit of reading the various Socialist newspapers during the last few years. The working men's advocates knew how to make the best of a good cause, but the fiat of the French Jupiter had gone forth against liberty for once and for all, and their words were vain as children's arrows hitting a granite wall. There was matter both for laughter and tears in the proceedings.

And what in truth was this International Association of Working Men of which the world began to be afraid? A dark conspiracy against peace and order? A secret society sworn to overthrow principalities and powers? A league whose watchword was death and destruction? Nay, rather a sober and solemn Guild, after the fashion of mediæval craftsmen, pledged not to destroy but to build up, not to unloose but to bind together—a great industrial army arrayed against war and tyranny and ignorance, whose progress has been undaunted in the teeth of obstacles that might well appal the bravest. Have not the workmen had to fight for every inch of ground over and over again, as the history of trades' unions amply testifies? And what does such a victory mean? No more nor less than a modest share of the good things God doubtless intended for all his creatures, a little fresh air, a little rest from toil, a little ease, a little instruction. Is this the sort of conquest to make the rich and mighty tremble? And if they tremble at this, what will they say to the changes that are surely coming upon us—the signs of which those who run may read?

Thus much must be accorded to the members of the International Working Men's Association: that when, quite lately, France saw itself gradually led to its ruin, the voice of its members, and theirs only, was raised against the crime and cunning of rulers. "Are we mad," said they, "that this man, this enemy of free thought and free speech, the friend and patron of traitors, should do with us as he wills for the sake of a hateful dynasty? Or, if we are not mad, by what foul and fatal sorcery are we bewitched? In God's name, let us bestir ourselves, and shake off the vile enchantment while there is yet time." But none took heed, and the end was—what? All the world trembled in pity and sorrow at

the miseries that overwhelmed France because she had confided her destiny to a Bonaparte.

Further, let us clear ourselves of some prejudices that have crept, we hardly know how, into the conceptions of even the just and the thoughtful concerning this vast league of working men. *Nous autres*, we revellers in the best of the good things provided by nature and man's ingenuity, are apt to impute the very kind of faults to the working classes to which we are most given ourselves, and with much less temptation. We say, "Why encourage the selfishness of these people, the aping after good clothes, education, the comforts and enjoyments possessed by their so-called betters? Better preach to them the good old thrice-blessed doctrine of humility, and show them that enjoyment and self-development, whether social, intellectual, or moral, are only for the few, not for the many, who were born to be brutish, heathenish—but content!" Is not this very kind of selfishness the prevailing fault of the better classes? "The vices among the poor sometimes astound us here," said one who knew them well; "but when the secrets of all hearts shall be made known, their virtues will astound us in far greater degree. Of this I am certain."

René had but said a few plain truths in a fervent manner, had uttered moreover a few political prophecies soon to come true, and a good cause was made for him by his advocates.

But nothing could shield him, and he was condemned to nine months' imprisonment and a fine of a hundred francs.

Nine months! Why not ninety years? thought Ingaretha in her indignation of youthful sorrow. She wept when none were by, and called upon the name of her lover, hiding her face under a veil of golden hair; she tore off her jewels; she put on a black dress. Why did the sun shine? Why did the wintry landscape wear a cheerful look? Why did the foolish little winter birds chirp gladly?

She felt as if she had grown old and wise within the last few weeks. What had been before important and conspicuous, was dwarfed into nothingness. As the primitive colours lose themselves in the ray of light, so all the passions of her soul were now merged into one supreme feeling for him. Was it pity, was it admiration, was it love? She knew not. She only said to herself how generous he was, and how unfortunate! how self-devoted and long-suffering! His Quixotic crusade against tyranny might seem a small and foolish thing to the unthinking world, but to her it approved itself differently. A



men can but have a noble ideal and live up to it.

She wondered that she had never helped him before with her love as well as her friendliness and compassion; and, sitting down, wrote this letter to him, which was sent off without the alteration of a word:—

"DEAREST FRIEND OF ALL,—I do not mean to cry any more if I can help it. I have looked at the almanack and counted the days that must come and go before you are out of prison, and I think you can be home on the 5th of August, my birthday. We shall save up all our joy till then, and when you are once here you must not go away again. Need I speak plainer? You will surely know what I mean. On my birthday I will make over to you something which is worth little unless so bestowed,—only a life, you used to say, you held dearer than anything else in the world. Do not be too sorry for me whilst you are in prison. We shall be quite happy when the harvest comes.—Your

"INGARETHA."

For a few days after the sending of that hastily-written, tear-blotted letter, Ingaretha was very meek and sad. Not even Euphrosyne knew what she had done, and she thought she would keep her secret till the corn was down and René was free again. Night and day she thought of that harvest. Would she be able to make him quite happy, as she had said? Would life become dearer to both?

About a week after her letter had gone, Carew found her in this tumultuous mood, red as a rose one moment, white as a lily the next, ready to smile, weep, be glad and sorry by turns. She scolded him for coming with a look, and made him welcome with a word. She begged him to sit down one instant, and declared that he had interrupted her the next. Would he play to her? Would he read aloud—there was a new volume of poems lying on the table? Would he help her with the arrangement of some pictures? All this was said in a breath. Lastly, would he go?

Then she burst into tears, and would have fled from him, but he caught hold of her hand and gained a hearing.

"This is sad news of our poor friend René," he said tenderly. "I should have called before to say how sorry I am, but I went to Paris on his behalf, and"—he added this with comic ruefulness—"finding that I could do him no good, I stayed there a little for my own pleasure."

"How good of you to try to help him!" she said, smiling through her tears.

"How unlike you to try to help anybody? were more to the purpose. But I have a great friendliness for René, and I knew how you would suffer—" he stopped short, coloured, looked on the ground, and added after a pause, "You must not make yourself too unhappy about him. The best thing we can do is to devise some means of making his life more satisfactory when he is free again."

In her turn Ingaretha looked on the ground, her cheeks aflame like a field poppy.

"I have an idea," began Carew again.

"And so have I."

"Will you let me hear yours first? It is sure to be much the best."

For a long time she hesitated, and at last sadly and shyly blurted out the truth.

"I am going to marry him!" she said.

He could not doubt that she was in earnest, and he could but believe that she was in her senses. Blushing more crimson than the lady, he rose, sat down again, began to speak, broke off, took up his hat as if to go, then put it back on the floor, finally uttered the thought that was uppermost in his mind—

"It is impossible," he said, extremely agitated; "impossible, impossible!"

He walked first to one window, then to another, approached her, drew back, tried to speak, and failed.

"I have promised," she said, without lifting her eyes from the ground.

After that there seemed nothing more to be said.

"Is it so?" he asked, turning ashen-white.

"Then I suppose I had better say nothing except good-bye?"

Yet he lingered.

"Don't blame me, don't be sorry for me!" Ingaretha cried, suddenly bursting into a passion of tears. "I know what I have done, and it could not be otherwise. When people speak ill of me, remember that."

He waited till she had dried her tears, and then held out his hand.

"I shall go abroad to-morrow, and we may not see each other again for a long time," he said sorrowfully. "You will not want the little play at Christmas now, any more than you will want the poet. Farewell, dear!"

And thus they parted.

True enough, the next day, Carew set off on a long journey through Spain, Italy, and Palestine, feeling dissatisfied and miserable enough. Why had fortune endowed him

with wealth? Why had nature made him a poet? Why had his progenitors bequeathed him the very qualities Ingaretha despised, denying him those in which her soul found pleasure—such as a passionate love of his fellow-creatures, a hatred of certain political principles, a thirst for social reform, also personal beauty, self-devotion, abandonment? For him, the only complete life seemed the æsthetic ideal of the Greeks of old, a marble palace of Art, holding a golden shrine dedicated to Beauty. He hated ugliness and restlessness in every shape, and avoided philanthropy and politics as if they had been pestilences.

But Ingaretha's heart and soul were in the things he abhorred. Like a sister of mercy, she would fain spend all the days of her life in charitable missions among the poor, the wretched, and the ignorant.

What was this great love for René but an expression of the profoundest compassion? He could not doubt it. René was a noble fellow, high-souled, eloquent, tender, beautiful; but he had been reared in a world quite different to her own. She was a daintily-bred lady, he a son of the people, a working man, associate of working men, a Red Republican and demagogue, a Socialist and would-be subverter of the class which she represented. Could she marry such a man? Again and again, he said to himself that it was impossible.

He forgot, in his burning impatience and mortification, some other qualities possessed by René which attract women beyond the sweet words or bewildering eyes of poets; beyond the splendid courage and bearing of soldiers; beyond the honeyed eloquence of religious enthusiasts. He had in abundance the kind of ambition that may truly be said to possess a man, that blazes out on a sudden, taking the passions of men and women by storm, intoxicating the sober, making an enthusiast of the calculator, leading, enthralling, binding with a spell at will. Such an ambition, allied to noble ends, turns the adventurer of yesterday into the hero of to-day, the hero of to-day into the martyr of the morrow. Ingaretha might well dream sometimes that her *protégé*, comrade, lover, had a future. He was one of those would-be reformers who went about the world wearing "an aspect as if he pitied men," loving his fellow-creatures with an overmastering love, holding his own life as nothing compared to the duty of furthering what he held to be true and noble. Ingaretha knew René better than most women know their lovers. Unhappiness had broken

down the fictitious barriers of conventional etiquette, leaving them candid and unfettered. His loves, his hates, his victories and overthrows, his dreams and ideals, had been freely told her during the broken intercourse of the last ten years. And though he was a so-called son of the people, a social gipsy and a proletarian, he had never uttered a word that ill-beseemed such confidence.

Could Ingaretha choose but dream of him, weep for him, night and day?

#### CHAPTER XXIV.—EUPHROSYNE'S COUNSELS.

WAS it to be expected that Ingaretha's secret should not come out in her daily intercourse with Euphrosyne? The two women loved each other dearly; and, underlying the warmth of every-day affection—rippling sunshine on the surface of deep pools—were hidden depths of sympathy and devotion as yet unsounded. Perhaps the most perfect of all friendships is that invested with a shade of mystery. To live calmly within reach of a kindred nature affords a sure and unfailing measure of gratification; but never to approach the friend of one's heart without a feeling of delicious expectancy, is to drink of the distilled essence of friendship and be filled. Thus it was with these two. Common things made Ingaretha weep now,—a snatch of wintry sunshine, the glories of a snow-storm among her fir-trees, the last new book of a beloved writer, an air of Weber, or a song of Schumann; for was not René deprived of all these? And when Euphrosyne would try to console her by picturing the happiness of release and the future that might still be in store for him, her cheeks would crimson with sudden joy, and again and again the words rose to her lips that she lacked courage to utter. Euphrosyne grew bewildered. Never had she seen her darling in such changeable mood; and, quite naturally, some inadvertent talk brought out the truth.

"Most men's affections are like straws tossed about by the wind," she said one day; "but René is as true as a woman. When he comes out of prison it will be better for him, on account of his love for you, to go to America."

"Never! never!" Ingaretha cried fiercely. "I am going to do with him as I will. He shall not go away from me."

"But he loves you, dear child."

"And do I not care for him?" She gathered her beautiful hair in her hands, adding, "All this I would give, every hair of it, as a ransom for René!"



"Ah, if he were only rich and happy, like Monsieur Carew!"

"Should I love him better?"—this also was said fiercely. "Would a million of money alter René at all?—the colour of his eyes, the shape of his mouth, the tone of his voice? Would it give him a new temper, sweeter than the old? a new nature, nobler than we have found his? Oh, don't talk, like all the rest of the world, about being rich and happy, dear Madame Sylvestre!"

"I but wished it, seeing how you two are drawn to each other," Euphrosyne answered.

Ingaretha rose from her seat, threw her arms round Euphrosyne's neck, and added in the same impetuous tone—

"If he is poor, am I not rich? That will do just as well. There, you have the whole truth. I am going to marry René. And why not?" she asked, anticipating Madame Sylvestre's unspoken objections. "Am I so rich in friends that I do not want him? Is my life so good that he could not make it better? He is a thousand times richer than I, after all."

And then she smiled on her friend lovingly



and kissed her hand, as if fain to coax her into an assenting mood.

"He is richly endowed, Heaven knows," continued Euphrosyne; "and he adores you as only now and then a man adores a good woman. But is passion the best guide to be followed when the supreme crisis of life comes? I know not—I doubt——"

She was silent for awhile, overcome with mixed emotion, and then continued, Ingaretha kneeling at her feet, Ingaretha's fair head laid on her knees—

"How can I advise you in this, my dear?

Yet I was about your own age when the same decision was forced upon me, and I obeyed what my heart dictated without questioning. Was it well, or ill? God only knows."

And then she laid her hands about the girl's soft hair, and sighed again and again.

"You made some one happy who cared for you. That was well?" asked Ingaretha.

"Even the happiness of another person may be purchased too dear. I don't feel sure that what I did was wrong, dear Inga-

retha; but from time to time I have fearful misgivings. Love, I might almost say idolatry, of one human being took supreme possession of me at the time of which I speak, and has never loosed its hold. I mean my husband. I left all else, and followed him to the world's end, because I loved him. "So will you leave all else, and follow René?"

"What do I leave?" asked Ingaretha impetuously. "I know well enough that people will hate me for what I do; but need that trouble me much? They will say that I am lost to all sense of family pride and womanly duty, and will talk of me under their breath as of one past compassion. Why should we mind that? René can help me to a better life than any of those I leave behind."

Madame Sylvestre sighed and said nothing. "Is it not so?" Ingaretha continued, with persistence. "You see how isolated I am here—as far removed from the people of my own class as if I lived hundreds of miles away. If I pretended to be unlike myself, I should be thought well enough of; but I cannot do that. I determined, when first coming to this property, that I would lead an honest life at any cost—I mean, the life I held to be best, most satisfying, noblest. And what I have sought, I have only found with you—and with—him."

"Ah! you think too well of us. Our fulfilments fall sadly short of our ideals," Euphrosyne said sorrowfully, adding, "You do not know all."

"Would you have me take back my word, then? Do you think I am wrong in promising to marry him?" Ingaretha asked, looking up with dismay.

"As far as he is concerned, I have not a word to say. I have never known but one René, loyal, pure, true. I was thinking of ourselves then, my husband and I, who cause our friends so much unhappiness, however dearly we love them. Would that your lot were otherwise cast!"

"You speak as if you had done me some great harm," Ingaretha said; "whilst it is you who have saved me from my enemies."

"But you might have married Mr. Carew; and he, too, is good and loyal, and, I think, would make you very happy."

"Never!" Ingaretha said, crimsoning. "Are you, as well as the rest of the world, so blind where we two are concerned? Are we not always quarrelling? If fate had not given me a face that pleases him, he would find me detestable."

"You will be vexed with me for what I

am going to say, I know," Euphrosyne went on earnestly; "but I have had it on my mind for a long time, and now is the time to speak. There are some things in life that I hold to be more necessary to happiness than the fulfilment of passionate love; such as a mind at peace with itself, an even existence based upon well-tested principles, a dignified and assured relationship with the outer world. Love is beautiful and good. No lovelier virtue sways the restless human heart; but of itself alone it cannot mould life after the fashion of the cherished ideal. How often is a promising and high-minded career hindered, if not shipwrecked altogether, by a too blind following of what seemed a supreme destiny or a divine instinct, but what was in reality no more than a hasty passion? I do not for a moment aver that the lesson is lost, or that the fruits of it may not in time be precious and sweet-savoured; but when I think of the wasted strength, the ill-spent forces, the life-long remorse of the noble soul that has been so betrayed, I feel that the experience has been gained too dear. You will say what has this to do with René, or with Mr. Carew? Just this, that the one, however noble his ideals may be, has led a restless, wandering, unsatisfied life; whilst the other, by virtue of inheritance, possesses those qualities you would be sure to look for in your husband, self-repose, calm, and the dignity arising from an unassailable social position."

Ingaretha made no answer, but sat at her monitor's feet, pale and impatient.

"I must seem to have a spice of hypocrisy in me to talk thus," Euphrosyne went on, "but indeed it is not so. I am an old woman, and have lived through a great many sad experiences. I know that my people have great virtues and some faults, and I cannot let you cast in your lot with us unwarned. Pardon me, my dear, out of my great love only have I spoken."

And she laid her hands caressingly about the golden hair.

"I know, I understand," Ingaretha said, kissing her friend's thin brown hands; "but I cannot break my promise. Life will be a little difficult perhaps, surely not so difficult as I should have found it otherwise, since I love him."

What could Euphrosyne say? It was very sweet to hear such words from Ingaretha's lips, and to forecast the coming bliss of René's chequered life. Yet had not courage been wanting, she would fain have said more, and laid her own story before the enthusiastic girl as a warning—that half-finished story, so



full of romance, of tragedy, and of vicissitude.

Thus the matter ended. The promise being given was to be held, and the surprise of it passed through the stages of other surprises, beginning in vague doubt and dismay, ending in tranquil acceptance. Monsieur Sylvestre's attitude was, as might be expected, of unmitigated rejoicing. According

to his thinking, Love should be lord of all, and duty, with all other virtues, follow meek servitors in his train. By such love only was the world to be regenerated, and well for all that Ingaretha should lead the way.

"Ah!" he would say with pathetic unconsciousness to his wife, "if I were only René, when René comes out of prison!"

## THOUGHTS ON THE TEMPTATION OF OUR LORD.

BY THE EDITOR.

### IV.—THE SECOND TEMPTATION.

"Then the devil taketh him up into the holy city, and setteth him on a pinnacle of the temple, and saith unto him, If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down: for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone. Jesus said unto him, It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."—MATT. iv. 5-7.

THE scene of the second temptation was the pinnacle of the Temple; probably the spot described by Josephus as being "one of the most memorable works ever seen, for whereas the valley was so deep and precipitous that one could not bear to look down it, on the edge of this precipice Herod raised the immense height of a tower, so that if any one from the pinnacle of this roof should look down to both the depths at once, he would be seized with dizziness, the sight not being able to reach the bottom of the abyss." Making all allowance for the exaggeration of the writer, we yet know, from the late explorations at Jerusalem, that the Temple wall at the south-east corner, overlooking the Valley of Jehoshaphat, was itself of immense height, and that any tower erected on its summit would in some sense merit the above description. Thither Satan led Jesus to be again tempted.

Why this pinnacle of the Temple was chosen by Satan for his renewed attack upon our Lord we may possibly be able to discover as we proceed in our exposition. I would only here remark, that unless our Lord had been conducted to some height from which it was possible literally to cast himself down, the temptation would lose its significance. On the other hand, its subtle meaning becomes more apparent from the fact of a height within the Temple having been selected rather than a rock or precipice in the wilderness.

How our Lord journeyed thither we are not informed: probably as any ordinary person would have done. Nor do we know *when* the temptation took place—whether when the courts of the Temple were crowded with worshippers, or, what is more likely, beneath the silent stars of night, seeing that

the presence of man had nothing to do with the conflict in the Temple any more than in the wilderness. We may just add, that any alleged difficulty as to how Jesus obtained admission to such a place at all is very trifling, when the nature of the transaction and the persons engaged in it are recognised as realities.

The *ultimate* object of this second temptation, as of all the others, was to destroy, as we have already remarked, Christ's spirit of perfect Sonship, of perfect filial love, faith, and obedience towards his Father. This object was sought to be attained in the first temptation by representing the outward circumstances in which He was placed by God as inconsistent with a Father's love; and such, therefore, as He ought not to submit to. The *immediate* object of the second temptation was to destroy *his faith in the reality of his Father's presence and love*, by inducing Him to "tempt the Lord his God," and therefore to demand a sign as the ground of faith.

Yet it seems that he had another object subordinate to this, and which may be first noticed as being the least important of the two, and that was *the destruction of our Lord's bodily life*. That the devil should make any such attempt is in perfect harmony with his character, he being not only "a liar," but also "a murderer, from the beginning." It is in harmony also with his policy, which has been so consistent in every age of the world, to destroy the chief witnesses for God. Of "the destroyer" it may be truly said, "Which of the prophets has he not slain?" His wish to cause our Lord's death even at this early period of his history, by inducing Him to cast himself down from the pinnacle of the Temple, was in harmony also with the cunning which concealed

its design by professing anxiety for the preservation of Christ's life in the wilderness, and urging Him to command the stones to be made bread.

It is indeed a part of the mystery of iniquity that any such power as this "power of death," however limited by the providence of God, should, in any sense, belong to the wicked one. But we must distinguish between constructive and destructive power; between, for example, the power of creating any great work of art and of destroying it; the power of preserving life and of taking it away; the power of forming character and of injuring it. The one has a purpose of good in it, and demands patience, self-sacrifice, and all that tends to ennoble its possessor; while the other demands only for its exercise the absence of all good, and is strong in proportion as it is wicked. Thus the power of good men in proportion to their goodness is constructive, but the power of bad men in proportion to their wickedness is destructive. The power of God is therefore wholly constructive; even when He destroys, it is in order to build up in some other form. On the other hand, the power of Satan is wholly destructive, and only by the higher power of God is it ever made an occasion of good. The kingdom of God is thus a kingdom of eternal progress; a kingdom of light, ever shining more and more unto the perfect day; a kingdom of life, ever growing, and renewing itself as life eternal; a kingdom, too, where there is no waste, but where every fragment is gathered up and made to add to the ever-accumulating riches of the universe. But the kingdom of evil is without order, without progress, except from death to death, without light, without life, where nothing is saved, but all is wasted and lost. That Satan, therefore, should have "the power of death" is in keeping with all we know of the kind of power which is possessed by the wicked alone.

But, while Satan desired, I believe, to destroy Christ's life, he may have had doubts how far he was able to accomplish his purpose. It is true that the previous history of Jesus had not revealed any power possessed by Him for the preservation of his own life different from that possessed by other men. In the wilderness it was evident that He had suffered like other men from fasting, and like other men was an hungered. On the other hand, to destroy Him thus, were that even possible, would have been a very small victory in comparison with what was the one grand aim of Satan's wicked ambition—victory over His faith in God. Let that only be achieved, and the casting of Himself down would at once

secure death to soul and body. To accomplish this he now concentrates all his resources.

Our Lord had expressed, in resisting the first temptation, his confidence in God's word, quoting from the Old Testament what expressed his own deepest convictions:—"It is written," He said, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." And He maintained accordingly his life of Sonship by abiding in the truth of God, meekly accepting his fatherly and righteous will. Satan will now adroitly avail himself of the same weapon, and endeavour to wrest, so to speak, from the hands of Christ "the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God," and turn it against Him. For Satan, too, is acquainted with Scripture, and is able to quote it with apparent aptness. If Jesus will reverence that "Word," he will also profess to do so. Its authority he will not question, but rather employ it as the very means of opening the heart of Jesus to unbelief. That we may perceive more clearly the cunning device of the adversary, let us read the whole psalm from which Satan selects but one portion. (Psalm xci.)

One cannot help being impressed with the daring effrontery and profound cunning of Satan in quoting this psalm at such a time. If there is one passage in the Word of God which we might suppose Satan would avoid more than another at such a crisis, it is this; for the whole psalm is full of promises to him who has a childlike trust in God. It is not strictly speaking a Messianic psalm, or one prophetic of Christ, but yet it is specially applicable to Him as one who alone manifested in perfection that spirit of Sonship which is here described. For the man of faith in the psalm is one who dwells in holy confidence in the secret place of God's own presence and love, and thus abides under his protecting shadow. He only is entitled to sing a song of joy; for God is his refuge and fortress, and will protect him from every danger. His truth will be his buckler to cast off the fiery darts of the wicked one. Night and day he is safe; and because he makes the Lord his refuge and habitation, no evil will come nigh him. And it is added, "For He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways; they shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." And such a one is loved by God, and knows God's Name, which is Love. He shall tread upon the lion, and trample the dragon or serpent under his feet. He shall be exalted and set on high, his prayer shall be answered, God will be with



him, deliver him in trouble, satisfy him with long life, and he shall see His salvation.

It does seem strange indeed that Satan should have entered into this holy ground to fight for unbelief; that he should have touched such a chord and awakened the memory of such a song as this. While he had no spiritual light, and no eye to perceive its spiritual meaning, yet I doubt not the psalm in its letter was one which was familiar to him as a war song of faith in the armies of the living God; and he must have often heard its triumphant notes in times of spiritual combat, when the heart of the good soldier became stronger in the faith breathed by this holy strain. And who knows but that during these forty days of trial he had heard it uttered from the parched lips of this Jesus of Nazareth, whose life was an embodiment of its truth? But understanding it even as a wicked mind could alone do, was there no cunning in an attempt to turn this strong position by a bold venture, by converting, if possible, those very promises of protection from danger, made to all who trust God, into subtle arguments for tempting our Lord to do the very reverse, and that, too, under the appearance of an act of faith?

It seems to me, also, that the letter of this psalm, the peculiarity of the phraseology in which trust in God is expressed, suggested to Satan the cunning idea of leading Jesus to the pinnacle of the Temple rather than to a rock in the wilderness. The psalm, viewed as Satan could alone view it in its letter and not in its spirit, seemed to have been almost written for one who was specially placed within the sacred courts of the Temple. In a sense, that Temple was "the secret place of the Almighty"—the holy place hidden from human eyes, and the holiest of all, within the "Holy City," and where to the Jews God was peculiarly present. "They shall pollute *my secret place*," says God, speaking of the Temple, "for the robbers shall enter into it and defile it." Here was the place in which He had "put his name." Here was the "holy hill of Zion," the very fortress of God. Here, if anywhere, were the sheltering and protecting wings, not of the cherubim, but of the Almighty himself. On what spot of earth, then, according to this interpretation suggested by the letter of the psalm, could any man who professed to trust God be more safe than here? Here, if anywhere, God will fulfil his promise of being his protector and deliverer, and give his angels charge over him, so that even if he were to cast himself down from the giddiest height he

would be saved from dashing his foot against a stone. In such circumstances, so manifestly adapted to the nature of the temptation, Satan says, "Cast thyself down."

Satan would here represent Christ's casting himself down under the promise of God's protection as a proof of the reality of that faith in God which he professed in the wilderness, and which acknowledged that man *lived* by every word proceeding from God's mouth, or "by all He appointed." Satan would also make the insinuation, naturally so painful to a simple trusting heart, that Christ's faith was not real—that while it may have stood the possible approach of death by famine, it could not stand the certainty of death on the supposition that God's word was either untrue or that the Saviour did not believe it. Satan, as it were, thus addressed Him: "Thou hast declared thy faith in God, in his providence, and in his word. If thy faith be real, prove it! God has declared in his written word that He will protect to the utmost and deliver from death all who put their trust in Him; nay, that He will give his very angels charge over all such, lest in falling they should dash their feet against a stone. These promises are specially made to those who are placed where thou art now in his holy Temple, the secret place of the Most High. If thou trustest thy Father, then cast thyself down from this giddy height, and thus prove the reality of thy faith and of his truth." To this our Lord replied, "It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

In this reply Jesus exposed the true nature of the temptation. Let us see what it was. We shall get some light upon this point by referring to the second temptation in the wilderness as recorded in the seventeenth chapter of Exodus:—

"And all the congregation of the children of Israel journeyed from the wilderness of Sin, after their journeys, according to the commandment of the Lord, and pitched in Rephidim: and there was no water for the people to drink. Wherefore the people did chide with Moses, and said, Give us water, that we may drink. And Moses said unto them, Why chide ye with me? *wherefore do ye tempt the Lord?* And the people thirsted there for water; and the people murmured against Moses, and said, Wherefore is this that thou hast brought us up out of Egypt, to kill us and our children and our cattle with thirst? And Moses cried unto the Lord, saying, What shall I do unto this people? they be almost ready to stone me. And the Lord said unto Moses, Go on before the people, and take with thee of the elders of Israel; and thy rod, wherewith thou smotest the river, take in thine hand, and go. Behold, I will stand before thee there upon the rock in Horeb; and thou shalt smite the rock, and there shall come water out of it, that the people may drink. And Moses did so in the sight of the elders of Israel. And he called the name

of the place Massah, and Meribah, because of the chiding of the children of Israel."

Our Lord's reply is given in a quotation from Deut. vi. 16, "Ye shall not tempt the Lord thy God," and it is added there, "*as ye tempted Him in Massah*"—thus referring to the above history, which became memorable as the record of a special "day of temptation in the wilderness," and gave to the water the name of "the waters of temptation." Now if we examine in the light of this narrative the nature of the sin here called "tempting" or "proving" God, we have no difficulty in understanding it. It is evident that the children of Israel had lost faith in God; and they asked, accordingly, "*Is God among us or not?*" The demand for water was not merely to supply their physical wants, but as a "sign" by which to prove the presence of God, and so to justify faith in Him. They practically said, "We cannot trust God or his promises *now*, whatever He has been or done in the past; we have no evidence of his being with us, or of his working in the present. We know not if He be among us or not. But if He *is* present with us, let Him prove it! And the proof we ask, the sign which alone will convince us, is this—let Him give water out of this hard and dry rock!" They were worse even than wicked King Ahaz, who, when offered a sign, refused, saying, "I will not ask, neither *will I tempt the Lord*." Such a trying or tempting of God on the part of Israel was thus the result of lost faith in his living presence. And this no sign could restore, for faith in a sign or wonder is not faith, nor can it of itself restore faith in one who has ceased to know and love. How can the signature to a promise renew a faith lost in the promiser? It is to this lost faith the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews alludes when quoting from the Psalms, "Harden not your hearts, as in the day of provocation, in the day of temptation in the wilderness; when your fathers *tempted me, proved me, and saw my works forty years*;" adding, as a warning against the same evil, "Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you *an evil heart of unbelief*, in departing from the living God."

Let me here notice that in tempting the children of Israel to this unbelief, Satan seemed to have purposed not only the destruction of their spiritual life, but, as in the corresponding case of our Lord, the destruction of their bodily life also. He may have found in his experience that his power of physical death was in some degree conse-

quent on his triumph over spiritual life. Be that as it may, we are struck by the fact that it was immediately after this "day of temptation in the wilderness" that Amalek attacked Israel, and was overcome only through the faith of Moses, who, in the spirit of Christ, exercised filial confidence in God, so that making the Lord his refuge, he did not fear the arrow by day, and he and his people whom he represented were safe while thousands fell around them. Alas! how strange that, thirty-eight years afterwards, when the same sin was repeated, Moses, in anger at such rebellion, should have so far lost his meek confidence in God as to have spoken unadvisedly with his lips, and to have called forth the solemn rebuke, "Because *ye believed me not* to sanctify me before the eyes of the children of Israel, therefore ye shall not bring this congregation into the land which I have given them" (Num. xx. 12). It was immediately after this that Moses, in consequence of his sin, had to ascend Mount Nebo to die!

When Jesus, therefore, replied to Satan, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God," He laid bare the real nature of this renewed attack upon his faith as God's beloved Son, and exposed the evil of the enemy, tearing asunder all the false disguises by which he would conceal his real designs. He showed that what Satan proposed as the very evidence of faith would have evidenced unbelief. For to cast Himself down from the pinnacle without any command from God, any call of duty—but merely to afford proof, as it were, of his faith in God and in the truth of his promises—was virtually to "prove," to "try" or to "tempt" the truthfulness and love of God Himself, by demanding supernatural protection as a "sign." True love does not thus test love, but rests and relies upon it with unhesitating faith. To demand proof of love is to doubt it, and to doubt love is to disbelieve it. And so our Lord, with the clear spiritual light of love, pierced the darkness of the evil one as He replied, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

And thus our Lord, truly dwelling in the secret presence of the Most High, yea, in the very heart of God Himself, and *abiding* under his shadow, realised all the blessings promised to such true faith. He was delivered from the snare of the fowler. No evil befell Him. Ministering angels guarded Him. He verily trod upon the lion and the adder! Because He set his love on God, and had known his name, therefore God delivered Him, and set Him on high—from



whence He could not be cast down! He called and was answered, and God was with Him in trouble, and delivered Him, and honoured Him, satisfied Him with long life—even with Himself as life eternal—and showed Him his salvation! Such were and ever will be the results of humble childlike faith in the ever-present and ever-loving God!

But let us return for a moment to this Satanic temptation as it is revealed in the history of the fall of man, for it seems to me that we can detect some traces of the same trail, however concealed, of the old serpent in Eden. Although the spirit of that mysterious transaction is not materially affected by the form in which it is given, yet I see not as yet any valid reason against accepting its historical reality.

God had promised life to our first parents while abiding by faith in Himself, and this promise necessarily involved spiritual death to disobedience. So long, therefore, as they abode in the righteous state towards God, for which they were created by the Eternal Son, so long would they possess a life which in its nature was a life eternal; but if they disobeyed they must surely die. The tree of life was, I believe, consecrated by God as an outward sign to strengthen this faith in Himself; and not only did the food it yielded sustain life in the body, but, like a sacrament, it was the sign and pledge of the love of God, who sustained true life in the soul. But the devil made our first parents doubt the reality of God's word of promise of life, and of his consequent threatening, when he asked, "*Hath* God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?" To this they replied, "We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden: but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die." Satan, the liar, contradicted that word, saying, "Ye shall *not* surely die," and suggested the eating of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. This was done for the very same reasons, as I apprehend them, which induced him to tempt our Lord and the children of Israel,—first to destroy the bodily life of Adam and Eve, as Satan no doubt hoped that the day they ate thereof they *would* surely die; and then to accomplish at the same time what was of more importance, the destruction of their spiritual life, by inducing them to test or deny the reality of God's truth, instead of resting on it by passive obedience; as if he had said, "God says you will die. Surely He never

said that! It cannot be! God knows very well you will have a higher life. But if you have any doubt, test God's truth and eat of the tree, and be convinced by experience." They ate thereof, and sin and death entered their souls. They would now willingly eat of the tree of life, in order to obtain life from the sign which they could get from the God of life alone. But no sign could give life, or restore lost faith, and so they were "driven" from it in judgment and in love, as from a sacrament of death, to find life by a new and living way.

This temptation is one which in various forms has been repeated by Satan ever since. The unbelieving Jews yielded to it in our Saviour's time. "The Pharisees came forth and began to question with Him, seeking of Him a sign from heaven—*tempting* Him." This craving for signs was a sorrow to our Lord, for it evidenced want of faith in Himself:—"He sighed deeply in spirit and said, Why doth this generation seek after a sign? Verily I say unto you that no sign will be given to it." He complained of this, saying, "Unless ye see signs and miracles ye will not believe!" He rebuked them, saying, "An evil and adulterous generation seek after a sign, and none will be given to it!" Nor did our Lord ever give any sign or wonder or work any miracle in order to convince or convert those who had not the truth in them so as to believe in Himself as true, and in his mission from his Father. He Himself was the light of life shining in the darkness, and those who did not choose to see that light could not have their eyes opened by any mere sign of its existence. And thus it was that on the morning of the day of his crucifixion He neither would work a miracle nor speak a word even, to convince or convert Herod, who longed to see Jesus, and who now met him for the first and last time. These would have been of no avail if a greater wonder failed to convince—the wonder of the silent and suffering Jesus. On the other hand, faith, where real, however weak, was often strengthened and rewarded by works of wonder which pictured vividly to the outer eye some of the inexhaustible spiritual riches of Him beheld with the inner vision of the spirit.

St. Paul also complains of the same craving after signs in his day. "The Jews," he says, "require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom;" but the only sign and the only wisdom or philosophy he would give them was Christ himself and Him crucified, which might be a stumbling-block to the Jews and foolish-

ness to the Greeks, "but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks," was "Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God."

It is unnecessary to do more than indicate the many ways in which men, even within the Christian Church, from the beginning until now, have manifested their unbelief in God, by craving after some visible or conscious sign or token of God's presence and love, rather than by accepting God in the Spirit and through faith in his Son. This has been the source of that dark and confused world of dreams, of auguries, of magic, of witchcraft, the "intruding into those things which they had not seen," "departing from the faith, and giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils," all of which have played so great a part in the darker periods of human history, and all having as their object more or less to obtain some sign from the unseen to assure the presence and secure the protection and favour of God. In the same spirit, the priesthood have put forth false claims to spiritual power, and have professed to work wonders in the physical and moral world—by Sacraments, and a whole machinery of a human and so-called spiritual agency—to *secure* God for all who trust in *them*, or in what *they* alone minister—God Himself being lost or concealed in the crowd of signs which profess to reveal Him! Thus it has been from the miracles of the middle ages down to the convulsions and hysteria of the recurring seasons of religious excitement, all of which have been eagerly laid hold of and adduced as so many special signs from heaven of God being with this or that church or party, but not being nigh to all who call upon Him in sincerity and truth.

Very different has been the teaching of God Himself, as He is revealed in the spirits of men, in human history, and above all in Jesus Christ his Son. He, the only living and true God, desires to be known, as not only the Maker of all, but the Father of all, the God of all flesh, the Father of our spirits, to whose love every heart should respond, whose glory every eye should see, and whose voice every ear should hear. How intensely does the Psalmist realise this in the 139th Psalm—the grandest song ever written of the omnipresence of God our Father! He cannot find words to express his sense of God's nearness and *innerness*. "O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me. Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off. Thou compassed my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my

ways. For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether. Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me." Very wonderful, too, is the teaching of St. Paul, not to Jews or to Christians, or to the ignorant only, but to the educated yet pagan people of Athens. They had erected an altar to "the unknown God," whom "they ignorantly worshipped," but it is this God he would have them know, and that because He knew *them*, and was nearer their spirits than was the atmosphere to their bodies. This God, he said, the Maker of all men and nations, had arranged the bounds of their habitation, including all the circumstances of their earthly life within and without, for the very purpose that they should seek Him if haply they might find Him, though He was not far from any one of them, "for in Him we live, and move, and have our being." Nay, heathen though they were, and ignorant of God though they were, He was still their Father, as certain also of their own poets had said, "For we are his offspring."

It was this simple faith in the presence and love of his heavenly Father—revealed indeed by a voice from heaven, but which would have been meaningless unless God had been revealed in his own Spirit—that the beloved Son maintained his place in perfect peace and safety on the giddy pinnacle of the Temple.

We are all called, as the children of God, to possess the same faith, and to enjoy the same peace. Now as ever we have to be warned, "lest there should be in us an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God," and to be exhorted to "hold fast our confidence in Christ," if we are to be "partakers with Him"—partakers of his life and joy. Now as ever we may be induced through unbelief to question God's presence and love, and to ask, "Is God among us or not?" and, instead of our opening the eye to receive the ever-shining light, and the ear to listen to the living word, and the heart to receive the unchanging and all-sufficient love, we may turn aside and become satisfied with "holy things" instead of a holy God. We may read the Bible, but as the record only of what God had once revealed to some men, not of God now revealing himself to us also through his Son and Spirit. The sacraments may be received, but yet without faith in the living God and in his gift to us of that life eternal which is in his Son. And thus ladders intended to help us to higher things become the means of our slothfully resting on their



steps, or, it may be, of our descending rather than of ascending by them. What was intended to reveal God, practically conceals Him. "Religion" may thus exist without God. Oh! how long shall it be ere we know Him! How long ere we become little children, and lay ourselves in the arms of Christ, assured that in Him we have the true possession of all persons and things, of all wisdom,

righteousness, sanctification, and complete redemption!

Let us glorify God, then, as dear children,—not by tempting Him, or asking "signs," or questioning the reality of his presence with us,—but by believing in Him, resting on Him, enjoying Him, and acting in the spirit of his beloved Son, our Saviour and Brother!

## TWO CHRISTMAS TREES.

**PREFACE.**—It does not affect the merits of this account who "I" may be. The material personality involved may have been fighting in the Paris trenches, or up above the clouds in a balloon; that does not touch the question; the I who now speaks was the veritable Ego who saw and knew the scenes herein described; and to the truth of which it now testifies.

It is the 4th of January, 1871, not quite the legitimate day of kings, but the little people for whom a grand Christmas-tree has been prepared in the Pantia Ralli ward of King's College Hospital, are not critical chronologists; and provided the sweet lady whose gift it mainly is puts before them as usual that realisation of Aladdin's treasures, they do not care whether it is the 4th or the 6th, the 1st or the 31st. I follow a quiet stream of decent-looking women, mostly carrying babies in their arms, or leading children by the hand, winding up the stairs of the hospital, and I gather from their talk that they are mothers, aunts, or elder sisters of sundry little patients at present in "the Ralli," though some of them are what we may call returns, who have had their spell of nursing and good care in times past, and who come to-day to see the Tree, and show the "kind gentlemen and ladies" to whom they are so deeply indebted that they are not unmindful nor ungrateful.

In the ward itself I see numerous little beds, in each of which sits or lies a poor pale infant, gorgeous in a scarlet-flannel bedgown, and with bright eyes turned longingly towards the magic tree in the centre of the room. By each small bed sit one or two women from "home," talking to their little sufferers lovingly; and every now and then come by, stopping to say a kindly word, a mild-looking sister-nurse, in her half-conventual garb; one or other of the young medical assistants, bright helpful lads all of them, who seem naturally fitted for this department of their profession; ladies, graceful, beautiful, all!—

who better than myself can say how beautiful and how good some among them are? physicians of eminent name and busy lives snatching an hour for the pleasure of their little patients; among whom is he to whom the Pantia Ralli ward owes its first idea, if the noble man whose name it bears was the munificent executor thereof—two whom I could name, but will not, father and mother themselves, who seem to have a special gift of soothing somehow, as they stop and speak to the little ones, with that untranslatable air of sympathy, and knowing all about a child's nature, which only men and women possess who have children of their own whom they love. But I am bound by the law of truth to add that none of them all come near the TREE for interest, and that even this lady's winning manner, and her husband's friendly smile, can scarce interrupt the rapt contemplation of the fairy fruits growing in that wonderful bit of forest fir. While they are lighting the last tapers, extinguishing rebellious flames, hitching up vagrant crackers, and giving the final touches before the grand event of distribution takes place, I wander at my will about the ward, to learn something of the invalids.

They are there for all non-infectious diseases, but "the bronchitis" seems to be the most prevalent; alas! this and the rest are but euphemisms for the main causes of each—hunger, cold, and nakedness! It was pitiful to see these little creatures, and to read in their wasted faces the sad circumstances into which they had been born as clearly as you are now reading the words on this page. One small babe, as swarthy with ill-living as a mulatto, and emaciated till it had become a mere framework of bones bound about with a loose envelope of skin, was dressed in the doll's clothes belonging to the physician's little daughter. There were no clothes in store, even those for new-born babies, small enough for an infant two months old, wasted by starvation and disease to the dimensions of a medium-sized wax doll. These clothes,

be it remarked, have served the same purpose before, and little "Flora's" doll's clothes form a regular portion now of the Ralli wardrobe. This is not the only bit of rich folks' luxury turned to good account for hospital need. A silk dressing-gown, belonging to the late Duke of Northumberland, is made into quilts for little beds; and the Queen's old table linen, sent, I believe, by command, comes in with excellent effect for the chafed and tender skins of suffering infants. But to go on in my silent passage past the beds. In one lay a pretty boy who had been scalded

almost to death, but convalescent now, only lamed for life; in another a miserable little baby, just five months old, was lying half-insensible, brought in from a baby-farm with two arms and one leg broken; in another was a poor little martyr dying of diseased brain consequent on insufficient nourishment; another infant had hip-joint disease, another heart disease, another lung disease, another spine disease, and so on, through every joint and organ of the body. And the primary cause of all these maladies the one same thing—poverty; and the secondary, defective nourish-



ment, cold, and the inheritance of blood vitiated from the same and worse causes.

But the most noticeable of all the small (convalescent) patients was a certain little Nelly, a fairy in the new pantomime of the "Dragon of Wantley," now undergoing a transformation scene on her own account from the footlights to the Pantia Ralli in King's College Hospital: having got inflammation of the lungs, poor little elf, during some of the fine tableaux which she with other gaslight fairies bred in wretched courts and alleys, desperately hungry and half-naked, had helped to make so effective that

they had "brought the house down" in the scene in a shower of applause from groundlings to gods. It was strange to think of this little creature in her tinsel finery among coloured lights and painted bowers of bliss, looking the fairy she was called, and to see her now in a warm woollen frock, also belonging to the doctor's little daughter, which, for decency's sake, as well as for humanity, had been given her in exchange for the "looped and windowed" wretchedness of her own rags. It was a transformation scene indeed, but the hospital was the better place for her of the two.



This little Nelly was quite a character among the children in the convalescent ward, whom she insisted on putting through their paces, teaching them how to stand on one leg, how to run on their toes, how to pose themselves according to pantomimic art and fairy requirements; and in fact setting them continually to rehearsal, much to their bewilderment and delight. She liked her work, she said, and enjoyed her pretty dresses and orderly romp on the stage; and she professed great belief in the Dragon, who had one night chased her and some sister fairies "with his trimmings off," which seemed to her a gruesome thing, and not to be spoken of without due reverence and awe. She made three shillings a week, poor lamb, by her posturing o' nights, with sixpence extra for each morning performance. Indeed, Nelly was quite an experienced woman. She had "sat up" at her father's death-bed about six months ago, and seen him die, which had been an experience of a dolorous kind for the child! And her mother, a young widow with four children, had to leave Nelly, the eldest of the tribe, every night in charge of the younger three, one the baby, while she herself went out on her business as "folder" in a newspaper office. Think of this, mothers of young children and many nurses, whose infants are never left for a moment alone or unwatched, for whom the best science in London is at hand if they only so much as change colour oddly, cough unexpectedly, or turn sick from eating too many good things—here is little Nelly, at an age when, were she a "lady's child," she would not know how to put on her own shoes and stockings, and would be guarded as tenderly as the mother bird guards her unfledged nestling—left as the sole care-taker of other three babies—all the Providence they know during the dark hours of the night! And if they should have croup, or fits, or sudden inflammation, or suffer any of the multitudinous ills and perils of childhood, there is still only little Nell, the pantomime fairy, to see to them, and interpose her slender wits and unsubstantial education between them and death! Pitiful to think of! ay, and more pitiful to witness!

There was something that I, in my quality of impersonal Ego, witnessed some few nights ago, which was even more pitiful, and which I might as well tell here and now, seeing that it has reference to the hospital, at least in a degree. Late at night a young medical man is sent for hurriedly to attend a poor woman in her confinement. I follow him, and find

that his way lies down one of the worst and poorest courts in London—a place where any one save sister, nurse, or doctor, perhaps a mission-woman or a Roman Catholic priest, would run more than a chance of being hustled and robbed, may be more evilly entreated still, in broad daylight equally with the dark. As it is, "It's the doctor," passes like a watchword from mouth to mouth of the ruffianly-looking men, and coarse, abandoned women, clustered in knots about the filthy pavement. For these courts and alleys have the air of never going to bed. Visit them when you will, if you dare, and have a policeman for your escort, you find them up and brawling, thronged and noisy, as now when, on the stroke of midnight, the young, cheerful, well-dressed medical man was allowed to thread his way among the human and material foulness of this fever nest unmolested.

He finds the house, in the top back room of which lies the poor soul waiting for his coming. He climbs the reeking, dangerous stair, and enters a small square den, absolutely denuded of all furniture. No food, no fire, no chattels of any kind! and another human being about to enter this inhospitable world, and add one more to the hungry mouths which could not be filled. Standing aside in the dark, he and I watch two little boys under five years of age moving restlessly, feverish with hunger, about the room. The younger begins to cry for food, but the elder, wiser and more philosophical in his maturer months, tells him it is of no use to cry, crying won't bring bread, and he had better bear it *like a man*. God help the poor young patient preacher! Presently a haggard woman comes in, bearing a bundle of rags, which she throws down beside her friend, saying the pawnbroker would not take them, they were too bad. On this woman's face were the unmistakable signs of starvation—as on the faces of them all. The night was too far gone now for further search after food, so they had to settle down and starve until the morning. Meanwhile the young doctor sent a note to the Lady Superior of St. John's House, and she, according to custom, sent daily dinners to the invalid for a fortnight, to promote convalescence. But it is impossible to help asking oneself the question—What after that? A fortnight's good food is doubtless an immense boon to the poor famished wretches to whom it is supplied—but after? Well—after—the same sad round of destitution has to be gone through; one result of which may be seen in the filling of the Pantia

Ralli ward with starving infants, struck down with local diseases, which furnish them with their title to relief. Is it to be wondered at if the men of these houses become thieves, and the women lose their womanliness, in their struggle to get bread? To die of hunger by slow degrees is not so painless a euthanasia that humanity would willingly submit to it without a murmur.\*

But all this is leading us away from the gorgeous Christmas tree in King's College Hospital—the dear good hospital, where the poor forget their miseries, and the little ones are not so sick and sad, as the old proverb has it, as they are sick and merry.

Never was there such a tree as that which focussed all those large bright eyes to-night! The squeaking dolls and the jumping Judys; the sailors dancing magic hornpipes, and the donkeys cutting magic capers; the drums and flageolets and trumpets discoursing music of the most martial and melodious character—to the performer; the yellow birds, and waxen flying angels almost as pretty as little Nell when draped as a fairy and running from the dragon—with his trimmings off; the wonderful crackers—transparent, gilt, silvered, coloured, all kinds. Who can tell all the marvels of that apparently inexhaustible fund, as one by one they were cut from their moorings and handed to the fortunate possessors of the prizes? It was a sublime moment, and more than one little heart seemed as if about to overflow in happy tears at the ecstasy of joy occasioned by a doll that had cost sixpence, or a bonbon cracker that can be had at eighteenpence the dozen! Yes, it was a sublime moment indeed! And in my heart I believe that the sweet lady, with her happy sense of blessed motherhood at home, was almost as well pleased as the little ones she had enriched, and for the moment raised to a level with her own. A certain Book says that it is “more blessed to give than to receive!” I know some who felt the truth of this in the Pantia Ralli ward that evening.

Now the toys are all distributed; the last taper has burnt itself away; the little ones, still hugging their dolls, and birds, and rabbits, are hushed, some in silent happiness, some in sleep, and the ward retakes its usual quiet character as the physicians and the ladies with their guests and conjurers pass out, scattering kind good nights to all, with a few last caressing words to the elder children, and comforting assurances to the mothers.

I pass out with them, and follow one of them to a Christmas tree of another kind.

We are a fairly merry party, but rather more well-behaved than childishly merry perhaps, for we hear with a certain stately sentiment of breeding and deportment, and we are equal to our obligations. Our place of entertainment is a magnificent mansion in a fashionable quarter, where grand apartments, blazing with light and glittering with gilding and mirrors, are set out with costly gifts, and luxurious food served by men in powder and scarlet livery: a crowd of men in powder and scarlet livery, as it seems to me, all told off for the service of the young patricians of the feast. Be it understood, the children as a company are sweet, fair-faced specimens of young England, simple, modest, well-nurtured; but they are wealthy, used to wealthy living, to London luxury, to juvenile balls, to carriages and theatres, and already, though only on the 4th of the incoming year, a little sated with cards and Christmas trees, with Santa Claus, and the festivities of the season, including all the newest games and magic-lantern slides, the performing monkeys, the clever dogs, conjurors, Christy minstrels, and many more things to boot.

It is a pretty sight, and a thing to look at. Young lords, like miniature Highland chiefs, lead out young ladies like animated Dresden statuettes; a future general compares the state of his private purse, and the embroidery on his velvet knickerbockers, with a future admiral, and the Lord Chief Justice of the rising generation crushes both by the unanswerable logic of superior possessions; their little lovers, and who knows, perhaps their wives, discuss the merits of their dolls and dolls' houses at home, and each thinks her own frock the prettiest, and all scorn those dowdy misses yonder who have only high thick dresses, with no flowers or ribbons in their hair. Lean, long spidery legs in pink silk stockings, with the thinnest of white satin shoes, do their steps with beautiful precision—has not the great Madame taught them?—and a group of infant fairies recall our poor small fairy of the pantomime, being about as pretty, nearly as thin, and quite as undressed. The entertainments are varied. There is dancing to an effective orchestra hired for the occasion; rhythmical, orderly dancing, none of your half-romp, half-game, with ninety-nine per cent. of the performers going the wrong way and having to be set right with much bustling, and pulling, and more laughter and shrill shouting; this is real dancing, do you understand? where we all

\* Our readers will be glad to learn that through the kindly offices of the lady whose name is given to the ward indicated in this paper, the poor families are now put in the way of work and wages, and is now promising fairly.



know the figures and bear ourselves with dignity and decorum; and after the dancing there is a magic-lantern, with funny slides that don't take with the elders, and only make the least of the little ones break bounds with delight; and after the magic-lantern we have refreshments handed round—negus, lemonade, ices, sweets—and then more dancing; and then we have a conjuror, then dancing again; refreshments again, and then the TREE.

As pounds are to pence, so was the comparative money value of this tree to that we had just seen shed its fairy fruit in the Pantia Ralli ward; but as pounds are to pence, so was the comparative pleasure bestowed by that and this. A toy there, value sixpence, brought tears of joy to little eyes bright with fever and large with famine; a toy here, value five shillings, would have brought tears of disappointment, but that we are too well-bred to show our feelings; and when we get a thing we do not want, because we have one already like it at home, and see just what we do want given to some one else, we only pout *sotto voce* to mamma, and say, in a feverish whisper, "Nasty thing! I won't have it, mamma. You may give it to Edie when we get home; and, mamma, you *must* buy me just such a cradle as Lady — gave to little Lady Adeliza. You *must*, mamma, or I shall cry!"

Somehow the costly fruit off that gorgeous tree is not so successful as the simpler harvest of our hospital fir branch had been; and I think I saw as many blank faces as bright ones, as many marks of dissatisfaction as of pleasure, and as much evidence that the gift had failed its object, that it was like something we had had before, and perhaps of a better kind than this, or something that we had seen so often, we had got tired of it before we had enjoyed it, as that it was just what we liked, and just what we would have chosen, if we had had our choice. Yes, certainly, on the whole, the tree fell flat in comparison; and when all its handsome gifts were distributed, criticized, and not too enthusiastically admired, the time for supper was at hand.

I stood by a small child in sky-blue silk, decked out with pale small roses. She was only a little creature—would have been pretty if more wisely fed and managed; as it was, she was meagre, sallow, fretful, with a nervous temperature already overstrained, and a digestion chronically disordered. She began her supper with lobster salad and champagne; I left her on *mêringue* and tipsy cake,

having watched her fight her way valorously through raised pie, game *pâte*, and trifle. My own special children had the inestimable benefit of possessing parents with knowledge and common sense; so I knew there would be very little the matter with them to-morrow; but as I looked round the table, and saw what the future statesmen and lawyers and gallant soldiers of the empire were eating at ten o'clock at night, on this 4th of January, I wondered which, after all, was worse for the individual—digestions chronically disordered by injudicious food, and too much of it, or digestive organs atrophied for want of sufficient nourishment even of the coarsest, humblest, poorest kind? As soon as supper was over, one of my pretty, fair-faced children came siding up to his mother, and, yawning, said, in a low whisper, "Come away, mamma—come home; it is awfully stale!"

Then we drove away; and as I watched the tired children leaning each in a corner of the comfortable carriage, I thought, as I had so often thought this evening before, how true it is that extremes meet! Here, satiety has done the work of poverty; weariness of mind, from the fatigue of repetition, has joined hands with weakness of body from absolute want; and the future peer and the small pauper, the fairy of a palace and the fairy of the pantomime, come to much the same result by the time the day draws to its close. But my thoughts wandered back to those two poor babies rambling aimlessly, impelled by the restlessness of hunger, about a room, fireless, foodless, unfurnished; I heard again, the elder, so old, and yet so young, tell his little brother not to cry, there was no use in crying, better bear it like a man; I saw, again, poor, sleepy, fairy Nell, starting up in her miserable bed, half crying herself for weariness and want of food, yet trying to still the infant wailing feebly for hunger; I held her cold hand in mine as her father had done when she was let to "sit up" at his death-bed, as these children were let to sit up for the Christmas-tree or the pantomime; and as I walked through the frosty streets to my own comfortable but homely lodging, I racked my brain in vain for a solution to the mystery it all is. "How long, O God, how long!"

Meanwhile, pending better days, might it not be as well if more of us cared to imitate the good work of the sweet lady of this sketch, doing such important charities as come within our sphere, and sometimes giving a little pleasure to those who can never, at any time, get it for themselves?

## AN UNDERGROUND ADVENTURE.

THERE had not been such a delightful day for a long time: we were unanimous about that. Nor were we less agreed that a day of more complete enjoyment had not been spent by any three men since—nobody knew when. Yet all we had been doing was wandering at will over green fields and in shady groves, following the course of the “burn” through “rocky glen and flowery dell,” and that of the river through ever-verdant haughs. Now we were sitting by that grand and Gothic avenue of old trees, under which every visitor to Dalziel House must walk if he wishes to take with him an idea of the beauty of the place. The Clyde, clear as crystal, flashed at our feet; our flake, a small] one, lay on the grass empty; the fragments of the last biscuit had been cast to the fishes; and tobacco-smoke was curling about us with all the grace it could. It was not an insignificant cloud that two such smokers as Fraser and Diverty were capable of “compelling,” and now they were emitting full volumes (or mouthfuls); and I, not to be odd, was suffering bravely the nauseousness of a very light cigar—the gift of some friend—which had been drying in my pocket for a long time, and was increasing the cloud as much as I dared.

We had, thus occupied, been sitting silent for some time in danger of being soothed to sleep by the hum of the bees in the limes behind us, when Fraser, rousing himself, said—

“Now for a story.”

“Yes,” said Diverty: “a hunting adventure, for instance.”

None of us, however, had ever hunted anything fiercer than a squirrel; and even after that interesting nut-cracker our pursuits had been without adventure.

“Come,” said Fraser, turning to me, “you have wrought about pits all your days—you must have been blown up, or something. Tell us about it.”

“No,” I said, “I never was.”

But his question had brought to my mind an incident in my mining experiences which had occurred to me shortly before. I had not talked of it to any one, nor cared to do so; indeed, I had been quite melancholy for some days after it had happened, and I could not think of it without a serious feeling even then.

“What?” said Fraser. “Never was? I thought every collier was blown up, or fell down, or got crushed, or had some other

equally dreadful thing done to him once in his life? Wasn’t that given in evidence in the House of Commons lately?”

“Sir,” said I, gravely, “you speak of a dangerous occupation, and your levity is unbecoming.”

Fraser sat “reprovèd,” as he said, and hoped he had not spoiled the story which (he felt sure) I had been about to tell them.

“Do,” said he, “make our hair stand on end with something. The day has been altogether too pleasant. I have a sort of fancy that I have been spirited away to the Elysian fields. Recall me to earth again.”

“Well,” I said, “I was asphyxiated once.”

“How?” exclaimed both.

I was gathering my thoughts together, but they were not of *this* case of asphyxia, though I went on to say of *it* slowly and with long pauses: “There is nothing to tell, really. Indeed, there was more folly connected with it than anything else. It was thus:—A pit in which I was roadsman took fire at the faces. How, does not matter. I was one of those that went down into the burning pit to see about the fire, and, in short, I went once too often among choke-damp (as we called it) to do a duty that was supposed to be necessary, and I fell down senseless, and had to be carried up. The match you blew out just now was not extinguished more suddenly than I was. It was literally a blowing out of life. I was in the act of coming out from among the foul gas into pure air—in the act of pushing open a door which separated them—when, like a clod, I fell.

“No,” I continued, answering a question, “there was no gradually becoming unconscious—no pain nor any feeling of danger. My perception of everything, when I put out my hand to push open the door, was as clear as it is now. I saw it half opened, and saw the lamps, and the faces of those who were down with me, and then—there was a blank in my existence of an hour or more; and I suppose that but for the skill of the colliery doctor that blank would have existed still.”

They questioned the correctness of my supposition—Diverty observing, with somewhat profane sarcasm, that Satan paid more attention to the folks that were put into his charge than to allow any blank to be in their existence.

“Well,” I said, pretending a huff, “I will not dispute it; and so my adventure ends.”



"Now," said Fraser, "I have been watching you, and I am convinced that you intended to tell us something else. You were thinking of something else all the time you were talking. Were you not, now?"

I admitted the fact, and went on as follows:—

"I was lying, as I had often lain, at a favourite spot underground, where the prop-wood had given way, allowing some of the roof to fall. The portion which remained rang, as we say, 'like a bell,' and I could have slept under it with perfect safety. However, it was not to sleep I had gone there, but to recline and gaze at the beautiful roof above me, and enjoy the while the luxury of an undisturbed dream. It was indeed a spot of rare beauty! Wherever the eye rested there were plants in perfect preservation. Here was a stem, and there a frond; while detached leaves innumerable glistened everywhere. And what a tale they told! One could no more doubt that there, at some far-distant date not to be found in any human calendar, the surface of the earth had once been, than he could doubt his own existence now. It was, I thought, a grand enjoyment to be there and frame a theory of the earth's progress, and to follow in fancy the growth of plants which, though submerged again and again, refused to die, but struggling ever upward found their way to the surface, and blossomed green again. It seemed but a slight stretch of fancy to assume that somewhere in the roof a connection could be traced between the fossils above me and the ferns that live in our glens and mosses now.

"I was in the midst of such fancies, when I heard the peculiar and unmistakable 'sough' of an explosion of fire-damp, and in the next moment I found myself amid a shower of stones and dust lifted and cast against the nearest pillar. I had but time to think, 'The end has come!' before I became insensible. How long I lay in that state I cannot tell. It must have been but a short time. But when I came to myself and remembered what had occurred, I saw my position at a glance. The pit had exploded somewhere. Most unaccountable it seemed, because—if the firemen could be credited, and I had the fullest faith in them—no fire-damp had been seen in the pit for months. But the explosion was a certainty. Somebody was killed, doubtless, and others would be hurt and in danger, and I was responsible for the lives and the safety of them all. These were my first thoughts. It was good that I had escaped so well myself. A few cuts and

bruises were nothing. I would hurry to the pit-bottom and get the men out and up. My lamp was gone, and I had no means of getting a light, but I scarcely regretted that, because I knew the way out perfectly well. While I was thinking I was moving, and soon with one hand on a line of rails, I was guiding myself outwards.

"Suddenly, however, I found the way stopped, and a little groping assured me that the roof had fallen, and the road was, as we say, 'closed.' That fact, in the circumstances, was nothing strange, and not, in itself, very alarming. The waste, I knew, was open to the left. I had but to go round a pillar and I should find the road again. I began to do so, but immediately discovered that I had been going the wrong way, towards the faces instead of towards the pit-bottom. It was annoying. A very little care would have prevented such a mistake. However, it was but a few minutes lost and the road was sure now. As I turned I heard the rumble of another fall far outwards, but thought nothing of it, and hurried on. I had not, it seemed, travelled half the distance in the right direction that I had gone in the wrong one when I again found the way closed. Then, for the first time, the shadow of alarm touched me, and I felt the necessity of being calm, and of making sure of what I was about. I examined the places about me, and found my position quite clear to me. Here were the brick stoppings on the right: the way out was round a pillar to the left. I should soon be safe. It took, however, but a minute or two to inform me that safety did not lie that way, for the cutting which I thought was sure to be open was closed too—closed with fallen roof. I felt my way along the edges of the falls, thinking there might be creeping room over them somewhere; but there was no such room. I tore out stones, and tried to force myself through, but I was only wasting my strength in vain: there was no road that way. I tried the fall in the main road similarly, but with the same hapless result. The shadow of alarm enveloped me wholly now. My heart beat fast and loud, and my clothes were dripping with the sweat of fruitless toil. I felt, too, as if the hand of Fate was upon me. But for my taking the wrong way at first I might have been outside of this fall. In that error also the hand of Fate seemed evident. How was it to end? What could I do? I sat down and thought, and shortly concluded that I had no reason for despairing. They knew I was in the pit. They knew in what part of the pit I was, and they would be sure

to come and search for me. I should be safe as soon as I heard a human voice ; so I resolved to sit where I then was and wait.

"I know not how long I sat waiting. Hours and minutes do not measure time in such cases. Days seemed to pass away without bringing me the sounds I wished to hear—that of a human voice or a human foot. I heard nothing but the beating of my heart, and the movement of the strata about and above me. I began to wonder how long it was since the explosion took place. A gleam of joy reached my soul when I remembered that I had my watch, and that I might feel about what time it was. But the watch was silent, and the key was at home. 'Even the companionship of my watch is denied me,' I said, and I felt that I was doomed. You cannot imagine how painful the silence grew. Why, I thought, are they not coming to seek for me, and why are the voices of men not heard somewhere? There were miners in that part of the pit before the explosion. Were they all dead? Or had they passed out while I lay stunned where the blast had cast me? Perhaps they were closed in like myself. I sprang up and hurried inwards till the old obstruction stopped me. I shouted, asking if there was anybody there, but got no answer. I cried, calling some of them by their names, but it was in vain ; no one heard me. 'Maybe,' I said, 'the worst has happened. Maybe the pit is a complete wreck, and there is no one alive but me.' I could not now sit silent and idle, waiting for help to come. Hope pointed no longer to the possibility of any one coming in time to save me.

"There was another road through the waste which I had travelled lately, but which I had resolved *then* never to travel again, because the roof was broken and was falling continually. It would be no safer now, but I determined to venture. 'Oh ! if I had but a light,' I said, but it was an unprofitable regret. I soon found the entrance into the waste which I desired, and began groping my way along the route which I felt sure was the right one. Very soon immense falls made me turn aside, and it became evident to me that I was crawling in a circle, and making no progress towards safety. 'O my God !' I cried, 'I am lost.' The agony in my own voice awed me. I tried to be calm and to think in silence, but the wail in my heart would have voice, and the waste rang with my lamentation. What would the village be saying about me? What would my masters think of my management that had permitted such a thing to be possible? What would

they be saying at home? They would be sure to have heard of it by this time. I tried to think of other things than home, but could not. I could not forget that my children would be fatherless—paupers, perhaps. I spoke of my unfinished papers—worthless on that account. Of my insurance premium—overdue, and the days of grace gone. Of the ruin that was coming on them all at home through my loss. Still, as I wailed, I was creeping or staggering along till at length I grew faint and unable to proceed farther. I sat down, saying I could do no more. The danger of my being crushed to death was imminent, but I could not avoid it. The pillars were yielding to the weight above them, cracking and bursting with a fearful noise, and every little while a deep and hollow 'nug,' resembling nothing above ground, showed that there was a 'creep' on the place, and that pavement and roof would soon come together. Every now and then my face was cooled by the breeze caused by roof falling at a distance, and I had no hope that I should not soon be under one of these falls. Once with an awful noise, as if the whole earth above me had come down at once, a mass of stones fell at my feet, making the air to rush about me like a whirlwind. I hastened from it as far as I could—as far as the next fall permitted me—and then (so dear is an hour of existence) I began to think how, brought to bay as it were, I might fight with fate a little longer. I had often when in no danger expressed an opinion that to die suddenly like a shot bird is the best way to die, far better than to be looking death in the face for hours or days or weeks. Now I thought otherwise ; probably because I could not *now* die suddenly, since my fate had been before me so long. Desperate and hopeless as my situation was, I felt it to be my duty to live as long as I could. I therefore began to build what I felt sure would be my tomb, and in a short time I had myself walled within a space a little beyond my own length and breadth. I packed the walls with all the skill I was master of, and with the best material I had at command, and when it was finished I said, 'Now the end will come slowly.'

"I tried hard to think consecutively. I tried to picture to myself the passage from life to death—from this world to the next—but I failed. I could not imagine the change that was at hand as a passing from life to death at all. Quite the reverse it seemed. 'This,' I said, 'is death, and the change will be life. I shall but fall asleep and awaken in



a new country. The silver cord of memory shall remain unbroken, and the faces of friends will be continually before me.' Glimpses I had of the grimmest of all thoughts; but hell itself, it seemed to me, could have no power to destroy memory. Visions of heaven I had, too, such as the poets have painted, but it had for me no charms. No! The smile of a fond and trusting wife, the kiss of a lisping child, the power of making those that love me happy, over-valued heaven a thousand times! 'There is,' I said, 'no heaven like a happy home here.'

"Suddenly my thoughts took a new current. My death was presented to me in a new form. The breeze caused by a distant fall of roof brought with it the smell of after-damp. I had felt it before, and could not be mistaken. I did not try to find out from what direction it came. *That now* was nothing to me. It was there, and it told me how I should pass away. You cannot imagine with what joy I made that discovery. Next to being restored to my home and family, that was the best thing that could happen to me. Far better, it seemed, than waiting till hunger and thirst opened the door of the other world: immeasurably better than knowing that my grave was growing smaller continually, and that I should only be saved from hunger and thirst by being crushed to death slowly. Now there would be no pain. It would be just as it

was before when I dropped down in the burning pit, only there would be no one to hurry me into pure air, and no doctor to fight with death for me, and win the battle. There would be no change till the thought I had begun would be cut asunder and I should be dead.

"I lay and looked homeward, saying my last thoughts would be of them; and shortly, just as before happened, thought ceased. Something shut out my vision of home. Then light began to shimmer in my eyes; thoughts which I could not catch began to whirl about me; my ears rang; my head ached; I seemed to walk about supported by kind hands, and human voices were near me. I opened my eyes, and saw glad and anxious faces about me; and—I was safe in the sunshine once more!"

"Then you escaped?" said Diverty.

"Yes," said I, not heeding, nor indeed perceiving, the absurdity of the question. "The explosion, of which I had sustained the full force, had not injured any one very seriously. The men had passed out during my first minute or two of insensibility. A derangement of the winding gear and some falls of roof had kept help from reaching me sooner; and—well, so it ended. There are two or three people, including my wife and myself, who think it could hardly have ended better."

DAVID WINGATE.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF FRANCE AND ITALY.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

V.

ROME.

**MARCH 1st.**—To-day began very unfavourably; but we ventured out at about eleven o'clock, intending to visit the gallery of the Colonna Palace. Finding it closed, however, on account of the illness of the custode, we determined to go to the picture-gallery of the Capitol, and on our way thither we stepped into Il Gesù, the grand and rich church of the Jesuits, where we found a priest in white preaching a sermon with vast earnestness of action and variety of tone, inasmuch that I fancied sometimes that two priests were in the agony of sermonising at once. He had a pretty large and seemingly attentive audience clustered round him from the entrance of the church half way down the nave, while in the chapels of the transepts, and in the remoter

distances, were persons occupied with their own individual devotion. We sat down near the chapel of St. Ignazio, which is adorned with a picture over the altar, and with marble sculptures of the Trinity aloft, and of angels fluttering at the sides. What I particularly noted (for the angels were not very real personages, being neither earthly nor celestial) was the great ball of lapis lazuli, the biggest in the world, at the feet of the First Person in the Trinity. The church is a splendid one, lined with a great variety of precious marbles; but partly, perhaps, owing to the dusky light, as well as to the want of cleanliness, there was a dingy effect upon the whole. We made but a very short stay, our New-England breeding causing us to feel shy of moving about the church in sermon-time.

It rained when we reached the Capitol,

and, as the Museum was not yet open, we went into the Palace of the Conservators, on the opposite side of the Piazza. Around the inner court of the ground floor, partly under two opposite arcades, and partly under the sky, are several statues and other ancient sculptures; among them a statue of Julius Cæsar, said to be the only authentic one, and certainly giving an impression of him more in accordance with his character than the withered old face in the Museum; also a statue of Augustus, in middle age, still retaining a resemblance to the bust of him in youth; some gigantic heads and hands and feet, in marble and bronze; a stone lion and horse, which lay long at the bottom of a river, broken and corroded, and were repaired by Michel Angelo; and other things which it were wearisome to set down. We inquired of two or three French soldiers the way into the picture-gallery; but it is our experience that French soldiers in Rome never know anything of what is around them, not even the name of the palace or public place over which they stand guard; and, though invariably civil, you might as well put a question to a statue of an old Roman as to one of them. While we stood under the Loggia, however, looking at the rain plashing into the court, a soldier of the Papal Guard kindly directed us up the staircase, and even took pains to go with us to the very entrance of the picture-rooms. Thank heaven! there are but two of them, and not many pictures which one cared to look at very long.

Italian galleries are at a disadvantage as compared with English ones, inasmuch as the pictures are not nearly such splendid articles of upholstery; though very likely, having undergone less cleaning and varnishing, they may retain more perfectly the finer touches of the masters. Nevertheless I miss the mellow glow, the rich and mild external lustre, and even the brilliant frames of the pictures I have seen in England. You feel that they have had loving care taken of them: even if spoiled, it is because they have been valued so much. But these pictures in Italian galleries look rusty and lustreless, as far as the exterior is concerned, and really the splendour of the painting, as a production of intellect and feeling, has a good deal of difficulty in shining through such clouds.

There is a picture at the Capitol—"The Rape of Europa," by Paul Veronese—that would glow with wonderful brilliancy if it were set in a magnificent frame, and covered with a sunshine of varnish; and it is a kind of picture that would not be desecrated, as

some deeper and holier ones might be, by any splendour of external adornment that could be bestowed on it. It is deplorable and disheartening to see it in faded and shabby plight—this joyous, exuberant, warm, voluptuous work. There is the head of a cow thrust into the picture, and staring with wild, ludicrous wonder at the godlike bull, so as to introduce quite a new sentiment.

Here, and at the Borghese Palace, there were some pictures by Garofalo, an artist of whom I never heard before, but who seemed to have been a man of power. A picture by Maria Subleyras—a miniature copy from one by her husband, of the woman anointing the feet of Christ—is most delicately and beautifully finished, and would be an ornament to a drawing-room; a thing that could not truly be said of one in a hundred of these grim masterpieces. When they were painted life was not what it is now, and the artists had not the same ends in view. . . .

It depresses the spirits to go from picture to picture, leaving a portion of your vital sympathy at every one, so that you come with a kind of half-torpid desperation to the end. On our way down the staircase we saw several noteworthy bas-reliefs, and among them a very ancient one of Curtius, plunging on horseback into the chasm in the Forum. It seems to me, however, that old sculpture affects the spirits even more dolefully than old painting; it strikes colder to the heart, and lies heavier upon it, being marble, than if it were merely canvas.

My wife went to revisit the Museum, which we had already seen, on the other side of the Piazza, but being cold I left her there, and went out to ramble in the sun, for it was now brightly, though fitfully, shining again. I walked through the Forum (where a thorn thrust itself out and tore the sleeve of my talma), and under the arch of Titus, towards the Coliseum. About a score of French drummers were beating a long, loud roll-call at the base of the Coliseum, and under its arches, and a score of trumpeters responded to these from the rising ground opposite the Arch of Constantine; and the echoes of the old Roman ruins, especially those of the Palace of the Cæsars, responded to this martial uproar of the barbarians. There seemed to be no cause for it, but the drummers beat and the trumpeters blew as long as I was within hearing.

I walked along the Appian Way, as far as the Baths of Caracalla. The Palace of the Cæsars, which I have never yet explored, appears to be crowned by the walls of a con-



vent. built, no doubt, out of some of the fragments that would suffice to build a city; and I think there is another convent among the Baths. The Catholics have taken a peculiar pleasure in planting themselves in the very citadels of paganism, whether temples or palaces. There has been a good deal of enjoyment in the destruction of old Rome. I often think so when I see the elaborate pains that have been taken to smash and demolish some beautiful column, for no purpose whatever except the mere delight of annihilating a noble piece of work. There is something in the impulse with which one sympathises, though I am afraid the destroyers were not sufficiently aware of the mischief they did to enjoy it fully. Probably, too, the early Christians were impelled by religious zeal to destroy the pagan temples before the happy thought occurred of converting them into churches.

*March 3rd.*—This morning was U——'s birthday, and we celebrated it by taking a barouche, and driving (the whole family) out on the Appian Way, as far as the tomb of Cecilia Metella. . . .

Close on the other side of the road are the ruins of a Gothic chapel, little more than a few bare walls and painted windows; and some other fragmentary structures, which we did not particularly examine. U—— and I clambered through a gap in the wall, extending from the basement of the tomb, and thus getting into the field beyond, went quite round the mausoleum and the remains of the castle connected with it. The latter, though still high and stalwart, showed few or no architectural features of interest, being built, I think, principally of large bricks, and not to be compared to English ruins as a beautiful or venerable object.

A little way beyond Cecilia Metella's tomb the road still shows a specimen of the ancient Roman pavement, composed of broad, flat flagstones, a good deal cracked and worn, but sound enough, probably, to outlast the little cubes which make the other portions of the road so uncomfortable. We turned back from this point, and soon re-entered the gate of St. Sebastian, which is flanked by two tall towers, and just within which is the old triumphal arch of Drusus, a sturdy construction, much dilapidated as regards its architectural beauty, but rendered far more picturesque than it could have been in its best days by a crown of verdure on its head. Probably, so much of the dust of the highway has risen in clouds and settled there, that sufficient soil for shrubbery to root itself has

thus been collected by small annual contributions in the course of two thousand years. A little farther towards the city, we turned aside from the Appian Way, and came to the site of some ancient columbaria, close by what seemed to partake of the character of a villa and a farm-house. A man came out of the house, and unlocked a door in a low building, apparently quite modern; but on entering, we found ourselves looking into a large square chamber, sunk entirely beneath the surface of the ground. A very narrow and steep staircase of stone, and evidently ancient, descended into this chamber; and, going down, we found the walls hollowed on all sides into little semicircular niches, of which, I believe, there were nine rows, one above another, and nine niches in each row. Thus they looked somewhat like the little entrances to a pigeon-house, and hence the name of columbarium. Each semicircular niche was about a foot in its semi-diameter. In the centre of this subterranean chamber was a solid square column, or pier, rising to the roof, and containing other niches of the same pattern, besides one that was high and deep, rising to the height of a man from the floor, on each of the four sides. In every one of the semicircular niches were two round holes covered with an earthen plate, and in each hole were ashes and little fragments of bones—the ashes and bones of the dead whose names were inscribed in Roman capitals on marble slabs, inlaid into the wall, over each individual niche. Very likely the great ones in the central pier had contained statues, or busts, or large urns; indeed, I remember that some such things were there, as well as bas-reliefs in the walls; but hardly more than the general aspect of this strange place remains in my mind. It was the columbarium of the connections or dependents of the Cæsars; and the impression left on me was, that this mode of disposing of the dead was infinitely preferable to any which has been adopted since that day. The handful or two of dry dust and bits of dry bones in each of the small round holes had nothing disgusting in them; and they are no drier now than they were when first deposited there. I would rather have my ashes scattered over the sod, to help the growth of the grass and daisies; but still I should not murmur much at having them decently pigeon-holed in a Roman tomb.

After ascending out of this chamber of the dead, we looked down into another similar one, containing the ashes of Pompey's household, which was discovered only a very few

years ago. Its arrangement was the same as that first described, except that it had no central pier, with a passage round it, as the former had.

What struck me as much as anything was the neatness of these subterranean apartments, which were quite as fit to sleep in as most of those occupied by living Romans; and having undergone no wear and tear, they were in as good condition as on the day they were built.

In this columbarium, measuring about twenty feet square, I roughly estimate that there have been deposited together the remains of at least seven or eight hundred persons, reckoning two little heaps of bones and ashes in each pigeon-hole, nine pigeon-holes in each row, and nine rows on each side, besides those on the middle pier. All difficulty in finding space for the dead would be obviated by returning to the ancient fashion of reducing them to ashes; the only objection—though a very serious one—being the quantity of fuel that it would require. But perhaps future chemists may discover some better means of consuming or dissolving this troublesome mortality of ours.

We got into the carriage again, and, driving farther towards the city, came to the tomb of the Scipios, of the exterior of which I retain no very definite idea. It was close upon the Appian Way, however, though separated from it by a high fence, and accessible through a gateway leading into a court. I think the tomb is wholly subterranean, and that the ground above it is covered with the buildings of a farm-house; but of this I cannot be certain, as we were led immediately into a dark, underground passage, by an elderly peasant of a cheerful and affable demeanour. As soon as he had brought us into the twilight of the tomb, he lighted a long wax taper for each of us, and led us groping into blacker and blacker darkness. Even little R— followed courageously in the procession, which looked very picturesque as we glanced backward or forward, and beheld a twinkling line of seven lights, glimmering faintly on our faces, and showing nothing beyond. The passages and niches of the tomb seem to have been hewn and hollowed out of the rock, not built by any art of masonry; but the walls were very dark, almost black, and our tapers so dim, that I could not gain a sufficient breadth of view to ascertain what kind of place it was. It was very dark indeed; the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky could not be darker. The rough-hewn roof was within touch, and sometimes we had to stoop to avoid hitting our heads.

It was covered with damp, which collected and fell upon us in occasional drops. The passages, besides being narrow, were so irregular and crooked, that, after going a little way, it would have been impossible to return upon our steps without the help of the guide; and we appeared to be taking quite an extensive ramble underground, though, in reality, I suppose the tomb includes no great space. At several turns of our dismal way, the guide pointed to inscriptions in Roman capitals, commemorating various members of the Scipio family who were buried here; among them, a son of Scipio Africanus, who himself had his death and burial in a foreign land. All these inscriptions, however, are copies, the originals, which were really found here, having been removed to the Vatican. Whether any bones and ashes have been left, or whether any were found, I do not know. It is not, at all events, a particularly interesting spot, being such a shapeless blackness, and a mere dark hole, requiring a stronger illumination than that of our tapers to distinguish it from any other cellar. I did, at one place, see a sort of frieze, rather roughly sculptured, and, as we returned towards the twilight of the entrance-passage, I discerned a large spider, who fled hastily away from our tapers—the solitary living inhabitant of the tomb of the Scipios.

One visit that we made—and I think it was before entering the city gate—I forgot to mention. It was to an old edifice, formerly called the Temple of Bacchus, but now supposed to have been the Temple of Virtue and Honour. The interior consists of a vaulted hall, which was converted from its Pagan consecration into a church or chapel by the early Christians; and the ancient marble pillars of the temple may still be seen, built in with the brick and stucco of the later occupants. There is an altar, and other tokens of a Catholic church, and, high towards the ceiling, there are some frescoes of saints or angels—very curious specimens of mediæval, and earlier than mediæval art. Nevertheless, the place impressed me as still rather Pagan than Christian. What is most remarkable about this spot or this vicinity lies in the fact that the fountain of Egeria was formerly supposed to be close at hand; indeed, the custode of the chapel still claims the spot as the identical one consecrated by the legend. There is a dark grove of trees not far from the door of the temple; but Murray—a highly-essential nuisance on such excursions as this—throws such overwhelming doubt, or rather incredulity, upon the site, that I seized upon



it as a pretext for not going thither. In fact, my small capacity for sight-seeing was already more than satisfied.

*March 10th.*—On Saturday last, a very rainy day, we went to the Sciarra Palace, and took U—— with us. It is on the Corso, nearly opposite to the Piazza Colonna. It has (Heaven be praised!) but four rooms of pictures, among which, however, are several very celebrated ones. Only a few of these remain in my memory:—Raphael's Violin Player, which I am willing to accept as a good picture; and Leonardo da Vinci's Vanity and Modesty, which also I can bring up before my mind's eye, and find it very beautiful, although one of the faces has an affected smile, which I have seen on another picture by the same artist, Joanna of Aragon. The most striking picture in the collection, I think, is Titian's Bella Donna, the only one of Titian's works that I have yet seen which makes an impression on me corresponding with his fame. It is a very splendid and very scornful lady, as beautiful and as scornful as Gainsborough's Lady Lynedoch, though of an entirely different type. There were two Magdalens by Guido, of which I liked the least celebrated one best; and several pictures by Garofalo, who always produces something noteworthy. All the pictures lacked the charm (no doubt I am a barbarian to think it one) of being in brilliant frames, and looked as if it were a long, long while since they were cleaned or varnished. The light was so scanty, too, on that heavily-clouded day, and in those gloomy old rooms of the palace, that scarcely anything could be fairly made out.

[I cannot refrain from observing here that Mr. Hawthorne's inexorable demand for perfection in all things leads him to complain of grimy pictures and tarnished frames and faded frescoes, distressing beyond measure to eyes that never failed to see everything before him with the keenest apprehension. The usual careless observation of people, both of the good and the imperfect, is much more comfortable in this imperfect world. But the insight which Mr. Hawthorne possessed, was only equalled by his oversight, and he suffered in a way not to be readily conceived, from any failure in beauty, physical, moral, or intellectual. It is not, therefore, mere love of upholstery, that impels him to ask for perfect settings to priceless gems of art; but a native idiosyncrasy, which always made me feel that "the new Jerusalem, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal, where shall in no wise enter anything that

defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie," would alone satisfy him, or, rather, alone not give him actual pain. It may give an idea of this exquisite nicety of feeling to mention, that one day he took in his fingers a half-bloomed rose, without blemish, and, smiling with an infinite joy, remarked, "This is perfect;—on earth a flower only can be perfect."—ED.]

The palace is about two hundred and fifty years old, and looks as if it had never been a very cheerful place, most shabbily and scantily furnished, moreover, and as chill as any cellar. There is a small balcony, looking down on the Corso, which probably has often been filled with a merry little family-party in the carnivals of days long past. It has faded frescoes, and tarnished gilding, and green blinds; and a few damask chairs still remain in it.

On Monday we all went to the sculpture gallery of the Vatican, and saw as much of the sculpture as we could in the three hours during which the public are admissible. There were a few things which I really enjoyed, and a few moments during which I really seemed to see them; but it is in vain to attempt giving the impression produced by masterpieces of art, and most in vain when we see them best. They are a language in themselves; and if they could be expressed as well any way except by themselves, there would have been no need of expressing those particular ideas and sentiments by sculpture. I saw the Apollo Belvedere as something ethereal and godlike; only for a flitting moment, however, and as if he had alighted from heaven, or shone suddenly out of the sunlight, and then had withdrawn himself again. I felt the Laocoon very powerfully, though very quietly; an immortal agony, with a strange calmness diffused through it, so that it resembles the vast rage of the sea, calm on account of its immensity; or the tumult of Niagara, which does not seem to be tumult, because it keeps pouring on for ever and ever. I have not had so good a day as this (among works of art) since we came to Rome; and I impute it partly to the magnificence of the arrangements of the Vatican,—its long vistas and beautiful courts, and the aspect of immortality which marble statues acquire by being kept free from dust. A very hungry boy, seeing, in one of the cabinets, a vast porphyry vase forty-four feet in circumference, wished that he had it full of soup.

Yesterday we went to the Pamfili Doria Palace, which, I believe, is the most splendid

in Rome. The entrance is from the Corso, into a court surrounded by a colonnade, and having a space of luxuriant verdure and ornamental shrubbery in the centre. The apartments containing pictures and sculptures are fifteen in number, and run quite round the court; in the first *piano*, all the rooms, halls, and galleries of beautiful proportion, with vaulted roofs, some of which glow with frescoes; and all are colder and more comfortless than can possibly be imagined, without having been in them. The pictures, most of them, interested me very little. I am of opinion that good pictures are quite as rare as good poets; and I do not see why we should pique ourselves on admiring any but the very best. One in a thousand, perhaps, ought to live in the applause of men, from generation to generation, till its colours fade or blacken out of sight, and its canvas rots away; the rest should be put in garrets or painted over by newer artists, just as tolerable poets are shelved when their little day is over. Nevertheless, there was one long gallery, containing many pictures that I should be glad to see again under more favourable circumstances, that is, separately, and where I might contemplate them quite undisturbed, reclining in an easy chair. At one end of the long vista of this gallery is a bust of the present Prince Doria, a smooth, sharp-nosed, rather handsome young man, and at the other end his princess, an English lady of the Talbot family, apparently a blonde, with a simple and sweet expression. There is a noble and striking portrait of the old Venetian admiral, Andrea Doria, by Sebastian del Piombo, and some other portraits and busts of the family.

In the whole immense range of rooms, I saw but a single fire-place, and that so deep in the wall, that no amount of blaze would raise the atmosphere of the room ten degrees. If the builder of the palace, or any of his successors, have committed crimes worthy of Tophet, it would be a still worse punishment for him to wander perpetually through this suite of rooms, on the cold floors of polished brick tiles, or marble, or mosaic, growing a little chiller and chiller through every moment of eternity—or, at least, till the palace crumbles down upon him. Neither would it assuage his torment in the least to be compelled to gaze up at the dark old pictures—the ugly ghosts of what may once have been beautiful. I am not going to try any more to receive pleasure from a faded, tarnished, lustreless picture, especially if it be a landscape. There were

two or three landscapes of Claude in this palace, which I doubt not would have been exquisite if they were in the condition of those in the British National Gallery; but here they looked most forlorn, and even their sunshine was sunless. The merits of the historical painting may be quite independent of the attributes that give pleasure, and a superficial ugliness may even heighten the effect; but not so of landscapes.

*Via Porta Pinciana. Palazzo Larazani. March 11th.*—To-day we called at Mr. Thompson's studio. He had on the easel a little picture of St. Peter released from prison by the angel, which I saw once before. It is very beautiful indeed, and deeply and spiritually conceived, and I wish I could afford to have it finished for myself. I looked again, too, at his Georgian Slave, and admired it as much as at first view; so very warm and rich it is, so sensuously beautiful, and with an expression of higher life and feeling within. I do not think there is a better painter than Thompson living—among Americans, at least; not one so earnest, faithful, and religious in his worship of art. I had rather look at his pictures than at any except the very finest of the old masters; and—taking into consideration only the comparative pleasure to be derived—I would not except more than one or two of those. In painting, as in literature, I suspect there is something in the productions of the day that takes the fancy more than the works of any past age; not greater merit, nor nearly so great, but better suited to this very present time. . . .

After leaving him we went to the Piazza di Termini, near the Baths of Diocletian, and found our way with some difficulty to Crawford's studio. It occupies several great rooms, connected with the offices of the Villa Negroni: and all these rooms were full of plaster casts, and a few works in marble—principally portions of his huge Washington monument, which he left unfinished at his death. Close by the door at which we entered stood a gigantic figure of Mason, in bag-wig, and the coat, waistcoat, breeches, and knee and shoe-buckles of the last century—the enlargement of these unheroic matters to far more than heroic size having a very odd effect. There was a figure of Jefferson, on the same scale; another of Patrick Henry, besides a horse's head, and other portions of the equestrian group, which is to cover the summit of the monument. In one of the rooms was a model of the monument itself, on a scale, I should think, of about an



inch to a foot. It did not impress me as having grown out of any great and genuine idea in the artist's mind, but as being merely an ingenious contrivance enough. There were also casts of statues that seemed to be intended for some other monument, referring to revolutionary times and personages; and with these were intermixed some ideal statues or groups—a naked boy playing marbles, very beautiful; a girl with flowers; the cast of his Orpheus, of which I long ago saw the marble statue; Adam and Eve; Flora;—all with a good deal of merit, no doubt, but not a single one that justifies Crawford's reputation, or that satisfies me of his genius. They are but commonplaces in marble and plaster, such as we should not tolerate on a printed page. He seems to have been a respectable man, highly respected, but no more; although those who know him seem to have rated him much higher. It is said that he exclaimed, not very long before his death, that he had fifteen years of good work still in him; and he appears to have considered all his life and labour, heretofore, as only preparatory to the great things that he was to achieve hereafter. I should say, on the contrary, that he was a man who had done his best, and had done it early; for his Orpheus is quite as good as anything else we saw in his studio.

People were at work chiselling several statues in marble from the plaster models—a very interesting process, and what I should think a doubtful and hazardous one; but the artists say that there is no risk of mischief, and that the model is sure to be accurately repeated in the marble. These persons, who do what is considered the mechanical part of the business, are often themselves sculptors, and of higher reputation than those who employ them.

It is rather sad to think that Crawford died before he could see his ideas in the marble, where they gleam with so pure and celestial a light as compared with the plaster. There is almost as much difference as between flesh and spirit.

The floor of one of the rooms was burdened with immense packages, containing parts of the Washington monument, ready to be forwarded to its destination. When finished and set up, it will probably make a very splendid appearance, by its height, its mass, its faithful execution; and will produce a moral effect through its images of illustrious men, and the associations that connect it with our revolutionary history: but I do not think it will owe much to artistic force of thought or depth of feeling. It is certainly,

in one sense, a very foolish and illogical piece of work—Washington, mounted on an uneasy steed, on a very narrow space, aloft in the air, whence a single step of the horse backward, forward, or on either side, must precipitate him; and several of his contemporaries standing beneath him, not looking up to wonder at his predicament, but each intent on manifesting his own personality to the world around. They have nothing to do with one another, nor with Washington, nor with any great purpose which all are to work out together.

*March 14th.*—On Friday evening I dined at Mr. T. B. Reade's, the poet and artist, with a party composed of painters and sculptors, the only exceptions being the American banker, and an American tourist, who has given Mr. Reade a commission. Next to me at table sat Mr. Gibson, the English sculptor, who, I suppose, stands foremost in his profession at this day. He must be quite an old man now; for it was whispered about the table that he is known to have been in Rome forty-two years ago, and he himself spoke to me of spending thirty-seven years here before he once returned home. I should hardly take him to be sixty, however, his hair being more dark than grey, his forehead unwrinkled, his features unwithered, his eye undimmed, though his beard is somewhat venerable. He has a quiet, self-contained aspect, and being a bachelor, has doubtless spent a calm life among his clay and marble, meddling little with the world, and entangling himself with no cares beyond his studio. He did not talk a great deal; but enough to show that he is still an Englishman in many sturdy traits, though his accent has something foreign about it. His conversation was chiefly about India, and other topics of the day, together with a few reminiscences of people in Liverpool, where he once resided. There was a kind of simplicity both in his manner and matter, and nothing very remarkable in the latter. . . .

The gist of what he said (upon art) was condemnatory of the Pre-Raphaelite modern school of painters, of whom he seemed to spare none; and of their works, nothing; though he allowed that the old Pre-Raphaelites had some exquisite merits, which the moderns entirely omit in their imitations.

In his own art, he said the aim should be to find out the principles on which the Greek sculptors wrought, and to do the work of this day on those principles, and in their spirit: a fair doctrine enough, I should think, but which Mr. Gibson can scarcely be said to

practise. . . . The difference between the Pre-Raphaelites and himself is deep and genuine, they being literalists and realists, in a certain sense, and he a pagan idealist. Methinks they have hold of the best end of the matter.

*March 18th.*—To-day, it being very bright and mild, we set out, at noon, for an expedition to the Temple of Vesta; though I did not feel much inclined for walking, having been ill and feverish for two or three days past with a cold, which keeps renewing itself faster than I can get rid of it. We kept along on this side of the Corso, and crossed the Forum, skirting along the Capitoline Hill, and thence towards the Circus Maximus. On our way, looking down a cross street, we saw a heavy arch; and, on examination, made it out to be the Arch of Janus Quadrifrons, standing in the Forum Boarium. Its base is now considerably below the level of the surrounding soil; and there is a church or basilica close by, and some mean edifices, looking down upon it. There is something satisfactory in this arch, from the immense solidity of its structure. It gives the idea, in the first place, of a solid mass, constructed of huge blocks of marble, which time can never wear away, nor earthquakes shake down; and then this solid mass is penetrated by two arched passages, meeting in the centre. There are empty niches, three in a row, and, I think, two rows on each face; but there seems to have been very little effort to make it a beautiful object. On the top is some brick-work, the remains of a mediæval fortress, built by the Frangipanis, looking very frail and temporary, being brought thus in contact with the antique strength of the arch.

A few yards off, across the street, and close beside the basilica, is what appears to be an ancient portal, with carved bas-reliefs, and an inscription which I could not make out. Some Romans were lying dormant in the sun, on the steps of the basilica; indeed, now that the sun is getting warmer, they seem to take advantage of every quiet nook to bask in, and perhaps to go to sleep.

We had gone but a little way from the arch, and across the Circus Maximus, when we saw the Temple of Vesta before us, on the bank of the Tiber, which, however, we could not see behind it. It is a most perfectly preserved Roman ruin, and very beautiful; though so small, that, in a suitable locality, one would take it rather for a garden-house than an ancient temple. A circle of white marble pillars, much time-worn, and a little battered, though but one of them broken, surround the solid structure of the temple,

leaving a circular walk between it and the pillars; the whole covered by a modern roof, which looks like wood, and disgraces and deforms the elegant little building. This roof resembles, as much as anything else, the round, wicker-cover of a basket, and gives a very squat aspect to the temple. The pillars are of the Corinthian order, and when they were new, and the marble snow-white, and sharply carved and cut, there could not have been a prettier object in all Rome; but so small an edifice does not appear well as a ruin.

Within view of it, and, indeed, a very little way off, is the temple of Fortuna Virilis, which likewise retains its antique form, in better preservation than we generally find a Roman ruin; although the Ionic pillars are now built up with blocks of stone and patches of brickwork, the whole constituting a church, which is fixed against the side of a tall edifice, the nature of which I do not know.

In very close vicinity, we came upon the Ponte Rotto, the old Pons Emilius, which was broken down long ago, and has recently been pieced out, by connecting a suspension bridge with the old piers. We crossed by this bridge, paying a toll of a baioccho each, and stopped in the midst of the river to look at the Temple of Vesta, which shows well, right on the brink of the Tiber. We fancied, too, that we could discern, a little further down the river, the ruined and almost submerged piers of the Sublician bridge, which Horatius Cocles defended. The Tiber here whirls rapidly along, and Horatius must have had a perilous swim for his life, and the enemy a fair mark at his head with their arrows. I think this is the most picturesque part of the Tiber in its passage through Rome.

After crossing the bridge, we kept along the right bank of the river, through the dirty and hard-hearted streets of Trastevere (which have, in no respect, the advantage over those of hither Rome), till we reached St. Peter's. We saw a family sitting before their door, on the pavement, in the narrow and sunny street, engaged in their domestic avocations, the old woman spinning with a wheel. I suppose the people now begin to live out of doors. We entered beneath the colonnade of St. Peter's, and immediately became sensible of an evil odour—the bad odour of our fallen nature, which there is no escaping in any nook of Rome. . . . Between the pillars of the colonnade, however, we had the pleasant spectacle of the two fountains, sending up their lily-shaped gush, with rainbows shining in their falling spray. When



we entered the church, the long, dusty sun-beams were falling aslantwise through the dome, and through the chancel behind it.

*March 23rd.*—On the 21st we all went to the Coliseum, and enjoyed ourselves there in the bright, warm sun—so bright and warm that we were glad to get into the shadow of the walls and under the arches, though, after all, there was the freshness of March in the breeze that stirred now and then. J. and baby found some beautiful flowers growing round about the Coliseum; and, far up towards the top of the walls, we saw tufts of yellow wallflowers, and a great deal of green grass growing along the ridges between the arches. The general aspect of the place, however, is somewhat bare, and does not compare favourably with an English ruin, both on account of the lack of ivy, and because the material is chiefly brick, the stone and marble having been stolen away by popes and cardinals to build their palaces. While we sat within the circle, many people of both sexes passed through, kissing the iron cross, which stands in the centre, thereby gaining an indulgence of seven years, I believe. In front of several churches I have seen an inscription in Latin, "*INDULGENTIA PLENARIA ET PERPETUA PRO CUNCTIS MORTUIS ET VIVIS*;" than which, it seems to me, nothing more could be asked or desired. The terms of this great boon are not mentioned.

Leaving the Coliseum, we went and sat down in the vicinity of the Arch of Constantine, and J—— and R—— went in quest of lizards. J—— soon caught a large one with two tails; one a sort of afterthought, or appendix, or corollary to the original tail, and growing out from it, instead of from the body of the lizard. These reptiles are very abundant, and J—— has already brought home several, which make their escape, and appear occasionally, darting to and fro on the carpet. Since we have been here, J—— has taken up various pursuits in turn. First he devoted himself to gathering snail-shells, of which there are many sorts: afterwards he had a fever for marbles, pieces of which he found on the banks of the Tiber, just on the edge of its muddy waters, and in the Palace of the Cæsars, the Baths of Caracalla, and, indeed, wherever else his fancied him—verde antique, rosso antico, porphyry, giallo antico, serpentine—sometimes fragments of bas-reliefs and mouldings; bits of mosaic, still firmly stuck

together, on which the foot of a Cæsar had perhaps once trodden; pieces of Roman glass, with the iridescence glowing on them; and all such things, of which the soil of Rome is full. It would not be difficult, from the spoil of his boyish rambles, to furnish what would be looked upon as a curious and valuable museum in America.

Yesterday we went to the sculpture galleries of the Vatican. I think I enjoy these noble galleries, and their contents, and beautiful arrangements, better than anything else in the way of art; and often seem to have a deep feeling of something wonderful in what I look at. The Laocoon, on this visit, impressed me not less than before; it is such a type of human beings, struggling with an inextricable trouble, and entangled in a complication which they cannot free themselves from by their own efforts, and out of which Heaven alone can help them. It was a most powerful mind, and one capable of reducing a complex idea to unity, that imagined this group. I looked at Canova's Perseus, and thought it exceedingly beautiful; but found myself less and less contented, after a moment or two, though I could not tell why. Afterwards, looking at the Apollo, the recollection of the Perseus disgusted me, and yet really I cannot explain how one is better than the other.

I was interested in looking at the busts of the triumvirs, Antony, Augustus, and Lepidus. The two first are men of intellect, evidently, though they do not recommend themselves to one's affections by their physiognomy; but Lepidus has the strangest, most commonplace countenance that can be imagined—small-featured, weak—such a face as you meet anywhere in a man of no mark, but are amazed to find in one of the three foremost men of the world. I suppose that it is these weak and shallow men, when chance raises them above their proper sphere, who commit enormous crimes without any such restraint as stronger men would feel, and without any retribution in the depth of their conscience. These old Roman busts, of which there are so many in the Vatican, have often a most life-like aspect, a striking individuality. One recognises them as faithful portraits, just as certainly as if the living originals were standing beside them. The arrangement of the hair and beard, too, in many cases, is just what we see now—the fashions of two thousand years ago having come round again.





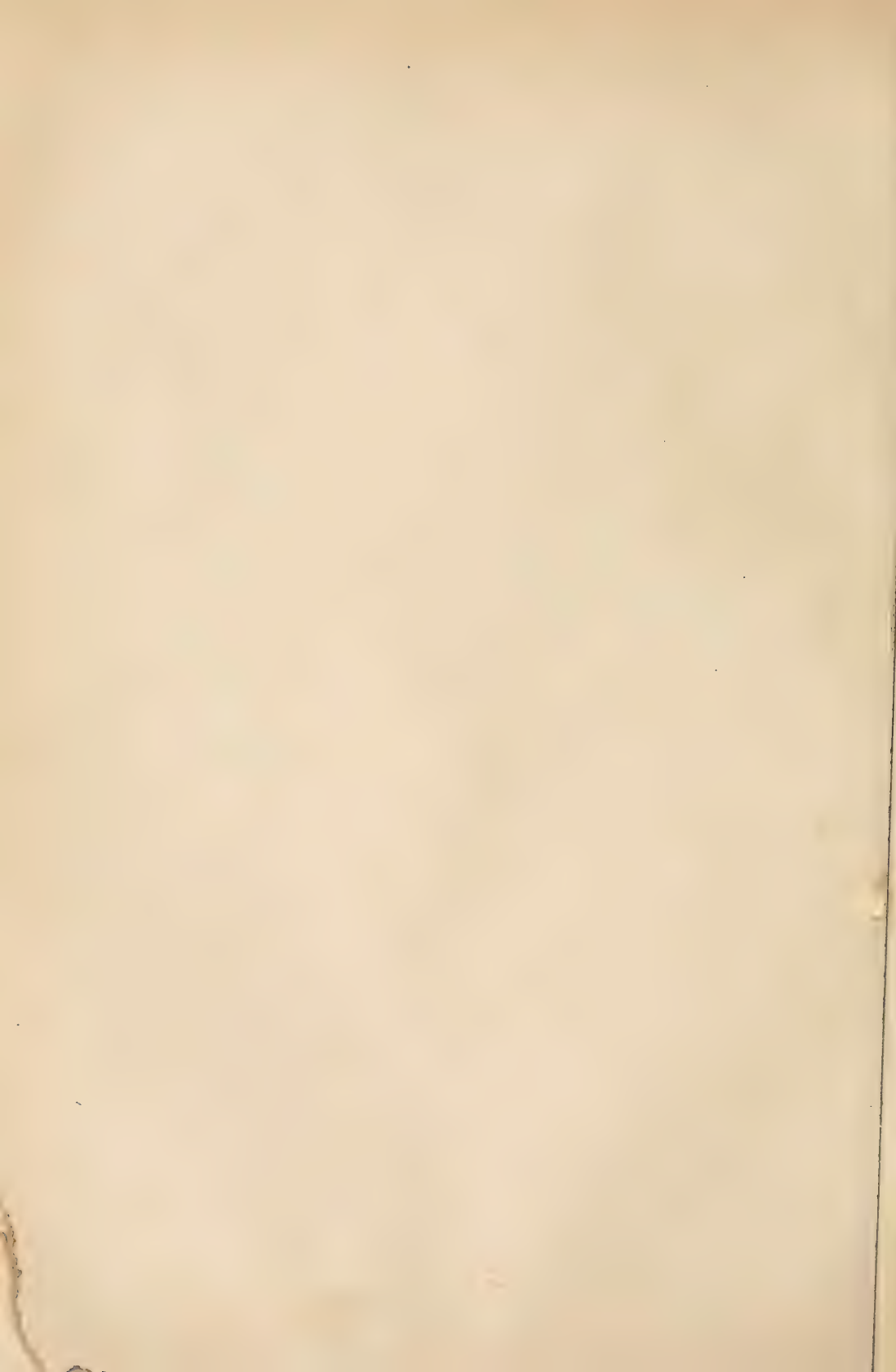


"THE HIGH MILLS."



"THE SYLVESTRES."





## THE HIGH MILLS.

BY KATHERINE SAUNDERS, AUTHOR OF "GIDEON'S ROCK."

## CHAPTER VI.



MICHAEL slept in the mill that night, and in the morning stood at one of the little windows and saw the sun rise.

It was a sight to which he was well accustomed, and for which he had spared a few moments nearly every day throughout his busy life. Whether it ever en-

riched his mind with one poetic thought is not known, for Michael never had the good fortune to be acquainted with any one to whom he could have ventured to impart such a thought, had it been his; and for expressing it on paper, he had never either time, opportunity, or inclination. But it is certain that Michael *felt* nature, rather than thought about it; that he enjoyed, rather than studied it. He had, too, a feeling, that for a man to take no notice of the grand changes on the face of the universe in which he is as but a grain of dust, was to render himself still more utterly dust-like, helpless, and insignificant. So he laid a sort of honest human claim on everything in nature that was great, mysterious, or wonderful. "Where would be his share in these things after death," Michael vaguely asked himself, "if he did not feel, acknowledge, and claim it now, when his eye was clear and his mind sound?"

There were certain times when Michael's work, to which he ordinarily gave such patience and devotion, would suddenly become to him insignificant as the labours of the ant.

His old father had often been amazed and irritated beyond measure that so rational and manly a son as Michael was in most respects, should still be absurd enough to run out on the green and lift his black beard above a crowd of dimpled, infantine chins, to stare at

a rainbow, or hold the mill-sails idle on a breezy May evening, to catch the first notes of a nightingale.

When the light of his first morning at Southdownshire dawned about the High Mills, Michael rose from his bed of sacks and went up-stairs to a window, a mere square hole, which his face nearly filled.

He had better have gone about his work, for this was positively the first time he had beheld the sunrise on any scene but one. On the two nights of his journey he had been weary, and had risen late. So now he found that the daybreak on these fresh fields was not a thing likely to refresh and strengthen him for his morning's work, which he greatly dreaded. It was like an old tune with new words in a foreign language, the music was sweet, but the sense strange, unsatisfying to the thoughts the music created.

The rose and opal lights, the faint cock-crowing, the fresh bird voices, these, indeed, made one part of the morning, but there was the other and dearer part, the familiar sounds of his old home as it began to waken and stir, the familiar sights dawning so pleasantly on his eyes.

The downs shone like emeralds, and the flocks upon them were very plentiful, but the half-bald green at home, and the two veteran horses retired thereon for the rest of their natural lives (or unnatural, as it might please the village boys), these were the pastures and the flocks of Michael's heart.

The little circlet of sea at the end of the valley glittered as no jewel but that one mighty gem of magnitude and depth in its setting of earth and sky *can* glitter, and the sails of the Channel fleet flocked it as the flocks did the meadows. A gallant sight for so true an Englishman as Michael, yet as he looked at it the puny waves of the old pond at home swelled in his memory till they washed all else away, and brought the paper boats of his little brother to make the Channel fleet fly before them.

The sadness of his state of exile was on him, and Michael was obliged to hang his head and own that grain of human dust as he called himself, the story of that grain was more to him than the story of all creation—the span of its actual existence larger to him than eternity.

Self-pity, however, was a thing of which Michael possessed a very small share indeed,



and he no sooner felt it gaining dominion over him than he turned upon himself with a great contempt, and mocked and laughed at himself right heartily.

Mrs. Ambray, when she came to call him to breakfast, thought he was frowning and growling at his work instead of at himself, and said, "Well, poor John has let the mill get in a state; it's no wonder the man's put out about it."

He did not at first see her, and she had to call him twice.

"Michael Swift! Mi—chael!"

She had come up the ladder till she was able to see into the room where Michael was brushing out the grooves of the great wheel.

In an instant his face, all brightness and gentleness, was leaning out of the wheel towards her.

Mrs. Ambray had of late years acquired a cold and stony manner towards every one but her husband, George, and Nora. She had little complaint herself to make against the world, but as these three had much, she had grown into a habit of hardening her sweet old face and voice against it.

But this morning she could not help smiling at Michael, and speaking kindly as she said—

"Come—if you've been at work long like this, I should say you're wanting your breakfast."

Michael was too vividly reminded of another dear old face and voice that used to come up the mill, and call him, to be able to answer this.

He crept gently down after her, and as they went out into the warm and dewy field, asked her how the master was this morning.

They were walking side by side, and Michael watched the grief come into her face with a strong compassion as she answered—

"Bad—very bad; but can we wonder? It was enough to kill him yesterday."

When they were come into the cottage, Michael saw the breakfast was but for two.

"What?" he exclaimed; "is the master unable to get up then?"

Mrs. Ambray bowed her head with a stately resignation.

"He has tried many times," she said, "but the cough takes his breath as he takes his clothes, and I've persuaded him to give up the strife for an hour or so and lie still."

Mrs. Ambray had as grave a companion at her breakfast as she could wish.

Michael was trying to look steadily at the prospect of the old miller giving up the mill for ever instead of for an hour, and was finding his own life utterly destitute of aim or hope at such a prospect.

Guessing nothing of these thoughts, Mrs. Ambray began to be surprised and touched by the sadness of his face, and to wonder about it.

"You've had a bit of trouble in your life, my man," she said in the tone of one making at the same time a statement and an inquiry.

"Trouble—hah!"

It was half a laugh, half a cry, that broke from Michael, and that shook him as he raised his eyes to hers—part relieved, and part frightened by showing her one glimpse of a misery so wild as to cause her to start up and lay her hand tremblingly on his shoulder.

"Bless the poor fellow, what is it?" she cried; "you've had some great loss just now. Ah, is that it? Your mother perhaps?"

Michael shook his head, with a tender gratitude that seemed to say, "No, thank God, not her."

"Your father, then?"

"No," he answered gently and with the same look.

"Not your wife—sure—you are not married?"

"No."

"Some one p'raps that you—that would have been your wife."

Michael felt the rush of grief and despair which had come over him at her first words of kindness subside suddenly, and give place to alarm at what these questions and these answers, simple as they were, might lead to.

His first impulse was to shake his head as he had done before at each question, but he resisted it, and only bent his head, and taking the kind hand from his shoulder, he said with a heightened colour and an awkward laugh—

"Ah, trust you women for getting at a secret!"

"I am right then; poor fellow! Ah, what a world it is!"

"It is," cried Michael, with savageness, dashing one clenched hand against the palm of the other. "O yes, it is a world—of liars!"

At this moment a faint voice called—

"Esther!" and she was gone instantly.

"And I am the greatest of them all," Michael muttered as she closed the door.

He was in a rage with himself; he could not sit still; he got up and tramped about the room, moving as if he had to push his way through muddy waves or rank grass.

In this manner he came upon the reflection of himself in the mantelpiece mirror, and turned upon it with a sort of snarl, like a dog who does not know his own image. If

the snarl had been interpreted it would have been by some such words as—"So *you* are the man who has cheated the grey head, which may be struck with the deafness of death before you can unsay your words."

In a moment or two he looked at himself more mercifully, then coloured, and soon smiled, raising his eyebrows, and saying, "What do you think of yourself, old boy, as a love-sick swain?"

He went back quietly to his chair at the breakfast-table, and his rage was quite spent. Despair itself had come to comfort him by telling him that he had perhaps told but the simple truth in saying he had lost her who would have been his wife. Michael knew not at all whom this might be, yet he believed he would have married some one sooner or later but for the event which caused him to leave his home. And now what woman on earth would have him when his hands and brain and heart were sworn slaves to that purpose which might take his life to accomplish.

Mrs. Ambray, when she heard him, as she went out of the room, declare that this was a world of liars, concluded that the poor fellow had not lost his betrothed by death, but had been jilted very cruelly.

She told the story, with the addition of many romantic surmises of her own, to Ambray when she had soothed his cough, and it led to the old couple falling, hand-in-hand, into ecstasies of admiration and tender, proud delight over Nora's faithfulness to George.

Michael looked a little shamefaced when Mrs. Ambray came back; but her eyes saw only his sadness, and from it took to themselves a fresh shade of pathetic wonder at the world and its ways.

Michael saw this, and was touched, and remained shamefaced still.

They had nearly finished breakfast when the garden gate creaked with a more prolonged noise than usual, as creaking gates will do when hesitating hands are opening them.

A step came up the garden, and a knock at the door, which Michael, with the habits of a family drudge strong upon him, jumped up to open.

The early visitor was Ma'r S'one.

He was looking tired; for early as it was, much of the "heat and burthen of the day" had already been his. He was looking scared, too, and beseeching, like a child who had been forced to go up to a teacher with a lesson that was not half learnt.

He had made himself particularly tidy for his visit, and had, in his clean smock, so freshly put on as to show the marks of its folds,—the same kind of innocent self-consciousness as a child in a clean pinafore.

"Oh, good morning, Mr. Ma'r S'one," said Michael; "and how might *you* find yourself to-day?"

"Nicely, nicely, thank you, sir," answered Ma'r S'one; but at the same time he stared up at Michael with a humble, self-deprecating gaze, as if he were quite conscious that, however "nicely" he might be, his state was vastly different from that of his kind inquirer.

Backward a scholar in the world's school as Ma'r S'one was, he had yet learnt one lesson of his own setting very perfectly, and that one was—that being so small a creature, with such small capacities, he must rest satisfied with very small things indeed—small wages—small health—small sympathy—small notice of any kind from God or man. When others incomparably better off than himself chafed at their lot, Ma'r S'one could offer a ready sympathy, and he often thought that he must be really the only man in the world who got his deserts. So he always ate his food and lay down in his bed deeply grateful, but timorous of coming trouble.

He was very timorous that morning, as he stood at the miller's door, leaning on his pitchfork, and Michael had not looked at him a moment before he began to suspect him of bringing bad news.

"Be the master 'bout yet?" he asked, when he had replied to Michael's inquiry after his health.

"No," said Mrs. Ambray, who by this time had come to the door, and at whom Ma'r S'one looked very much frightened indeed, and pulled his silver forelock; "he is not up yet—what is it you want, Ma'r S'one?"

Ma'r S'one looked up at her and the patch on the breast of his smock heaved tremulously—his small eyes dilated and his small mouth puckered like the mouth of a child going to cry.

Mrs. Ambray, like Michael, grew suspicious, and her face hardened at Ma'r S'one.

"What do you want?" she said again sharply.

Ma'r S'one shook his head helplessly, as if to express his inability to speak while she made him so frightened; so she waited, fixing her eyes on him with a stony patience.

At last his withered throat began to move, and the small thin voice came.

"Missis is done it. She's let 'em, she has. T' High Mills is let away."



Mrs. Ambray looked 'at him steadily for a moment or two, then turned and went away, and Michael and Ma'r S'one, following her with their eyes, saw her go straight to the door of the room where her husband was lying.

In an instant Michael was beside her, his arm between her and the door, and closing round her with a son-like support.

"What are you going to do?" he said.

She looked at him, and the look was sufficient answer. He saw that the despair of Job's wife was upon her—that she had been hurrying away to lay her head down by her husband's side, and say—"All is gone, John; let us die!"

Michael's grasp grew firmer round her.

"Come," said he, "if you were my mother I should be ashamed of you. Sit down, and let us talk to Mr. Ma'r S'one a bit. Things may not be so bad as they seem."

He placed her in a chair, and stood behind her, with one hand laid firmly but almost reverentially on her shoulder. He wished to make her feel that help was near, yet dared not tell her so, or let her guess how deeply Ma'r S'one's news concerned him as well as herself.

As they both looked at Ma'r S'one with eyes that plainly demanded a fuller version of his story, he stepped timidly over the threshold, and began at once his explanations, scarcely stopping for breath.

"She never comed 'ome laarst night she dedn't—she ner Ann Ditch—but sent a letter by the red caart to the pos' arffice for Ma'r Simon, and he readed it out to me when I wur fed'n the caarves, and there it wur all about it as she'd let the mills and all this field to Mr. Phillops as had his mill burnt down at Tidhurst. And she dedn't wish fur to shock John Ambray, and thart wur'd break it to un fore she comed 'ome."

"When *is* she coming home?" asked Michael.

"This marnin', sir, 'bout 'leven, so it says in the letter as Ma'r Simon readed it to me."

Ma'r Sone spoke solemnly as if he were giving evidence about a case of murder before a judge and jury, and indeed the affair was little less awful to him, for he thought that taking the High Mills from Ambray was like the parting of body and soul.

He was much excited, the bit of colour that was usually firm and ruddy on his cheeks had faded and left them very pale, and his eyes looked shocked and aghast.

He stood gazing with Michael at the face of Mrs. Ambray, which despair was making white and rigid.

"The Lord furgive Mars Garge!" he cried suddenly and with unwonted vehemence.

Mrs. Ambray looked at him, and light came in her eyes, and her lips moved.

"That he never, never will, Ma'r S'one," said she.

Michael's hand grew suddenly heavy as lead upon her shoulder, and he shook her a little as he cried in heavy laboured tones close to her ear—

"Do *you* say that? His mother! Shame! Shame!"

She was much too deep in her sorrow to hear what passed over her—what comfort—what reproach—all could but pass over, not touch her.

Ma'r S'one seeing that they looked at him for no more tidings, and feeling also that he had no more to give, sighed gently, and went his way, closing the door softly after him. In Ma'r S'one's small part on life's stage most of the exits *were* quite ineffective and noiseless. However difficult and laborious, or painful, or pathetic the scene he had been playing, no excitement followed him, no sound of applause disturbed his silence as the end of his little old smock fluttered away.

#### CHAPTER VII.

MICHAEL was not used to giving advice. His old father and mother, while expecting from him the work of a man, demanded, at the same time, the awe and humility of a child, and would have regarded with deep displeasure any attempt of his at guiding their fast-failing minds.

Unknown to them, however, Michael did direct them very often; but this was only managed by innocent stratagems, at which he was somewhat of an adept. If his father happened to be in a little perplexity, and Michael saw a way out of it, he would give his view of the case by pretending to quote some village wiseacre in whom he knew his father had much faith; or even sometimes profess to remember what he was suggesting as having been proposed by his father himself to some neighbour in a like difficulty. The old man, if he saw the idea was good, would exclaim, "Did I say that, really? Well, I had almost forgotten it; but, upon my word, I think I was very right. What say you, mother?" Then Michael's mother would answer proudly, "What do I say? Why that there's none but you could have thought of it, Joseph." And Michael would go back to his work, smiling to himself and whistling softly.

It was, then, no wonder, that though he

had for some minutes felt assured of what would be the best course for the Ambrays to pursue, Michael found himself in much perplexity about how to make known his thoughts to the grey-haired woman, whose mute suffering was inspiring him with more than filial respect and awe.

She sat, with her hands folded in her lap, her eyes gazing straight out before her, her lips closed tightly.

Michael had left her chair, and was standing at the window, feeling her dumb grief go through him as acutely as if she were lifting up her voice in the most loud and passionate lamentation.

It was while her eyes were turning vacantly from their fixed gaze that they fell on him and took in the consciousness of his sympathy.

"Tell me," she said suddenly, "what shall I do? How shall I break this to my poor man?"

"I think, when you come to consider it, you will think that the best thing would be not to tell him yet at all."

"But he is going to beg her mercy. He thinks of getting up in an hour or two and going to beg of her to give him another trial on account of you."

"I think you'll see, when you think over it, that that would just be the best thing he could do still," answered Michael.

Mrs. Ambray shook her head.

"He'd never forgive me if he knew I had let him have the shame of asking for what's gone."

"But is it quite gone?"

"You don't know Jane Grist, my good man, or you'd never doubt it."

She sat silent a minute, her soft brows knit in thought that only turned to pain as it came, and in a little while her tears began to flow down the face she averted from Michael proudly as she could.

"Do we agree that it is to be so, then?" asked Michael gently; "that the master is to go and say his say about the mill and me and changed prospects?"

"Yes, God forbid I should be above taking advice at such a time when trouble makes me helpless as a babe," said Mrs. Ambray.

She rose, and began to move slowly and tremblingly about the room over her household duties.

"I dare say you think I might show myself more grateful," she said, stopping by Michael; "but you don't know, and may you never know, the soreness that comes with gratitude to strangers to such as are like me neglected

and deserted in their need by them who are nearest and dearest to 'em. I often think God only knows what the poor man that the Samaritan was good to felt in his heart because he *was* a Samaritan, and not the one his soul and his flesh cried out to."

She trembled so that she was obliged to set down the loaf she had taken up to put away, and, burying her face in her hands, she turned from Michael, and gave way to a fresh burst of grief.

"Oh! that heartless boy—why was he born? Then there's Nora, she comes here and kisses me, and calls me 'mother,' yet there she stays fooling her time away at Stone Crouch while we're being turned out neck and crop."

"Then do you think Miss Ambray knows about her aunt letting the mills?" asked Michael.

"I can't tell," Mrs. Ambray answered, with sudden sternness and perplexity. "I can't tell."

For the next minute she was silent and lost in thought. Her face was looking both proud and wistful.

Michael knew she was thinking of her niece—was longing for the girl's sympathy and intercession, but loathing the idea of the lady's patronage and charity.

"I may as well tell you," she said to Michael at last. "I have been thinking of Nora Ambray ever since Ma'r S'one was here. Yes, you are right, she would come and fight our battle for us if she knew, I'm sure enough of that; but what I'm *not* sure of is, that we've any right to accept of her help."

"How so?" asked Michael with gentle remonstrance.

Mrs. Ambray walked to the door of her husband's room, and without bending her head seemed to listen there for a little while. Satisfied apparently that he still slept, she came back slowly to where Michael stood and laid her hand upon his arm.

"I didn't think to speak of this which I *must* speak of, to one I never saw till yesterday; but trouble makes strangers soon acquainted sometimes, and it seems as if the Lord had sent you that we might not be *quite* alone in our misfortune to-day. Well, Michael Swift, the truth is, I dare not look to Miss Ambray to help us, because I feel guilty before her. She calls me mother, and my heart misgives me so I dare not look at her when she kneels beside me and lays her proud head in my lap and will have me talk of George. I know she often wonders why I let it cost her so much humbling of herself,



and so many blushes before I do so, but oh, if she knew how the least word that I say of him to her seems to blister my tongue and heat my face—if she knew how I long to go down on my poor old knees before her and say to her, ‘Sweet soul, forgive us! my boy cares no more for you than for the father and mother he has set at nought.’ Oh, how the girl would rise and look at me!”

Michael’s averted eyes became more and more dreary and heavy-looking as Mrs. Ambray made him feel the strength and trustfulness and humility of Nora’s love for her son, though it was evident that the suspicion of George Ambray’s faithlessness did not surprise him in the least.

“I can—I think I can understand your feelings in this matter,” he said, when he had made Mrs. Ambray sit down, and both had been silent a little while; “but excuse me, if I say that I still think you wrong to doubt about letting the young lady know of her aunt’s day’s work yesterday.”

Mrs. Ambray looked up at him searchingly.

Michael smiled.

“You think I’m speaking one word for the master and two for the man, I see,” he said. “No, begging your pardon, you are wrong there. I could take my lines and get work anywhere. I speak only for your good.”

“I don’t doubt you,” answered Mrs. Ambray, wiping her eyes proudly. “You are not the only one who has been taken with the master at first sight. But as to sending to Nora——”

“It must be done for the master’s sake,” asserted Michael, with gentle decision; “it must be done.”

Mrs. Ambray shook her head.

“It’s impossible,” she declared. “Who can tell her?”

“Why I can, if nobody else can,” answered Michael promptly.

“Bless the man! don’t you know Stone Crouch is twelve miles from here,” she said; “and Jane Grist will be home at eleven, and it’s near ten now, and the master’ll be up directly he wakes, and wanting you to go to the farm with him. What’s the good of talking in that way?”

“The master has a horse for the little wagon in the shed there?” asked Michael.

“Yes he has,” replied Mrs. Ambray gloomily. “Poor old Fleetfoot, who takes an hour to get down the hill to the smithy.”

“Isn’t there some neighbour who would lend a beast for the master’s sake in such a strait as this?”

“No,” answered Mrs. Ambray shortly;

“those that would can’t, and those that could won’t.”

“Surely now,” said Michael, looking blank; “well, the country’s very much like London in some respects. What are we to do?”

“There’s only one thing I can think of, and that’s ridiculous,” said Mrs. Ambray at last.

Michael brightened.

“You heard Ma’r S’one speak of Simon? Well, he is Mrs. Grist’s nephew, and is supposed to have the management of things when the mistress is away, though Ma’r S’one really has to do everything and mind Simon into the bargain, who is as frightened at Jane Grist as Ma’r S’one himself is.”

“Then how can we expect him to help us?”

“Because he’s still more frightened at Nora Ambray; and to please her might p’raps be scared into going to her himself or lending us a horse.”

“But who’s to work up Mr. Simon’s feelings to the necessary state? Were *you* thinking of going to him? Could you go?”

“*Me* go? *I* go prowling about Jane Grist’s premises when she’s away! No, Michael Swift, not quite that, even to save the mill.”

“Then shall I take Mr. Simon a message from you,” asked Michael, “and manage him as best I can?”

“No, no,” answered Mrs. Ambray, “a message from me would do harm instead of good. This Simon hates us because of George. He would only be too glad to see us driven from the mill. It’s only the fear of Nora’s anger that would make him do what you want.”

“Then I must go and find him, and do my best, and take my chance,” said Michael, looking round for his cap. “There’s no time to lose. Good-bye for the present. When you see me again I hope it will be on one of Mrs. Grist’s best horses.”

It was scarcely half-an-hour after Michael left the miller’s house that he was seen riding on a lazy but strong little cob, which was much stared at by two ladies squeezed closely together in an uncomfortably small and high chaise which Michael met crawling along at a very dignified pace indeed.

He thought that one of the ladies stretched out her neck to look after him as he passed; of this, however, he could not be sure, but he was in no doubt at all as to a shrill and rather a nasal voice exclaiming in tones that the fresh breeze brought very clearly to his ear—

“Ann Ditch! I could ha’ swore that there was my horse!”

## CHAPTER VIII.

NOT since the days when Nora Ambray used to smuggle him from the farm stables for George's use, had the cob known such a rider as he bore that morning. At first he showed much surprise and temper, and endeavoured by swerving from side to side, making dead halts, and kicking, to prove to Michael his utter inability to go at such a pace as that to which he urged him. In a little while, however, he appeared to be growing interested and excited over his own powers so drawn out and put to the proof by Michael; and before long he entered fully into the spirit of Michael's resolute and headlong haste, and overtook and distanced everything on the road before him with all the vigour and impetuosity of his best days. These, certainly, were not *quite* so far back as long idleness and overfeeding had made them seem to him.

"There, old fellow," said Michael, as he gave him a hasty breakfast at the village below the hill that led up to Stone Crouch. "You've not enjoyed a bit as you do this for many a long day, I know. You're like a good many of your betters, you are: you've laid lazying and licking the sugar off life till you've forgot the taste of a good, deep, hearty bite."

Stone Crouch was reached before Michael had satisfied himself in the least as to what he should say to Miss Ambray when he saw her, or what message he should send in to her if she refused to see him.

The house was long, low, and of a greenish white stone, lower in the middle than at the two ends, which formed two square towers newer than the other part and whiter. Before it spread meadow after meadow, swept clean and clear by the March winds right down to the sea. Behind it a line of poplars swayed, top-heavy with noisy rooks.

This much Michael could afterwards remember of the outside of Stone Crouch, and no more. He could never recall the face of the servant to whom he spoke the words he said, or the door by which he entered; for the moment he found himself actually asking for the person whom he had come to seek, his head turned as dizzy as when he first heard the noise of the grindstone and the sails in the lane to the High Mills.

The next thing which he remembered, and which he never forgot, was the sound of music and singing that kept breaking off and being followed by peals of laughter and by a chattering of many voices; from which

Michael understood that a number of young people were practising a song, but growing tired of it, and lightening the lesson by snatches of other songs, by witticisms on each other's mistakes, remonstrances for order and attention, and reckless wanderings into soft dance tunes.

From the voices that called to order, and the voices that laughed, Michael's ear instantly singled out one, and hearkened for it, and to it, only. He had never heard Nora's voice before, but he was certain that this one was hers. It did as the others did—sang, scolded, and laughed; and *here* it said to him, "*I am the stray bird you have come to seek,*" he knew not, but it did say as much to him very plainly. It seemed to belong to her name—to her story—to the hope deferred that "*maketh the heart sick,*" and which was hers—to her strong faith in the absent, to her love and her watching, to the little mill, to the names cut there, to the parting that happened there, to the lips that kissed the names upon the bin but yesterday, when the mill-sails on all the heights were resting, and the tenderness of night and silence crept along the downs.

"Suppose Miss Ambray sings it alone once more," Michael heard above the merry confusion, and he thought, "Now I shall hear if this really is the voice."

Entreaties followed, the song was sung, and Michael found that he was right.

He could not at first catch many of the words, but the spirit of the song, the voice, and the accent, made him feel unable to stand. Never had the effects of what had befallen him appeared more fearful than at this moment.

He held the heavy dining-room chair, and prayed that God might mercifully keep him unseen by any eye but his for a little while.

And Nora went on singing—

"What will you do, love,  
I'll come to you;  
When you are lying down,  
The sleep will come."

Then, as in the last line, her voice rose in triumphant faith and constancy, drops of sweat stood on Michael's forehead, his lips parted and whitened, and he stared before him like one gazing at a mother looking a dead child in her arms without knowing it is dead, or at warm blood flowing for a cause that is lost.

Michael afterwards heard from Nora that it was old Miss Milwood, the general's sister, who had taken him into the dining-room, and who had been standing by Nora till her song



was finished to tell her that a messenger from Lamberhurst was waiting to see her.

It was the same old lady who now came to the door with Nora, and went away again, shutting in the music and voices.

Michael took his hand from the chair, and used his whole strength to keep it steady as he held his cap crushed against his side.

At first he felt surprised and chilled at the brightness of Nora's dress, then surprise at himself for being surprised, and fear at the thought of what folly he might be guilty of next.

She came towards him, and he looked at her and took in her image at once and for ever. He knew her nearly as well at that moment as he did in aftertimes when he saw her every day. He understood at once that this Nora Ambray was a woman whose heart was a tyrant to her beauty—which, fresh as it was, was tried and fretted as May leaves are when cold winds return. Lovely as the blue eyes were, and possessed of little points of light ready to spread and brighten into visible laughter at any moment, Michael saw in them the worn, strained look, telling unmistakably of wakefulness and tears, and over-hasty, heart-hurting conclusions concerning the world they looked out upon with so strange a mixture of longing and defiance.

She stood before Michael with all her faults and virtues, all her soul in her face, yet with a certain haughty turn of the chin and lowering of the tender petulant eyelids which seemed to denote most perfect confidence in her own powers of self-concealment, and a calm defiance of the world's scrutiny.

All this Michael saw in Nora when he first looked in her face as she stood waiting for him to speak, her eyes softening with thoughts of home—her lacework frame held laxly by one hand—a great brown tress rising and falling on her heart—restless and eager for his news.

Seeing him so silent and so pale, Nora began to suspect all was not well, and questioned him at first gently.

"You have come from my Uncle Ambray's?"

So George's affianced wife had spoken to him, and must be answered.

His voice seemed gone. He bowed his head.

The brown tress began to stir more quickly—the fingers to tighten on the lace-frame.

"Something is the matter," said Nora. "What is it? Have they had news—bad news?"

He moved his shoulders, he moistened his lips, and tried to look back to his mission, to that morning's history, which Nora's presence had driven far from him, and, in his endeavour to think of it only, he answered clumsily—

"Yes, that is it. Yes, they have had bad news."

"From London?"

He looked at the little lace-frame thrown down, at the hands clasped over the tremulous curl and heart, and saw what he had done, and let his horror show itself in his eyes, looking into hers as they questioned him.

At that moment he seemed scarcely able to keep his reason.

"London!" he repeated. "No. Who said from London? I did not—I am *sure* I did not!"

"But you mean it!" cried Nora. "Tell me at once what it is. Perhaps you have been told not to tell me. But that is nonsense. I must hear. You must tell me at once."

She looked at him, and took fresh and fresh alarms from his pallor and the suffering in his eyes.

Unable to support herself, she sat down by the table, on which she clasped her hands tightly, and, averting her face from Michael, bent her head like one trying to turn a great agony to prayer. Then she looked up, and asked, with an unnatural calmness in her voice and face—

"What is it? I wish to hear the truth. What have you come to say? You have had news about George Ambray. Tell it quickly."

She wished to hear the truth; Michael understood that much; in one word he might tell it, and for an instant a passion for truth seized him, and almost made him speak the word that would cover an honest name with infamy, and a sunny hopeful life with despair and misery.

"No," he cried, with sudden strength; "you mistake, I am a stranger. I—I was sent about the mills to you—nothing else."

"Are you speaking truly?"

"My message was, that Mrs. Grist, of Buckholt Farm, let the High Mills yesterday; that Mr. Ambray is going this morning to the farm about it, and your aunt thought you would wish to interfere. This was my message, and I had no other. They have not heard from London—that I know too; and that—is all—I had to tell Miss Ambray."

Nora rose indignant about the letting of

the mills, but with her indignation Michael saw there had come a rush of sweet comfort and fresh hope; and he hung his head and his face darkened.

"Tell them I am—no—only tell them I shall be there as soon as possible. You will make haste back?"

"I will."

"You should stay and have something, for you look tired; but I think you had better not, as this is very important."

She was putting her hand into her pocket as she spoke and drawing out a little purse.

Opening it, she involuntarily glanced up to see what her messenger might be worth, and, meeting the great honest eyes full of gentle dignity looking at her, she felt half inclined to put it back, but pride caused her to refuse to give way to this impulse, and she held something out to him with an imperious air, as if daring him to refuse it.

"You are very good," said Michael, with



Page 371.

great gentleness; "but my time is the master's—in the mill or out of it."

He had spoken too humbly for her to be angry—she only looked confused, as she snapped her purse to and put it in her pocket; but the next instant she looked at him with bright commendation, and said simply—

"Then I thank you for coming; and you will make haste back?"

"I will," answered Michael.

Another minute, and he was once more on the road, looking back at the great wind-swept meadows, clean and ready for their summer wealth, from the house to the sea,

and at the top-heavy poplars, swaying their noisy heads against the sky.

#### CHAPTER IX.

MRS. AMBRAY'S face, when she opened the garden-gate to Michael, told him at once that the miller was up, waiting to go to the farm, and angry at his absence.

"What have you done with the cob?" she whispered.

"I didn't know what to do with him," replied Michael, "so I've given the blacksmith a shilling to take care of him till I'd asked you."

"You must leave him there, then, for the



present. You mustn't keep the master waiting another instant; and, mind, I've let him think I saw you asleep through the mill window and couldn't make you hear; he's not surprised, for we've seen that you've not been in your bed at all."

As Michael entered, Ambray was standing up, with his tall Sunday hat in his hand. He chose to wear that, instead of his white cap, not from respect to the lady he was about to visit, but because he wished to assume as much dignity as possible on his much-hated errand.

"Pray, is this one of your London habits," he said to Michael, "sleeping in the day, instead of the night?"

"But I slept in the night too, master," answered Michael, rubbing his eyes. "I've had more walking than I've been used to this last day or so—I suppose that's it."

"And what was the matter with your room that you couldn't sleep there, like a Christian?"

"Why, to tell the truth, I hardly felt like a Christian in it," Michael said, turning to Mrs. Ambray with a look of complimentary apology. "When the mistress shut me in, and I looked at the pink walls and the pink and white bed, all rosetted and beveled, I felt like a dog in a bandbox with somebody's best bonnet."

The miller smiled grimly.

"You must let him have the attic," he said to his wife, "if—ay, *if*—he stays. Come," he added, turning to Michael, "are you ready *now*?"

Mrs. Ambray went with them as far as the mills, and watched them down the White Lane, feeling a great liking for Michael, as she saw how carefully he guided the miller's weak steps without seeming to guide them at all.

The day was fortunately very warm, and Ambray felt that the air, after his long sleep, was reviving and giving him courage.

"It was just such a day as this when my son went away," he said, turning and looking up towards the mill-field. "I remember the wind was west'ly because he turned the mill round for me—last thing. He didn't like me to have to do even that much—*then*."

Michael said nothing, but he never afterwards turned the mill to catch the west wind without remembering that it was so George Ambray's eyes had last seen it.

The house of Buckholt Farm was about a quarter of a mile from the High Mills, and stood with its side to the road. It had been an old manor-house, with all sorts of quaint irregularities of architecture and green over-

growths; but Mrs. Grist, after the death of her first husband, had behaved very hardly to it, seizing upon it as on some happy neglected child, and shearing off its ivy locks, white-washing the fruit-stains from its face, tearing away its flower-garlands, and rendering it miserably tidy.

The white blinds were drawn up to precisely the same height at all the windows, from basement to garret. The door, which in the time of the miller's father had been used to stand open, showing the gleam of the oak passage and silver-mounted stag-horns, was closed, and had an obstinate, inhospitable look.

Some snow-drops shivered in the wintry garden, looking lost and strange like pale spirits who had mistaken the day of resurrection, and come forth before the world was ready.

There was nothing stirring in the yard outside the garden but a bundle of hay moving horizontally along, with two trembling drab things under it which Michael recognised as Ma'r S'one's legs.

In the field beyond piles of hop-sticks were "weathering," ready to be "cranked" or tarred; and the hop-gardens, where the present mistress of Buckholt Farm had once picked the hops barefooted, lay sloping southwards past the little Norman church of another parish.

Against the house at the left of the door a large bundle of birch was fastened by a leather band nailed across it. It looked to Michael so like a symbol of Mrs. Grist's domestic discipline, that he was relieved by seeing the miller rub his shoes against it, and so make known to him its right use. He afterwards found this primitive scraper and door-mat at most of the inland farms and mills of South-downshire.

When Ambray lifted his hand to the knocker, he turned his head and looked up at the High Mills, as if the sight of them should give him the courage that he was evidently lacking; for Michael saw his face had grown paler since they had left the road, and heard, too, that his breathing was becoming short and hard.

The front windows were partially open, and through them, as soon as the miller had knocked, came the sound of the same voice Michael had heard when passing the ladies in the chaise on his way to Stone Crouch.

"Ann Ditch," cried the voice, "whoever's that knocking at the fore door? It's not Nara's knock, I know. Go round and see."

In a minute steps came round from the

back, and looking in their direction, Michael saw a stout young woman with a hard mouth and a squint, who no sooner caught sight of the miller than she ran back again the same way she had come.

She evidently told her mistress who her visitor was; for the same voice was heard exclaiming—

"And why on 'arth didn't you tell John Ambray to go round to the back door? You know I never has the fore door open 'cept when Nara's at home!"

Ambray raised his hand and knocked a little more loudly than before. Michael would have urged upon him the advisability of at least making a pacific entrance; but something in the miller's face forbade him to interfere.

Ann Ditch appeared again and gave her message—

"Will you come round to the back-door, please?"

The miller did not even turn his head and look at her; and his only reply to her request was another almost frenzied knock.

Ann Ditch, in running back, met Ma'r S'one, relieved of his burden, and consulted with him.

He advanced trembling.

"Do'ee come to the back just fur peace an' quiet, Mars John," he entreated.

Ambray turned and looked at him, and Michael saw something deeper than anger in his eyes as they rested on the old man's face.

"What! Ma'r S'one," said he in a husky but not ungentle voice; "and do *you* think that's the right way for your good old master's sons to come into this house?"

Ma'r S'one accepted the bitterness of the reproof with all his little heart and mind.

"No, Mars John," he cried in great distress; "no, no; I don't, I don't; but, O Lord have mercy upon us and 'cline our 'erts to keep this la'!"

Which law Ma'r S'one alluded to was not known, but this was his invariable adjuration when he saw human passions getting beyond control, or sorrow unendurable; and there had been times when his helpless cry had fallen on tempted hearts with more meaning than Ma'r S'one was aware of.

To his great relief, his mistress proved less obstinate than her visitor; for, after Ann Ditch had gone back a second time, she sent her to open the front door, and Ambray, leaning heavily on Michael's arm, went in.

"Missis is in the parlour," said Ann, leading the way, and into the parlour they followed her.

This room was one kept entirely for use, and showed no attempt whatever at ornament, unless it might be in the manner the sausages were festooned from a rope close to the ceiling, almost crowning, like victorious wreaths, the Sunday hats of Simon and Ma'r S'one, which also hung suspended by their brims from the same rope.

Mrs. Grist sat at the table, casting up her accounts, and pretending for a minute to be too much engrossed to look up when they came in.

Michael looked at her face in vain for one remaining trace of the beauty which had been the cause of John Ambray's poverty. It had vanished as entirely as that year's hops which had garlanded and cast the sweet glamour of dancing lights and shadows over it.

Fat, white, and pasty, with small, almost colourless eyes, low brows, insignificant nose and mouth, double chin, black hair jauntily rolled up into a knob at the back of her head—no waving hop-garlands, no mingling of shadows and lights, no glamour could make that face seem lovely for one moment now. The rose had fallen, the perfume vanished, the thorn lived, strong and sharp.

"Twenty pence is one and eightpence," said Mrs. Grist. "Good mornin', John Ambray."

"Good morning, Jane," answered the miller sternly and curtly.

"And four's two shillin's. Ann Ditch, I won't put up t' harse at that there Lion again—it costis me twice as much as it do at the Dorphin. Well, John Ambray, I wonder as you shud 'sist so on havin' the fore door opened, speshly with a passel o' men's feet with you, to tread all over the place."

"I don't often trouble my father's house, Jane Grist," replied the miller, more sully than angrily; "but when I do have occasion to come into it I shall never do as by any other door than the one he came in at when he came home wounded from Winterton; and that he went out at in his coat, with his head on my brother George's shoulder, and his feet on mine."

"Two and three's five, and seven's twelve," continued Mrs. Grist placidly. "I suppose you've come about the mill, John Ambray—of course you have. Well, it's a very odder thing, there's no doubt o' that, very odder; but same time you can't expect me to keep two great Limerick mills like that standin' there lead in the wind, and clutterin' the farm for nothing. I only wonder as your own case didn't show you that long ago, and lead you to turn your hand to



something else, speshly as Garge is gone the road to ruin."

"Now leave *George's* name alone, Jane," cried the miller quickly and agitatedly, "whatever you say to me."

"I'm willin' enough to do that, John Ambray, and I'm not going to pretend as it's not a great marcy for Nara's sake as he's kept away. It's natural as I shud be thankful to see her prospec's all right again, and I am thankful. As to that Garge, I always said as you wouldn't lose much if you was never to see him again."

Ambray, quivering with anger, was turning upon her, when Michael stopped him by a monitory touch of his foot.

He paused, and his cough took away the strength of his passion.

"I told you before, Jane," he said at last faintly and with a great effort at calmness, "I did not come to talk of my son, but about the mills. It's quite right what you've been saying; of course I know I could not expect you to let us go on in the way we have been doing, and I came to tell you I have made up my mind to take a man, and get things all straight again; and I am sure I needn't say how Esther and me'll pinch and live on a mere nothing till we've paid off the long score you have against us."

"Now, what *are* you talking about, John Ambray?" cried Mrs. Grist, looking up with her pen in the middle of a column of figures; "one 'ud think you was pretending you *didn't* know the mills was let, which is nonsense, as I wrote off about it last night, and Ma'r S'one went up this mornin', and everything behindhand in consequence, a purpose to tell you."

"What does she say?" said Ambray, turning to Michael, and passing his hand over his face with a sort of laugh; "she's let the mills? Hah! I'd like to see her do it."

Ma'r S'one had just been putting wood on the fire, and was creeping out again, shaking his head; and Michael caught as he passed by him, murmured in a solemn patient sigh the words—"To keep this la'."

"Ann Ditch!" called Mrs. Grist. "Do come here and tell me whether you meant this for a eight or a five. I *never* see such a girl for figgerin' in all my life!"

Before Ann could approach the table, the miller's fist had descended upon it, close by Mrs. Grist's ink-bottle and account-book.

"Look here, Jane," said he, leaning over it and bending down to make his face even with hers, "I've worked in the High Mills, and they've been looked on as mine since I was seventeen, and now I'm seventy-one. Now look me in the face, I say, if you dare, and tell me that you—you—you—who came from starving in ditches to fatten on the plenty of this house, have let 'em away from me, have beggared me!"

"It's a five," said Mrs. Grist. Then closing her book, she added, "Really, John Ambray, how vi'lent you are—there's the ink all over the table."

Ambray slowly drew himself up and stood erect, while despair and anger strove with equal strength for possession of him.

Suddenly, as he stood staring before him, Michael saw his eyes soften, his head uplifted wistfully.

"Never mind, Ma'r S'one," said the voice Michael had been listening for ever since he entered the house, "he will have a long rest, for I'm not going back to-day."

"Why, Nara!" cried Mrs. Grist, "it's never you?"

As Michael's eyes fell on her when she came in from the passage—the three farm dogs licking her trailing habit, and making frantic, but hesitating, leaps at her hands—he saw instantly that some great change had come over her.

The strained, wan look had gone from her eyes, which seemed to fill the room with light and sweetness as they came into it.

The sight of this new joy and peace in her startled Michael, and filled him with a vague alarm, and set him questioning himself fearfully as to what it could mean.

Seeing Ambray, Nora went straight to him, and laying her hands on his breast, looked up into his face, and smiled such a smile as Michael never before dreamed of.

The miller also looked half afraid of Nora's happiness. Placing a trembling hand on her shoulder, he uttered her name, half questioningly half reproachfully.

"Nora!"

She bowed her head twice, as if unable to do more, then laid her cheek against him, and sobbed out—

"Yes, yes; we will kill the fatted calf and make ready. The dear, dear prodigal is found, and I know that he will soon be here."

## A SEMI-DUTCH TOWN.

OF the seas which wash Great Britain not one has played a more important part than that dividing it from northern Europe. Wide enough to immediately separate enemies, yet not too wide to prevent ready access of friends, the opposite shores have for ages been bound together in varying but indissoluble communion. Migration, war and rapine, trade and manufactures, fisheries and embankments, art and letters, religious persecutions, the ties of kindred and the amenities of friends, have wrought lasting effects from the mouth of the Tyne to the mouth of the Thames; but more particularly and immediately on that eastern peninsula which stretches so far into its waters. From the time that Norwich ceased to be a port, by the silting up of the mouth of the Yare—the old Roman estuary of the Garienus—and the congress of East Anglian and Flemish fishermen formed the nucleus of a new port and town on the most accessible and securest sandbank bordering river and sea, Great Yarmouth, as the new port was styled, was till within recent years singularly Dutch in all its aspects. The rows or short alleys which connected its narrow streets, the courtyards behind the old trading-houses, were all essentially Dutch, and the well-to-do inhabitants had, many of them, their little sandy gardens without the town just as any citizen of Haarlem, Amsterdam, or Utrecht had his. Here they smoked their pipes and contemplated their tulips in little wooden summer-houses as complacently as Dutch mynheers.

From the period of the Reformation in Germany this Dutch influence became marked. It increased during the period of the English Commonwealth, and culminated in the reign of William of Orange and subsequently. Great Yarmouth was for many years the curiosity-shop of Europe. For during the religious wars in Germany and the Netherlands Protestants, flying their country, brought with them incredible riches in manuscripts, early printed books, paintings and relics of every kind. A large amount of these became in time scattered over England, but the fugitives—almost always in distress—had often to part with all, or at least the best of their goods on first reaching shore, so that enough and to spare remained in the town. Added to this, Dutch traders, fishermen, and even pleasure-seekers, poured in a ceaseless flow of goods, in the shape of pottery, spices, butter, cheese, distilled spirits, silk and linen

goods. Much of this trade was contraband, as it was everywhere around the coast—for the very excess of the Excise Laws of the time encouraged smuggling to an enormous extent. The social and individual morality of the age was low, and the majority of the people took pleasure in defeating revenue officers and excisemen. To add to this ferment of trade between coast and coast, the Dutch held an annual fair at Great Yarmouth, and brought to it the quaintest imaginable toys. Hideous wooden dolls, that would have thrown the children of our more artistic generation into fits; windmills worked by a string, and dogs, sheep, cats, and bears, with porcupine skins, carved in a soft and very white pinewood. The sharp-pointed surfaces of these toys were sufficient to make a baby cry. Then there was Dutch gingerbread, and Dutch cakes of a more ponderous and indigestible character, and a large variety of other trifles.

Thus from about 1650 to 1750, the inhabitants of Great Yarmouth, indeed of many seaport towns from the Humber to Harwich, had for use the finest Dutch pottery; whilst the more inland parts of England were necessitated to be content with the heavy, shapeless crockery of Staffordshire, or the warped and flimsy white wares, half-smuggled, half paying an almost prohibitory duty—imported from Boulogne, Ostend, Havre, and other immediate continental ports. London, Liverpool, and Bristol were in some measure exceptions to this rule. Like Great Yarmouth, they were well supplied with foreign ware, and this continued till the genius of one man—Josiah Wedgwood—revolutionised the whole trade, and caused, in less than twenty years, England to be an exporter instead of an importer of fictilia. Yarmouth also received a large quota of oriental porcelain, and this not so much by actual commerce as through the personal traffic of seamen who touched the port from foreign service. Jack looked regardingly upon the dish, plate, or bowl he had won by pillage or barter, not because it was pellucid or finely-coloured, but because he could exchange it for so much rum or tobacco.

A sketch of one of these old trading houses, and its every-day customs, may help to picture this half-Dutch seaport more vividly than a general description. Passing through one of the streets near the quay—a main street, though curved and narrow like a London City lane—you reached what looked like a general shop; for tea, sugar, spices, and



other groceries were mingled in its windows with butter, cheese, biscuits, and bacon. The well-known effigy of the Indian, in plaster figurine, about two feet high, graced each corner-stall, and two large Portugal jars stood just within. Contrasting this dusky-looking shop with its two bow-windows, its narrow door between, with one somewhat wider at the side, with the shops of modern days, it might have appeared a small and sordid place, but a glance at the interior and the great flagged court-yard at the rear, with its storing-houses around, would have changed this opinion. For business purposes, this rearward court was reached from a row leading into the market-place; whilst from the house a door opened from a large square hall, into which led the passage from the street. Another door opened into a large family parlour, and beside it was a wide oak staircase, with heavy balustrades and noticeable landings.

This hall, parlour, staircase, landings, and rooms were literally crammed with pottery and porcelain, old glass, lacquered goods, and a thousand other things. As was the fashion of the time, even corners were made available. Triangular shelves fitting therein, in size diminishing from floor to ceiling, held great nests of basins, nests of dishes, wonderful monsters in the rarest oriental clays. The parlour had its buffets, corners, and window-seats filled in a like manner; and all up the staircase the sides and landings were crowned with a succession of bowls, jars, and vases—each of which would have been a study to a modern connoisseur. But the large parlour above shop and passage, in those days called a “tea-room,” was the receptacle of still choicer goods, stored in buffets and on shelves and tables. Beautiful translucent figuline fit for the hands of kings, beautiful contrasts in colours, such as those only who live nearer the sun than ourselves can give, mingled with tiny treasures wrought in ivory, silver, and crystalline stones. Every bed-room had its store of pottery, and in the garrets culminated the wealth of the house.

In the square hall below, amongst a few other old paintings, was one of coat-armour—a horse with a broken spear through its mouth. It was no new thing bought recently at Heralds’ College, but was a veritable piece of history; that and an old water-mill being all that was left of great family possessions. The old trader bore a territorial name; it was Norman, and said to have been on the roll of Battle Abbey. It had been given to two great manors, and the owners figure in

long knightly pedigrees in the pages of the county historian. But body had been cultivated at the expense of brain, the great estates were slowly dissipated, till at length, happily for themselves and the regeneration of their race, through industry and occupation, various members entered into trade. Some repaired to Norwich, and intermarrying with the Flemish population, became what were called “fine-piece weavers” and “India-red” dyers. Others went over to the Netherlands, and became merchants, innkeepers, and potters. In these callings they prospered, for one rose to be burgomaster of Amsterdam; the descendant of another was owner of some noted hotel in French Flanders at the period of the battle of Waterloo. As potters they excelled. One carried on a Delft potwork, and his two daughters became famous as painters on enamel—of shells, insects, and flowers. Some few of the non-emigrants kept to gentility and poverty, occasionally mending their lot by marriage or professions. But whatever their position, whether weavers or potters, soldiers or gentlemen, millers or traders, they all bore an extraordinary family likeness and impress of race, and were for the major part singularly handsome, tall, and aristocratic-looking men.

For more than one generation one or more of the sons of the owners of the old patronymic water-mill had settled in Norwich. One of them, a “fine-piece” weaver, had several sons, of whom one, a weaver also, became, in his old age, a verger in Norwich Cathedral, and there, about the year 1820, he was to be seen pacing up and down as stately an old man as the knightly effigies, recumbent and chiselled out of stone, he guarded. The Yarmouth trader was a brother of the verger. Being industrious in his calling, he soon acquired a little competency which enabled him to extend his business. He further improved his circumstances by marrying a handsome young girl whose means were considerable. Though only twenty-one years old when the trader married her, he was her third husband. So readily did women procure husbands in those days, 1778—1783, if they possessed the least recommendation of good looks, that she was married to her first husband when scarce sixteen. He died of some sudden illness three months afterwards, leaving his girl-wife well provided for. In a year she again married, this time to a young and well-to-do innkeeper, and he dying at the end of little more than a year, and his infant child also, all the substance of an old and noted inn became her

property. Much of this she sold with the goodwill of the house ; but enough remained when she went home to her third husband to excite the wonder and gossip of the town. It was stored in the old trading-house just bought with their accumulated means, and from this period was constantly increased by purchase and barter ; for one of the social facts and weaknesses of the period seems to have been this gathering and hording of things in kind. It was universal in the town ; increased perhaps by the fact that goods brought by seamen and others were to be had at any price. The Yarmouth housewives, like so many Dutchwomen, prided themselves on the possession of vast hoards of household linen of every character and of the finest and rarest fabrics. A portion of this, kept untouched, and stored in highly-carved linen-chests, only saw the light once a year to be aired, or more rarely washed. On these occasions it was carried to the little gardens without the town, or on to common-land, called the Denes. After a day's exposure to the sun, it was carefully refolded with rosemary, rose-leaves, bay-leaves, or lavender, within each fold, and again stored away. Forty pairs of the finest sheets, an equal complement of pillow-slips, table-cloths, napkins, and towels—all from the best looms of Ghent, Ypres, and Bruges—formed not rarely the contents of such chests, and this in addition to the floating bulk in daily use.

Like the good townsfolk of Liverpool, as described by Derrick in 1767, the middle classes of Great Yarmouth appear to have been a cheerful, companionable, and kindly race, mixing freely with each other, and this, as it seems, with a far less share of class prejudices than exist at present. If the morning was fine, the traders of this particular street—when their knee and shoe buckles had been brightened and their queues set in order—sunned themselves at their respective doors and exchanged greetings. Then came the news of the day and family gossip, and these discussed, the more intimate joined in a walk to the market-place if it were market-day ; if not, they went down to the harbour to see what vessels were in, and this with an eye to the day's business. From the harbour they would stroll to the jetty, and after a gossip with their cronies, the revenue officers, they would take a glance through their telescopes, as to ships in the offing ; and, in time of war, to sight a few line-of-battle ships generally betokened coming trade. The saunter invariably concluded with a visit to that part of the beach where the fishing-boats

just in from sea were disposing, by auction, of their night's catch. The finest fish were thus to be had for a mere song, and the fishwives earned an additional penny by carrying it to the purchasers' doors ; for all these traders kept capital tables, and this for a good reason.

Generally speaking, the trade in this half-Dutch seaport was of a humdrum character, though enlivened into something like bustle when certain winds filled the harbour with ships. To supply these sent a current of life-blood through the town. But in war time popular excitement was an every-day affair. During our war with America, the southern and eastern ports were less benefited by the consequent traffic and trade than those lying west, as Liverpool and Bristol. But in our contests with the Dutch and French, the eastern ports shared with those of the south in the trade and traffic consequent thereon. From the beginning of the war with France, in 1793, till the temporary cessation of hostilities, in 1803, a period of ten years, the sums taken in Great Yarmouth for the supplies of troops and ships must have reached a large sum. The town was always in a bustle ; but more especially when troops marched in as a coast defence or for embarkation, or when some dozen line-of-battle ships appeared on the horizon. The traders, always keeping on good terms with the men on the "look-outs"—high wooden structures, like windmills, on the Denes—had soon intelligence of the latter fact. Whether it was night or day, they prepared themselves for the certain result. The trader referred to, summoning all his men, hastened through his storehouses, and ordered the weighing of tobacco, tea, and other necessities ; and the baker who lived next door, whatever might be his stock of biscuit and bread, had soon his dough fermenting, his row of vast brick ovens alight, and his score of journeymen kneading biscuit in great troughs. This bakehouse was a most mediæval-looking place. It was entered at once from the street by three or four high steps, and there, in a view, were master, men, and processes, whilst the heat from the great ovens was intense.

Presuming that the line-of-battle ships were in the offing at early dawn, by noon or previously the pursers, in full regulation costume, and with a score of seamen behind each, were to be seen wending their way from the quay to the various shops and warehouses. Every Jack carried a sack, and, partly under his jacket, his invariable accom-



paniment of a bundle. One or more of the pursers entering the trader's courtyard or shop, would give in a list of necessities. Upon this they would be invited into the family parlour, and, if previously known, a great hand-shaking took place; if not, the greeting was scarcely more formal, and one result invariably followed,—they were invited to taste “schnaps,” which was immediately produced in a little queer green glass bottle. They were then asked to dinner; and, if the invitation was accepted, the good housewife hurried to her kitchen to give due orders; and then was found the value of a well-filled larder, and its choice assemblage of fish, flesh, and fowl.

But the pursers were busy men, and had to hurry away, even if they returned to partake of the trader's hospitality. It might be that some of the seamen followed them, or not; but, in either case, a sufficient number remained to make a show in the courtyard. There they would be, lounging on the steps of the storehouses, on tea-chests, or on the sacks already filled: a fine, hearty race of fellows, with a joke and a word for everybody, from the old nurse, who kept the keys and resided in some rooms above one of the stores, to the porters and journeymen. But Jack's eye was on the watch for the master. As soon as he made his appearance, and it was certain the purser was gone, Jack and his bundle were on the move. Bringing the master to a dead lock on a warehouse staircase, or in a shadowy corner, out came basin, cup, bowl, or plate, from the bundle, or even the waistband or shirtbreast.

“A fine plate, yer honour—real chany—two pounds of pigtail, say?”

“No, no, Jack; the house is full from top to bottom.”

Thus the dialogue was carried on, with the invariable ending, that Jack carried off a pound of pigtail, and the trader, who had a taste that way, consigned plate, bowl, or cup to such room of his house as it was considered worthy to occupy.

And this sort of barter was carried on all over the town; in clothes shops, in bakers' shops, in brokers' shops, in inns, and even in private dwellings; for Jack's bundle was always prolific, and his ideas of value of a vague and fluctuating kind.

It was by this method that oriental goods found their way into the town. Delft ware was more an object of private trade, as were also the numberless works of art of the best Dutch and other schools. In spite of the numerous sales which have taken place during

recent years, and the incessant hunt by connoisseurs for works of their class, the country seats and town houses of the Norfolk and Suffolk gentry still contain some of the noblest specimens of Hobbima, Vandervelde, Teniers, and others of the Dutch and Flemish schools of painting. With respect to manuscripts and rare books, they belonged to earlier periods; to the end of the sixteenth, as also to that of the seventeenth centuries, when they were brought over by the Flemings and other religionists fleeing their country. It was from sources chiefly of this character, and near at hand, that the well-known connoisseur, Dawson Turner, procured so many of the choice books and paintings which filled his library and rooms. From the same source came many of the admirable manuscripts and black-letter books which still enrich the library at Holkham, the seat of the Earl of Leicester. William Roscoe, of Liverpool, author of the “Life of Leo X.,” and other standard works, was the first to discover and arrange these treasures of the Holkham library, for his friend Thomas William Coke, the great Whig leader.

The Yarmouth trader had five children, three sons and two daughters. Of the former, two became soldiers, and served through the Peninsular war and long after; the youngest son went to sea as middy at a very early age, and was with Nelson at the bombardment of Copenhagen. The gazettes of the day recorded his name with honour. Of the daughters, one married whilst young, the other later in life, and after the death of her parents. Strange to say, the great beauty of the youngest daughter was a source of incessant anxiety to her father. He was proud that she inherited the good looks of his old aristocratic race, and he guarded her with watchful care. He would not let her go to school, or even out of his sight, except attended; for those were lawless times, and kidnapping not the only evil of a seaport town. Young girls of even ordinary good looks were pestered with suitors, and if beautiful the annoyance increased. The system of billeting officers on the higher and middle classes of a town added to this danger. A man had to receive strangers into the privacy of his home against his will; and even when these were men of honour and married those whom they addressed, the chance often was that orders to march or to embark came a week, or even less, after marriage; and, in case they did not accompany them, wives might not see their husbands for ten, fifteen, and, in some instances,

twenty years ; nay, occasionally never again. The trader might well thus guard his child ; for when she was only thirteen years of age, some foreign ships of war coming into port, had on board a Russian admiral. By some chance or another he saw the young girl ;

and thinking, perhaps, that English girls were bought and sold like Circassian slaves, he ventured that same night to the trader's house, accompanied by two Russian seamen bearing bags of coin as the purchase-money. He was told pretty peremptorily that he had



mistaken the customs of free England, and he departed in great chagrin. A little later, an officer of the line, and of good Devonshire family, addressed the father on her account. He would make a handsome settlement, and marry her at seventeen, provided she was

sent away to school during the interval ; and so deep was his admiration, that he employed a miniature-painter of eminence to come a long way to the town to take her likeness. But the father, not seeing the priceless advantage of education, and regarding only



his vow that his young daughter should never be removed from his protection till married, refused with firmness. At length, when she was about seventeen, her sister had a curious dream for several successive nights as to the appearance and dress of the successful suitor. A few days after, she was called into the hall by a servant, to speak to an officer just arrived on billet. He was an assistant-surgeon on the medical staff. When the interview was over, she came back to the parlour, and, laying her hand on her sister's shoulder, said in a whisper, "Your husband is come." And so it proved; for though she was kept out of his sight, he soon heard of her from others. The previous winter she had had a fall on a street slide, and hurt her knee; the family doctor was called in, but the pain continued. At length the army doctor, used to such cases, proffered his advice, and the result was a cure. He also fell in love; but without effect, so far as the father was concerned. But, as the old adage tells us, "Love laughs at locksmiths." The sister connived at the courtship; and, under pretence of taking the young girl an early morning walk, occasionally arranged a ten minutes' interview in the little Dutch garden without the town; the lover, at that time with his regiment elsewhere, having walked some forty miles through the night for the sake of this mere glimpse of his beloved. At length the father gave consent, and the lovers were married in one of those fine old Norwich churches once frequented by an almost Flemish population, and, at this later

date, surrounded by large temporary barracks. Thus, as a wife, the young girl passed much of her earthly pilgrimage through weal and woe; and, after twenty-one years of widowhood and simple independence, died a few years since, retaining to the last traces of her girlish beauty and her passion for the beautiful, displayed in the decoration of her little country home, and in collecting and mending choice objects in pottery. The old passion of her race was thus strong to the last. Her parents died before they reached old age; and their eldest daughter, grasping at all the substance, and wearying of a life of industry, left trade, and with it the credit and competency which would have been hers, and which a wiser woman would have guarded and husbanded with care. Journeying to a distant town, she stayed with relations, and at no late date made a wretched marriage. Through bankruptcy and poverty all she had grasped vanished. In old age she was forgotten by her children; and she and her husband ultimately died in either a union-house or something akin to it. Thus, accumulate as we will, and hoard as we will, the things of this earth pass away; and perhaps no feeling deepens with us so strongly as we advance in life, and the solemnity of the future opens before us with its hopes and fears, as that which proves to us the vanity of mere possession, and that to have peace, we must have lived, in some degree, for higher things than mere getting and spending.

ELIZA METEYARD.

## PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

### A Lecture to a Class of Young Men.

SOME of you may ask, and you have a perfect right to ask, why I, a clergyman, have chosen this subject for my lecture? Why do I wish to teach young men physical science? What good will the right understanding of astronomy or of chemistry, or of the stones under their feet, or of the plants or animals which they meet—What good, I say, will that do them?

In the first place, they need, I presume, occupation after their hours of work; and to give that this class was established. If any of them answer, "We do not want occupation, we want amusement. Work is very dull, and we want something which will excite our fancy, imagination, sense of humour. We want poetry, fiction, even a

good laugh or a game of play"—I shall most fully agree with them. There is often no better medicine for a hard-worked body and mind than a good laugh; and the man that can play most heartily when he has a chance is generally the man who can work most heartily when he must work. But there is certainly nothing in the study of physical science to interfere with genial hilarity. Indeed, some solemn persons have been wont to reprove the members of the British Association, and specially that Red Lion Club, where all the philosophers are expected to lash their tails and roar, of being somewhat too fond of mere and sheer fun, after the abstruse papers of the day are read and discussed. And as for harmless amusement,

and still more for the free exercise of the fancy and the imagination, I know few studies to compare with Natural History; with the search for the most beautiful and curious productions of Nature amid her loveliest scenery, and in her freshest atmosphere. I have known again and again working men who in the midst of smoky cities have kept their bodies, their minds, and their hearts healthy and pure by going out into the country at odd hours, and making collections of plants, insects, birds, or some other objects of natural history; and I doubt not that such will be the case with some of you.

Another argument, and a very strong one, in favour of studying some branch of physical science just now is this—that without it you can hardly keep pace with the thought of the world around you.

Over and above the solid gain of a scientific habit of mind, of which I shall speak presently, the gain of mere facts, the increased knowledge of this planet on which we live, is very valuable just now; valuable certainly to all who do not wish their children and their younger brothers to know more about the universe than they do.

Natural science is now occupying a more and more important place in education. Oxford, Cambridge, the London University, the public schools one after another, are taking up the subject in earnest; so are the middle-class schools; so, I trust, will all primary schools throughout the country; and I hope that my children, at least, if not I myself, will see the day, when ignorance of the primary laws and facts of science will be looked on as a defect, only second to ignorance of the primary laws of religion and morality.

I speak strongly, but deliberately. It does seem to me strange, to use the mildest word, that people whose destiny it is to live, even for a few short years, on this planet which we call the earth, and who do not at all intend to live on it as hermits, shutting themselves up in cells, and looking on death as an escape and a deliverance, but intend to live as comfortably and wholesomely as they can, they and their children after them—it seems strange, I say, that such people should in general be so careless about the constitution of this same planet, and of the laws and facts on which depend, not merely their comfort and their wealth, but their health and their very lives, and the health and the lives of their children and descendants.

I know some will say, at least to themselves, "What need for us to study science? There

are plenty to do that already; and we shall be sure sooner or later to profit by their discoveries; and meanwhile it is not science which is needed to make mankind thrive, but simple common sense."

I should reply, that to expect to profit by other men's discoveries when you do not pay for them—to let others labour in the hope of entering into their labours, is not a very noble or generous state of mind—comparable somewhat, I should say, to that of the fatted ox, who willingly allows the farmer to house him, till for him, feed for him, provided only he himself may lounge in his stall, and eat, and *not* be thankful. There is one difference in the two cases, but only one—that while the farmer can repay himself by eating the ox, the scientific man cannot repay himself by eating you; and so never gets paid, in most cases, at all.

But as for mankind thriving by common sense: they have not thriven by common sense, because they have not used their common sense according to that regulated method which is called science. In no age, in no country, as yet, have the majority of mankind been guided, I will not say by the love of God, and by the fear of God, but not even by sense and reason. Not sense and reason, but nonsense and unreason—prejudice and fancy—greed and haste—have led them to such results as were to be expected—to superstitions, persecutions, wars, famines, pestilence, hereditary disease, poverty, waste—waste incalculable, and now too often irremediable—waste of life, of labour, of capital, of raw material, of soil, of manure, of every bounty which God has bestowed on man, till, as in the eastern Mediterranean, whole countries, some of the finest in the world, seem ruined for ever: and all because men will not learn nor obey those physical laws of the universe, which (whether we be conscious of them or not) are all around us, like walls of iron and of adamant—say rather, like some vast machine, ruthless though beneficent, among the wheels of which if we entangle ourselves in our rash ignorance, they will not stop to set us free, but crush us, as they have crushed whole nations and whole races ere now, to powder. Very terrible, though very calm, is outraged Nature.

"Through the mill's of God grand  
 Surely, yet they grind exceedingly small.  
 Through His pit, and wait with patience,  
 With exactness grand, He all."

It is, I believe, one of the most hopeful among the many hopeful signs of the times, that the civilised nations of Europe and America are awakening, slowly but surely, to



this truth. The civilised world is learning, thank God, more and more of the importance of physical science; year by year, thank God, it is learning to live more and more according to the laws of physical science, which are, as the great Lord Bacon said of old, none other than "*Vox Dei in rebus revelata*"—the voice of God revealed in facts; and it is gaining, by so doing, year by year, more and more of health and wealth; of peaceful and comfortable, even of graceful and elevating, means of life for fresh millions.

If you want to know what the study of physical science has done for man, look, as a single instance, at the science of sanatory reform; the science which does not merely go to cure disease, and shut the stable door after the horse is stolen, but tries to prevent disease; and, thank God, is succeeding beyond our highest expectations. Or look at the actual fresh amount of employment, of subsistence, which science has, during the last century, given to men, and judge for yourselves whether the study of it be not one worthy of those who wish to help themselves, and, in so doing, to help their fellow-men. Let me quote to you a passage from an essay urging the institution of schools of physical science for artisans, which says all which I wish to say and more:—

"The discoveries of voltaic electricity, electro magnetism, and magnetic electricity, by Volta, Ørsted, and Faraday, led to the invention of electric telegraphy by Wheatstone and others, and to the great manufactures of telegraph cables and telegraph wire, and of the materials required for them. The value of the cargo of the Great Eastern alone in the present Bombay telegraph expedition is calculated at three millions of pounds sterling. It also led to the employment of thousands of operators to transmit the telegraphic messages, and to a great increase of our commerce in nearly all its branches by the more rapid means of communication. The discovery of Voltaic electricity further led to the invention of electro-plating, and to the employment of a large number of persons in that business. The numerous experimental researches on specific heat, latent heat, the tension of vapours, the properties of water, the mechanical effect of heat, &c., resulted in the development of steam-engines and railways, and the almost endless employments depending upon their construction and use. About a quarter of a million of persons are employed on railways alone in Great Britain. The various original investigations on the

chemical effects of light led to the invention of photography, and have given employment to thousands of persons who practise that process, or manufacture and prepare the various material and articles required in it. The discovery of chlorine by Scheele led to the invention of the modern processes of bleaching, and to various improvements in the dyeing of the textile fabrics, and has given employment to a very large number of our Lancashire operatives. The discovery of chlorine has also contributed to the employment of thousands of printers, by enabling Esparto grass to be bleached and formed into paper for the use of our daily press. The numerous experimental investigations in relation to coal-gas have been the means of extending the use of that substance, and of increasing the employment of workmen and others connected with its manufacture. The discovery of the alkaline metals by Davy, of cyanide of potassium, of nickel, phosphorus, the common acids, and a multitude of other substances, have led to the employment of a whole army of workmen in the conversion of those substances into articles of utility. The foregoing examples might be greatly enlarged upon, and a great many others might be selected from the sciences of physics and chemistry: but those mentioned will suffice. There is not a force of Nature, nor scarcely a material substance that we employ, which has not been the subject of several, and in some cases of numerous, original experimental researches, many of which have resulted, in a greater or less degree, in increasing the employment for workmen and others."—*Nature*, No. 25.

"All this may be very true. But of what practical use will physical science be to me?"

Let me ask in return, Are none of you going to emigrate? If you have courage and wisdom, emigrate you will, some of you, instead of stopping here to scramble over each other's backs for the scraps, like black-beetles in a kitchen. And if you emigrate, you will soon find out, if you have eyes and common sense, that the vegetable wealth of the world is no more exhausted than its mineral wealth. Exhausted? Not half of it,—I believe not a tenth of it—is yet known. Could I show you the wealth which I have seen in a single Tropic island, not sixty miles square—precious timbers, gums, fruits, what not, enough to give employment and wealth to thousands and tens of thousands, wasting for want of being known and worked—then you would see what a man who emigrates

may do, by a little sound knowledge of botany alone.

And if not. Suppose that any one of you, learning a little sound Natural History, should abide here in Britain to your life's end, and observe nothing but the hedge-row plants, he would find that there is much more to be seen in those mere hedge-row plants than he fancies now. The microscope will reveal to him in the tissues of any wood, of any seed, wonders which will first amuse him, then puzzle him, and at last (I hope) awe him, as he perceives that smallness of size interferes in no way with perfection of development, and that "Nature," as has been well said, "is greatest in that which is least." And more. Suppose that he went further still. Suppose that he extended his researches somewhat to those minuter vegetable forms, the mosses, fungi, lichens. Suppose that he went a little further still, and tried what the microscope would show him in any stagnant pool, whether fresh water or salt, of Desmidiæ, Diatoms, and all those wondrous atomies which seem as yet to defy our classification into plants or animals. Suppose he learnt something of this, but nothing of aught else. Would he have gained no solid wisdom? He would be a stupider man than I have a right to believe any of you to be, if he had not gained thereby somewhat of the most valuable of treasures, namely, that scientific habit of mind which (as has been well said) is only common sense well regulated, the art of seeing; the art of knowing what he sees; the art of comparing, of perceiving true likenesses and true differences, and so of classifying and arranging what he sees; the art of connecting facts together in his own mind, in chains of cause and effect; and that accurately, patiently, calmly, without prejudice, vanity, or temper. Accuracy, patience, freedom from prejudice, carelessness for all except the truth, whatever the truth may be—are not these virtues which it is worth any trouble to gain? Virtues, not merely of the intellect, but of the character; which, once gained, a man can apply to all subjects, and employ for the acquisition of all solid knowledge. And I know no study whatsoever more able to help a man to acquire that inductive habit of mind than Natural History.

True, it may be acquired otherwise. The study of languages, for instance, when properly pursued, helps specially to form it, because words are facts, and the modern science of philology, which deals with them, has become now a thoroughly inductive, and

therefore a trustworthy and a teaching science. But without that scientific temper of mind which judges calmly of facts, no good or lasting work will be done, whether in physical science, in social science, in politics, in philosophy, in philology, or in history.

Now if this scientific habit of mind can be gained by other studies, why should I, as a clergyman, interest myself specially in the spread of physical science? Am I not going out of my proper sphere to meddle with secular matters? Am I not, indeed, going into a sphere out of which I had better keep myself, and all over whom I may have influence? For is not science antagonistic to religion? and, if so, what has a clergyman to do, save to warn the young against it, instead of attracting them towards it?

First, as to meddling with secular matters. I grudge that epithet of secular to any matter whatsoever. But I do more; I deny it to anything which God has made, even to the tiniest of insects, the most insignificant atom of dust. To those who believe in God, and try to see all things in God, the most minute natural phenomenon cannot be secular. It must be divine; I say, deliberately, divine; and I can use no less lofty word. The grain of dust is a thought of God; God's power made it; God's wisdom gave it whatsoever properties or qualities it may possess. God's providence has put it in the place where it is now, and has ordained that it should be in that place at that moment, by a train of causes and effects which reaches back to the very creation of the universe. The grain of dust can no more go from God's presence, or flee from God's Spirit, than you or I can do. If it go up to the physical heaven, and float (as it actually often does) far above the clouds, in those higher strata of the atmosphere which the aeronaut has never visited, whither the Alpine snow-peaks do not rise, even there it will be obeying physical laws, which we term hastily laws of Nature, but which are really the laws of God; and if it go down into the physical abyss; if it be buried fathoms, miles, below the surface, and become an atom of some rock still in the process of consolidation, has it escaped from God, even in the bowels of the earth? Is it not there still obeying physical laws, of pressure, heat, crystallisation, and so forth, which are laws of God—the will and mind of God concerning particles of matter? Only look at all created things in this light—look at them as what they are, the expressions of God's mind and will concerning this universe in which



we live—"the voice of God," as Bacon says, "revealed in facts"—and then you will not fear physical science; for you will be sure that, the more you know of physical science, the more you will know of the works and of the will of God. At least, you will be in harmony with the teaching of the Psalmist. "The heavens," says he, "declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork. There is neither speech nor language where their voices are not heard among them." So held the Psalmist concerning astronomy, the knowledge of the heavenly bodies; and what he says of sun and stars is true likewise of the flowers around our feet, of which the greatest Christian poet of modern times has said—

"To me the meanest flower that grows may give  
Thoughts that do lie too deep for tears."

So, again, you will be at harmony with the teaching of St. Paul, who told the Romans "that the invisible things of God are clearly seen from the creation of the world, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead;" and who told the savages of Lycaonia that "God had not left himself without witness, in that He did good and sent men rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling men's hearts with food and gladness." Rain and fruitful seasons witnessed to all men of a Father in heaven. And he who wishes to know how truly St. Paul spoke, let him study the laws which produce and regulate rain and fruitful seasons, what we now call climatology, meteorology, geography of land and water. Let him read that truly noble Christian work, Maury's "Physical Geography of the Sea;" and see, if he be a truly rational man, how advanced science, instead of disproving, has only corroborated St. Paul's assertion, and how the ocean and the rain-cloud, like the sun and stars, declare the glory of God. And to come nearer to my special subject—to Natural History, popularly so called. If any one undervalues the science which teaches us concerning plants and animals, or thinks that nothing can be learnt from it concerning God—allow one who has been from childhood only a humble, though he trusts a diligent student of these sciences—allow him, I say, to ask in all reverence, but in all frankness, who it was who said, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow." "Consider the birds of the air—and how your Heavenly Father feedeth them."

Consider them. If He has bid you do so, can you do so too much?

I know, of course, the special application

which our Lord made of these words. But I know, too, from experience, that the more you study plants and birds, the more you will find that the special application itself is deeper, wider, more literally true, more wonderful, more tender, and if I dare use such a word, more poetic, than the unscientific man can guess.

But let me ask you further—do you think that our Lord in that instance, and in those many instances in which He drew his parables and lessons from natural objects, was leading men's minds on to dangerous ground, and pointing out to them a subject of contemplation, in the laws and processes of the natural world, and their analogy with those of the spiritual world, the kingdom of God—a subject of contemplation, I say, which it were not safe to contemplate too much?

I appeal to your common sense. If He who spoke these words were (as I believe) none other than the Creator of the universe, by whom all things were made, and without whom nothing was made that is made, do you suppose that He would have bid you to consider his universe, had it been dangerous for you to do so?

Do you suppose, moreover, that the universe, which He, the Truth, the Light, the Love, has made, can be otherwise than infinitely worthy to be considered? or that the careful, accurate, and patient consideration of it, even to its minutest details, can be otherwise than useful to man, and can bear witness of aught, save the mind and character of Him who made it? And if so, can it be a work unfit for, unworthy of, a clergyman, whose duty is to preach Him to all, and in all ways to call on men to consider that physical world which, like the spiritual world, consists, holds together, by Him, and lives and moves and has its being in Him?

And here I must pause to answer an objection which I have heard in my youth from many pious and virtuous people—better people in God's sight than I, I fear, can pretend to be.

It used to be said, "This would be all very true if there were not a curse upon the earth." And then they seemed to deduce, from the fact of that curse, a vague notion (for it was little more) that this world was the devil's world, and that therefore physical facts could not be trusted, because they were disordered, and deceptive, and what not.

Now, in justice to the Bible, and in justice to the Church of England, I am bound to say that such a statement, or anything like it, is contrary to the doctrines of both. It is

contrary to Scripture. According to it, the earth is not cursed. For it is said in Gen. viii. 21, "And the Lord said, I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake. While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night shall not cease." According to Scripture, again, physical facts are not disordered. The Psalmist says, "They continue this day according to their ordinance; for all things serve thee." And again, "Thou hast made them fast for ever and ever. Thou hast given them a law which cannot be broken."

So does the Bible (not to quote over again the passages which I have already given you from St. Paul, and One greater than St. Paul) declare the permanence of natural laws, and the trustworthiness of natural phenomena as obedient to God. And so does the Church of England. For she has incorporated into her services that magnificent hymn, which our forefathers called the Song of the Three Children; which is, as it were, the very flower and crown of the Old Testament; the summing up of all that is true and eternal in the old Jewish faith, as true for us as for them; as true millions of years hence as it is now—which cries to all heaven and earth, and from the skies above our heads to the green herb beneath our feet, "O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him for ever." On that one hymn I take my stand. That is my charter as a student of physical science. As long as that is sung in an Eng-

lish church, I have a right to investigate Nature boldly without stint or stay, and to call on all who have the will, to investigate her boldly likewise, and with Socrates of old, to follow the Logos whithersoever it leads.

The Logos. I must pause on that word. It meant at first, no doubt, simply speech, argument, reason. In the mind of Socrates it had a deeper meaning, at which he only dimly guessed; which was seen more clearly by Philo and the Alexandrian Jews; which was revealed in all its fulness to the beloved Apostle St. John, till he gathered speech to tell men of a Logos, a Word, who was in the beginning with God, and was God; by whom all things were made, and without Him was not anything made that was made; and how in Him was Life, and the Life was the light of men; and that He was none other than Jesus Christ our Lord.

Yes, that is the truth. And to that truth no man can add, and from it no man can take away. And as long as we believe that—as long as we believe that in his light alone can we see light—as long as we believe that the life around us, whether physical or spiritual, is given by Him without whom nothing is made—so long we shall not fear to meet light, so long we shall not fear to investigate life; for we shall know, however strange or novel, beautiful or awful, the discoveries we may make may be, we are only following the Word whithersoever He may lead us, and that He can never lead us amiss.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

## TO BABY KATHLEEN MARY.

LITTLE baby prattle,  
Little baby play,  
Little baby rattle  
On in thy bright way:  
Though but pretty nonsense  
It to some may prove,  
Seems it not in one sense  
Wisdom from above?

Thou to Heaven art nearer  
Than most things on earth,  
Dear by nature, dearer  
Through thy second birth:  
Thou, as with God's presence,  
Homes and hearts dost fill,  
All the bright world's pleasure  
Fresh around thee still.

Full of golden gleamings  
From thine upper home,  
Full of broken dreamings  
Of the days to come:  
Without one misgiving  
Shadow upon thee,  
Pure, as if still living  
In God's purity.

Life with soft pulsations  
Sets thee all aglow;  
Endless imitations  
Of the life below  
Fill thy days with beauty,  
Haunt thy dreams with care,  
Sunlights from the duty  
Thou wilt one day share.



He whose love redeemed thee  
 From the primal fall,  
 Tenderly esteemed thee  
 Teaching for us all :  
 Who would for His holy  
 Presence become meet,  
 Must sit down most lowly  
 Baby at thy feet.

Teach us to be gentle,  
 Teach us to be pure,  
 Chastisement parental  
 Teach us to endure ;  
 Though He must deny us,  
 Steadfast to believe ;  
 Trusting, though He try us,  
 Loving, though He grieve.



And lest aught unsightly  
 Fall from us on thee,  
 Taint thee though so slightly,  
 Spoil thy purity ;  
 In His Love to rear thee  
 Pure and undefiled,  
 To Him to endear thee,—  
 Help us Holy Child !

Little baby, hie thee  
 Off my child and play,  
 The God-Baby by thee  
 Watch from day to day :  
 Prattle on,—beside thee  
 Is His changeless love,  
 'Twill one day provide thee  
 Wisdom from above.

JOHN MONSEIL.

## THOUGHTS ON THE TEMPTATION OF OUR LORD.

BY THE EDITOR.

## V.—THE THIRD TEMPTATION.

"Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; and saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me. Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."—MATT. IV. 8—10.

TO meet his last temptation by Satan Jesus was led to a high mountain; but "whether in the body or out of the body" it may be difficult to determine. While the spiritual meaning of these temptations constitutes their value to us, and not the form or circumstances in which they occurred, yet I see no adequate reasons for rejecting the impression which the narrative naturally conveys, that this, as well as the other temptations, were historically true in their outward details as well as in their inner spirit. It is assumed by many able critics that this transaction must necessarily have taken place in a vision, however objective and real the tempter and his temptation were. Yet there is some presumption against this view from the fact, that it would form an exception to every other event in Christ's life as recorded in the Gospels. In the history of God's supernatural revelations to or dealings with men belonging to every dispensation, including patriarchs, prophets, apostles, nay, the very heathen, we have "abundant revelations" in divers manners—among others, by dreams and visions vivid as realities seen in the light of common day; but we have not one instance in the history of Jesus of any "vision-intercourse" between his spirit and the unseen world.

To what high mountain Jesus was led by the Spirit in order to endure this last terrible conflict with the enemy we are not informed. It may have been Hermon, which rears its snowy peak ten thousand feet above "the land," and where our Lord was afterwards transfigured when Moses and Elias appeared with Him in glory, and where the same voice was heard from heaven as at his baptism again declaring, "This is my beloved Son." Or it may have been Pisgah, from whose top God showed to Moses the land of promise. There would be a very peculiar significance in this temptation, giving to it a deeper meaning and interest, if it was this very land of promise which Satan specially pointed out to Christ, and whose kingdoms and glory he selected as representing the kingdoms and glory of that "world" which is discerned by the senses, or is alone capable of being desired and possessed by the spirit of evil.

But let us consider the nature of this

last, this most subtle and overpowering of all those attempts made to shake the faith of the Son of God in his Father, and thus to destroy his character and his work as the Messiah.

We hear no more of those words suggestive of doubt regarding God as his Father, "*If thou be the Son of God.*" That point Satan appears to assume as having been, for a time at least, settled. Here is one whose spirit of Sonship has, as yet, stood every trial; who has thus proved himself to be an exception to the whole human race, no member of which had ever been so severely attacked, or ever proved himself to be invincible.

But if Jesus is now recognised as being verily "the Son of God," what did this imply? Did the words, "This is my beloved Son," heard at his baptism, receive from these temptations such a meaning as could not be attached to any other son of man? Did the memories of a long past, the light of a day in Paradise whose sun had set in darkness, recall to Satan the existence of such a "Son of God" as he had never seen in, or associated with humanity? Could this be the seed of the woman who was to bruise the head of the serpent?—the Son of David who was to sit on his Father's throne to reign over the house of Israel, and of whose kingdom there was to be no end? If so, then Satan, as "the prince of this world," will meet this King and measure his power with Him in a great and decisive battle, and, if possible, destroy both Him and his kingdom.

In this temptation, it will be observed that there is not only a proposal made to our Lord, as in the other temptations, but that for the first time a reward also is promised, a bribe offered, to induce the Saviour to comply with the request to worship the devil. In whatever form the enemy had previously come, he appears now to have thrown off all disguise.

"Fall down and worship me!" The proposal was an outrageous one—one which ought to revolt any rational being, and one that was abhorrent to a holy and obedient Son. But is not every temptation to evil essentially of the same character, whether men see it or not in its true light? And were we possessed of the Spirit of "the



Son," would not evil in any form always appear to us as the one awful mystery of falsehood to be condemned, hated, and loathed? When we look at this temptation in the light of Christ, and from his point of view, we feel how utterly impossible it was for Him to treat the proposal and the bribe in any other way than He did; but, looking at both as a wicked spirit like Satan must have done, we can quite understand how he might have believed himself sure of success. He knew as a fact that what he now asked this Son of man to do had been done by all men and nations, the most refined and cultivated, in every age; and that the bribe he offered, in its magnificence and splendour, as well as in its most common forms, was such as never had been hitherto resisted by mere human nature; and why therefore suppose that this man would reject both? Not, therefore, without hope, but rather with unbounded confidence, did Satan once more address himself to the poor, suffering Jesus of Nazareth, weak and famishing, on the bleak mountain-top, worn in soul, spirit, and body with the dread conflict of forty days.

"Fall down and worship me!" This was a proposal to become an idolater, and so to depart from the worship of God only, and to recognise another person or power as being superior, or equal at least, to Jehovah, and worthy of receiving the homage due to Him only. What could have induced Satan to make it? Was it because such idolatry is personally pleasing to himself—to his pride and love of power? Or was he influenced only by the demoniacal passion of hate, in getting others to do that which he knew was hateful to God? Or, finally, was idolatry then, as now, desired by him only as the means of alienating men from God, as the first certain step in the progress of evil, which secures the ultimate triumph of all sin, vice, and crime?

Whatever was Satan's motive, it is evident that idolatry, in even its limited sense of the worship of idols, has played an awful part in the history of mankind. In this the whole world has verily been guilty before God! All mankind have conspired in not liking to retain God in their knowledge, and "in changing the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and fourfooted beasts, and creeping things." And after all that has been done for "the education of the world," the dread fact remains, that at this moment the majority of the human race are idol worshippers.

One great object, we may observe in passing,

of the whole Jewish dispensation was to educate men in the knowledge of the only living and true God, and consequently to prevent idolatry. Bible history begins with this education. The facts of creation, recorded in the first chapter of Genesis, all bear upon the primal truth of religion—that of one living and true God being the only object of worship, because He is the Maker of all creatures and things in heaven and on earth. Hence He *alone*, and not anything created by Him in heaven or on earth, was to be worshipped. Man, it is also declared, was made after God's image, and dominion was given him over all creatures; and if so, the inference is evident, that he was not to worship an image of himself or bow down before any creature. Again, the first commandment forbids having any other God before Jehovah, and the second forbids idolatry in any form, and denounces punishment to the third and fourth generation for this iniquity. And such iniquity of fathers it is declared would come down to succeeding generations. This would be the natural consequence of this kind of evil; because once the knowledge of God is lost through idolatry, all piety and all morality are thereby withered at their root, dried up at their source. No wonder therefore that there should be such constant and oft-repeated warnings and threatenings against idolatry in every chapter of the Book of the Law of the Lord, along with all the minute and manifold arrangements made to save the nation from this crime. And yet how deep-seated, how fierce was the passion for idolatry, which at last blotted out Israel as a nation from history, and from which Judah was delivered only after powerful chastisements, ending with the Babylonish captivity!

Remembering all this, the proposal of Satan was quite in keeping not only with his character and purposes, but with his past success in the world. It was one which he had every reason to hope would succeed with this man, as it had done with every other, and that he himself should still be acknowledged as god of this world, to whom every knee should bow, and whom every tongue should confess as Lord! The idea is, no doubt, dreadful; yet it is one expressed in the mysterious language of prophecy, when, referring to some evil one, it is said, "Power was given him over all kindred, tongues, and nations; and all that dwell on the earth *shall worship him*, whose names are not written in the Lamb's book of life."

But while Satan asked Jesus to fall down

and worship him, he did not make it a condition of his doing so that He should not worship Jehovah also—if he could! Let him serve mammon first, but God also if he desires or finds it possible to do so. This was the very compromise which deluded souls have so often attempted to make! Thus did Aaron when he said, “To-morrow is a feast to Jehovah,” after having made the golden calf! It is this false compromise—this concealed refuge of lies—which was exposed by our Lord, when He said, “Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him *only* shalt thou serve.”

Let us now examine the bribe offered by Satan to induce our Lord to recognise his supreme power and his claims to be indeed the god of this world. His bribe is, the kingdoms of this world and their glory.

What is meant by that “world” which includes within it all the glory offered by Satan? Much misunderstanding exists upon this point, which in every age has led to sin and folly, both in thought and practice.

By some the term “the world” is applied to mere gross matter or body, and to whatever is palpable to the senses. As such it is taken as being antagonistic to “the spirit;” and it is assumed accordingly that to be spiritual there must be as much as possible a separation from the outward and visible, and battle done with matter as with an enemy. This has been a root of innumerable immoral, ascetic, and superstitious practices. Others recognise by “the world” what is “secular,” as opposed to what is “religious,” or “ecclesiastical,” or to what is called “the Church.” Hence the dangerous and false line drawn between God in “civilisation” and God in “Christianity,” God in “the world” and God in “the Church;” between “worldly” duties and what are called “religious” duties; between a code of morals for the laity, as belonging to “the world,” and another for the clergy, as belonging to “the Church;” between a man’s life on ordinary days and ordinary occasions, and on “holy” days and on “holy” occasions,—with many consequences most injurious to true religion and true Christianity, which cannot here be dwelt upon.

But “the world” is defined by the Apostle John as including whatever is not “of the Father.” He says, “Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride or life, is *not of the Father*, but is of the world.” Therefore “the world” ex-

presses that *cosmos*, or system of things, or idea of life, which is not “of the Father,” and which is accepted therefore by those only in whom the love of the Father is not. Conversely, whatever is “of the Father” is not of “the world,” but belongs to the kingdom of God. The world so defined is not therefore “the world” of nature, with all its glory; nor “the world” of art, with all its ideal beauty of form and colour; nor “the world” of social life, with its personal friendship and sympathies; nor “the world” of politics, of commerce, of literature, of science; nor other “worlds” manifold in which we live as human beings. And, not to multiply my illustrations, let me say as briefly as possible, that the world which we must hate contains within it no arrangement, no work, no enjoyment, appointed or ordained by God: for whatever is of God may be received from Him, enjoyed in Him, and returned to Him. The “evil world” which we are to hate, embraces *whatever is opposed to the will of God*. It is not, therefore, the beauty of the eye, but its lusts or evil desires; it is not the enjoyment of life, but its pride and folly; it is not even the pleasure of the senses, but unlawful pleasure; it is not eating and drinking, but gluttony and drunkenness; it is not marrying or giving in marriage, but sensuality and uncleanness; it is not the mere world of rank, or riches, or power, for these are of God; it is not buying and selling, planting or building, the world of politics or business, the labour of the artisan in his peaceful workshop, or of the soldier or sailor—for all these are of the Father, being conditions imposed by Himself on our present existence: it is not these, nor any passion, power, or faculty, or anything else which God has created or ordained; but it is, as I have said, the abuse or perversion of these, or the using them in a way, or for a purpose, or in a spirit inconsistent with the purpose of God in giving them, and contrary to his supreme, holy, wise, and loving will. And thus a man seeking to avail himself of any of God’s gifts may, instead of doing so according to the mind of the Giver, turn them to the mere service of self without God, to minister to his vanity, idleness, greed, ambition, or animal passions, in a lawless and godless manner. “The world” is thus in the heart of man. If the kingdom of God is “within us,” so is “the world,” or the kingdom of Satan; and that which is *without* will belong to either as far as we are concerned, just as that which is *within* does. Accordingly, just as the heart of the true child of God by the



divine alchemy of its life converts the wilderness and hunger into a kingdom of righteousness, peace, and joy, and in God possesses all things; so does the heart of a prodigal child, through the satanic alchemy of its own corrupt life, convert "the kingdoms of the world and their glory" into its own poverty and death. And so "the god of this world," when possessing these kingdoms and their glory which he showed to Christ, was nevertheless the greatest pauper in the universe; while Jesus of Nazareth, who had no place to lay his head, was the Heir of God and possessed all things!

The bribe then which Satan offered to our Lord was *life without God*—life in self—in the old man, in the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life; all, in short, which could be given and possessed without "the Father." Such a bribe was verily in perfect keeping with his character as the "god of this world," and also with the high value which he now began to attach to this Son of God, as one who was worth purchasing at any price.

But was not such an offer a transparent falsehood, and one which could not deceive the most simple and ignorant? How could Satan, it may be asked, how could any creature, give the kingdoms of the world to another when they were not his to bestow? Satan was too subtle, however, to assume his possession of this power by his own right. Our Lord in resenting the first temptation had asserted the supreme authority and wisdom of all God's appointments; and now Satan declares that his power to dispose of the kingdoms of the world and their glory is according to God's appointment: "All this power will I give thee, and the glory of them: for *that is delivered unto me*; and to whomsoever I will I give it."

As regards this power of Satan, a striking contrast exists between the material world and the spiritual world; or the world of *things* and that of human *personalities*. In the one he is utterly powerless. Against the will of God as expressed in the movement of every star or beam of light, in the outburst of the hurricane, the growth of a flower, or the formation of a drop of dew, he can do no more than any intelligent creature, whose sole power consists in yielding obedience to God's laws regulating Nature. But in the far higher and nobler world of personality it is different; for this implies *will*, and the awful power on the part of its possessor to choose that which may be against the will of God as truly as wrong is against right, and falsehood is against truth. It is thus that Satan, without having any

power to change that world "without" which is "of the Father," may so change through sin the world "within" the spirit of man as to make the glory of the former minister to the desires of the latter, and make it the means of gratifying the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life. Who can limit the extent of Satan's power within the kingdom of human spirits, devoid of principle, preferring darkness to light, "children of disobedience," who are "led captive by Satan according to his will?" And what bribes may he not be able to offer to such and by such? It may be mysterious, but it is nevertheless the fact, that the kingdoms of this world, with all their power and glory, yea, all the noblest gifts of God, have been possessed by those who are described by the Apostle as "children of the devil," and who have practically acted as if they worshipped the devil, received all they had from him, and used it in his service. Have not multitudes who never even professed to serve God, but who gloried in their impiety and in their shame, possessed all which this world could give yet without God? Has it not been often said of such by those who knew and loved God as their Father, "They are not in trouble as other men; neither are they plagued like other men. Their eyes stand out with fatness: they have more than heart could wish. Behold, these are the ungodly, who prosper in the world; they increase in riches?" While, on the other hand, many a child of God has confessed, "For all the day long have I been plagued and chastened every morning." We may ask, indeed, what glory or power belonging to the kingdom of this world has not been dedicated to the cursed service of Satan? Have not kings fought and conquered, slain and tortured for him, and laid all their power as an offering at the footstool of his dark throne? Have not wealth and beauty, genius and wit, learning and literature, been made to fall down and worship him? Have not clergymen and priests taught for him, and "churches" laboured for him, and statesmen governed for him? Has not every son of man demanded and wasted his portion of goods in his vile service of Satan? Surely, in a very true and awful sense, he is the god of this world, and has the power of giving, to those who will fall down and worship him, the kingdoms of this world with their power and glory!

Moreover, when the devil said to our Lord, "All this power will I give thee," what was there in the visible condition of that

present world to contradict this claim of power, or to make his offer palpably impossible, or inconsistent with the acknowledged government of God? What was the state of Rome and of its mighty empire? If we read the Apostle Paul's account of it as recorded in the beginning of his Epistle to the Romans—an account corroborated by every other authentic history—we learn how Satan was worshipped, how idolatry reigned, how God was forgotten, and all his glorious gifts perverted to the basest passions of human nature. What was the state of Greece? Abounding idolatry, and the solitary altar to the unknown God, testified to the supremacy there of the Prince of moral Darkness. And, not to speak of other portions of the earth sunk in deepest midnight gloom, what was the moral condition of Judea even? Where were the signs in that favoured land, in that temple of the whole earth, that chosen spot, of any power greater than the power of Satan? What was the condition of the rulers of the people, of the expounders of the law, of the very priests at the altar, of the Pharisees at their prayers, when the Baptist had described them as the brood of the old serpent, a very "generation of vipers?" Did not our Lord say of them, "Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do?" What was the condition of Jerusalem, the city of the great King, where He had placed his name? The cry of "Crucify Him! crucify Him!" reveals its condition. And, finally, while the idolatrous nations of the earth which served Satan, and did not profess to worship God, were the most powerful and influential, possessing all glory and riches, the only nation upon earth which kept alive any knowledge of the only living and true God was trodden under foot by heathen rulers, and the sceptre of earthly power had departed from Judah!

It was in such circumstances that the prince of this world lifted up his proud head as he surveyed his kingdom of darkness, and practically said, "All these will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me! I know that thou art promised a kingdom, even the throne of thy father David, and this very land which thou beholdest, as well as all the kingdoms of the world. Thou shalt have these with all their power and glory! At this moment the people are longing for a king, and would gladly place thee upon the throne, but thou canst not accomplish this without me, for I am the god of this world, according to the appointment of thy Father. Behold, accordingly, how the world acknowledges me, and

how all its glory and power are used in my service! But it knows not nor serves thy Father. These rulers and priests do not his will, but mine only; as I lead they follow; as I speak they listen; and as I command they obey; my bread they eat, my kingdom they advance; Herod is mine, Pilate is mine, the priests are mine, the people are mine! I alone, therefore, can give thee this throne, and the kingdoms of the world. Only acknowledge this fact by once falling down and worshipping me; be like all the world, and all the world shall be thine!" And thus the deceiver would have blotted out Gethsemane and Calvary from the world's history, belied the promises of God, destroyed the hopes of the Church, extinguished the Light of the World, slain its Life, and buried it to rise no more!

What will the sorely tempted and tried One do—the humble man of Nazareth—the weak Son of Mary, and the suffering Son of God? Shall He yield to the hoary veteran of evil, to this mighty conqueror of the kingdoms of the world! Shall He for this joy set before Him refuse the cross and avoid the shame? Shall He put aside the cup of agony, the sceptre of derision, the crown of thorns, and, in their stead, receive the cup of this world's joy, the sceptre of mere earthly government, and be crowned by Satan? Shall he accept of life without God, a life of self with all that could gratify it, or shall he accept of God's will, although it may bring him to agony, to the cross, and to the tomb? On his reply hangs the future history of the moral Universe! Calm and peaceful was everything around, and from earth to sky God's glory shone as a Shekinah of love—shall all be suddenly changed into blackest night and eternal desolation? Was there "silence in heaven" half-an-hour? And did principalities and powers gaze in awful suspense upon the scene, and mighty angels tremble for the honour of God's government, and every holy creature wonder at the dispensation which had perilled its existence on a weary Son of man? And did holy beings desire to surround Him with their glittering legions, and hurl the deceiver into the abyss from whence he came? But the heavens remain calm as at creation's dawn, and exhibit no signs of confusion or alarm; the breeze whispers peacefully on the mountain-top, and the ocean's waves gleam afar in bright sunshine. Fear not, ye his angels who do his commandments, listening to the voice of his word! Fear not, ye patriarchs and prophets who died in faith, not having received the promises, yet seeing all the glory that



should be! The government is laid, by unerring wisdom, upon the shoulders of One who is mighty in battle, because mighty in meekness, in humility, in the child-like faith that overcometh the world, in the love that seeketh not her own, and casteth out fear. It became "the Captain of our salvation to be made perfect through sufferings," and thus to "destroy the works of the devil;" and so there is heard from his holy lips the majestic reply which ends all the temptations—"Get thee behind me, Satan; for thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve!"

He thus spoke as a true Son, who glorified His Father by faith and love. He spoke as a true Priest, whose whole life was a self-sacrifice, a worship of the only living and true God. He spoke as a true King, whose kingdom was not of this world, but in the hearts of redeemed men; and whose prayer ever was, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven."

These words, "Get thee behind me, Satan," were an epitome of the future history of the world; a prophecy of all the glory that should be; a light ushering in the brighter day seen beyond the shadow of the cross. As He uttered them, Satan was henceforth doomed to depart from the weary and oppressed earth, and the Son of man to step forth before him, ever advancing to take possession of human spirits, and make all men kings and priests, by enabling them through faith in Himself, to worship the Lord their God, and to serve Him only.

These solemn and touching words uttered, it is added "Satan left Him for a season," but for a season only! How and when he returned we shall afterwards consider, with other interesting questions connected with these several temptations.

When Satan departed, we are told that "angels ministered to Him." How soothing the picture! It is like the calm which succeeded the midnight tempest on the Sea of

Galilee, or a flood of sunshine pouring itself on a mountain-top after the dark thunder-storm, with its loud peals and flashing lightning, has passed away, leaving the sky without a cloud in its depths of azure.

Angels "ministered to Him!" These holy ones who "minister to the heirs of salvation" now minister to their Saviour. They had witnessed the mysterious scene, but they could not take part in that war, for it was one not between physical strength and weakness, but between right and wrong, truth and falsehood, love and hate, faith and unbelief. But now that the battle has been fought, and a complete victory for the first time on earth achieved—now that the glory of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost has been manifested in a way never before seen in the universe of God—these unfallen angels who kept their first estate were permitted to draw near the Man of Sorrows, whose every feeling and affection were lacerated with a sore anguish which they could not comprehend, and great was the joy and reward of their loving and sympathetic hearts in thus lavishing upon Him their tender ministrations.

Angels "ministered to Him!" The temptation began in the wilderness, with the companionship of wild beasts and of Satan, but it ends amid the smiles and joys of ministering angels—a type of the whole work of the Messiah, by which the world is redeemed from a savage wilderness and a wicked usurpation, and becomes a holy mountain of the Lord, with Jesus as the object of supreme love to a countless family of adoring spirits—a type, too, of every child, in whose weakness the strength of Christ is perfected, and who thereby holds fast his confidence to the end, and who may begin his work on the earth as a son of God baptized of the Spirit, amidst temptation and weariness and gloom, yet in the end be more than conqueror, and receive the welcome of an innumerable company of angels!



## THE COOLIE :

A Journey to inquire into his Rights and Wrongs.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GINN'S BABY."

## V.—COOLIE STRIKES AND POINTS OF LAW.

THE news of the arrival in the colony of Mr. Des Voeux and myself had spread among the immigrants with wonderful celerity. One of the most mysterious things in the East is the rapidity with which reports are circulated, and certainly the Coolies in British Guiana managed to convey information from estate to estate with puzzling promptitude. They had previously been in an uneasy condition. Mr. Des Voeux stated that his letter to Lord Granville originated from the fear of a general rising which had been excited in his mind by the report of a riot at Leonora. This riot occurred on the 2d of August, 1869. A dispute had arisen about three weeks previously between the manager and a gang of Coolies with reference to some unfinished work. Out of the dispute resulted a case before the magistrate, who decided against the immigrants. Upon this, after some preliminary commotion, they mutinied and beat the deputy-manager very severely. A body of police, armed with Enfield rifles, were called out to stop the disturbance. The Coolies, however, were foolhardy enough to face them with no other weapons but sticks and stones. In the use of the stick, a long, strengthful, and smooth piece of Hackia-wood, they are very expert, so that in the simple matter of fencing—as they far outnumbered the police—they were able to hold their ground. Providentially the commissary in charge of them did not permit his men to fire, or a massacre might have occurred with results to the colony and the immigration system both serious and far-reaching.

This *émeute* produced alarm in the European community, and general excitement among the immigrants. The Governor appealed to the officer in command of the forces at Barbadoes to be ready to assist the executive in case of a rising. An armed addition was made to the police force, under the command of the gallant Inspector-General of Police, who carries into his hot work preternatural activity combined with a pleasant *bon-homme*, which make him a general favourite in the colony. His office is an important one, the salary amounting to £1,000 a year. I think his semi-military forces, with the exception of the officer, consisted entirely of blacks, some of whom had been privates in West India regiments. They used

frequently to be turned out to parade in Georgetown streets, dressed in a neat uniform, their white puggeries framing in their ebony faces, a band of fifers preceding them; in front of that a motley collection of negro dancers of both sexes, and at the head of his men, on a necessarily capacious steed, the stalwart General. As I used to watch this strange procession, and saw the fiery sun gleaming along the polished barrels of the rifles, I could not resist an uncomfortable questioning whether the system really required this sort of argument to adapt it to the reasons of those whom it chiefly concerned. But it was a satisfaction to know that the commander of the band was a man of thorough good sense, great kindness of heart, and endowed with that bravery which can afford to be cautious. Some of his commissaries appear to be of the same mettle. An incident well worth relating was told me respecting one of them. His station embraced the long jetty or stelling which runs out into the river at Pouderoyen, opposite Georgetown. He was one morning informed that two or three hundred Coolies on one of the estates had struck and were coming down to the stelling armed with their cutlasses and sticks, intending to force a passage by the steamer to the town. With four negro policemen he waited at the stelling entrance, determined to oppose their passage. The Coolies came on furiously, and the commissary's men began to flinch. Without arms he placed himself before his blacks, directing them to support him. He warned back the approaching line, but pressed on by those in the rear, some were brought within the reach of his arm, and these he forthwith knocked down. There is a wonderful power in an Englishman's eye and voice and arm! Before that solitary man's front these impulsive Asiatics quailed and held back; yet, advancing slowly, they forced the officer and his supporters gradually to give way to the end of the pier where the steamer was waiting. The negroes jumped on board, and the captain called out that he had the hose ready with boiling water; but M., shouting in reply, "Let go and push off," knocked down the eager Indian next to him, laid hold of the two posts on either side the gangway to stop the rush that was immediately made, and held his own till the steamer was clear.



Then he faced the Coolies, and ordered them back to the shore police-station. There he made them pile their tools, and induced them to return quietly to their estate. Such an incident, if you can get the hero for it, is worth more than a hundred riflemen and the terrible witness of dead bodies to the might of the executive. I was told that the Coolies always afterwards held Mr. M. in high respect.

"Massa De Voo" now became the subject of rather painful and troublesome appeals. Going one day to his house, which was situated in an open field near the garrison, I found the road and garden occupied by about three hundred Indians, most of them squatting on their hams in that peculiar fashion which, if not the envy, is the wonder of Europeans. They had their hoes, shovels, and cutlasses, and all were covered with the marks of toil. A dispute had occurred with the manager of their estate, upon which they had struck and come down at once to ask Mr. Des Voeux to help them. Accordingly the ringleaders, who could speak the strange lingo which they call English, were lining the steps of the house and occupying its gallery. Each one had his own story of some wrong or hardship, the truth of which it was impossible for us to ascertain. We could only take notes of their imperfectly expressed complaints, either to hand to the commissioners or for me to use in suggesting questions for cross-examination. If they were deceiving us, and no doubt some of them were, they did it admirably.

"O massa, plees massa, help Coolie. Manahee too bad, massa, starve um, beat um, chuck um, *so*. Massa stop um wagee. Coolie live too bad, massa: too hard work, too little money, too little food."

"Go tell magistrate."

"O massa, no good go mahitee. Mahitee know manahee—go manahee's house—eat um breakfas—come court—no good Coolie go court—mahitee friend manahee: always for manahee, no for Coolie."

It was a curious thing, that of the great number of Coolies whom I saw, I do not remember one who expressed the least confidence in the administration of justice. Had it not been that they came down from all parts of the colony, and evidently without any previous understanding with each other, I should have suspected this extraordinary unanimity to have been the result of conspiracy. But it was too widespread for a general arrangement to have been practicable. I did not jump from this to the conclusion in my own mind that justice in British

Guiana was not only blind, but deaf of one ear, but I was satisfied that the immigrants themselves were possessed with that notion. In looking about to account for this, two or three circumstances—in themselves trivial and innocent enough—gave a clue to the reason for it. Some of the magistrates' courts are at a distance from their homes, and always near the estates from which the cases come. There are no hotels. The only decent houses are those of the managers. They are hospitable, and glad to have at breakfast an entertaining guest. So that, as the Coolies said, the magistrate breakfasted, dined, or lunched with the man who was either the chief prosecutor or the defendant in nearly all the cases before the court. The quick minds of the Asiatics instantly fasten on this; and when they find the magistrate deciding in favour of the manager, they put down the breakfast and the decision as cause and effect. The purest administration of justice could not dissipate such a suspicion as that, nor, to be candid, afford to overlook it. And in dealing with Asiatics we must needs use some tact to disarm Asiatic prejudices. Dr. Shier, the medical inspector, felt this so strongly that he made it a rule never to accept a manager's hospitality, and travelled about British Guiana like a "casual," swinging his hammock in police-stations or chapels. Besides, it is not clear that preliminary consultation on a case does not occasionally take place. An instance cropped up in the evidence, and, as the witness was one of the leading planters, has a significant interest. A magistrate had come down to the manager's house before attending a court in which the cases of a large number of immigrants against that manager were to be heard. The manager, in his testimony before the Commission, said he considered the question raised by these cases so important that he had resolved to appeal if the decision was against him. I now make a brief excerpt from his evidence, and leave the reader to form his own opinion.

"I had also seven or eight cases against the immigrants for disobedience, which Mr. — (the magistrate) advised me to *withdraw, and wait until the other case was reviewed*. He was under the impression that Mr. Crosby (the Immigration Agent-General) would carry it to the Review Court; so was I, and under that impression I withdrew the charges." I at once suggested to the Commissioners: "Will you ask the witness where Mr. — would give that advice—to withdraw the charges against the Coolies? Would

it be in court?" ANSWER: "*He gave it to me out of court.*"

Our waiting batch of Coolies originated one of the most interesting inquiries before the Commission. Neither Mr. Des Voeux nor I was in a position to offer any mediation which from us would properly have been resented by the manager. We therefore referred the Coolies to the Immigration Office. Six or seven were selected by the gang, and went to lay a formal complaint before "Crosby Office." This simple proceeding raised a grave legal question. I have already explained that, under the Immigrant laws, a Coolie absenting himself from work, or found without a pass a certain distance from his plantation, was liable to a penalty, or could be arrested by any policeman. By a later ordinance an exception to these enactments was made in favour of Coolies who "had absented themselves, on reasonable grounds, to complain to the Immigration Agent-General." Therefore, whenever Coolies came to Mr. Des Voeux or to me, as they repeatedly did in large bodies, we referred them to the Immigration Office as the proper place of complaint. Then, if their complaint proved to be on reasonable grounds, it appeared by the law they ought to have been exempted from penalty for their absence. The half-dozen Coolies in the present instance went to the acting Immigration Agent-General and stated their grievance, upon which he wrote a letter to the manager of their estate certifying to this fact, and I believe stating that they were entitled to protection. A few mornings after some of them turned up at Des Voeux's in great distress. The whole embassy, if I rightly remember, had been picked out by the manager as ringleaders, and summoned to the magistrate's court for absence from work. It was not expedient for me to appear in the local courts on behalf of the immigrants, but Mr. Des Voeux offered to pro-

vide them with a local counsel to conduct their case before the magistrate. Accordingly a Creole advocate went down to Plaisance Police Court. When I mention that the ordinary fee for such a brief to a barrister or attorney is forty dollars, an idea may be formed of the slight chance a Coolie generally has of obtaining legal assistance. The advocate raised the defence that the immigrants had been absent, on reasonable grounds, to complain to the Immigration Agent-General. The magistrate took time to consider; and when I drove down to the next court, where I found the hapless defendants waiting in some trepidation, I had the satisfaction of hearing him read a written judgment, ex-

plaining the law, and dismissing their summonses. The reader may ask what there was extraordinary in this? In itself it was a mere decision of a legal point, but its bearing on the general method of administering the Immigration laws was rather significant. This act had been in operation for two years. There was no room for doubt that during that period immigrants had frequently absented themselves from their estates to complain at the Immigration Office, yet no magistrate in the colony, so far as we could discover and so far as the immigration



A Coolie Girl.

agents knew, had ever given a similar decision. Either the points had never been taken by the Coolies, through their ignorance of the law, or had been overruled by the magistrates. In either case the magistrates cannot be exonerated from criticism; for it would be their duty, in the absence of a proper advocate, to protect the immigrant, to ascertain his real defence, and to see that he lost no advantage from his ignorant or unassisted condition. This and other instances led me to the conclusion that a provision should be made to afford free legal assistance to the Coolies in all cases of importance. The inordinate expense of law in British Guiana, the intricacy of many



questions arising out of the Immigration Ordinances, and his indifferent knowledge of English, throw the chances in a court of justice heavily against the Coolie. Were a certain sum placed at the disposal of the Immigration Agent-General for securing legal advice at his discretion, or were two or three legal practitioners appointed in the various districts to be protectors of immigrants, and to render assistance free in such cases as seemed reasonably to require it, a long step would be taken towards allaying Coolie prejudices and suspicions.

But the question thus raised not only affected the magistrates, it touched the police. The ordinance afforded protection to the Coolie *en route* for that haven, "Crosby Office." Before the decision, the police did not appear to have regarded the proviso, if indeed it was known to them. Immigrants were constantly stopped and sent home. After the decision the Inspector-General ordered the police to accompany to the office persons who desired to go there to complain. The right is a valuable one, and should be jealously guarded by the Governor and the Immigration Agent. But it ought to be restricted within reasonable bounds. Striking in large gangs and forsaking work for a long tramp to town is as injurious to the interest of the Coolies as of their masters, and ought to be strictly forbidden. Two or three at most would in all cases be sufficient to represent a grievance at the office. The difficulty suggested by the immigrants was that the messengers became marked men and were likely to be persecuted, whereas if all came down together the danger was distributed. But I think all these difficulties would give way, and more general content ensue, if facilities were afforded to these poor people to vent their grievances, both by frequent visits of the sub-agents to the estates, and by establishing district agencies of the Immigration Office where complaints should be received. At first this would give considerable trouble to the employers, but as the Coolies began to discover the uselessness of carrying trifling or untrue stories to the agents, they would settle down more quietly, and the planter would reap the benefit of a more liberal policy. They are like a lot of children, and half the tact of managing consists in humouring them.

I ought to mention a fine trait in these particular immigrants. Not long after the case was decided in their favour they came down to Des Voeux and offered to repay the money he had given them to secure an advo-

cate. They had made it up among themselves by a general subscription, because they "did not want massa to lose the money for them."

#### A DEAD MARCH.

One Sunday morning, about the time when Georgetown streets were swarming with polished ebony faces and startling arrangements of colours *en route* for the Cathedral, where, by the way, a rare effect is produced by a band of negro choristers endowed with snowy surplises, Mr. Des Voeux came over to me in a hurry to say that he had been sent for to meet a band of Coolies on the other side of the river. A couple of hundred had come down the shore dam during the night, bearing a dead body which they wished to show to him. There seemed to be nothing for it but to go, and before long four sturdy blacks were pulling us away for Pouderoyen from the police stelling. We arrived just as the magistrate who had opened the inquest and adjourned it, was going away. A *post mortem* had been held, and the body required to be buried immediately. The crowd was a crowd to look at—men, and women, with children in arms, dusty, toilworn creatures—and I did inspect it sadly. Twelve miles they had all come in solemn procession through the still, dark, hot night, like "John Brown's soul marching on!" bearing with them their ghastly burden. And the reason of it? On the afternoon of the day before, the dead man, who was employed about the manager's stables, had, in an altercation with a black horse-keeper, been struck and killed. I have already mentioned how easily the Indians die under punishment or the influence of their own rage. The Coolies on the estate collected in some excitement, and their story was that when the manager heard of it he had said, "Ah! another foul chicken dead," and had ordered the sick-nurse to inject some spirits into the body, in order that it might appear at the inquest that the deceased had been drunk. Upon this the Coolies seized the body, and placing it on a bamboo couch, brought it down to "Massa De Voo." This was their story, afterwards totally denied at the inquest by the manager himself, who was at the time ill in bed, and by others who saw the whole occurrence. On a fair review of the matter I think decidedly the probabilities were against the truth of the Coolie narrative, and that this was one of the noteworthy instances of a suspicion excited perhaps by some incautious word or act, upon which they founded a plausible and ingenious a story, one which all the

cross-examination in the world would hardly have shaken. Herein lies the very root of the difficulty in administering justice for them. The Indians will concoct a story, witness after witness will state and adhere to it with rigid fidelity; yet again and again they will be incontestably refuted. What a puzzling position for a magistrate, who knows the common propensity of the people, and who has to balance between numbers of half credible Indian witnesses and one or two white or black men! It is a natural sequence that sometimes when the Hindoo tells the truth he is hardly believed even by his best friend. Indeed, Mr. Des Voeux told me of cases which had come before him in which he had been convinced that the Coolies, having a perfectly good case, but being conscious of their own bad reputation, had suborned black men to swear to the same facts with themselves. Frequently the magistrate is thrown back upon the formula which, as I have heard, used to be applied by a celebrated judge in Bombay. "Forty witnesses have sworn to certain facts, and on the other side eighty have sworn to facts directly contrary. I am, therefore, forced wholly to discard the evidence, and to base my decision on a review of the probabilities." This weakness in Coolie morals, however, need not lead a judge to lay down the hard and fast rule that one white man's evidence is better than that of many Hindoos. It should make him all the more diligent in sifting such undeniable facts in the evidence as tend to throw light upon the probability of the truth or untruth of the rest. But I have been forgetting the crowd, which, now that the excitement had been worn out of them by their long tramp, and the doctor had given evidence that their "mattie" (mate)

had died of "ruptured spleen," and the magistrate had assured them justice should be done, was standing awkwardly waiting for the burial before they went away. We must needs see the body, which lay under the police-station covered with a piece of calico. The poor son of toil lay silent and stiff and stark. Surgeon's incisions down the front and along the side had been neatly sewn up. Upon the face and open glassy eyes there was fixed in death the last glance of mingled pain and hatred. "He was a well-made man," said the commissary coolly, as he threw the light sheet over it again, and, just as he said so, a loud, deep peal of thunder shook the sky above us, recalling to me with solemn distinctness that whatever the play or paralysis of right may be below, there is above a fixed tribunal, where an inevitable and exact justice shall be meted out to rich and poor, to strong and weak alike. After a few words of encouragement and reassurance, we went home, I, for one, carrying in my mind a never-to-be-forgotten scene.

[NOTE.—The author learns with regret that an expression in the third paper of this series, published in GOOD WORDS for March, has been misconstrued. In speaking of a colonial official, Mr. Hincks, against whom, by the way, nothing was imputed to the discountenance of his moral character or integrity, but whose political opinions, actions, and career, like those of every public man, are fair subjects of adverse comment by any one who disagrees with them, the author referred to him jestingly as a "Scotch-Irishman, from the dangerous neighbourhood of Belfast." This, like the whole passage, was by the author written in half jocular, half grotesque irony, and certainly was never meant to depreciate a community with which he personally has some very intimate and cordial relations. It is possible that a clumsy and obscure pleasantry may have been misconceived by some interested readers, and this the author is sincerely sorry for.]

## THE LONDON DEPUTATION IN PARIS.

I HAVE been asked by so many of my friends to give some account of my late visit to Paris, as Commissioner, with Colonel Stuart Wortley, of the Mansion-House Relief Fund, that I cannot refuse any longer; though I must ask for forbearance, as indeed those of my friends who know me well will grant me, and will believe that it would be easier for me to start afresh and go through those four anxious weeks again than to sit down and write out anything which will give a true impression of them to others.

The following extracts are from my letters and diary. Meagre they will seem; but my

business was to relieve Paris, and I had no time for anything else. I wish all England could have seen what we saw; we should then be more grateful than we are for our mercies, and we should all pray more earnestly that "wars may cease," and that we may learn that "righteousness *alone* exalteth a nation."

I say nothing of the bringers about of this war, or of the causes of it; of this we may each have our own opinions. But wars can never be *just*, and they are as demoralising to the conqueror as they are disastrous to the conquered.



We may be proud that England was honoured to be the first in Paris in her misery, and to have saved her from positive starvation. I need not give any account of the Mansion-House Relief Fund, the committee of which was formed of representative men of all creeds and classes—men whose one object was, to the best of their power, to send food to over two millions of our fellow-creatures starving within twelve hours of our shores. I don't quite know why one of the busiest men in London was chosen to be one of the representatives of their Fund, but so it was; and though he felt that many men would have been much fitter, he could only comply with the urgent request of his friend the Lord Mayor, and do the best in his power. He cannot help expressing how fortunate he was in having Colonel Stuart Wortley as his fellow-commissioner; for his tact and *savoir-faire*, and perfect knowledge of French, supplied all his deficiencies.

We started from London at 8.15 p.m. on Tuesday, the 31st of January, and reached Dieppe at 4.30 a.m. We had five thousand pounds, and food which had cost five thousand pounds. It was the cruellest, hardest frost I was ever out in; the streets as slippery as glass, and no porters at the pier, or any one to receive us, for ours were the first steamers with food which had entered since the blockade. We spent all Wednesday and Thursday in going about from one official to another, as the Prussians arrived nine thousand strong in the middle of Wednesday, and took possession of the railway and public offices, and so all arrangements we had made with the French authorities were of no use. However, thank God! at 11 p.m. on Thursday we started in a luggage-train, having over seventy tons of provisions with us, after such a struggle and confusion as I hope never to see again. The night was bitterly cold, and you can imagine the little chance of sleep in a luggage-train, and over a railway broken up, and lines only temporarily laid in many places. Our party consisted only of Colonel Wortley and myself, and a lady, Madame M——, who had been separated from her husband during the siege, and a clerk of mine, whose business was never to lose sight of the food. At every station after leaving Amiens we were stopped, apparently at the caprice of the Prussian commandant in charge, who would refuse to let us pass, though we had letters from Count Bernstorff and from Lord Granville, &c., &c. After keeping us perhaps an hour or two, while he telegraphed to last station, &c., we

were allowed to go on. At Chantilly our patience and temper were sorely tried, as we were shunted for three hours, to let the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg pass. When he reached the station Colonel Wortley went straight up to his carriage and explained our errand, and begged him to give orders that we might be sent on. The duke did so; but, after he had left, the cross old commandant ordered a soldier to watch Colonel Wortley, for having presumed to speak to his highness without leave. We had heard there was nothing in Paris the day before, and you can imagine how these useless and tyrannical delays tried us. At midnight we were in Paris, the station in complete darkness, except for the moonlight, which made the huge balloons standing in the square of the station look quite ghost-like, the streets quite empty, no such thing as a porter or horse to be seen. Madame M——, who was with us, knew her way home, and we walked about three miles, to the Boulevard Malesherbes. It took us nearly two hours, as we had to rouse some men to bring our luggage; and she, poor lady, learned that her husband had started that very day for England in search of her; and, after the long fatigue and expectations of meeting him, it was very distressing for her.

*February 4th.*—I was up very early, and as our mission was from the Lord Mayor of London to the Maire of Paris, we in the first place waited on M. Jules Ferry. After much conversation, it was decided that we should supply the twenty arrondissements with food in proportion to their population through the Mairies. Every one, high and low, had been receiving rations of black bread, and latterly a piece of horse flesh about the size of a *walnut*, and so the Mairies knew the numbers and wants. Having settled this, the next difficulty was to get the food into the dépôts we had appointed. The want of horses was most serious; fifty thousand had been eaten, and the few remaining were old and worn, of fabulous prices, and had been kept almost exclusively for the artillery and necessary uses. At last, after great worry, we got a few horses to bring our seventy tons, and a few days after this General Vinoy allowed us some of the artillery horses and soldiers for this purpose.

We called on M. Jules Favre. He is a clever, bold man, and all the world knows never hesitates to speak his mind. He seemed in despair, and his face never once brightened, and he was silent for some moments together. Gambetta was worrying him by his mad pro-

clamations. We then saw Picard, Minister of Finance. He didn't seem to feel that such responsibility rested on him, and was more at ease.

Mr. Blount, the consul, also introduced us to General Trochu. My heart bled for him. He shed tears when speaking of his country, and he is evidently a man of deep religious feeling; indeed, he is called a Puritan by many of them. He said his only hope was that by this terrible sorrow God would renew France, and she would be more pure and more religious.

*Monday, 6th.*—To-day the warehouse of Copestake, Moore, and Co., 9, Place du Petits Pères, is in full working order, and there were crowds assembled. I never saw such hollow, lean, hungry faces, such a shrunk, famine-struck, and diseased-looking crowd; they were very quiet, and seemed crushed. The effect of the reaction on them after the strain and distress of the siege, now that the armistice is come, is that they seem hopeless.

It is now ten days since the armistice, and there is *no* food in Paris except black bread and what we have brought. We went about the markets; there was positively nothing but a few dead dogs and cats; no flour, no vegetables, which are so necessary to them. We hear from most reliable sources (old friends of my own in Paris) that the old people and the little children and babies have died of *hunger*, and the sufferings of the little ones will never be forgotten; but how could it be otherwise when one realises that for five months there has been no milk, and there was no grease or fat except at fabulous prices? The children and the old people suffered very much from the depression of there being no light nor fuel; indeed, they have died in vast numbers.

Paris has only been given up because of the hunger of the whole city. Those words of Nahum seem fulfilled, "She is empty, and void, and waste; and the heart melteth, and the knees smite together, and much pain in all loins, and the faces of them all gather blackness." There is no fuel in Paris, but here and there a little damp wood is burnt; the black bread is composed of hay and straw, and twenty-five per cent. of the coarsest flour. Well may the poor creatures look pale! We have telegraphed urgently for fuel.

*Thursday, February 9th.*—We are hearing a bad account of some of the poor arrondissements, as the Mairies are some of them, I fear, a bad lot. We are a good deal worried. We go about ourselves from early morn-

ing until twelve o'clock at night, but in some cases I don't believe the reports. However, we are now arranging different dépôts all over Paris, quite irrespective of the Mairies, and shall keep the distribution—now that we see our way—more in our own hands. We have sent to the Archbishop of Paris, to the Chief Rabbi, and the French pasteurs a good deal of food, to be distributed privately by the Sisters of Mercy and other ladies among the better class. We find the small shopkeepers, clerks, &c., are those who have really suffered the most, "*des pauvres honteux*," as they are called; and we have arranged a special place for them, 2, Rue de la Bienfaisance (!) A recommendation comes from a second person, and they are relieved.

*Saturday, February 12th.*—The elections are all over in Paris, and, thank God, without much disturbance. The crowds at our warehouse increase—this we keep exclusively for women, and there is a queue of ten or fifteen thousand waiting there to-day; they have waited all through last night. I felt heart-sick when I saw them. It was one of the wildest nights of sleet and fearful wind, and starved and exhausted and drenched as they were, it was a sight to make a strong man weep. We are straining ourselves and all about us to the utmost. I believe we were just in time; a few days more and the people would have been too far gone—many were seen hardly able to walk away with their parcels. They have condensed milk, Liebig's, cheese, flour, bacon, coffee, salt, preserved mutton, &c., enough for each person for a week. Each person brings a card, which is marked so that it cannot be used again. After waiting with wonderful patience, when they got the food many of them fairly broke down from over-joy. I have seen more tears shed by men and women than I hope I may ever see again. God grant this scourge may make them more sober-minded, and turn more to God than as a nation they have hitherto done! We are very much pleased with the Protestant pasteurs; M. Fische especially has been of the greatest service to us in giving us private information of those in need in the better class.

We have now got £60,000 of food into Paris, and we are distributing it as fast as is possible in forty different dépôts. I cannot resist from copying out an extract from the *Times'* correspondent's letter, which gives such a graphic sketch of his midnight visit to one of the dépôts:—

"We reached the Bourse, and already the subdued roar of thousands of voices struck our ear. In a



moment we came upon the outskirts of what was apparently a mighty crowd, though it was too dark to see much until we found ourselves actually in the midst of a dense mass of women and children, heaped upon one another in amicable confusion, and extending down the street as far as the eye could penetrate its gloom—not that it was altogether dark, for numbers of candles flitted through the crowd, and formed the centre of groups of squatting or dozing figures. The queue extended at least half a mile, and there must have been at least ten thousand human beings. The extreme end, composed of the last arrivals, were standing in close and serried ranks. They were laughing and chatting merrily, although they had already been standing in the same spot several hours. I asked one of them when she expected to arrive at the door of the warehouse. ‘The day after to-morrow morning, Monsieur!’ she replied as calmly as if she was talking of a journey to St. Petersburg. ‘What, are you prepared to pass two successive nights in the streets?’ I asked. ‘Pourquoi pas?’ she said; ‘all the others do it!’ I found these people had come from all corners of Paris—from Belleville, Vaugirard, Faubourg St. Antoine; and many miles had some of them trudged to wait two days and nights in the streets for the rations. From all I heard the same story. Not a murmur of discontent at waiting, but a great deal about ‘ces bons Anglais,’ and a most perfect confidence that what they were going to receive would more than repay them. Both pavements were taken up with recumbent figures lying in rows, wrapped in blankets; in one place a couple of them seemed fairly to have gone to bed on a regular mattress in the middle of the street. In others the groups were squatting in a circle, sometimes singing, sometimes telling stories. . . . At last we reached the favoured group who formed the head of the column, and who were the first to be served in the morning. ‘How long have you been here?’ I asked of a ladylike young woman in black, evidently of a superior class to those by whom she was surrounded. ‘Since nine of yesterday morning, Monsieur,’ she replied. ‘It was now midnight, and she had been *thirty-nine* hours in the crowd. The conduct of the people is so orderly, and their manner so grateful, that it was a real though painful pleasure to linger among them and talk to them of their late experiences.’

*February 15th.*—Food is beginning to come in from the outside now, and there is more to be seen in the markets; still prices are very high. Last night we dined with our kind friends the A. A.’s., and had great enjoyment of the contents of a box from a lady in England to Madame A——, of cooked food; it had taken ten days on the journey, and the bread was a little mouldy, but wasn’t the ham good! Colonel Stuart Wortley, being a good French scholar, is indefatigable in going about alone to people’s houses, and giving them food and money. He has been written to by some of the highest class, begging for food to be sent to some relative in great need.

Our time is quite taken up with seeing people, and seeing after the food, hearing from others how they have expended what we have given them. We know the end of everything ourselves. To-day we visited first

the Bon Marché and Grand Condé, two of the largest dépôts we have opened. The crowd was fearfully dense; they were packed in thousands, like sardines in a box; no line could be kept, though the National Guard were posted about. To our alarm, a panic seemed to be beginning amongst the struggling mass, and the women began screaming and fainting. Several gentlemen were with us, and we tried to keep the people back, but the surging sea pressed on, and we were obliged to pull some through doors and windows; many were unconscious, and had to be laid down and restored with vinegar and stimulants. It was a regular fight for food, and has made us very uneasy lest there may be some accident.

The acceptances of two millions sterling to the Prussians have been secured by seven bankers, Rothschilds, bearing forty per cent. Bismarck insists on the rate of five per cent. till the bills become due. We have been much pleased with the volunteer convoys of food; amongst them Lieutenant Wood (son of Lord Halifax), Captain Green, of the Hussars, Mr. Bourke, and Mr. Davidson, a cousin of Baron Rothschild; they have stuck to their waggons, and in spite of difficulties have brought them through as quickly as possible.

This afternoon we met with great courtesy from M. Mercadaire, who showed us the original despatches on collodion which were sent into Paris by the carrier-pigeons during the siege. He explained to us how at first the messages were printed on thin paper, by the ordinary process of photographic reduction, but the paper was too heavy, so afterwards collodion was used, and eighteen tiny leaves, each containing twenty thousand words, could be rolled in a quill and tied under the tail feathers. When the pigeon reached Paris it was immediately forwarded to the head telegraph station. Here the French, with their usual cleverness, made improvements from day to day as to expediting the mode of magnifying the message, which had to be copied, and at last managed to photograph it upon a very large sheet of collodion; this sheet was then cut up, and the pieces distributed to a hundred clerks. M. Mercadaire took immense trouble to illustrate his explanations, which were very much appreciated by my fellow-worker, Colonel Stuart Wortley (he being so famed as a photographer).

In another place we saw the pigeons themselves which had done their work so well, and some of the tail feathers stamped with Blois and Orleans were pulled out and given to

us. We were also presented with an original Government despatch brought by these curious little messengers, which we shall keep as a most interesting historical relic of the siege of Paris. Colonel Wortley has photographed this : the exact size of the original is copied, and forms the engraving on next page.

*February 19th.*—It is a great reward to feel that this gift from England has touched the French hearts very much; their gratitude is quite unbounded. Going down one morning to get into our carriage, Colonel Wortley found on the seat a bunch of red flowers (artificial), with a little note to say it was the only way in which the young girl who left them could show her gratitude to the kind English who had saved her and her mother from starvation. Amongst the innumerable touching letters we have received, I think the following from the rag-pickers of Paris we appreciated almost the most :—

*Paris, le Février, 1871.*

CHERS AMIS DE LONDRES,

Ca été une grande consolation pour nous après les rudes épreuves que nous venons de traverser dans ce siège si douloureux, de voir nos frères d'Angleterre nous donner une preuve si grande de leur charité fraternelle envers la nation Française, et surtout envers nous Parisiens.

C'est le cœur rempli de la plus profonde gratitude que nous vous adressons nos remerciements bien sincères pour votre magnifique don, et que nous prions Dieu qu'il se souvienne qu'ayant eu faim, vous nous avez donné à manger. Soyez donc bénis. Et soyez persuadés que le souvenir de nos frères de Londres ne s'effacera jamais de notre cœur.

Mr. et Mme. BUREAU et son Enfant.

Mm. BRIN.

Mr. et Mme. DOMBRET, 9 enfants.

LOYSEL.

Mr. et Mme. WEIRWEK et ces 4 Enfants.

Mr. et Me. LEPELLETIER, 6 enfant.

Mme. et Mr. DEVREGLIT, 3 enfants.

Mr. et Mde. PORTHEVRE, 2 Enfants.

Mm. et Mr. JOUHAUX.

Mr. et Mme. LECAVELIER, 3 enfants.

m. m. CLOMAN, 2 enfant.

Mr. et Mme. BANNIER, 9 enfants.

Mn. et Mme. GILBAISSE, 8 enfans.

Monsieur et Madame MEMERE, deux enfans.

Mm. veuve MAIRE et leurs 8 enfant.

Monsieur et Madame SCHROEDORFF et leur 7 enfants.

Monsieur BLEDGEN et Madame BREDGEN avec six enfants.

Madame veuve DURIN et sa fille.

Mr. Mme. LIOTARD et ses 4 enfans témoignant leur reconnaissance pour cette belle œuvre.

Pour Monsieur et Madame MOUNOUVY et Ses Cinq Enfants.

Mr. et Mme. CAPITAIN et ses Cinq enfants.

Mr. et Mme. MAURY et leur quatre enfans.

Madame BINA sa mère et ses deux enfans prie leurs frères de l'Angleterre de vouloir bien accepter leurs remerciements bien sincères et leur profonde reconnaissance.

Monsieur et Madame FERNEL et leurs trois Enfants.

Madame veuve HOUGNAD et ses sept enfans.

Mre. et Mme. CIVER et leur fille.

Mre. et Mme. MAGNAN et leurs trois enfans.

Mme. veuve PEGNIGNOR.

Mre. et Mme. HORNAS et ses 4 enfans.

Mme. veuve BONNISSANT avec ses cinq Enfants.

Mad. NLANO et leur 3 enfant.

Mon. et Mme. COLLARDEFY et leur 3 enfant.

Mont. et Mamr. ARTUR et leur deux enfant.

Monsieu DENIS et sa fille.

Monsieur BARRET et leur 3 enfant.

Madame VÉRY CHARLES et 2 enfans.

Monsier et Madame GOUGER et leurs deux enfans.

Monsier et Mme. ARRIGLIS, 4 enfans.

Monsieur et Madame PEYRE et leurs 4 enfans.

Monsieur et Madame FRAY et leurs 4 enfans.

Monsieu et Mad. LEMAGE et leur petit.

Monsieur et Madame CEDUC et sest 3 enfant.

Monsieur et Mme. LUVOT.

Mre. et Mme. GOUDRY et leur fille.

Mr. et Mad. PARIS et leur familles en tout ses personnes Mille fois mercie de votre beau don.

The French newspapers even, of all shades of opinion, speak most flatteringly of the success of our work. We have worked to the utmost of our power I can indeed say, and the conduct of the clerks of my firm in Paris has been beyond all praise—they have worked almost night and day.

We make a point of seeing every one that comes, and from half-past seven to half-past nine in the morning our rooms are crammed with people, and we answer all letters, of which we receive numbers every day. My old friend M. Creton drove me out by the Bois de Boulogne: such destruction and desolation quite saddened me.

*February 20th.*—We drove to St. Denis, Enghers, Epinay: it was a sad sight; everything had been ransacked; in most of the houses the floors of the rooms had been torn up, furniture burnt and broken, and everything in ruins. One man whom we talked to was in great despair; his box of deeds, which he had buried, had been broken open, the contents taken away, and he was ruined.

*February 22nd.*—The police are beginning to disturb us, by notifying that the food dépôt in Place des Petits Pères is interfering with the re-establishment of traffic; we have therefore determined to put all steam on, and keep open night and day, till our supply is finished. Our clerks have exerted themselves to the utmost, and managed to pass the people through in half a minute when once they have reached the door.

*February 23rd.*—We were obliged to promise to close the distribution at five o'clock this evening; but as there were still some hundreds waiting at that hour, we begged the head of the police to allow us to give to these, so at eight o'clock we closed this dépôt: the

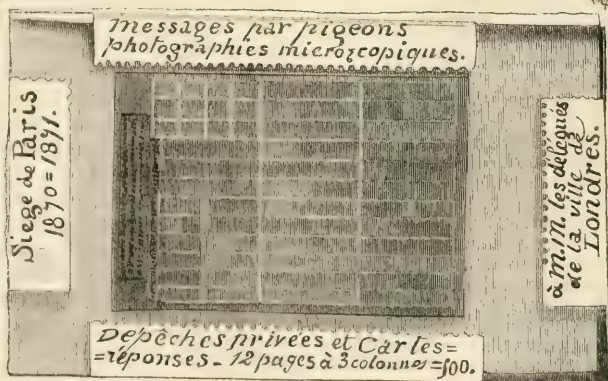
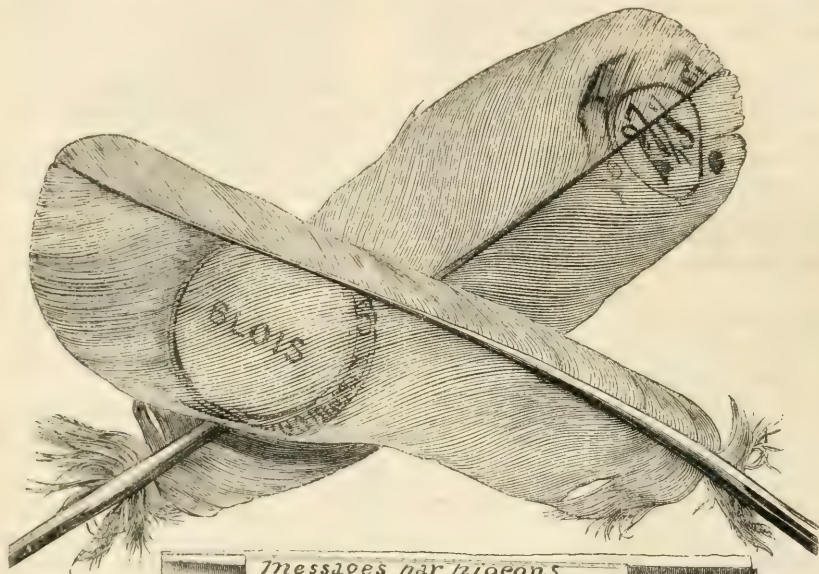


others were open a few days longer, not being in so great a thoroughfare.

The next few days we spent in arranging with the committee we have left behind—to whom money and fuel are to be entrusted for distribution; we also visited several outlying villages, Chevilly, L'Hay, Issy, &c. We found all terribly depressed at the hard terms of peace—£200,000,000 in money and part of Alsace and Lorraine, is a cruelly hard

bargain, and I hoped the Germans would have used their successes more generously.

*February 27th.*—Last night was a very uneasy one in Paris—we heard bands of roughs and soldiers marching about the streets, they are infuriated to hear the hard terms of peace. We hear rumours that many of the National Guard have refused to obey their officers, and great uneasiness is felt everywhere, in anticipation of the German



entry. We were urged by our friends to start, if possible, for England at once, before the entry of German troops, as the railways might be delayed afterwards; and having finished our work, we were only too thankful to be able to set our faces homewards, which, by God's mercy, we reached at seven o'clock on Wednesday, the 1st of March.

The sad disorders of the last fortnight in Paris have, I fear, done much to withdraw the sympathies of the English from the sufferings of France. I can only say, if asked

to do the same work again, under the same circumstances, I should do so most willingly. The English nation had to do simply with relieving the starvation of her neighbour and ally—with the distractions, divisions, and dissensions which have happened, she had nothing to do, except to deplore them, and surely to every heart these words must seem now to be the voice of France—"Have pity on me, have pity on me, O ye friends, for the hand of God hath touched me!"

GEORGE MOORE.

## THE SYLVESTRES.

By M. DE BETHAM-EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "KITTY," "DR. JACOB," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXV.—NEW-COMERS.



MONSIEUR SYLVESTRE was right when he said that in a week or in a day the Phalanstery might emerge from the dusky habitations of vision into the open light of real existence, like a butterfly from a chrysalis. Within a fortnight

after the utterance of his prophecy no less than three arrivals had happened, and letters of inquiry poured in from all quarters of the civilised world. A well-known political economist once declared it his belief that 'To every one according to his wants' was a maxim which would bring about the salvation of society; and Monsieur Sylvestre's manifesto to Material Bankrupts and Moral Millionaires looked very much like a sermon upon such a text. Certainly his correspondents so read it, and the number of material bankrupts who called themselves moral millionaires wanted a great many things. 'Monsieur,' wrote one, signing himself 'An Adorer of the Unknown,' 'I am a professor of seven languages, and a father of seven children. The most learned of the modern European tongues do not suffice to clothe, feed, and educate my hungry darlings. Will you take them? Your great teacher Fourier charmingly calls the little cooks, dustmen and dustwomen, fruit pickers, and fruit devourers of his Phalanstery—galopins and galopines, sacripans and chenapans, &c. I should be delighted to see my children enrolled on the list. Myself I do not offer. They will be more useful to you than I. Freed from a responsibility for which I feel no calling, I will go to the New World in search of the unknown.'

A second wrote from Alsatia :—

'My husband and I love each other dearly, but do not feel drawn together by that elective affinity without which every-day life becomes a burden. We are quite willing to make the mutual sacrifices necessary for a solution of the difficulty, namely, to seek our counterparts elsewhere. My husband thinks he should find his in Central America, and perhaps some birds to stuff also, of which occupation he is passionately fond. I can cook excellently, and adore Schubert. As soon as you can send us the passage-money—we have just had to give up a dancing-school for want of funds—I will set out for England, and bring with me our two tame parrots, which will amuse you all greatly.'

A third wrote :—

'SIR,—Have supper and bed for two. Coming by the 6.15 train p.m. to-morrow.  
'T. C.'

A fourth wrote in French :—

'MESSIEURS ET MESDAMES,—Will you have pity upon a friendless girl who is forsaken by all the world? If only to die on your door-steps, I will come to you.

'AGLAE.'

If Monsieur Sylvestre could have built walls without bricks, not to speak of bricks without straw, the seven hungry darlings, as well as the adorer of Schubert and the parrots, would have been taken in. But the public exchequer was empty, and the household board was already crowded. What with hosts, guests, the hired labourers, and the lame, the halt, and the blind, bidden from the highways to daily feasts, Euphrosyne's resources were already taxed to the utmost. The apple-chamber was almost empty; the vegetable garden was stripped; one by one the fatted fowls had disappeared; large inroads had been made upon the potatoes, protected by earth against snow and frost. Her heart sank within her when she heard the first tidings of the expected visitors, and straightway confided her fears to Maddio.

"Dearest little mother," he said, caressingly, "you forget that all these dear people will work. We can dismiss our two labourers, and that will be a gain of a pound a week, not to speak of the occasional bounties they receive. And perhaps they may come with full purses. Who knows?"

She shook her head incredulously.



"Never, never! We have had the good, the beautiful, the high-souled, and the sorrowful knock at our doors; but the rich, never. And where are these strangers to sleep? There is no room, except in the attic with the owls."

"I love owls," Maddio answered joyfully. "This very night I will take up my abode in the attic with the well-beloved birds."

"But what shall we do for food, dear Maddio? The chickens are gone, and it seems hard to slay the hens when we greatly depend upon eggs."

"I will seek mushrooms and hedgehogs, which you know are dainty eating. Then there are always our pigs."

"Not always. The number is sadly reduced already, and we can't have any young ones for a long time. My heart misgives me when I think of the long winter before us."

"Well, there is a chance that some rich enthusiast may cast in his lot with us, as I have long prophesied," he rejoined blithely.

"But your prophecies don't come true, my poor Maddio."

The entrance of Monsieur Sylvestre put a stop to the conversation.

"Let everything wear a festive appearance to-night," he said gaily. "A profusion of flowers is necessary above all things, and some coloured waxlights for the supper table. By-the-by, what is there for supper, dear wife?"

She assumed a cheerful expression immediately.

"Let us not mislead our friends. We are no epicures," she said. "For my part, I should say that a good potage with bread and ale would amply suffice."

"Nay, we ought to commemorate the happy event with a bottle of wine. What think you, good Maddio?"

Maddio scratched his head, well pleased at the notion, yet hesitating on Euphrosyne's account. He could not find it in his heart to say, yea or nay.

"That is as Fortune wills," he answered at last. "If our cellar is empty, I think we can be merry enough without wine. If a bottle or two is to be found there, I won't say that it might not add some lustre to the occasion."

Euphrosyne contrived to waive the subject, knowing that the cellar was as empty as a cherry-tree at Christmas time; but as good luck would have it, Mrs. Minifie chanced to call that afternoon. Of course Mrs. Minifie heard the news, and of course Mrs. Minifie was invited to supper. As she shook hands

with her hostess at parting she whispered slyly—

"Good company and a bad supper is like riding a fast trotter with a stone in his foot, I take it. There's no go in him, do what you will. I'll tuck a bottle of Mr. Minifie's old port under my arm, and who will be the wiser?"

And she was as good as her word. Mr. Minifie kept the money, but Mr. Minifie could not carry the contents of the larder and cellar about with him; accordingly, whenever Mrs. Minifie wanted to be generous, she made inroads upon the family stores, too often scanty enough, though wine was never wanting. Full of anticipation as a school-girl bound to her first party, Mrs. Minifie set off to Pilgrim's Hatch. Life had gone better with her of late. Not a day passed but she interchanged a friendly hand-clasp with Euphrosyne, Monsieur Sylvestre, or Maddio. They always welcomed her, and to the solitary and neglected, a friendly welcome is like an unexpected ride to a foot-sore wayfarer. There is no longer any feeling of weariness. Wild flowers are pleasant to behold. A fieldfare flying across the road awakens delight.

The sound of her carriage-wheels brought Monsieur Sylvestre and Maddio to the door beaming with delight. Maddio kissed her hand; Monsieur Sylvestre gave her his arm, and led her into the little parlour.

"One of our good friends," he said, "whom I am proud to introduce to Mr. Jack Carrington, barrister. Mr. Harry Carrington, his brother, also barrister."

"Oh, gracious!" Mrs. Minifie said, her sense of propriety forsaking her on a sudden. "What a kettle of fish!—I mean, what a nice party! I hope you are well, sir," she added, turning to Mr. Jack, a sallow-complexioned, slender gentleman with a large lemon-coloured beard and pale blue eyes, the colour of London milk.

"I am sorry I cannot oblige you with a favourable answer, madam. My brother and I are both as ill as can be, or we should not be here. To tell the truth, we have been suffering from a succession of fevers for the last ten years—pray, don't be alarmed—nothing catching. First of all, we had the Hegelian fever, and were laid up with it for months, with violent paroxysms of delirium. No sooner were we fairly recovered than we got an attack of Spiritualism, and were very bad indeed—delirium was nothing to it: we ought to have been shut up like maniacs, instead of which people

encouraged us to cut capers like dancing dogs at a fair. We pulled through somehow; but before we could fairly turn ourselves round, were on our backs with Comtism, and our friends looked on it as a hopeless case. Again we rallied, however, and our convalescence progressed so favourably as to lead to a hope of entire recovery. But, alas, we are now worse than ever!"

"And what is the matter with you this time?" asked Mrs. Minifie, but half comprehending his speech.

"You tell her, Harry," said Mr. Jack mournfully. "I'm dead beat with so much talking."

"You ask what is the matter with us?" Mr. Harry rejoined with some brusqueness.

"Why, Socialism, of course. It's on us, and we can no more shake it off than the ague."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," Mrs. Minifie said. "I hope you will shake it off. Suppose you try a little bark and port wine. It is good for all kinds of fevers."

"Dear lady, do you suppose our friend to be serious?" Monsieur Sylvestre said, doing the honours of her bottle of wine with eager hospitality. "Rather regard his speech as the effervescence that precedes the sparkling draught. To-day we sip the wit, to-morrow we drink the wisdom."

"Whose?" asked Mr. Jack, *sotto voce*. Then he added aloud, "For my part, I want neither wit nor wisdom, but a ploughman's muscles, a ploughman's appetite, and a ploughman's insensibility. Give me these, and I will fall down and worship you. What say you, O brother?"

Mr. Harry, who was an exceedingly large, soft, sleepy-looking person, and handsome, if any one can be called handsome whose face is utterly devoid of expression, shrugged his shoulders, uttered an ejaculation of disgust, and relapsed into silence.

"We are on different tacks," pursued the other. "I am all spirit—a flaming wick without a particle of grease. My brother is all tallow and no flame. Teach the divine spark to penetrate that lump of gross materialism, clothe this transcendent entity with the fleshy attributes proper to it, and you will have achieved a great work. To sum up, the one has come hither in quest of a soul, the other in quest of a body; if your spiritual fall short of your corporeal influences, we must seek elsewhere."

Just then another tap was heard at the door, and Maddio rushed to open it excitedly.

"The unknown lady?" ejaculated Madame Sylvestre.

"The unknown lady?" repeated the two brothers inquisitively.

"The unknown lady," echoed Maddio, leading by the hand a young lady, who looked ready to drop of fatigue.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.—AGLAE'S STORY.

AT the request of the stranger, she was at once carried off to her room. It was a tiny chamber in the wall, which had nevertheless been made to look cosy enough by means of carpets, dressed tapestry-wise round the walls, an old-fashioned screen, and other contrivances of warmth. Fire-place, of course, there was none, for which Euphrosyne apologised pathetically, but the young lady seemed disposed to make light of trifles.

"If I can only get to bed and have something to eat," she said, "I shall be the most thankful creature in the world. Ah! madame, you do not know how I have suffered!"

"Poor child, poor child," said Euphrosyne, kissing her on the cheek. "Like ourselves, then, you have tasted misfortune!"

"Madame, I shall never have another happy moment. I have no home, and those who should have been good to me turned out to be my greatest enemies."

"You have lost your mother, perhaps?" said Euphrosyne with a look of hungry tenderness.

"My mother is lost to me, madame. She was a bad woman, and were it not for her I might have been as happy as other girls. But let us not talk of it now."

"True, true. I will fetch you something to eat, and then leave you to sleep," Euphrosyne answered, but having performed her errand, she still lingered. There are some women whom the sight of exquisite girlhood always affects strongly. Perhaps they are moved by the remembrance of having also been sweet and lovely—the joy of it, the triumph of it, often the tragedy of it! or they are touched by reason of their motherly instincts—just such a one was the dreamed-of daughter that never came, or would have been—the little angel buried in infancy; or—God help such mothers!—the unknown child from whom some dread fate has separated them for life.

Pretty as she was and graceful as she was, this young creature was rather prosaic after the manner of convent-bred Frenchwomen. She finished her supper with the utmost composure, paying no heed to Euphrosyne's sympathising glances, and having swallowed her last crumb of bread, asked for more. When the meal finally came to an end, she



held up her cheek to be kissed after a child's careless fashion, saying—

"If you will come to me when it is getting light and lie on my bed, I will tell you my story from beginning to end, and you can advise me what to do. Good night, dear madame."

Euphrosyne went away full of mysterious yearnings and unrest. She felt strangely drawn towards this young stranger who had dropped among them as a little bird found in a chamber unawares. Young, pretty, and neglected, who stood in such need of motherly love as she? The touch of homely commonplace manifested in word and gesture Euphrosyne failed to notice. She only saw what was artless and pathetic, and longed with all the motherly tenderness of her nature to caress, guide, and console.

Euphrosyne slept little that night. For months she had not been in so uneasy a mood. Dreams of days long past, though too well remembered, disturbed her uneasy slumbers. She saw herself in the first home of her married life, before she had beheld the face of him for whom she had sacrificed all, surrounded with the stately circumstance of the first lady in the place, having children on her breast and at her knee, spending her days among flowers and missals and monotonous deeds of charity—a calm, measured life, without surprises. Vision after vision of this kind troubled her till she fairly woke, and, finding herself awake, determined to dream no longer.

Striking a light softly, she found it was nearly time to be up and stirring. And there was the promise made to her new guest. She dressed herself hastily, closed the door softly on her sleeping lord, and proceeded to light the kitchen fire. But when she had swept and dusted and laid the cloth, it was still too early to disturb the traveller. She busied herself a little longer, put out the barn-door key and the milk-pails, opened the dairy shutters, set the pails in readiness. Then she crept up the attic stairs and lay down quiet as a mouse beside the still sleeping girl.

By-and-by, there was a glimmering of light in the little chamber, and the first sounds of the day's business might be heard below; the horses were led to the pond to drink, the hens were summoned to feed, beans and barley-meal were brought down the granary steps for the pigs. By whom? Lying there in the early wintry dawn, Madame Sylvestre had but a vague idea. Perhaps it was Mad-dio, perhaps the old day labourer who had

lately been made a partner in the concern, perhaps her husband or one of the newcomers. These things went mostly by chance at Pilgrim's Hatch.

The cold grey light grew stronger and stronger, and soon the sleeper stirred. Madame Sylvestre lay close as she dare to the warm young thing, partly because she was trembling with cold, and partly because she wished that the awakening might not be sad and lonely. What an abundance of youth and health and beauty were here! The pillow was covered with dark bright hair, the parted lips showed pearly little teeth, every line of the young face, neck, and arms was smooth and rounded as an infant's. How had it come about that such a one should be forlorn and a wayfarer?

At last she was fairly awake, and lay with wide-open eyes turned towards the light and lips parting in a smile.

"You are here as you promised, madame," she said. "Ah! how good it is to feel among friends once more! You will not send me away?"

"Have no fear on that score, dear child."

"I could do a few things to earn my bread, such as silk embroidery, teaching music, and keeping accounts, perhaps. And I do not care much about fine clothes now. But I said I would tell you how I came here, and I will begin. Never was such a sad history, madame. Ah! if I might have a little tea before beginning?"

Of course Euphrosyne trotted down-stairs to fulfil her visitor's behest, and was overwhelmed with thanks.

"I never cared for tea when I was happy," she said, apologetically, "or for any material comforts. A bit of bread and an apple sufficed then, but so much crying has turned me into a gourmande."

"Poor child!" Euphrosyne said, with a tender pressure of the hand. "It is indeed hard to be unhappy at your age."

"And all might have been different had my mother loved me. Listen, madame, and judge for yourself whether I am not right in thinking her the most wicked woman in the world. She had everything that the heart could desire—a beautiful home, a distinguished name, little children; and yet all these failed to content her, and she gave them up to satisfy a moment's fancy! I think, if she is living now, she must have awful moments of remorse. But I omit too much, and tell you things by halves only. Dear madame, I come of one of the best families of France—Roman Catholic, of course—and was edu-

cated with my sisters in a convent. We thought ourselves orphans till one day, just before leaving school, the mother-superior took us into the closet and told us it was not so. 'Your mother,' she said, 'was dead to you from the moment she forsook the Holy Church and her duties to her children. She had been married to your father as a mere child, and he was three times her years. All the more ought she to have showed submission to his will whilst he lived and compliance with his injunctions when she became a widow. But no, with freedom her proud and intractable spirit broke forth as a wild animal turned loose. She would do this, that, anything she willed, and hearkened neither to conscience nor counsellors. There came to the neighbouring town a stranger giving himself out as a follower of Fourier, the great communist (whose heresies may God extirpate!), a teacher of mathematics by profession, young, supremely beautiful, gifted with a marvellous eloquence. Your mother was entrapped in the wiles of Satan, and, instead of clinging to her confessor and the saints, gave way to this unhappy passion. Think of it, my children! she would fain have made this man the head of her house, but, fortunately for you, guardians stepped in. The choice was given her whether she would surrender her children and all the dignities she held as your father's widow, or—her lover. She chose the last, and thus you became, in the spirit, if not in the letter, orphans. Let the example of your mother warn you for ever off the shoals of passion, and, what is hardly less fatal to the happiness of women, intellectual independence. Had your mother submitted her intellect to her religious teachers from the beginning, she would never have become a renegade and a castaway.' This, madame, is the substance of what the mother told us, and I could not get it out of my mind. I fancy I am a little like what my mother must have been, for when we returned home the monotonous life of the village became hateful to me. I seized by stealth all the books I could find in the library that told me anything about Fourier and his disciples, and devoured them greedily, knowing all the time how wicked it was. I wanted to find out what had enticed my mother away. And the more I read, the more I became dissatisfied with things around me. I longed for such a career as she had chosen, untrammelled, swayed by inclination, full of love, pleasure, and variety. I say again, I knew how wicked it was, but without such

an example I might have been as good as other girls. My mother must be blamed for all. Well, I went to Paris for the first time, and was there promised in marriage to one of my second cousins, a grave, hard man, double my years, and much given up to public affairs. As you may imagine, I trembled with fear at his lightest word, and dreaded my wedding day as much as if I were going to be led to execution. Could I escape such a fate? was my thought night and day. I dared not avow myself unwilling to marry my cousin. I knew what a wretched lot awaited me as his wife. And so time wore on, and we were married. Madame, need I say what came of it? I found my married life no less intolerable than I had expected; and one day, when my husband had reproached me harshly for some trifling fault, I left him, and went back to my old home. But there I was treated so unkindly that I could not stay; my husband made no overtures of reconciliation; receiving by chance one of your newspapers one day with a book I had ordered from Paris, Lamennais' '*Paroles d'un Croyant*,' I determined to go to England and to join your Phalanstery. Tell me, madame, was there ever so sad a story as mine?"

But Euphrosyne had not a word to say. Silently as one in deep sleep she had rested hitherto by the story-teller's side. Softly as a somnambulist she now rose and made her way to the door. In the faint light of the wintry morning the stranger could not see how pale she looked and how she trembled, but she could hear a sob rising to her throat as she returned hastily to the bedside and gave her a broken blessing and a caress.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.—IN THE DAIRY.

PRECISELY at eight o'clock the bell should have rung for breakfast, but though Pilgrim's Hatch prided itself upon being the most methodical little community in the world, the bell sounded by chance, and indeed breakfast seemed to come by chance upon six mornings out of the seven. As it was everybody's business in general, and nobody's business in particular, to see that the morning meal and the morning's duties were gone through with punctuality, shortcomings were passed over without comment and without reproach. The only rule observed with the utmost rigidity was that each should perform the work he had a liking for—a rule subject to inconveniences under most circumstances, but less so in an industrial army of which each soldier was a commander-in-



chief. On the day in question, which happened to be an unusually damp and disagreeable one, there were pig-styes to clean out, in addition to turnip-cleaning, and one or two farming jobs of a more engaging nature. With the utmost alacrity the men declared themselves ready for turnip-cleaning, &c., but for once the divine principle of the attraction of labour seemed inert: there were no volunteers for the pig-stye. At last Maddio set off contentedly on the unsavoury errand, arming himself with a musical-box by way of panacea, which was placed on the wall, and slosh, slosh went his spadefuls to the tune of the march in *Faust* and *Robert, toi que j'aime*. Mr. Jack was initiated into the business of the turnip-house, where he sat for three hours on a three-legged stool cleaning Swedes and beet-root gingerly in white kid gloves. Mr. Harry, who needed rather a seraph's wing than a ploughman's muscles, was set to mole-catching; it being supposed that the contact with these highly intelligent little creatures, and the amount of caution required in dealing with them to bring about their own destruction, would develop, it indeed it were capable of development, the intellectual part of Mr. Harry's being. The spiritual part was to be left to music, the æsthetic instruction of the youthful population of the village, and the ladies. Meantime the women were not idle. The only domestic of the family, a sturdy little wench in short petticoats, could not do more than inundate the dairy, break a pile of plates upon occasion, and scour the milk-pails. Madame Sylvestre, therefore, and her young friend, who called herself Aglaë, had, in addition to the house-work, to clean the dairy and make the butter, for it was churning-day, happiest day of all the seven to poor Euphrosyne, ever, like Eve, on hospitable thoughts intent. It was all cold work, and Aglaë said more than once to her companion—

"Dear madame, how you tremble! Let me fetch you a warm shawl."

But Euphrosyne trembled no less when the shawl was wrapped around her, and accused herself of having foolishly caught cold.

"I am always forgetting that we are not in our sunny beautiful Algérie," she said, "and did some garden-work yesterday without my bonnet on. Now you are here to take care of me, I shall not do such foolish things."

"Indeed you must not," answered Aglaë, kissing her. "I will look after you, as if you were my own mother, and had been kind to me."

"No, no, no," Euphrosyne said, drawing

back with almost a frightened look. "I am not good enough to be so treated. You don't know me. God be thanked—none know me—as I know myself."

Aglaë went on with her dairy-work disconcertedly. She was a novice in the art of rolling butter, and blundered, perhaps with some intention. The alternating tenderness and reserve of her companion struck her as strange in the extreme. She felt aggrieved that her story should as yet have received no expressions of sympathy. If such a story could not touch Madame Sylvestre's heart, could anything touch it? There are natures, not the highest certainly, yet capable of good things, that seem to live upon the outgiving sympathies of others; and will not rest without a constant display of feeling, whether of interest, admiration, or affection. This habit of casting about for a sentimentality, often inactive, is apt to develop into selfish appropriation of other people's kindness, on a par with the amusing propensities of the aphismilking ant well known to naturalists. Aglaë, ever on the alert to be pitied or coaxed, bore up with her disappointment as well as she could till the heavier part of the day's work was over. When they sat down to needlework she could no longer hide her thoughts.

"Can't we talk a little now?" she asked. "I am very impatient to hear what advice you have to give me, and as yet you have not said a word. Dear madame—mother, if I may so call you—"

"Oh! yes, if you will—but again I tell you that I do not deserve that sacred name."

"Have you never had any children?" asked Aglaë, opening her large eyes.

She could not believe that the passionate caress of the morning was anything but an outburst of motherly feeling.

"My children were all lost to me in their infancy. No childless woman was ever so unhappy as I. Yes, call me mother, and love me and trust me, and you shall be to me as my own child," Euphrosyne said between tears and kisses. "God does not send children to the happy and the good only, but to the erring and the unfortunate, to teach them his mercy, and out of his mercy you are sent to me."

"And *notre père*, Monsieur Sylvestre, may I talk freely to him too? Will he love me also?" Aglaë said, ever on the alert to discover more sympathy.

"I am sure he will, but do not talk to him of yourself just yet. I will tell you why some other time," Euphrosyne answered

agitatedly. "He is sure to be good to you and love you for having come to us."

"Would he not tell me what to do? I must be counselled."

"Have a little patience, dear child. This very day I will take you to see our best friend and protector, a lady who has right thoughts about all things. To her you can freely pour out your troubles."

Aglæ looked unconvinced. She could not conceive of any other counsellor to whom she could so readily go as to Monsieur Sylvestre. There was his great personal fascination to begin with, and what woman, especially a woman who has been disappointed in love and marriage, can resist the charms of a sweet voice, a noble carriage, and a beautiful face? That very morning he had come into the little sitting-room where she was busily dusting, had thrown himself at full length upon the sofa, begging her to talk him to sleep. As he lay thus taking, according to his habit, a few minutes' rest in the midst of the day's labours, Aglaë looked and looked again, wishing she had been young with him and chosen by him of all other women in the world. Monsieur Sylvestre's beauty, far from vanishing with age, had but grown more and more apparent. His eyes, always fine, shone now with a tenderer, more insinuating lustre; his smile was warmer and more universal than of old; what he had lost in physical perfection he had gained in spiritual subtlety. The look of that undying youthfulness of spirit with which he was largely endowed, embellished limbs and lineaments in spite of failing person and whitened hair. Such an old age as his—beautiful, self-indulgent, Quixotic—is especially captivating to those reared among rigid formulas and prosaic ideals.

Aglæ fluttered about him coyly as a maiden in the presence of a half-declared lover. One moment she fancied he would be cold, and wrapped a shawl about his feet; the next she thought the fire would scorch his face, and placed a screen so as to shield him, he smiling and nodding approval. At length, seeing that she was in no humour to let him sleep, he held out his hand, and motioned her to sit on a low stool at his feet.

"Welcome, my child," he said smiling. "It is a little late for me to say that word, but you will already have understood that you are among friends. Little enough we have to offer, and yet, how much, if one takes in at a glance the necessities of the grand primitive human soul! Work, which, when glorified by the power of attraction, is the

richest heritage given by God to man; love, over whose kingdom all should have boundless sway; self-development and solidarity, by which we mean the fullest play given to all the faculties, social and individual—all this shall you have in full measure, running over." His eyes turned towards her with a friendly expression, and then closed. She sat still as a mouse, and soon he fell into a soft sleep, holding one of her little hands in his.

Aglæ confessed to herself that she had never in her life beheld so adorable a being. Had the lover of her erring mother been such a man, she felt as if it was in her heart to pardon her!

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.—INGARETHA'S FLITTING.

WHO has not, at some time or other, gone to the friend of his bosom for bread and come away with a stone? The old affection has no more stirred from its abiding-place than the sun from the heavens, but some cloud is in the way, and it cannot shine forth, making the day that dawned sadly the brightest of the year. When Madame Sylvestre set out for the Abbey, accompanied by Aglaë, she never doubted that the great nightmare brooding over her spirit would be transformed at Ingaretha's touch, if not into an angel with healing on its wings, at least into a winged sorrow touched with the hues of heaven. But Ingaretha's whole being was for the time self-absorbed and self-centred. A fever of expectancy and inquietude was wasting her day by day. The passion she had never believed in till now—how little do we know ourselves till the supreme moment of self-renunciation comes!—so entirely absorbed her being, that for the moment, other things lost their proper weight and importance. Euphrosyne found her, flushed and discomposed, at her writing-table, little Bina Greenfield stamping and sealing letters for her demurely, whilst, through an open door, might be seen the figure of Amy kneeling before an open packing-case.

"You are going away?" asked Euphrosyne, with a dismayed look.

"Yes; I cannot stay here. And poor Amy's children want a change after their whooping-cough. I am going to take them all to the sea. I am sure it is the right thing to do."

"Good heavens! are you ill?" Euphrosyne said, taking her hand tenderly. "Your cheeks are hot, your hands tremble, your eyes are too bright. What is it?"

"Nothing, nothing. I had intended to



run away without saying good-bye, to escape questioning," Ingaretha answered, running her fingers distractedly through her hair. "The place is dull, and I have not enough to do. That is all the matter, I assure you. But after we have had enough of the sea, I am going to London, perhaps to Nice—anywhere so long as I get away from Culpho."

Euphrosyne felt as if a cold hand were laid on her heart. A few minutes ago, all troubles seemed bearable because of Ingaretha's love and presence; now, Ingaretha's coldness and departure seemed the greatest trouble of all. For a few moments she was speechless, stunned by what in reality was the most natural occurrence in the world, and, a day or two ago, would have by no means affected her deeply. Then the bitterness passed. She put away her own discomfiture and talked cheerfully of the proposed journey.

"You are wise to go away," she began.

"I should think it is wise," Bina put in, nodding her little head sagely. "Nobody ever thought of taking us to the sea before, we want so much bread and butter. And then how baby screams! The people who have no babies and don't want a quartern loaf at a meal must lead an easy life of it, mustn't they?"

"That depends, little Bina," Euphrosyne said, giving the little maiden a kiss. "But there is a lady waiting in the drawing-room for me. Will you go and talk to her and amuse her till I come?"

When the child had gone, and Amy had disappeared from the inner room, she told Ingaretha Aglaë's arrival and history. But what a different story to that she had purposed to tell! How common-place and matter-of-fact it sounded! How unmoved was her listener! She chided herself for having used words with so little soul in them, forgetting that if—

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear  
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue  
Of him that makes it."

so does a tragedy's. Had she fallen at Ingaretha's feet, saying, with agonized tears, "She of whom I have spoken is my own child. Here is the mother who forsook her—whose example brought her to this. Pity and forgive"—she felt sure that the surprise would still have been tardy and the sympathy lukewarm.

Euphrosyne rejoined her young companion with an expression of dejection, and the two started off drearily on their homeward walk through the snow; but, ere they had gone a dozen yards from the house, a footman came

running after them with a message. The ladies were to be driven home in the brougham, and were first to have tea with Mrs. Greenfield, Miss Meadowcourt desired him to say. They turned back willingly. Bina met them on the doorstep, and led the way to a snug little breakfast-parlour, far away from poor, sick-at-heart, fevered Ingaretha. Amy sat down to the tea-table with a beaming face. Bina entertained the company. An hour passed like a moment.

And at the end of the hour, just as they were on the point of starting home, a beautiful golden head peeped in, brightening everything like the sun. It was Ingaretha's real self, not her ghost, this time, and she sat down and took Pennie on her knee, and gave one hand to Euphrosyne, after the old way.

"I was brutal in my behaviour to you just now," she said. "Forgive me. I am ill, I think, or perhaps out of my senses. I shall be better by-and-by."

Then she turned to Aglaë, and talked kindly to her, but the young Frenchwoman was not easily to be won over. It had seemed to her preposterous that Ingaretha could have any trouble so important as to eclipse her own, and hungry as she was for sympathy, she wilfully withheld response to the proffered cordiality. By Ingaretha, Euphrosyne's sulky young guest was forgotten ere she had been out of the house half-an-hour.

The next day the little party set out for the south of England; and what a journey of enchantment was that! Poor Amy's entire experience of travel had begun and ended with a fortnight's honeymoon at Henley-on-Thames, and she was like a child in her eager appreciation of everything—the journey to London; the two days' sight-seeing; finally, the mixed land-and-sea journey to that verdant little Paradise of ours, which Sir Philip Sidney might have had in his mind when he described the scenery of his Arcadia. No wonder that to the curate's wife and children the place seemed peopled with good fairies, an island of the Blest, a realisation of childhood's choicest visions! Seldom, indeed, is the sunshine absent for an entire day; and whilst it is winter on the other side of the sea, here the violets bloom, the banks are verdant, the sky is blue on the shortest day of the year. And after a time Ingaretha attained that peace she had longed for during the last month. The walks and rides along the sea-shore, the abundant pleasantness of the climate and scenery, the daily repetition of quiet enjoyments, did more to restore her to physical

and mental health than any more exciting mode of life could have done. The softness of the air acted like an opiate upon her senses, bringing back the old, delicious habit of perfect sleep. The irritability induced by over-concentration of thought passed away. She became again the Ingaretha of old.

At twilight the children would gather round her knee and beg for stories. Unconsciously she had fallen into the habit of telling René's story, and they loved it best of all. They listened breathlessly whilst she told of his

unhappy childhood, his wanderings, his desolation, his imprisonments, and his patriotic ambitions; asking, when she stopped, "How does it end? Does he marry some beautiful lady? Does he turn out to be a prince?" and so on. To make them happy, she said "Yes;" sighing softly to herself when the telling of the story was ended.

Happy indeed is the friend of little children! Like daisies, robins' songs, and other wayside pleasures, the love of the little ones is ever at hand to brighten common homes and dull places. Ingaretha wondered



Page 417.

at the affection of Amy—herself a child—and Amy's children for her. They would sit at her feet looking up at her face, or would stroke and kiss her hair, her dress, her hands, as if she were something more than mortal. And why? Simply because she had been kinder to them than any one in the world—had not only held a cup of water, according to scriptural injunction, to "one of these little ones," but had taken good heed of the quality of the water, seeing it was fresh from the spring, sparkling to behold, good to drink. They were all good and sweet; and

she loved them none the less on account of Bina's mended frock or Pennie's ill-shod little feet.

Thus time wore on, and Amy had to go home. Ingaretha carried off Bina to London, and gave the little maiden a round of dissipation; what with the Crystal Palace, and the pantomimes, Bina was very near losing her quaint pretty old womanishness altogether, and becoming a child again. They stayed in the house of a maternal uncle of Ingaretha's, a stately old gentleman, who had no particular love of curates or large-



eyed, half-starved-looking little girls always in want of shoes or frocks.

"Beware of playing patroness, my dear," he would say. "Have nothing to do with shiftless people and shabby-genteel people, and people with immense families. Giving to the downright poor is another matter, and is safe and respectable."

From this house Ingaretha went to visit others of her kinsmen and kinswomen, knowing well enough it was for the last time. In a few months they would regard her as irrecoverably lost to them as if she had married a gipsy or eloped with some schoolfellow's husband. She determined to behave graciously now, and at least leave such a remembrance as should not disgrace her.

"Do you love all your relations?" asked sage Bina one day.

"Not all, of course, you strange child."

"Because I don't like relations at all.

They are always scolding. I think they are of very little use except to go to each other's funerals."

"But, Bina, some relations do not scold at all, and are always good to each other."

"Very few," Bina said, shaking her head. "Mamma has a great many, and whenever they come to see us, she is cross and miserable for days after. No, I don't like relations. I think it is a pity they were invented."

About a fortnight after Amy's departure Ingaretha was startled by receiving the following telegram from Peasemarch:—

"DEAR FRIEND,—We are in great trouble, and unspeakably need your counsel. Can you come to us if only for a day?"

"EUPHROSINE."

Of course she started for Suffolk by the next train.

## ON THE OVER-MUCH IN WORDS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

A FRIEND of mine, whose name is Ellesmere, declares that there is too much of everything in the world. He chiefly, however, applies his maxim to what are called the pleasures and recreations of the world. He would diminish, by one-half, plays, dinners, concerts, operas, and evening entertainments. He is a lawyer; and I did not observe that he expressed any wish for the speeches of lawyers to be diminished by one-half, or by any other fraction.

I am now going to pursue his theme, and to discourse upon the over-much in speaking, writing, and talking. And first I begin by saying that it was an evil day for the world when the theory was put forth, that to ensure attention there must be a great deal of repetition. This theory is particularly insisted upon when you have to deal with illiterate and uncultured persons.

There is, however, one defect of the human mind, which is almost always overlooked by those people who declare that repetition is the surest method of obtaining attention. They forget that the human mind is a very vague and volatile creature; and that, unless your statement, or your course of argument, is very closely knit together, this mind, that you wish to win, will wander into a hundred different matters wide apart from the subject about which you are talking or speaking. This defect, too, is an especial defect of the uncultured classes. Or rather, I should per-

haps say, that all classes have this same defect nearly in the same degree, only that cultured people can with more ease resume the main thread of the argument addressed to them, and treat as parentheses all that has been parenthetically spoken by the speaker. Repetition, therefore, and the dwelling upon small points which do not greatly affect the main subject are, in my judgment, the more to be avoided, the less cultivated the class of persons is whom you have to address.

The foregoing remarks are not meant to apply to an occasional summing up of what you have endeavoured to prove; for this practice is often very useful to hearers, of whatever class they may be.

If my argument hitherto is sound, how great is the error committed by lawyers, clergymen, and parliamentary speakers; and how largely might all their orations be diminished.

There is also another branch of the question to be considered; and that is, that the attention given to a very close and concise speaker, is an attention of a higher order, to speak mathematically, than the attention given to an ordinary speaker. There is no better proof of this than the physical restraint which a real orator exercises upon his audience. They do not dare to look aside, or to cough: but look up at him as the prey does to the serpent that fascinates it. And when there comes a momentary pause in the speak-

ing, there is a simultaneous noise of coughing or of murmurs of assent.

I remember once attending the hearing of a great cause, with the details of which I was fully acquainted. All the eminent lawyers of the day were engaged in it. Many of them spoke for three, four, or five hours. Occasionally, to use a common phrase, one did not know what they were "driving at," and there was the usual buzzing of sound which shows that the attention of the audience is but partial. Then came the great advocate—certainly the greatest that we have had in our time. He did not know what his colleagues had said. He had travelled up from York through the night. Had he known what his colleagues had said, his speech might even have been shorter than it was. It lasted three-quarters of an hour, and completely exhausted the subject. The audience were apparently breathless in that crowded court, as the great advocate advanced from position to position, never overstating his case, never assuming anything that he had not proved, never going back upon any statement; but winding on, or rather springing on, from branch to branch of his subject, until he had completely stated his adversaries out of court. Of course it is not given to many men to be able to argue as this man did; but I am persuaded that his mode of oratory was the one which all advocates should take for a model. His speeches in Parliament were of a similar character, and were listened to with like attention.

Passing from lawyers to clergymen, there is every reason to regret that these latter should indulge so largely in what is over-much. If, after church, they could but examine their hearers, as they sometimes do the National School children, they would mostly find how little those hearers had brought away of the discourse which had been addressed to them. It must not be supposed that inattention depends upon the length of a discourse, though I would always encourage brevity in this respect; but it depends upon the want of method in the discourse—upon the perpetual over-lapping and running back which is notably to be perceived in most of these discourses. I used to wonder what was the fascination exercised by the great Dissenting preacher of our day until I had read some of his sermons, when I found out that he was a master of method, and that you always knew exactly where you were, and what he meant to state, or to prove, in any portion of his sermons. It was impossible not to attend to them.

I now come to the over-much in talking; and here I venture to say that there is scarcely any one of us, even of those who are very sparing of speech, who has not wasted at least one-half of the words which he has ever uttered. Even when the talk is of a most important nature, when, for instance, a man is stating a grievance and asking for redress, he seems to come utterly unprepared for making a clear and succinct statement. He states and re-states the same series of facts, taking them in different order. He varies his course of argument many times; and, altogether, if there were a short-hand writer in the room to take down *verbatim* all that the complainant says, he would be astonished at the bad statement he had made of the facts thoroughly familiar to him. He goes to the door, and returns to add needless postscripts, as it were; and, in fact, he has used twice too many words, and every other word has been mischievous as well as wasteful.

Again, in common talk, how much there is that is over-much! We explain what there is no need to explain, unless indeed our hearers are utterly foolish; we throw in, needlessly, names, and dates, and facts which have next to nothing to do with the subject; and we indulge in parentheses which, if the statements contained in them are requisite at all, ought to be separate sentences. I suspect that we are a very erring nation in this matter, and that it would often do us a great deal of good to observe the way in which a foreigner, a Frenchman for instance, will relate something that we have witnessed.

I have omitted to dwell upon the over-much in Parliamentary speaking. This fault almost degenerates into a vice in this assembly. Analyse a great debate, and you will find that it contains twelve or thirteen arguments which it has taken forty hours to elaborate. How grateful his countrymen would be to the statesman who gave them good advice, and justified his good guidance of them, in readable speeches of much brevity!

I now come to the over-much in writing. The error in question is quite as remarkable in writing as in speaking or in talking, although it would seem at first sight that the error ought to be much less prevalent where there is an opportunity for correction and judicious omission. A fatal element, however, of disturbance enters in this case. It is the mode of payment for writing of all kinds, which payment considerably depends upon length. I have often thought what a splendid result might be produced, if some great editor were to tell his eminent hands that he would pay



for articles according to their intrinsic goodness; and were, at the same time, to mention that, for his part, he was very fond of brevity. Doubtless a much smaller Magazine or Quarterly would make its appearance; but what a noble product it would be, and how the memory of it would be cherished by its readers!

I have spoken of the over-much in common talk. This does not altogether proceed from inaptitude for condensation. This inaptitude is mostly complicated with vanity and egotism, especially with the latter. There is no detail which an egotistical man will spare you when he is relating anything which, however remotely, concerns himself. Then there are men with whom talking is a disease. They are the severest of social scourges. Nothing can stop them. It is in vain that you put on your hat and coat, and hold your watch in your hand. What care they about your being late for the train? Talk they must, and talk they will; and you can only consider them as men labouring under a severe disease. There is one danger especially to be noted in any conversation (I should hardly use this word) with one of these immoderate talkers. It is that you find yourself committed to some statement, or opinion, which is about the last thing that you would like to admit as yours. Perhaps, after the infliction of a visit from one of these pests to society, a friend remarks to you, "I am astonished to find that you are one of those who hold the wicked opinion that political assassinations are generally justifiable. The social scourge told me so." You then remember that he inflicted upon you a long tirade upon this subject, from which you either did not get an opportunity of expressing your dissent, or to which you gave a tacit assent, by nodding your head, in some desperate hope of getting rid of your tormentor. These social scourges are fertile propagators of misrepresentation.

It is a very ungracious task to point out defects, or unpleasant superabundancies, if you are not prepared to offer some remedy. In this matter the remedy is very hard to find. It can only be provided, I think, by greater attention being given to the education of the young in this particular respect. Much of their education tends, I suspect, to increase the evil we are considering. For instance, I conjecture that the practice of making young people write what is called original composition, before they have any original ideas to compose, is most mischievous. I am confirmed in this view by a statement which I have often heard made by one of the authors

of the present day, who has been somewhat successful as an author. He is wont to declare that whatever success he has had in writing, is entirely due to the resistance he made to original composition when he was young. I must tell the story in his own words:—

"I was at a school where Latin themes and Latin verses were greatly cultivated. I held a good place in the school; but I never wrote a Latin theme nor a copy of Latin verses. I could not do it. There was a dreadful sincerity in me, as a boy, which prevented my doing it. I was, in fact, the stupidest boy in the school, if stupidity was to be measured by incompetence for original composition. The master gave out—

'Alas! what boots it with incessant care  
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,  
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?  
Were it not better done, as others use,  
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
Or with the tangles of Neera's hair?'

The prospect of playing with those 'tangles' afforded me no satisfaction. My chief idea of joy and felicity was to see how far I could get up the river in a wherry, to return in time to answer when my name was called at 'Absence.'

"Or the master gave out as the subject for a theme, 'Virtue always pays.' I don't mean that he used those very words, but rather something of this kind: 'In whatever state of circumstances he may be placed, the virtuous man is never cast down; amidst the billows of contending fate, his bark will always ride securely.' Now I knew very little of vice, and nothing at all of virtue; and, moreover, was totally disinclined to pledge myself to any statement about the virtuous man, whom, between ourselves, I regarded then as rather a slow fellow."

How did you manage to keep your place? we asked him.

"I was a well-read boy, and my studies were directed to utility—I mean school utility. I knew all the minor Latin poets, such as Sannazarius, Vida, and Johannes Secundus; and I treated my masters with extracts from them. Then, as to themes, the 'Fathers of the Church' were a perfect godsend to me, especially St. Jerome. I tried to touch up their Latin a bit, and generally succeeded in making the thing passable. The only person who ever suspected me was that delicate scholar, Capel Lofft. After reading over one of my themes, he exclaimed, 'I suppose this is Latin, but it is very queer Latin. I wonder where the boy gets it from.'

"Now I believe if I had been dishonest

enough to pretend to myself that I had any ideas upon the subject in question—if I had written one single original theme—it would have been all over with me, and I should have been a ruined boy as regards sincerity of character. Now when I write what may be called common-places, the world is interested in them, because it has the acuteness to perceive that these are not exactly common-places to me, but that in my rude way I have thought them all out for myself. I can never be sufficiently grateful to St. Jerome and Johannes Secundus.”

Our friend is a humorous man, and what he says in this matter must be taken with some reserve; but I suspect that what he tells us about himself will apply to a certain extent generally, and that it is not a wise thing to demand from young people original composition before they have had any experience to write upon.

What remains then to be said as regards the education of the young, in order to check them in diffuseness, to give their statements accuracy, to prevent egotism in talk, and, in fine, to make them use words well? This work must be chiefly done at home. All young people are very fond of narration, and ready to tell you all that they have seen and heard, if you do not discourage them. Correct, if possible without pedantry or severity, their ways of narrative and their modes of talking. This can only be done when they are young. We never hardly venture to do

so with grown-up people. The long-suffering politeness of the world as regards conversation is something marvellous, and is a crucial instance of the kindness of mankind. When a man has reached a certain time of life, nobody, not even one of his nearest friends or relations, has the heart to show him his defects in talking or speaking. We do not venture to say to him, “You have said the same thing four times over in the course of the last six minutes,” or, “Do you see that you gave us the point of the story in your first sentence, and then persevered in blunting it by narrating a dozen needless and trivial circumstances?” Happily for the young, we have not so much delicacy in pointing out their faults and errors; and I am persuaded that much may be done by judicious parents, and other relatives, towards improving the method of talking and of narration adopted by the young. When you find a man who is pre-eminent in talking or in speaking, you will almost always learn, upon inquiry, that he has had a clever mother.

I have nothing more to say upon the subject, except that I think I made a miscalculation in a former part of the essay. I intimated that I thought that every other word that had been used by mankind had been needless. Upon reflection, I am inclined to think that I understated the case; and that two-thirds of all the words that have been uttered by mankind were needless, frivolous, and vexatious.

## A YOUNG INDIAN PRINCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “STONE EDGE.”

**I**N that strange “fortuitous concourse of atoms” which streams perpetually from the most distant parts of the world into that Alexandria of the West—London the cosmopolitan—there came to us last summer a young Indian sovereign prince, the Maharajah of Kolapoor.

It was the first time that a reigning Hindoo had ever ventured to travel so far, and the journey was a great event among his people, who were much distressed at the idea of his crossing the sea. The whole undertaking was one, indeed, requiring a degree of resolution which it is difficult for us to realise. He belonged, however, to the Mahrattas, who are more enterprising than most races of Hindoos. He had had an English tutor and an officer of the Indian Service residing with him, spoke English well, and had acquired a certain knowledge of modern history and of

the politics and statesmen of the day, which enabled him to be interested in the conversation going on around him.

He was barely twenty, though he looked much older; a small-made man, with extremely slender hands and feet; his complexion of that pleasantly brown colour which looks as if it had been just ripened by the sun, not scorched black; the eyes very large and lustrous, without much expression; and a contemplative, rather child-like look; his white teeth shone brilliantly, however, when he spoke, and lighted up the dark face.

A kindly, gentle young prince, not wanting in intelligence, with a sort of easy dignity, as of one used to be obeyed, but apparently quite contented to remain languidly in the place where he happened to be, so that one wondered the more to see him venturing so far from home.



He was ordinarily dressed in a kind of dark green cloth coat, with a curious edifice on his head formed of rolls of red muslin twisted into thin coils, without which he was never seen in public, any more than Louis XIV. without his wig. He would have considered it an act of rudeness on his part to show himself bareheaded, though he pulled off his turban when with his own people only. He had never been alone in all his life, and used to sit chatting and laughing with his attendants on terms of perfect ease, curiously mixed with the Oriental depth of respect and reverence with which they treated him.

He was already married, and a child had been born to him just before his departure. "Only a girl," however, much to his disappointment, as a daughter could not inherit. The Mahrattas are monogamists; but sovereigns and very great chiefs are sometimes, though only for reasons of state policy, allowed "by the 'sages' to take a second wife. Their canons are perhaps rather elastic, but they would be ready, I have no doubt, to prove that in furnishing Henry VIII. with half-a-dozen wives, and George IV. and Napoleon with two apiece, they would have avoided straining the consciences of Wolsey, Eldon, and Talleyrand, and done no more mischief than depriving us of some of Froude's most delightful pages!" says one who it is to be hoped will one day speak for himself about that India for whose welfare he has done so much.

In the Rajah's case, a little extra princess, who is now about seven years old, was growing up in reserve for him. She was the daughter of a very ancient and noble family, the Naik Nimbalkur of Phultum (not far from Poona); a house which was said to have already reigned a thousand years at the time of the Mahometan invasion, and whose clan furnished many brave leaders to the Mahratta cause in the succeeding struggles.

She is described by a lady who saw her some four years ago as a lovely little child about two years and a half old, who came in escorted with a great pomp of attendants. They bore a sort of canopy over her, nominally to protect her from the gaze of mankind as she descended from her gilt coach; but the decorum was only a sham, as she could be perfectly well seen under it. She was dressed in a short armless purple velvet jacket, and the *sarce*, the long, graceful drapery worn by all Hindoos, wound about her. Her little arms and ankles were covered with bangles, she wore a large ring in her nose, and several pairs of earrings hung round the lobes of her ears.

If she had been old enough for "manners," she would have inquired the ages of her visitors, and the ages of all their relations and friends, which is the correct style of conversation. As it was, her whole little soul was absorbed in a parasol, an instrument which she had never seen before, and which she kept opening and shutting with great delight all the time of the visit.

"I shall bring the Rancee to see you in England," Rajaram said to his English friends; but this was intended to refer to the mother of his child, not to this little lady.

He had expressed a wish to see ordinary country life in England, and accordingly went to pay a visit in a country house. He came attended by three of his thirteen native servants, his English footman, and the English officer who accompanied him everywhere; but the accommodation required for the native suite was not excessive. The Rajah himself accepted a bed, but slept on the outside of it, wrapped in a magnificent pelisse of scarlet cloth embroidered with gold. The attendants lay in rugs on the floor, in their master's room and the dressing-room adjoining. His religious ablutions every morning were long and most scrupulously performed. Everything about him was kept with great cleanliness and nicety—but to be touched by no intrusive housemaid. There was at first some difficulty in the arrangements concerning food. Not only must the killing and the cooking be done by the hands of the orthodox, but the passing of the shadow of any but a "twice born"\* over the result, when prepared, would render it unfit to eat. All approach during these operations was warded off most energetically.

A small garden house having been cleared out, Dunderbar, a tall, handsome fellow clad in brown cloth, with a red turban like his master's; the "cook," of a rather darker shade, in white garments with a red fez; and a third tall fellow, whom the English servants nicknamed "the kitchen-maid," in blue with a turban, encamped there with an immense chest which they brought with them. They built their charcoal fire in the corner, and established themselves beside it, squatting with their multitudinous copper vessels big and little, without handles, used alike to cook on the fire and to fetch water, as they would use none which they did not themselves draw at the well.

\* A twice born is a Brahmin, or a Chetrya, the two highest castes, or a man who has become so by penances or good works.

They brought their own rice, spices, meat, and flour with them, and accepted nothing but live fowls, eggs, and vegetables; they were very liberal in giving away their food, to which the cloves, curry powder, &c., which they used for everything alike, gave a certain sameness of fiery taste almost intolerable to Western palates, but which was otherwise very good. They all ate with their fingers, but scrupulously washed their hands afterwards. The rest of the day the attendants sat munching cloves and nuts of various descriptions, smoking from a common pipe, which each passed on after taking a single whiff. One of them was always left on guard lest the vessels, &c., should be touched, and so defiled. They were extremely intelligent, and showed themselves very quick in comprehending everything with little language but that of signs by those who had to deal with them.

A morning room was given up to the Rajah, with an entrance on the garden, through which his meals were brought without danger of contamination—the cook in his white garments, his feet bare on the rough gravel, but his head scrupulously covered (Indian respect is shown in a way exactly the opposite of European manners), bearing in aloft on one hand, the arm bent back, a little tray covered with a napkin. The Rajah was extremely kind and courteous, making very pleasantly such pretty little speeches as his *métier* of prince required. "I am enamoured of your garden," he said to the rector's wife, as she showed him her parterres. He had even got up the little bits of society "slang," and declared he had "enjoyed his visit immensely!" He played eagerly at croquet, and the wide, green English lawn under the shadow of the trees was an oasis of common interest for the dusky little Eastern prince, and the fair-haired, fair-complexioned Western girls and children, very curious to watch and consider amongst the dearth of points where intercourse was possible; while at a respectful distance his three attendants stood following the success of their master's strokes with extreme interest.

It was strange to look on the "mild Hindoo" and remember the fierce ancestry he came of. He was a collateral descendant of the great Mahratta chief Sevagee, the founder of the Mahratta Empire (in the days between our Restoration and Revolution), who bearded the power of the Mogul Emperors when at its highest, and rose upon its ruins. "The little mountain rat," as Aurungzebe contemptuously called him, won from the Great Mogul a territory on the

western coast of India, extending one hundred and twenty miles in breadth and four hundred in length, from near Goa to near Bombay, and thence north, which Sevagee possessed at the time of his death, aged only fifty-two, in 1680.

He has been supposed to be a ruffian of the first water, but his turn has come at last in the list of "rehabilitations." "There can be no doubt that he was an ardent patriot, a brave and wonderfully successful warrior and organizer," and if his fanatical enthusiasm led him to commit many wild deeds, probably he was no worse in this respect than his neighbours, while in other matters he rose far above their level.

There is, however, one awkward story concerning him. Having once come down from his stronghold to a friendly meeting with a Mahometan general, Afzul Khan, he armed his hands with "tigers' claws," a horrible contrivance of tearing hooks fastened to the fingers by rings, which held on the machine, so as to be invisible when the hand was closed. He threw his arms round his confiding foe, as if to embrace him, and literally clawed and tore the miserable man to death. The excuse made for him is, that he believed himself to have received a special revelation from the goddess Bowannee, instructing him in every point how to carry out the execution of the misbeliever; and it was perhaps not worse than some historical revelations of the same kind for the dealing with heretics with which we are more familiar. There seems to be no doubt of the reality of his conviction in his own inspiration; and the sword presented to him by the terrible goddess of war herself, has a temple dedicated to it in Sattara, where offerings of flowers are still made. It is, in fact, a sort of incarnation of Bowannee. An irreverent Western curiosity, however, has dared to examine the sacred relic, when it was discovered to be a nearly straight Italian blade, with the maker's marks and "Genova" still legible in more than one place; but how it reached Sevagee's hands, whether the goddess went for it herself to Europe, or it came to him practically when fighting with the English of the "Factory" at Surat, as our settlement on that side of India was then humbly called, must always remain a mystery.

Since those days the chiefs have mostly degenerated in vigour as well as in fierceness, and their lives are generally a wretched combination of petty intrigue, gossip, and worse. The love of jewels among the men gives an idea of the depth of inanity which they reach.



They are sometimes hung over with necklaces, rings, bangles, and head ornaments, as if they were dummies set up for the pur-



*Rajah  
of Kolhapur*

pose of exhibition. One Rajah had himself photographed with his ten fingers extended, every joint of each covered with rings, rendering it, of course, impossible to use his hands for any purpose whatever.

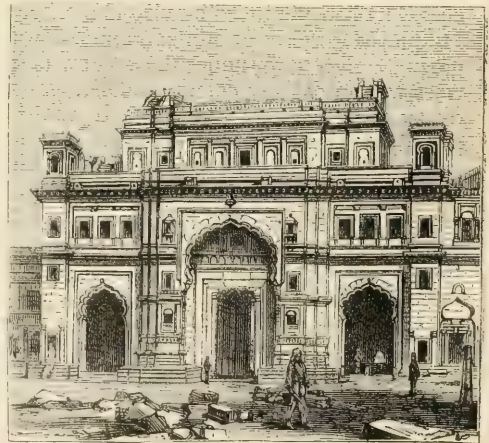
One must the more respect a young prince who, instead of following this traditional life of indolence and sensual self-indulgence, undertook a journey entailing so much exertion, difficulty, and danger.

Rajaram was an heir only by adoption, as the previous sovereign of Kolapoor had no son; the British Government in this case acknowledging the much-prized right among the Hindoos of transmitting their titles and estates to an adopted child—a privilege which it is satisfactory to hear is now to be once more exercised by the State and the Ranee at Kolapoor. The East India Company, in very similar circumstances, some years ago, refused the same right to the Rajah of the neighbouring state of Sattara, according to the letter of a

treaty where the word “heir” had been understood by the Hindoos in the sense of their own law and usage, but which was held by the Company to bear only the English meaning—a questionable policy, which has entailed a festering grievance for many years in the feelings of the people, and has been condemned by some of the highest Indian authorities.

Kolapoor is one of several little-known and little-visited independent states belonging to the Mahrattas—a race which for every reason it is very impolitic for us to neglect. One of the most competent men on such questions says, “They have far higher national capacity in every respect than any Indian race, not excepting the Sikhs and Punjabees, and are likely to play a very prominent part in India hereafter: with us, if we are wise; against us, if we go on drifting. The chiefs have been degraded by the confiscation of a large portion of their estates, and by their exclusion from the management of affairs, far more than by any fault of their own.”

Kolapoor is in the Bombay presidency, situated on the western side of India, and consists mainly of a fertile plain lying east of the line of the Ghauts. Cotton, tobacco, and corn flourish in its deep black soil. Roads till within the last few years there were absolutely none. A nephew of the poet Southey, who crossed the territory some twenty-five years ago during the rains, wrote word that he had tried twenty-four different modes of crossing swollen rivers during his journey of one hundred and forty miles; among which



Gateway of the Palace, Kolapoor.

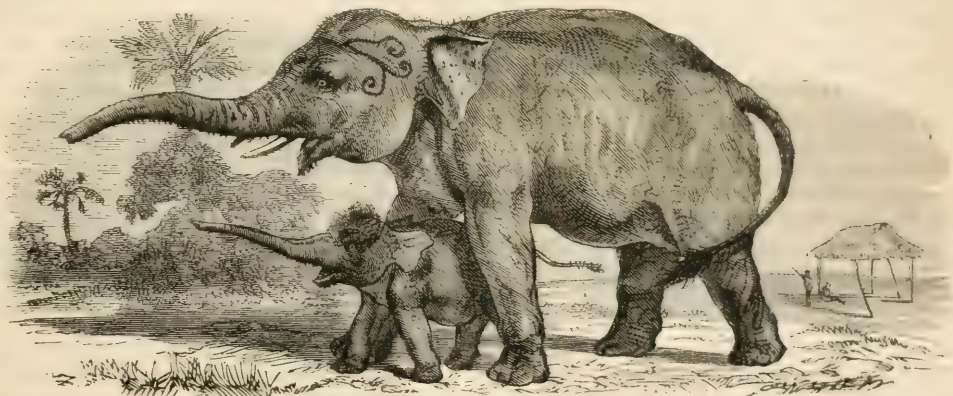
were—1. Swimming with his clothes *on*; 2, with his clothes *off*, and upon his head; 3, on horseback; 4, on the ferryman's back; 5, on a basket; 6, on a door; 7, on a ladder;

8, on inflated skins; 9, on a netful of hollowed pumpkins; 10, holding a bullock's tail; 11, by a buffalo's tail, which is safer, inasmuch as he swims better than his fellow-beast, but requires a more wary hand upon him, since he is so fond of the water, that when he reaches the shore he is quite ready to turn round and swim back again. The last item in the list was a sugar-boiling pan; and there was but one bridge among the twenty-four ways, which was not, after all, in the territory of Kolapoor, but in that of Sattara.

Even quite lately, on a progress made four years ago by the last admirable Governor of Bombay, Sir Bartle Frere, to visit the Rajah who had adopted Rajaram, the edge of the cotton-fields was found a better line along which to drive and ride than the ordinary tracks. At night the party encamped in the open country, and when they reached

the Kistna they crossed in circular wicker baskets made of cotton-twigs covered with leather, which whirled round and round in the stream, while a body-guard of natives escorted them, swimming in all directions on inflated skins. Having once more resumed their march, the Governor and his daughter were met by the Rajah himself, with a magnificent procession of elephants and horses, in gala dress with splendid housings; the elephants with arabesques painted on their broad foreheads, and silver bangles on their post-like legs; the horses still more liberally adorned—one white horse had stripes of magenta painted over him, face and all.

Everything was going on with great ceremony and decorum, when suddenly a baby elephant, which had accompanied his mother to increase the number and grandeur of the retinue, took fright—probably not having been



used to so much company, and ran away. He was so small that he passed under the legs of the others, one of which had such an exceedingly bad temper that he was only brought out on great occasions, when every animal the state possessed was mustered. Offended at the liberty taken with his legs, he set off, regardless of hospitality, charging down on the English party. It was no joke. The heavy beast rushed on, swaying violently from side to side, as is the habit of elephants when they are angry, till he had thrown off his riders and twisted the howdah on one side. The mahout, however, held firm, seated on his head, and did not altogether lose control over him as he plunged into the crowd, nearly overturning Governor and suite, till at length the attendants succeeded in directing him into the harmless open country, and the whole procession once more resumed its decorum and its march to the town of Kolapoor. It is a not very interesting collection

of one-storied houses, chiefly of mud; the palace, a large square building, with a very handsome gateway, consisting of three deep horseshoe arches lined with beautiful fretwork, is built round a great courtyard, its walls adorned by gigantic frescoes in brilliant colouring of scenes from the Hindoo mythology, "very startling and effective."

On the evening of the day of his arrival the Governor paid his return visit to the Maharajah. It was growing dusk, and the lines of streets were marked out by little lamps suspended from the ends of bamboos fastened to the tops of the houses—a most picturesque mode of aerial illumination; while flowers were scattered about in profusion. These are the great staple of Indian decoration, are cultivated for the purpose everywhere, and are always exquisitely arranged. Before the centre arch of the entrance to the palace stood two sentry boxes, in each of which towered an elephant



and his rider, a Brobdignag edition of the sentinels at the Horse Guards, of a very grandiose description.

The hall of ceremony where the Durbar was held was supported by columns covered with scarlet lac, like sealing-wax, the wall ornamented all round with the same, which looked extremely brilliant when lighted up. The Rajah sat at the head of a long line of followers up one side of the room, just opposite the Governor, who headed a similar line of his own suite, on the other side, and, as the hall was narrow, they were thus within speaking distance of each other without compromising the dignity of either. Both host and guest had garlands of flowers hung round them, necklaces of white jessamine, of the beautiful Stephanotis and sweet-smelling tuberoses strung on threads, five together, and fastened with a rose at intervals. Through a veiled door at the end the ladies of the zenana looked in and listened. An entertainment then followed in a hall lined with white marble throughout, with white marble columns and chairs of the same, set against the wall, and, of course, immovable. Sweetmeats mixed with flowers were laid out on a table, an innovation in honour of English customs. Within was another apartment belonging to the zenana, the decorations of which were all in black marble, with columns of black basalt, where the chief princess—in this case the Akasahib, a married sister of the Rajah's—did the honours to the Governor's daughter, "assisted" more humbly by the Rane. The wife is quite second in position in a Hindoo establishment while the mother and sister of the chief are alive, and to turn these out of a house would be looked upon as an act of cruelty not even to be thought of. Their family affection is often extremely strong, and the Akasahib, who followed her brother to the grave in a very short time, was supposed to have died of grief at his loss. The great man being expected patriarchally to shelter all his relations under his roof, the palace was honey-combed with a number of little courts for the different families, with small rooms entirely open on one side, and lighted only by this way, like those at Pompeii.

The Rajah was exceedingly anxious that his adopted son, a young cousin, should inherit his dignity if he himself died without a lineal descendant, and the boy Rajaram was educated accordingly. He succeeded to the principality about two years ago. The little state contains about a million inhabitants, including feudatories, over whom the sovereign has power of life and death; and a

tolerably large revenue is collected from the inhabitants, thanks to its inexhaustibly fertile soil, where the same crops have come up on the same ground for centuries, without manure and without signs of failure.

About the beginning of last year the young prince determined to spend the time before reaching his majority in a pilgrimage to England, which he reached in June. He hired a house in London, and worked hard at seeing the sights required from a conscientious traveller: attended debates in both Houses of Parliament, was present at a Queen's ball in gorgeous apparel, where, in his cloth-of-gold tissues, necklaces, and strings of jewels, he looked like the prince in a fairy tale. He paid a visit to the Queen at Windsor, who, he said, "was very kind;" attended a meeting of the British Association at Liverpool, where, being asked to speak, he said a few words much to the satisfaction of his audience, on his intention to do all in his power to encourage the cultivation of cotton on his return to India; went into Scotland, where he distributed the prizes at a great volunteer festival, and made a second little speech, greatly to the purpose, about the good feeling growing up between East and West, and on the friendly relations of India to England. He ended by a visit to the Maharajah Duleep Singh, in Suffolk, which he is said to have much enjoyed. He seemed much pleased, altogether, with his treatment during his whole stay; and was turning his steps homeward to India through Belgium, the Tyrol, and Italy, the way by Paris, where he otherwise wished to have gone, being blocked by the war, when he was overtaken by the winter.

The snow fell, and his followers were extremely anxious to carry back a box of the strange stuff to "show them at home." Even the moderate degree of cold in an English October had tried the men very painfully, and probably affected poor Rajaram himself. He was taken ill at Florence with a heart complaint, from which he had already suffered before at Innsprück on his journey. Nothing, probably, could have been of much use in such a case; he disliked being attended by Western physicians, and the end was very sudden at last, though the best doctors in Florence were summoned to his aid for the satisfaction of his most careful and judicious guardian, Captain West. Almost as soon as the breath was out of the Rajah's body, his poor attendants began their preparations, intending at first to burn it on the Lung 'Arno, the very midst of the city, as the ceremony must be performed on the banks of a river.

This, of course, could not be permitted, and with much difficulty Sir Augustus Paget obtained permission from the Italian authorities to allow the funeral to be carried out after midnight, at the end of the Cascine, two miles from the town.

It was a dark night; a blustering north wind was blowing, and the cold was biting, says an eye-witness; the pile had been built already breast high, and near it was a fire, round which a group of Hindoos were standing sadly and silently. "The Rajah was the kindest and best of masters, and these poor fellows are as grieved at his loss as if he were their own father," was the affectionate tribute of his English servant.

Presently came up an omnibus containing the body, which was then brought out upon a plank. As it was borne along, the light from two feeble lanterns fell on the placid features of a young and apparently corpulent man. The turban and a richly-embroidered robe which wrapped the corpse were of bright scarlet; the bracelets, necklaces, and jewels round his neck and arms were said to be of great value, and were all afterwards consumed in the fire. The body was then laid reverentially upon the pile. One attendant placed betel-nut in the mouth and hands, a second piled camphor around it, another muttered several prayers. A Brahmin priest performed strange ceremonies with a white linen cloth, which he folded and unfolded, offering up prayers while kneading dough, to be placed alongside the corpse, which was then carefully fenced in with logs and planks, forming a sort of box, into which were thrown perfumes and essences; fresh logs were piled up for about a couple of yards more; camphor, and a mixture of beeswax and turpentine, and a quantity of brushwood and shavings were added, and the mass was then kindled. The flames shot up brilliantly, driven by a strong gust of wind, throwing a lurid glare on the numerous spectators, the muddy Arno, the black clumps of trees, not yet quite bare of leaves, and the groups of Indians of every different shade of colour from coal black to light brown, with their glistening white teeth, and turbans differing in shape according to the rank of the wearers. Each had his settled station near the funeral fire, and stood gazing intently on it during the long cold hours with a kind of mournful forlorn resignation which was extremely touching—many of them weeping bitterly. At seven in the morning the wood was all consumed, the embers were extinguished by water from the river, the ashes

were collected and placed in a porcelain jar to be carried home. Everything used in the funeral pile was then taken out in a boat and sunk in mid-stream, and the attendants laid fresh earth on the spot itself, traced in the form of a heart, around which were then placed small vessels containing rice. Then all the Hindoos knelt and prayed with their faces to the ground—the dismal ceremony was finished, and the forlorn retinue departed in silence, bearing with them the vase with the ashes to be thrown into the Ganges, when they should reach their native land. The next day they had all left Florence.

And thus, far from his Indian, and even his English friends, his country, his young wife and child, amongst men of an alien religion, of foreign and unsympathising race, the poor boy Rajah passed away. His death is a real misfortune, and very seriously to be regretted for every reason. It is sad to think of the dismay and grief it will occasion in his family and his state, the groundless suspicions, the panic, the fears of mischief, spiritual and temporal, which it will create among his people and his desolate household alike.\* But it is feared that it will discourage men of his class, who might otherwise undertake the journey to Europe, from attempting so dangerous an experiment. Rajaram had made a great effort to visit England, and seemed quite disposed to use his experience on his return to Kolapoor, and introduce many reforms, especially with regard to the education of women. He "wished particularly," he said, "to have the Rancee instructed." And this is a change which may be said to lie at the root of all real improvement in India. While the zenana remains what it is, the lowering effect of its atmosphere upon the men of the higher classes, in childhood and manhood alike, is almost as injurious as to the women themselves.

"I was born in this courtyard, I have lived and been married in this court, and in this court I shall die," said a poor Hindoo princess, who longed after better things, with a sort of groan.

The English authorities had wisely discouraged any important changes being made at Kolapoor during Rajaram's minority, lest they should be supposed to have taken place under pressure; but there were great hopes that when he took possession of his government next year, many improvements would

\* The poor little Rancee will not be allowed, however, to burn herself with the ashes, as the erudite cabmen and factotum of Florence would the fire were heard insisting with much fervour would be the case.



have been carried out, all which expectations have now not only been blasted by his untimely death, but the reactionary party, which is very strong, will be sure "to improve the occasion," and set forth the peril and sin in changes of all kinds—show how the wickedness of travelling is punished, and enforce the danger of going among alien and heretic nations by so distinguished an example.

It will be the more honourable to any member of the princely Hindoo houses who

will brave these fears, natural and supernatural (only too excusable under the circumstances), and come amongst us; and it may therefore be important to record how affectionately Rajaram spoke of the kindness shown to him in England, how much he seemed to enjoy his visit, and how true an interest was shown in his welfare, and what sorrow for his fate has been felt by all classes who came in contact, during his stay, with the gentle, kindly young Maharajah of Kolapoer.

## A RETROSPECT.

I SEE it now :—An orchard set  
Deep in a garden, rank and green—  
It scarce were older now than then  
For all the seasons gone between,  
So very hoar the branches spread,  
Bowed lowly to the dappled bed,  
Caught by the ivy, nothing loath.

Tall purple orchis here and there  
Shot up its spirals to the space,  
Where white upon the blue expanse  
Pale apple-blossoms leaned their face,  
Or fluttered softly to their rest,  
Scarce choosing which should be the best,  
And pausing midway, fain for both.

All interlaced that orchard lay,  
All rife with greenest things that grow,  
Tall ferns and matted underground,  
Where friendly mice would come and go—  
Here peep up curious from a tent  
Of burdock leaves, all dew-besprent,  
Or from a primrose alley show.

A pathway ran—I see it now—  
Around the orchard east and west,  
That for companions of its way  
Would choose the flowers it loved the best;

So soft, a footpath well might come  
With less ado than wild-bee's hum,  
And pass beneath the branches low.

And so it fell. I see her now,  
A lithesome figure in the way,  
Just where the grandest meeting boughs  
Had most essayed to hide the day;  
The meek head bent upon the book,  
She peaceful conned with holy look,  
As Gabriel some scroll of God,

Bidding him hasten on his road.  
She too has such a tiding soon,  
I think she read it first that hour:  
Before had waned a newer moon  
No lithesome figure in between  
Stood wrapped about with comely green—  
She too was bidden of the Lord.

Some thinker that has thought aloud  
(I thank him, for the thought is kind)  
Has reasoned that we hold our bliss,  
That heaven itself is in the mind.  
I sometimes think my heaven may be  
A green place, with its orchard tree,  
And one sweet angel known to me.

C. C. FRASER-TYTLER.



## FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF FRANCE AND ITALY.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

## VI.

## ROME.

*MARCH 25th.*—On Tuesday we went to breakfast at William Story's, in the Palazzo Barberini. We had a very pleasant time. He is one of the most agreeable men I know in society. He showed us a note from Thackeray, an invitation to dinner, written in hieroglyphics, with great fun and pictorial merit. He spoke of an expansion of the story of Blue Beard, which he himself had either written or thought of writing, in which the contents of the several chambers which Fatima opened, before arriving at the fatal one, were to be described. This idea has haunted my mind ever since, and if it had but been my own, I am pretty sure that it would develop itself into something very rich. I mean to press William Story to work it out. The chamber of Blue Beard, too (and this was a part of his suggestion), might be so handled as to become powerfully interesting. Were I to take up the story, I would create an interest by suggesting a secret in the first chamber, which would develop itself more and more in every successive hall of the great palace, and lead the wife irresistibly to the chamber of horrors.

After breakfast we went to the Barberini library, passing through the vast hall, which occupies the central part of the palace. It is the most splendid domestic hall I have seen, eighty feet in length, at least, and of proportionate breadth and height; and the vaulted ceiling is entirely covered, to its utmost edge and remotest corners, with a brilliant painting in fresco, looking like a whole heaven of angelic people, descending towards the floor. The effect is indescribably gorgeous. On one side stands a Baldacchino, or canopy of state, draped with scarlet cloth, and fringed with gold embroidery; the scarlet indicating that the palace is inhabited by a cardinal. Green would be appropriate to a prince. In point of fact, the Palazzo Barberini is inhabited by a cardinal, a prince, and a duke, all belonging to the Barberini family, and each having his separate portion of the palace, while their servants have a common territory and meeting-ground in this noble hall.

After admiring it for a few minutes we made our exit by a door on the opposite side,

and went up the spiral staircase of marble to the library, where we were received by an ecclesiastic, who belongs to the Barberini household, and I believe was born in it. He is a gentle, refined, quiet-looking man, as well he may be, having spent all his life among these books, where few people intrude, and few cares can come. He showed us a very old Bible in parchment, a specimen of the earliest printing, beautifully ornamented with pictures, and some monkish illuminations of indescribable delicacy and elaboration. No artist could afford to produce such work, if the life that he thus lavished on one sheet of parchment had any value to him, either for what could be done or enjoyed in it. There are about eight thousand volumes in this library, and, judging by their outward aspect, the collection must be curious and valuable; but having another engagement, we could spend only a little time here. We had a hasty glance, however, of some poems of Tasso in his own autograph.

We then went to the Palazzo Galitzin, where dwell the Misses Weston, with whom we lunched, and where we met a French abbé, an agreeable man and an antiquarian, under whose auspices two of the ladies and ourselves took carriage for the Castle of St. Angelo. Being admitted within the external gateway, we found ourselves in the Court of Guard, as I presume it is called, where the French soldiers were playing with very dirty cards, or lounging about in military idleness. They were well-behaved and courteous, and when we had intimated our wish to see the interior of the castle, a soldier soon appeared with a large unlighted torch in his hand, ready to guide us. There is an outer wall surrounding the solid structure of Hadrian's tomb, to which there is access by one or two drawbridges, the entrance to the tomb or castle not being at the base, but near its central height. The ancient entrance, by which Hadrian's ashes and those of other imperial personages were probably brought into this tomb, has been walled up—perhaps ever since the last emperor was buried here. We were now in a vaulted passage, both lofty and broad, which circles round the whole interior of the tomb, from the base to the summit. During many hundred years the passage was filled with earth and rubbish, and



forgotten, and it is but partly excavated even now, although we found it a long, long, and gloomy descent by torchlight to the base of the vast mausoleum. The passage was once lined and vaulted with precious marbles (which are now entirely gone) and paved with fine mosaics, portions of which still remain; and our guide lowered his flaming torch to show them to us here and there amid the earthy dampness over which we trod. It is strange to think what splendour and costly adornments were here wasted on the dead!

After we had descended to the bottom of this passage, and again retraced our steps to the highest part, the guide took a large cannon-ball, and sent it, with his whole force, rolling down the hollow arched way, rumbling and reverberating and bellowing forth long thunderous echoes, and winding up with a loud distant crash that seemed to come from the very bowels of the earth.

We saw the place, near the centre of the mausoleum, and lighted from above, through an immense thickness of stone and brick, where the ashes of the emperor and his fellow-slumberers were found. It is as much as twelve centuries, very likely, since they were scattered to the winds, for the tomb has been nearly or quite that space of time, a fortress. The tomb itself is merely the base and foundation of the castle, and being so massively built, it serves just as well for the purpose as if it were a solid granite rock. The mediæval fortress, with its antiquity of more than a thousand years, and having dark and deep dungeons of its own, is but a modern excrescence on the top of Hadrian's tomb.

We now ascended toward the upper region, and were rife with greenesaults which used to

Tall ferns and matted up, if I mistake not, ancient structure,

Where friendly mice were, and subterranean

Here peep up curious from the earth. We

Of burdock-leaves through narrow and ugly

C. While the torch-light would not

ce, and stooping under a low, square

ce, we followed the guide into a small,

A pa. room—not a room, but an artificial

Ar remote from light or air, where

Tha-e Cenci was confined before her exe-

V. According to the abbé, she spent a

year in this dreadful pit, her trial

being dragged on through that length of

time. How ghost-like she must have looked

when she came forth! Guido never painted

that beautiful picture from her blanched face,

as it appeared after this confinement. And

how rejoiced she must have been to die at

last, having already been in a sepulchre so long!

Adjacent to Beatrice's prison, but not communicating with it, was that of her step-mother; and next to the latter was one that interested me almost as much as Beatrice's—that of Benvenuto Cellini, who was confined here, I believe, for an assassination. All these prison vaults are more horrible than can be imagined without seeing them; but there are worse places here, for the guide lifted a trap-door in one of the passages, and held his torch down into an inscrutable pit beneath our feet. It was an *oubliette*, a dungeon where the prisoners might be buried alive, and never come forth again, alive or dead. Groping about among these sad precincts, we saw various other things that looked very dismal, but at last emerged into the sunshine, and ascended from one platform and battlement to another till we found ourselves right at the feet of the Archangel Michael. He has stood there in bronze for I know not how many hundred years, in the act of sheathing a (now) rusty sword, such being the attitude in which he appeared to one of the popes, in a vision, in token that a pestilence, which was then desolating Rome, was to be stayed.

There is a fine view from the lofty station over Rome and the whole adjacent country, and the abbé pointed out the site of Ardea, of Corioli, of Veii, and other places renowned in story. We were ushered, too, into the French commandant's quarters in the Castle. There is a large hall, ornamented with frescoes; and, accessible from this, a drawing-room, comfortably fitted up, and where we saw modern furniture and a chess-board, and a fire burning clear, and other symptoms that the place had perhaps just been vacated by civilised and kindly people. But in one corner of the ceiling the abbé pointed out a ring, by which, in the times of mediæval anarchy, when popes, cardinals, and barons were all by the ears together, a cardinal was hanged. It was not an assassination, but a legal punishment, and he was executed in the best apartment of the castle, as an act of grace.

The fortress is a straight-lined structure on the summit of the immense round tower of Hadrian's tomb; and to make out the idea of it, we must throw in drawbridges, esplanades, piles of ancient marble balls for cannon; battlements and embrasures, lying high in the breeze and sunshine; and opening views round the whole horizon, accommodations for the soldiers, and many small beds in a large room.

How much mistaken was the Emperor in his expectation of a stately, solemn repose for his ashes, through all the coming centuries, as long as the world should endure! Perhaps his ghost glides up and down disconsolate in that spiral passage, which goes from top to bottom of the tomb, while the barbarous Gauls plant themselves in his very mausoleum to keep the imperial city in awe.

Leaving the Castle of St. Angelo, we drove, still on the same side of the Tiber, to the Villa Pamfili-Doria, which lies a short distance beyond the walls. As we passed through one of the gates (I think it was that of San Pancranio), the abbé pointed out the spot where the Constable de Bourbon was killed while attempting to scale the walls. If we are to believe Benvenuto Cellini, it was he who shot the Constable. The road to the villa is not very interesting, lying (as the roads in the vicinity of Rome often do) between very high walls, admitting not a glimpse of the surrounding country; the road itself white and dusty, with no verdant margin of grass, or border of shrubbery. At the portal of the villa we found many carriages in waiting, for the Prince Doria throws open the grounds to all comers; and on a pleasant day like this they are probably sure to be thronged. We left our carriage just within the entrance, and rambled among these beautiful groves, admiring the live-oak trees and the stone pines, which latter are truly a majestic tree, with tall columnar stems, supporting a cloud-like density of boughs, far aloft, and not a straggling branch between them and the ground. They stand in straight rows; but are now so ancient and venerable as to have lost the formal look of a plantation, and seem like a wood that might have arranged itself almost of its own will. Beneath them is a flower-strewn turf, quite free of underbrush. We found open fields and lawns, moreover, all abloom with anemones, white and rose-coloured, and purple and golden, and far larger than could be found out of Italy, except in hothouses. Violets, too, were abundant and exceedingly fragrant. When we consider that all this floral exuberance occurs in the midst of March, there does not appear much ground for complaining of the Roman climate; and so long ago as the first week of February I found daisies among the grass, on the sunny side of the basilica of St. John Lateran. At this very moment, I suppose the country within twenty miles of Boston may be two feet deep with snow and the streams solid with ice.

We wandered about the grounds, and found

them very beautiful indeed, Nature having done much for them by an undulating variety of surface, and Art having added a good many charms, which have all the better effect, now that decay and neglect have thrown a natural grace over them likewise. There is an artificial ruin, so picturesque that it betrays itself; weather-beaten statues, and pieces of sculpture, scattered here and there; an artificial lake, with up-gushing fountains; cascades, and broad-bosomed coves, and long, canal-like reaches, with swans taking their delight upon them. I never saw such a glorious and resplendent lustre of white as shone between the wings of two of these swans. It was really a sight to see, and not to be imagined beforehand. Angels, no doubt, have just such lustrous wings as those. English swans partake of the dinginess of the atmosphere, and their plumage has nothing at all to be compared to this; in fact there is nothing like it in the world, unless it be the illuminated portion of a fleecy, summer cloud.

While we were strolling along beside this piece of water, we were surprised to see U—— on the other side. She had come hither with E. S—— and her two little brothers, and with our R——, the whole under the charge of Mrs. Story's nursery-maids. U—— and E—— crossed, not over, but beneath the water, through a grotto, and exchanged greetings with us. Then, as it was getting towards sunset, and cool, we took our departure, the abbé, as we left the grounds, taking me aside, to give me a glimpse of a Columbarium, which descends into the earth to about the depth to which an ordinary house might rise above it. These grounds, it is said, formed the country residence of the Emperor Galba, and he was buried here after his assassination. It is a sad thought that so much natural beauty and long refinement of picturesque culture is thrown away, the villa being uninhabitable during all the most delightful season of the year, on account of malaria. There is truly a curse on Rome, and all its neighbourhood.

On our way home we passed by the great Paolina fountain, and were assailed by many beggars during the short time we stopped to look at it. It is a very copious fountain, but not so beautiful as the Trevi, taking into view merely the water-gush of the latter.

*March 26th.*—Yesterday, between twelve and one, our whole family went to the Villa Ludovisi, the entrance to which is at the termination of a street, which passes out of the Piazza Barberini, and it is no very great



distance from our own street, *viâ* Porta Pinciana. The grounds, though very extensive, are wholly within the walls of the city, which skirt them, and comprise a part of what were formerly the gardens of Sallust. The villa is now the property of Prince Piombini, a ticket from whom procured us admission. A little within the gateway, to the right, is a casino, containing two large rooms filled with sculpture, much of which is very valuable. A colossal head of Juno, I believe, is considered the greatest treasure of the collection, but I did not myself feel it to be so, nor, indeed, did I receive any strong impression of its excellence. I admired nothing so much, I think, as the face of Penelope (if it be her face), in the group supposed also to represent Electra and Orestes. The sitting of Mars is very fine; so is the *Aria* and *Pætus*; so are many other busts and figures.

By-and-by we left the casino, and wandered among the grounds, threading interminable alleys of cypress, through the long vistas of which we could see here and there a statue, an urn, a pillar, a temple or garden-house, or a bas-relief against the wall. It seems as if there must have been a time—and not so very long ago—when it was worth while to spend money and thought upon the ornamentation of grounds in the neighbourhood of Rome. That time is past, however, and the result is very melancholy; for great beauty has been produced, but it can be enjoyed in its perfection only at the peril of one's life. For my part, and judging from my own experience, I suspect that the Roman atmosphere, never wholesome, is always more or less poisonous.

We came to another and larger casino, remote from the gateway, in which the prince resides during two months of the year. It was now under repair; but we gained admission, as did several other visitors, and saw, in the entrance-hall, the *Aurora* of Guercino, painted in fresco on the ceiling. There is beauty in the design; but the painter certainly was most unhappy in his black shadows, and, in the work before us, they give the impression of a cloudy and lowering morning, which is likely enough to turn to rain by-and-by. After viewing the fresco we mounted by a spiral staircase to a lofty terrace, and found Rome at our feet, and, far off, the Sabine and Alban mountains, some of them still capped with snow. In another direction there was a vast plain, on the horizon of which, could our eyes have reached to its verge, we might, perhaps, have

seen the Mediterranean Sea. After enjoying the view and the warm sunshine, we descended, and went in quest of the gardens of Sallust, but found no satisfactory remains of them.

One of the most striking objects in the first casino was a group by Bernini—Pluto, an outrageously masculine and strenuous figure, heavily bearded, ravishing away a little, tender Proserpine, whom he holds aloft, while his forcible gripe impresses itself into her soft, virgin flesh. It is very disagreeable, but it makes one feel that Bernini was a man of great ability. There are some works in literature that bear an analogy to his works in sculpture, when great power is lavished, a little outside of nature, and, therefore, proves to be only a fashion, and not permanently adapted to the tastes of mankind.

*March 27th.*—Yesterday forenoon my wife and I went to St. Peter's, to see the Pope pray at the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament. We found a good many people in the church, but not an inconvenient number; indeed, not so many as to make any remarkable show in the great nave, nor even in front of the chapel. A detachment of the Swiss Guard, in their strange, picturesque, harlequin-like costume, were on duty before the chapel in which the wax-tapers were all lighted, and a *prie-dieu* was arranged near the shrine, and covered with scarlet velvet. On each side, along the breadth of the side aisle, were placed seats, covered with rich tapestry or carpeting; and some gentlemen and ladies, English probably, or American, had comfortably deposited themselves here, but were compelled to move by the guards, before the Pope's entrance. His Holiness should have appeared precisely at twelve, but we waited nearly half-an-hour beyond that time; and it seemed to me particularly ill-mannered in the Pope, who owes the courtesy of being punctual to the people, if not to St. Peter. By-and-by, however, there was a stir; the guard motioned to us to stand away from the benches, against the backs of which we had been leaning; the spectators in the nave looked towards the door, as if they beheld something approaching: and first, there appeared some cardinals, in scarlet skull-caps and purple robes, intermixed with some of the Noble Guard, and other attendants. It was not a very formal and stately procession; but rather straggled onward, with ragged edges, the spectators standing aside to let it pass, and merely bowing, or perhaps slightly bending the knee, as good Catholics are accustomed to do, when passing before the

shrines of saints. Then, in the midst of the purple Cardinals, all of whom were grey-haired men, appeared a stout old man, with a white skull cap, a scarlet, gold embroidered cape falling over his shoulders, and a white silk robe, the train of which was borne up by an attendant. He walked slowly, with a sort of dignified movement, stepping out broadly, and planting his feet (on which were red shoes) flat upon the pavement, as if he were not much accustomed to locomotion, and perhaps had known a twinge of the gout. His face was kindly and venerable, but not particularly impressive. Arriving at the scarlet-covered *prie-dieu*, he knelt down, and took off his white skull-cap; the cardinals also knelt behind and on either side of him, taking off their scarlet skull-caps; while the Noble Guard remained standing, six on one side of His Holiness, and six on the other. The Pope bent his head upon the *prie-dieu*, and seemed to spend three or four minutes in prayer; then rose, and all the purple cardinals, and bishops, and priests of whatever degree, rose behind and beside him. Next, he went to kiss St. Peter's toe; at least, I believe he kissed it, but I was not near enough to be certain; and lastly, he knelt down, and directed his devotions towards the high altar. This completed the ceremonies, and His Holiness left the church by a side door, making a short passage into the Vatican.

I am very glad I have seen the Pope, because now he may be crossed out of the list of sights to be seen. His proximity impressed me kindly and favourably towards him; and I did not see one face among all his cardinals (in whose number, doubtless, is his successor), which I would so soon trust as that of Pio Nono.

This morning I walked as far as the gate of San Paolo; and, on approaching it, I saw the grey, sharp pyramid of Caius Cestius, pointing upward, close to the two dark-brown, battlemented Gothic towers of the gateway, each of these very different pieces of architecture looking the more picturesque for the contrast of the other. Before approaching the gateway and pyramid, I walked onward, and soon came in sight of Monte Testaccio, the artificial hill made of potsherds. There is a gate admitting into the grounds around the hill, and a road encircling its base. At a distance the hill looks greener than any other part of the landscape, and has all the curved outlines of a natural hill, resembling in shape a headless sphinx, or saddle-back mountain, as I used to see it from Lenox.

It is of very considerable height—two or three hundred feet at least, I should say—and well entitled, both by its elevation, and the space it covers, to be reckoned among the hills of Rome. Its base is almost entirely surrounded with small structures, which seem to be used as farm-buildings. On the summit is a large iron cross, the Church having thought it expedient to redeem these shattered pipkins from the power of paganism, as it has so many other Roman ruins. There was a pathway up the hill, but I did not choose to ascend it under the hot sun, so steeply did it clamber up. There appears to be a good depth of soil on most parts of Monte Testaccio; but, on some of the sides, you observe precipices bristling with fragments of red or brown earthenware, or pieces of vases of white, unglazed clay; and it is evident that this immense pile is entirely composed of broken crockery, which I should hardly have thought would have aggregated to such a heap, had it all been thrown here—urns, tea-cups, porcelain or earthen—since the beginning of the world.

I walked quite round the hill, and saw, at no great distance from it, the enclosure of the Protestant burial-ground, which lies so close to the pyramid of Caius Cestius, that the latter may serve as a general monument to the dead. Deferring, for the present, a visit to the cemetery, or to the interior of the pyramid, I returned to the gateway of San Paolo, and, passing through it, took a view of it from the outside of the city wall. It is itself a portion of the wall, having been built into it by the Emperor Aurelian, so that about half of it lies within and half without. The brick or red stone material of the wall being so unlike the marble of the pyramid, the latter is as distinct, and seems as insulated, as if it stood alone in the centre of a plain; and really I do not think there is a more striking architectural object in Rome. It is in perfect condition; just as little ruined or decayed as on the day when the builder put the last peak on the summit; and it ascends steeply from its base, with a point so sharp, that it looks as if it would hardly afford foot hold to a bird. The marble was once white, but is now covered with a grey coating, like that which has gathered upon the statues of Castor and Pollux on Monte Cavallo. Not one of the great blocks is displaced, nor seems likely to be, through all time to come; they rest one upon another, in straight and even lines, and present a vast, smooth triangle, ascending from a base of a hundred feet, and narrowing to an apex at the height of a hun-



dred and twenty-five, the junctions of the marble slabs being so close, that, in all these twenty centuries, only a few little tufts of grass, and a trailing plant or two, have succeeded in rooting themselves into the interstices.

It is good and satisfactory to see anything which, being built for an enduring monument, has endured so faithfully, and has a prospect of such an interminable futurity before it. Once, indeed, it seemed likely to be buried; for, three hundred years ago, it had become covered to the depth of sixteen feet; but the soil has since been dug away from its base, which is now lower than that of the road which passes through the neighbouring gate of San Paolo. Midway up the pyramid, cut in the marble, is an inscription, in large Roman letters, still almost as legible as when first wrought.

I did not return through the Paolo gateway, but kept onward, round the exterior of the wall, till I came to the gate of San Sebastiano. It was a hot and not a very interesting walk, with only a high bare wall of brick, broken by frequent square towers, on one side of the road, and a bank and hedge or a garden wall on the other. Roman roads are most inhospitable, offering no shade, and no seat, and no pleasant views of rustic domiciles; nothing but the wheel track of white dust, without a footpath running by its side, and seldom any grassy margin to refresh the wayfarer's feet.

*April 3rd.*—Within a few days there have been many pilgrims in Rome, who come hither to attend the ceremonies of Holy Week, and to perform their vows and undergo their penances. I saw two of them near the Forum yesterday, with their pilgrim staves, in the fashion of a thousand years ago. . . .

I sat down on a bench near one of the chapels, and a woman immediately came up to me to beg. I at first refused; but she knelt down by my side, and, instead of praying to the saint, prayed to me, and, being thus treated as a canonised personage, I felt it incumbent on me to be gracious to the extent of half a paul. My wife, some time ago, came in contact with a pickpocket at the entrance of a church; and, failing in his enterprise upon her purse, he passed in, dipped his thieving fingers into the holy water, and paid his devotions at a shrine. Missing the purse, he said his prayers, in the hope, perhaps, that the saint would send him better luck another time.

*April 10th.*—I have made no entries in my journal recently, being exceedingly lazy, partly

from indisposition, as well as from an atmosphere that takes the vivacity out of everybody. Not much has happened or been effected. Last Sunday, which was Easter Sunday, I went with J—— to St. Peter's, where we arrived at about nine o'clock, and found a multitude of people already assembled in the church. The interior was arrayed in festal guise, there being a covering of scarlet damask over the pilasters of the nave, from base to capital, giving an effect of splendour, yet with a loss as to the apparent dimensions of the interior. A guard of soldiers occupied the nave, keeping open a wide space for the passage of a procession that was momentarily expected, and soon arrived. The crowd was too great to allow of my seeing it in detail; but I could perceive that there were priests, cardinals, Swiss guards—some of them with corslets on—and by-and-by the Pope himself was borne up the nave, high over the heads of all, sitting under a canopy, crowned with his tiara. He floated slowly along, and was set down in the neighbourhood of the high altar; and, the procession being broken up, some of its scattered members might be seen here and there about the church; officials in antique Spanish dresses, Swiss guards in polished steel breastplates, serving men in richly-embroidered liveries, officers in scarlet coats and military boots, priests, and divers other shapes of men; for the Papal ceremonies seem to forego little or nothing that belongs to times past, while it includes everything appertaining to the present. I ought to have waited to witness the Papal benediction from the balcony in front of the church, or, at least, to hear the famous silver trumpets sounding from the dome; but J—— grew weary (to say the truth, so did I), and we went on a long walk, out of the nearest city-gate, and back through the Janiculum, and, finally, homeward over the Ponto Rotto. Standing on the bridge, I saw the arch of the Cloaca Maxima, close by the Temple of Vesta, with the water rising within two or three feet of its key-stone.

The same evening we went to Monte Cavallo, where, from the gateway of the Pontifical Palace, we saw the illumination of St. Peter's. Mr. Akers, the sculptor, had recommended this position to us, and accompanied us thither, as the best point from which the illumination could be witnessed at a distance, without the incommodity of such a crowd as would be assembled at the Pincian. The first illumination, the silver one, as it is called, was very grand and delicate, describing the outline of the great

edifice and crowning dome, in light ; while the day was not yet wholly departed. As ——— finely remarked, it seemed like the glorified spirit of the Church made visible ; or, as I will add, it looked as this famous and never-to-be-forgotten structure will look to the imaginations of men, through the waste and gloom of future ages, after it shall have gone quite to decay and ruin—the brilliant, though scarcely distinct gleam of a statelier dome than ever was seen, shining on the background of the night of time. This simile looked prettier in my fancy than I have made it look on paper.

After we had enjoyed the silver illumination a good while, and when all the daylight had given place to the constellated night, the distant outline of St. Peter's burst forth, in the twinkling of an eye, into a starry blaze, being quite the finest effect that I ever witnessed. I stayed to see it, however, only a few minutes, for I was quite ill and feverish with a cold, which, indeed, I have seldom been free from since my first breathing of the genial atmosphere of Rome. This pestilence kept me within doors all the next day, and prevented me from seeing the beautiful fireworks that were exhibited in the evening from the platform on the Pincian, above the Piazza del Popolo.

On Thursday I paid another visit to the sculpture gallery of the Capitol, where I was particularly struck with a bust of Cato the Censor, who must have been the most disagreeable, stubborn, ugly-tempered, pig-headed, narrow-minded, strong-willed, old Roman that ever lived. The collections of busts here and at the Vatican are most interesting, many of the individual heads being full of character, and commending themselves by intrinsic evidence as faithful portraits of the originals. These stone people have stood face to face with Cæsar, and all the other emperors, and with statesmen, soldiers, philosophers, and poets of the antique world, and have been to them like their reflections in a mirror. It is the next thing to seeing the men themselves.

We went afterwards into the Palace of the Conservatori, and saw, among various other interesting things, the bronze wolf suckling Romulus and Remus, who sit beneath her dugs, with open mouths, to receive the milk.

On Friday we all went to see the Pope's palace on the Quirinal. There was a vast hall and an interminable suite of rooms, cased with marble, floored with marble or mosaics or inlaid wood, adorned with frescoes on the vaulted ceilings ; and many of them

lined with Gobelin tapestry—not wofully faded, like almost all that I have hitherto seen, but brilliant as pictures. Indeed, some of them so closely resembled paintings that I could hardly believe they were not so ; and the effect was even richer than that of oil paintings. In every room there was a crucifix ; but I did not see a single nook or corner where anybody could have dreamed of being comfortable. Nevertheless, as a stately and solemn residence for his Holiness, it is quite a satisfactory affair. Afterwards we went into the Pontifical gardens connected with the palace. They are very extensive, and laid out in straight avenues, bordered with walls of box, as impervious as if of stone—not less than twenty feet high, and pierced with lofty archways, cut in the living wall. Some of the avenues were overshadowed with trees, the tops of which bent over and joined one another from either side, so as to resemble a side aisle of a Gothic cathedral. Marble sculptures, much weather-stained, and generally broken-nosed, stood along these stately walks ; there were many fountains gushing up into the sunshine ; we likewise found a rich flower-garden, containing rare specimens of exotic flowers, and gigantic cactuses, and also an aviary, with vultures, doves, and singing birds. We did not see half the garden, but, stiff and formal as its general arrangement is, it is a beautiful place—a delightful, sunny and serene seclusion. Whatever it may be to the Pope, two young lovers might find the Garden of Eden here, and never desire to stray out of its precincts. They might fancy angels standing in the long, glimmering vistas of the avenues.

It would suit me well enough to have my daily walk along such straight paths ; for I think them favourable to thought, which is apt to be disturbed by variety and unexpectedness.

*April 12th.*—We all, except R——, went to-day to the Vatican, where we found our way to the stowne of Raphael ; these being four rooms, or halls, painted with frescoes. No doubt they were once very brilliant and beautiful ; but they have encountered hard treatment since Raphael's time ; especially when the soldiers of the Constable de Bourbon occupied these apartments, and made fires on the mosaic floors. The entire walls and ceilings are covered with pictures ; but the handiwork or designs of Raphael consist of paintings on the four sides of each room, and include several works of art. The School of Athens is perhaps the most celebrated ; and the longest side of the largest



hall is occupied by a battle-piece, of which the Emperor Constantine is the hero, and which covers almost space enough for a real battle-field. There was a wonderful light in one of the pictures—that of St. Peter awakened in his prison by the angel; it really seemed to throw a radiance into the hall below. I shall not pretend, however, to have been sensible of any particular rapture at the sight of these frescoes; so faded as they are, so battered by the mischances of years, inso-much that, through all the power and glory of Raphael's designs, the spectator cannot but be continually sensible that the ground-work of them is an old plaster wall. They have been scrubbed, I suppose—brushed, at least—a thousand times over, till the surface, brilliant or soft, as Raphael left it, must have been quite rubbed off, and with it, all the consummate finish, and everything that made them originally delightful. The sterner features remain, the skeleton of thought, but not the beauty that once clothed it. In truth, the frescoes—excepting a few figures—never had the real touch of Raphael's own hand upon them, having been merely designed by him, and finished by his scholars, or by other artists.

The halls themselves are specimens of antique magnificence, paved with elaborate mosaics; and wherever there is any wood-work, it is richly carved with foliage and figures. In their newness, and probably for a hundred years afterwards, there could not have been so brilliant a suite of rooms in the world.

Connected with them—at any rate, not far distant—is the little Chapel of San Lorenzo, the very site of which, among the thousands of apartments of the Vatican, was long forgotten, and its existence only known by tradition. After it had been walled up, however, beyond the memory of man, there was still a rumour of some beautiful frescoes by Fra Angelico, in an old chapel of Pope Nicholas V., that had strangely disappeared out of the palace; and search at length being made, it was discovered, and entered through a window. It is a small, lofty room, quite covered over with frescoes of sacred subjects, both on the walls and ceiling, a good deal faded, yet pretty distinctly preserved. It

would have been no misfortune to me if the little old chapel had remained still hidden.

We next issued into the Loggie, which consist of a long gallery, or arcade, or colonnade, the whole extent of which was once beautifully adorned by Raphael. These pictures are almost worn away, and so defaced as to be untraceable and unintelligible, along the side wall of the gallery; although traces of arabesque, and compartments where there seem to have been rich paintings, but now only an indistinguishable waste of dull colour, are still to be seen. In the coved ceiling, however, there are still some bright frescoes, in better preservation than any others; not particularly beautiful, nevertheless. I remember to have seen (indeed we ourselves possess them) a series of very spirited and energetic engravings, old and coarse, of these frescoes, the subject being the Creation, and the early Scripture history; and I really think that their translation of the pictures is better than the original. On reference to Murray, I find that little more than the designs is attributed to Raphael, the execution being by Giulio Romano and other artists.

Escaping from these forlorn splendours, we went into the Sculpture Gallery, where I was able to enjoy, in some small degree, two or three wonderful works of art; and had a perception that there were a thousand other wonders around me. It is as if the statues kept, for the most part, a veil about them, which they sometimes withdraw and let their beauty gleam upon my sight;—only a glimpse, or two or three glimpses, or a little space of calm enjoyment; and then I see nothing but a discoloured marble image again. The Minerva Medica revealed herself to-day. I wonder whether other people are more fortunate than myself, and can invariably find their way to the inner soul of a work of art! I doubt it. They look at these things for just a minute, and pass on, without any pang of remorse, such as I feel, for quitting them so soon and so willingly. I am partly sensible that some unwritten rules of taste are making their way into my mind; that all this Greek beauty has done something towards refining me, though I am still, however, a very sturdy Goth.



# ON AN INFANT WHO WAS BORN, WAS BAPTIZED, AND DIED ON THE SAME DAY.

BY THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

## I.

HOW wast thou made to pass,  
By short transition, from the womb  
Unto that other darkness of thy tomb,  
O Babe, O brother to the grass !  
For like the herb, so thou art born  
At early morn ;  
And thy little life has flowed away  
Before the flowing day ;  
Thy willing soul hath struggled, and is free ;  
And all of thee that dieth  
A white and waxen image lieth  
Upon the knee.

## II.

" Oh whither hast thou fled,  
From the warm joyous world removed ? "  
Might one of old have questionèd  
Of his dear and dead ;  
Panting and straining for relief  
Unto a passionate and hopeless grief :  
" Whither, O thou in vain beloved,  
Whither hast thou borne  
The smiles and kisses, that were gathered up  
In thee, for her that bare thee, now forlorn,  
As sweets in the wild rose's cup  
Before the morn ? "

## III.

" Is that thy feeble cry  
But just beyond the threshold of the grave ? \*  
Art thou yet waiting in the voiceless hall  
Of Dis, or hear'st the mourning waters fall ?  
Thou canst not sure be nigh  
Where mad and shrieking spirits rave.  
Or dost thou slumber take  
By the deep glassy and translucent lake,  
Through a chill exhaustless night,  
Apart from woe, yet senseless of delight ? "

\* *Æneid* vi. 428.



## IV.

There was no audible reply,  
 Only a faint far echo, to that cry  
 Of natural yearning. But our task  
 Is lighter far: and when we ask—  
 "Is all thy fate as dark  
 As is the pall upon thy limbs?  
 Is there no Sun above, no saviour ark,  
 That on the black sea swims,  
 And bears the children, loved of God and blest,  
 Unto the land of rest?"  
 We hear a voice, from the high seats of bliss,  
 That answers, "Yes."

## V.

Yes! narrow was the space  
 Where thy life ran its hurried race,  
 Like one affrighted by the far-off glare  
 Of the world's pleasures and alarms,  
 That from the sin, the sorrow, and the care  
 Fled, to seek shelter in the arms  
 Of his first Father; and had rest  
 Upon His breast.

## VI.

O joy, that on that narrow space  
 There is no spot of acted sin;  
 No burning trace,  
 As where evil thoughts have been.  
 Thou hast not known how hard it is to kill  
 The inveterate strength of self-desire,  
 To quench the smouldering and tenacious fire;  
 And never did thine unexpanded will  
 Gather up conscious energies, to move  
 Against the God of love.

## VII.

The volume of this life was soon unrolled:  
 But the hours of thy small earthly store,  
 Although no more  
 Than might be numbered, at the dawn of sense,  
 By a child's first intelligence,

Yet were their single moments told  
To them that stood around  
By a faint moaning sound,  
Repeated with that labouring breath  
That ever ushers Death,  
Instead of the serene and soft pulsation  
Of an infant's respiration.

## VIII.

How small the tribute, then, of human pain  
The Eternal Wisdom did ordain  
Thy migrant spirit should be bound to pay  
Upon its way  
Unto fruition of the immortal prize,  
Purchased for thee by rain of scalding tears,  
By agony indign,  
By woes how heavier far than thine  
Through more protracted years,  
And deeper sighs.

## IX.

One evening, thou wert not.  
The next, thou wert; and wert in bliss;  
And wert in bliss for ever. And is this  
So desolate a lot,  
To be the theme of unconsolèd sorrow,  
Because, thy first to-morrow,  
Thou wert ordained a vest to wear,  
Not made like ours of clay,  
But woven with the beams of clearest day,  
A cherub fair?

## X.

For on that one, that well-spent morn,  
Unconscious thou wert borne  
To wash in the baptismal stream;  
To gain thy title to the glorious name  
Which doth unbar the Gates of Paradise:  
And thou wert taken home  
Before the peril that might come  
By thy parents' human pride  
In thy soft beaming eyes;



But not before  
Their blessings on thee they might pour,  
And pray that, if so early doom betide,  
Yet God might speed thee on thy path  
Through the void realms of Death,  
And Christ reserve thee in His bosom-peace  
Till pain and sin shall cease ;  
Till earthly shows shall fly, and they  
Shall wake to life, with thee, from clay.

## XI.

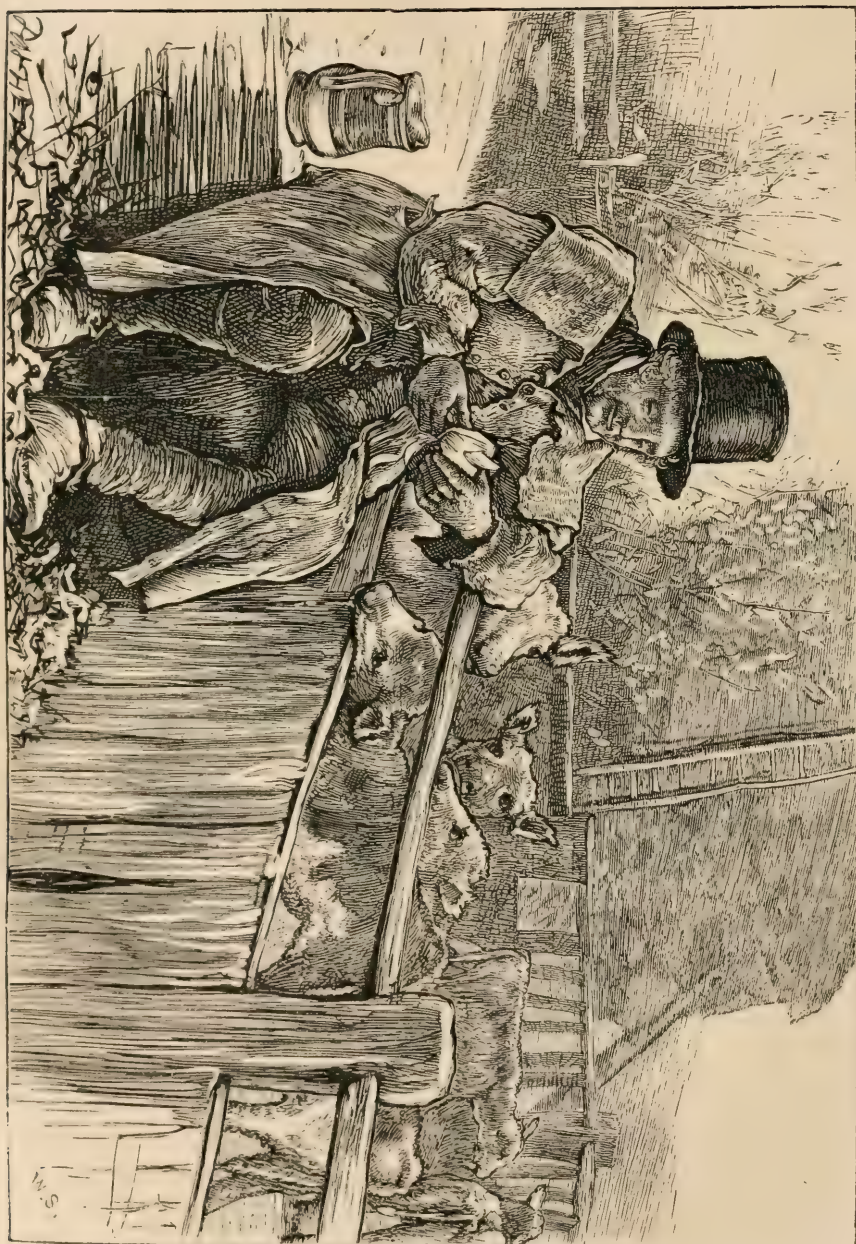
We are amid the tumult and the stress  
Of a fierce eddying fight ;  
And, to our mortal sight,  
Our fate is trembling in the balances,  
And even it hath seemed  
The Tempter at the nether scale  
Might over Love prevail :  
But thy dear Faith can never fail,  
Thou art redeemed !  
The shadowy forms of doubt and change  
Athwart thy tranquil fate no more may range,  
Nor speck its lucid path  
With tokens and remembrances of Death.

## XII.

Then flow, ye blameless tears, a while,  
A little while ye may :  
The natural craving to beguile,  
This task is yours ; with you  
Shall peace be born anew,  
And sorrow glide away.  
O happy they, in whose remembered lot  
There should appear no darker spot  
Than this, of holy ground,  
This, where, within the short and narrow bound,  
From morn to eventide,  
In quick successive train,  
An infant lived and died  
And lived again.

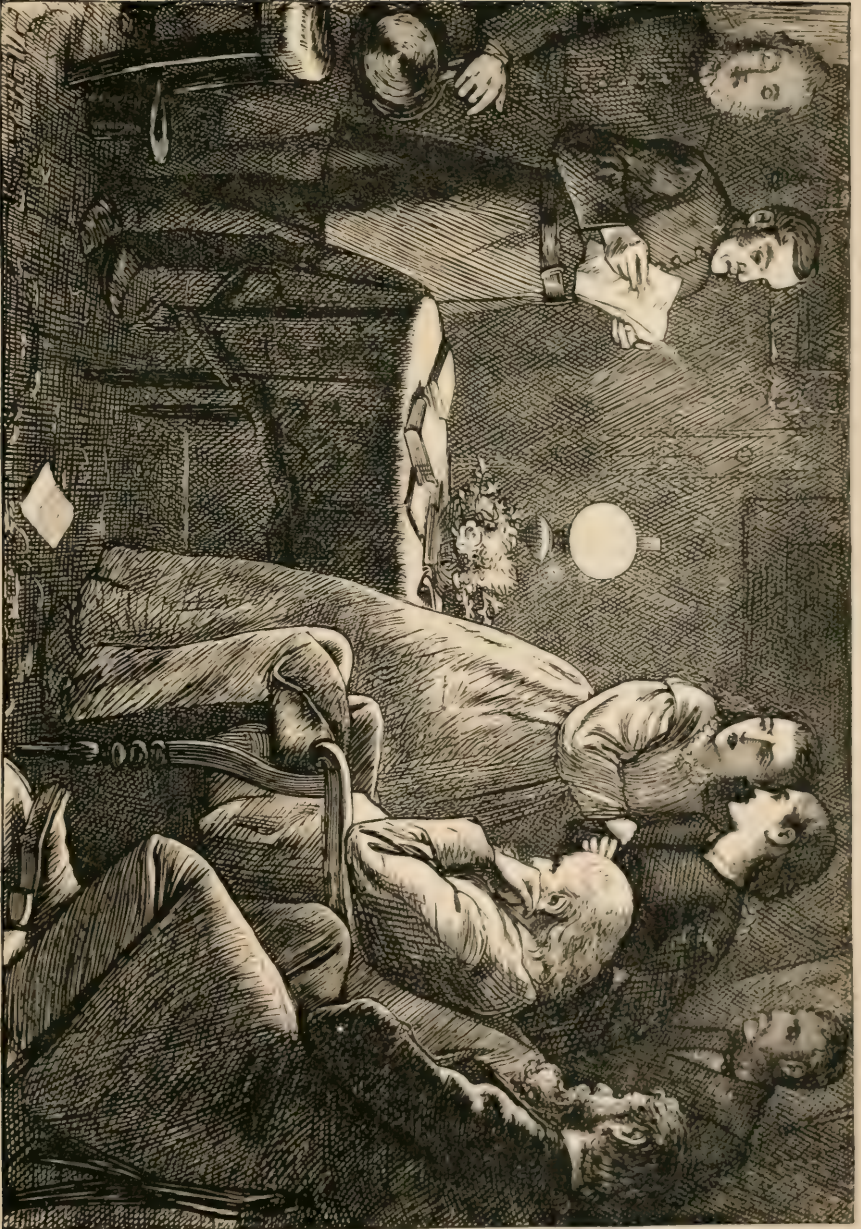






"THE HIGH MILLS."





"THE SYLVESTRES."





## THE HIGH MILLS.

BY KATHERINE SAUNDERS, AUTHOR OF "GIDEON'S ROCK."

## CHAPTER X.



**I**N the mill where Michael had first worked, the machinery which regulated the sails to the variations of the wind was reached at an arm's length up the grinding-floor wall. The habit of stopping noise and confusion by stretching up to touch this

had so grown into him, that in any mental tumult, even when he was far away from the mill, Michael would often throw his arm up its full length against the wall, door, or tree he might be standing near, and feel with his fingers, as if he thought that something should hang within reach by which he could restore calmness and order to his mind.

When Nora, after one vain attempt to keep her joy from bursting upon Ambray in his sorrow, like a too vivid gleam of light on eyes that have been long in the dark, gave way to it with the twofold force of tears and laughter, first making with this rain and sunshine a bow of promise on his darkness, then more than fulfilling the promise with her words, Michael's arm was flung up against the wall, and his fingers groped over the slippery oak with a passionate and desperate persistency.

What had she said? The prodigal was found? Whom could she mean, save George? but how, then, could she say that he was found and was coming home?

Like the builders of Babel, Michael's thoughts were struck with confusion. Was he, like them, to be shown by some miracle that the work he had begun, and in which lay all the peace the world could give him, was too daring to be permitted? Was this hope, this vein of gold which he had found and followed in the very pit of despair, to

prove but a deceitful thing, that should lead him deeper into the same pit?

As he asked himself this, a sudden change came over him. The first throng of wild thoughts Nora's words had sent rushing into his brain were banished as cowardly—as base.

What had he been fearing, Michael asked himself. The very thing he ought most to hope for—if it were possible. Could he not bear it? Could he not rejoice at it?

His eyes, full of a desperate and tender courage, looked at the doorway, and he told his God he *could* endure fearlessly the sight of a Lazarus-like face if it might appear there, the sound of a Lazarus-like voice if it might speak answering to a father's and a lover's cry of welcome.

Yes, he *could* endure it even though the face and voice spoke of him such things as should make the man at whose feet he had come to offer a life's service, and all the country in which he was so helpless a stranger, turn upon him and without trial hurry him before that Judgment which he feared so much less than man's.

By Mrs. Grist's clock Michael experienced such thoughts, such sufferings, but for one moment, by his own face they might have had possession of him for ten years.

During this moment Nora remained with her face resting where she had hidden it, against Ambray's, when she saw every one looking at her as she cried out her news.

Ma'r S'one, who had followed her in, picked up the riding hat she had thrown down and stood gazing from it to his own and Simon's, as if its similarity of shape suggested to him the idea of hanging it on the beam beside them, a proceeding which his respect for Nora evidently made repugnant to him. So he stood holding the hat in a state of helpless indecision till Mrs. Grist snatched it from him, and with a push sent his weary little feet tottering hastily back to the path of duty which he had in his timid gallantry permitted himself for one moment to abandon.

Ambray stood looking down at Nora. He had taken his hand from her shoulder, and both his hands and his face seemed eloquent of an instinct warning him against taking her and the hope and joy of which she told to his longing heart.

At the instant when Michael, with his arm thrown up against the wall, was trying to realise how much he could endure if George



might indeed come back, the miller caught sight of a letter crushed in Nora's hand as it rested on his shoulder.

He recognised the writing.

The patient suspense and doubt passed from his face. He held Nora off, and spoke to her gently and half bantering, as if his own faith in his son had never been shaken, and he only had *her* joy to think of.

"He has written to you then, the bad boy? He has written at last!"

Had such a face as Michael had been trying to picture really appeared before him, his own could not have shown more terrified amazement than it did when Nora looked up and answered proudly and delightedly—

"Yes, he has written to me!"

"I may read it? I may read my son's letter?" Ambray at once entreated and demanded.

She put it into his hands, holding them a moment as she said—

"I stopped to ask as usual, feeling so sick of the little shop. And when they gave me this just now, I don't know what I did. I emptied my pocket for the children, and I think I gave Tommy my whip; yes, that I did."

"O Nara! Nara!" cried Mrs. Grist. "Did ever anybody see such a girl! I gave a guinea for it only laast Jenuwery," she added, appealing to Michael as the only person likely to be unengrossed by George's letter.

But Michael's eyes were fixed upon his master as he perused the letter, now reading bits aloud triumphantly, now in tender silence, and sometimes looking up and speaking from the fulness of his heart.

"Hah, this *is* humility! This is coming to his senses indeed. '*Scarcely daring to hope that you will even read this.*' Listen to this, Jane Grist," he broke out after a minute. "My son tells Nora he is painting two great pictures to send to the Royal—Royal what is it? O '*Royal Academy*,'—that's a place where all the world goes to see 'em. And this is why he has neglected to write lately, he's so short up for time—George always was, you know. Well, his friends tell him they're sure to get in, and yet he says to Nora—where is it?—'*I work—I work hard, though I have nothing to hope for, whatever my success may be, but your forgiveness. Nothing else from you have I now any right to dream of.*' That's a right spirit, though, isn't it? '*As for father and mother, I can send them no message. I cannot ask them to forgive me till they know what will perhaps make forgiveness impossible.*' Tush, bless the lad, I never saw the debt yet in our

family that couldn't be ground out on an honest millstone. O why doesn't he come and put his shoulder to the wheel, and let his pictures be—— S'h'sh, what am I saying? But I don't seem to care a rush now whether they get in this fine place or not. Let him come, and hang 'em on his grandfather's walls!"

"Nonsense, John Ambray," said Mrs. Grist. "I don't want 'em. Let him turn an honest penny by 'em if he can."

"What's this?" continued Ambray, frowning. "'Remember that you are free—that I feel myself too vile even to look back on the times when we were so happy.' Ah, I see; right spirit, Nora—it's the right spirit. I should say as much myself, or more, if I was in his place."

Nora, with her eyes full of tears, smiled, and waved her glove impatiently.

"You are coming to his dream," said she. "Go on—read his dream."

Ambray read:—

"'*I was thinking about father last night, many hours.*' There! who says that lad's heart isn't in the right place? '*And as I remembered all that I was to him before I left home, I came to believe that he will forgive me, even when he knows the worst.*' What, did it take hours to sum that up, George? '*And I fell asleep, miserably comforted. Then, Nora, I had a strange dream about the mill, that made me wake wretched again. I dreamt that I was going home; I don't know where I was, but I could hear the mill, and the sound made me try to hurry on towards it.*' Bless him! There's nature now," cried the miller, much moved. "It's been his lullaby often and often, that grinding has. '*But I could not stir. My feet seemed turned to stone, and the more I tried the heavier they grew. And then I thought that people from here passed me, and I knew they were going to tell father all which I have been too cowardly to tell him or you yet. I tried to shout to them to let me go first, but either I had no voice, or they did not heed me. And I saw them go on to the mills, and I heard my father's voice in the noise of the sails. O, Nora, I was not sure but that he cursed me! And yet I could not move.*' Cursed him! Bless the lad! As if I'd hear him slandered behind his back."

He finished reading the letter in silence, then looked back over it with something shining at the end of his white eyelashes.

"Why, it's enough to make you jealous, Nora," he said, with a tender pride. "He's writing to *you*, yet here's 'mother' and 'father' in nearly every line—mostly 'fa-

ther' though. Ay, my child, this *is* repentance indeed. You are right—how can we do enough for *such* a prodigal? We have no robe to put on him—except it's his little old white coat that hangs in the mill—well that was a garment of innocence, God knows—and he might do worse than put it on again. We've no rings for his fingers, but we will com—comfort him—won't we, my child!"

Nora fell into his arms with a cry, and he clasped her to his heart, trembling very much.

A hand—too heavy to be Nora's—touched his shoulder. He looked round and saw Michael with one arm thrown up against the wall, while with the other he pointed to the letter Ambray still held.

He was very pale, his eyes were wild and blood-shot, but had a gentle expression in them. As Ambray faced him he seemed unable to speak, though he still pointed to the letter.

"What now, Michael Swift? What have *you* to say on the matter?" asked the miller encouragingly, thinking that perhaps Nora's presence confused the man, and not noticing half the strangeness of his look.

"The date," Michael said, speaking with his breath, and without voice. Then aloud, and with a vehemence that had solemnity as well as passion in it, he repeated—

"The date, I say!—the date! Do you read a letter like that, and feel it like that, and not care to know when it was written and what has happened—I mean what time has passed—since?"

"The date?" said Ambray, looking at the letter. "Why, George hardly ever *did* date his letters, and I don't suppose he's dated this. No, not a sign of a date. But what's the matter with you, man? A date's not a thing of life or death, is it?"

He turned fully, and looked at Michael, and Nora also looked at him in a sort of vague annoyance and surprise.

Michael lowered his head, and dragged his arm slowly from the wall.

"I—I beg your pardon," he said, scarcely audibly. "I only wished to—I—I myself once made a great mistake through—through this same thing. A letter that——"

"There, there! of course you meant well," Ambray interrupted him; "I know that. Where are you going?"

Michael was gliding quietly past him.

Without turning his face towards him, Michael answered gently—

"To the mill, master. I am not wanted here now, I think."

The miller made no objection; so he went out through the door that led into the yard.

Ma'r S'one was there sitting by the low pen full of calves scarcely a month old, in whose society he was taking his early tea.

There was an air of peace and innocence about the simple little picture that made it seem as balm to Michael's blood-shot eyes.

He looked at it for some time, then approached the pen, and leant his arms upon it. Ma'r S'one's elbow, as he cut his bread with a clasp-knife, came just over the top of the pen, and was causing a soft, dreamy contention among the velvety heads there, each of which sought to rub against it.

"You find these creatures pleasant company, Mr. Ma'r S'one," said Michael, after watching a little while.

"That they be, sir," replied Ma'r S'one, looking down at them tenderly. "I'd leiver get my vittles with 'em than up at the Team any day, though it's mighty improvin' there sometimes, bein' gen'ly a scollerd there as can read the noospaper right arf without spellin'; but then it's gen'ly 'bout murders, and I caan't abide murders—they makes me creep, they do. 'Cline our 'erts, I say, to keep this la'!"

Michael was gazing vacantly into a sun-blinded velvety face that, baffled in its attempts to reach Ma'r S'one, had come to be fondled by the stranger. At Ma'r S'one's last words, Michael's eyes dilated and swam, his hands clutched each other over the side of the pen, and a hard breath came labouring from him, with the words—

"Amen, Ma'r S'one, Amen!"

#### CHAPTER XI.

MICHAEL's existence was apparently forgotten by all Lamberhurst till near sunset, when Ambray burst the mill-door open, calling his name.

"Michael Swift! what on earth have you done with yourself all day? Hollo there! Swift!"

As the miller looked round on entering, it seemed to him a good week's work had been done.

His grey eyes lit with hearty approbation, but, falling on Michael, became instantly hard and suspicious.

As he came forward, his face pale, his hair flattened close to his brows by the sweat of his hard work and the pressure of his cap, which he now held in his hand, there was something in his look and attitude which struck Ambray as being almost abject.



The miller immediately put his hard work to the balance against him.

He stood, looking him full and steadily in the face, with undisguised severity.

When Michael understood the look, he quailed more, and caught hold of the steps.

"Look here, Michael Swift," said Ambray. "Look me in the face, and tell me you are not keeping anything back that if I knew it would prevent my taking you."

Michael remained quite motionless for some time.

At last he raised his eyes with difficulty, showing Ambray nothing in them but the simplest honesty and sorrow.

"Master," he answered with much effort, "I shall tell you nothing of the kind. I don't know you well enough yet to know what might or might not prevent your taking me. All you have any right to ask is for a good character of me. If you don't trust what I gave you to read—you have only to write to the man who has put his name and address on it. I have never done a dishonest thing in my life. I have no more to say for myself."

"Would to God everybody could say as much," Ambray retorted quickly, his doubts dispersed by the light that flashed from Michael's weary eyes as he spoke;—"and with as much truth as I believe you can. You will have a master given to suspicion if you come here as my servant—I don't disguise that from you. I've had enough to make my right hand doubt my left. But come. I must tell you that Phillips's agreement is torn up—done for. My niece has won the day. The mill and the grist both secured for three months certain, and how much longer depends on you."

"This is good news, master," answered Michael, turning away to tighten the knot in one of the bags hanging down from the shafts. Deep gratitude and relief had brought the blood to his face more eagerly than he cared for Ambray to see.

"Shake hands on it, man," cried Ambray, kindling under the influence of his father's old port which he had been drinking freely at the farm.

Michael turned and stretched out his hand heartily, but instantly withdrew it again as if it had been stung.

"No," he stammered confused, but resolute, "not till you know me better, master."

"What," cried Ambray, "you bear malice, do you?"

"I don't—I swear I don't—but I will not shake hands with you till you know me as—I wish you to know me."

"I know you already for a man one must pick and choose one's words for," said Ambray impatiently, "which I'm not used to do for any man alive—so I warn you—but come away and have a glass of wine of a sort that'll put you in a better temper."

Michael smiled as he opened the door. He looked back with a glance of involuntary pride on the improvements he had made on the ground-floor.

Ambray looked too and nodded.

"Very well indeed," he said, "and you can fetch the corn to-morrow. Ma'r S'one is to have it ready for you down in the hop house by six in the morning."

Ambray rose the next day about breakfast time in feverish spirits, and nothing could keep him from going up the field far enough to see the mill, with Fleetfoot and the waggon at the door.

A strong north wind was blowing—the sun made all the fresh downs look yellow—the mill sails swept round against the bluest sky of the year, Michael's face came and went at the windows, a very sun of brightness and content.

Old Guarder, the mill dog, ran incessantly too and fro between Michael and his master, and did his best to keep Fleetfoot from wasting his oats through a hole in his nose-bag by barking at him from all sides, and even mounted to the driver's seat in front of the waggon to try whether his voice would have more weight from that place of authority.

Ambray and his wife went together to the mill in the afternoon to see the improvements Michael had already made there.

Michael, looking down from the stone floor, saw them standing by the meal bin watching the meal as it came pouring down.

The mill was going so fast that it came down warmer than usual.

Old Ambray took some up in his cold, trembling fingers, and felt it with an exquisite pleasure.

"Here it comes once more, old girl," Michael heard him say; "plenty and warm, ay, warm from the Almighty's hand!"

## CHAPTER XII.

SEVERAL weeks passed without bringing Ambray any reason to repent of his bargain.

He was much within doors during that time, the weather being changeable and his asthma bad; but he heard from all quarters of the industry and civility of his servant.

When the wind served, Michael worked by night as well as by day.

Far and wide over the country, and far and wide on the sea, people began to look for the light at the High Mills every windy night.

The little waggon, with Michael standing a few yards in front of it, smiling at Fleetfoot's slow advance with a kind of placid despair, became one of the most familiar sights on the road and in the lanes about Lamberhurst.

He had as yet made no friend but Ma'r S'one; and there were days, when Ambray was confined to his bed, that Michael passed without speaking or being spoken to from morning till night; and this to one who had not been used to walk a dozen yards without receiving a greeting from familiar lips was a very strange experience. It was the more so to Michael, because of his having always been possessed by a strong interest in his fellow-creatures.

Sometimes in the spring evenings, when Ambray was suffering more than usual, and his wife scarcely left his side a minute, and when there was nothing doing at the mill, Michael found his time of leisure—brief as it was—hang very heavy on his hands.

Once, when he looked in at the Team by way of a change, the company, unable in his presence to think of anything but the High Mills and their owners, conversed all the evening about "Ma'r's Garge" and his feats in running and wrestling, his handsome face, his good humour, his pleasant word to everybody, his popularity among rich and poor, his looked-for return.

Michael never spent another evening at the Team.

He tried several times to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Grist's nephew Simon. He went down to the farm and made polite inquiries about him every market-day after he had seen Mrs. Grist and Ann Ditch go off in the chaise with the butter. But the answer he received from Ma'r S'one was always either—that "Ma'r Simon" was asleep, or that "Ma'r Simon" was "arf," which last Michael had come to understand meant off to the Team, and for that reason would be deaf to the voice of friendship or duty for the rest of the day.

When he had been a fortnight at Lamberhurst, Michael had a letter from home. It was short and cool enough, but he was as agitated over it as a little schoolboy whose dimpled fingers tremble round the seal of his mother's first letter.

Michael's letter was from his father.

"The Green, Thames Dutton,  
April 19, —.

"DEAR MICHAEL,

"I am very glad to hear you got the place you was after, and your mother is glad you are quite well and comfortable. We are pretty well, thank God, except for rheumatis in the same leg as before. I posted a letter the day after you left, which I found directed but not stamped in the pocket of poor Grant's coat. We supposed you meant to take it with you, as it was directed to the same place as you are at, and forgot it. I dare say it will have reached all right. Your mother pertic'lerly hopes you go to church reg'ler, and has your things mended weekly, as your brother Tom has just come home in a shocking state.

"Your affectionate father,

"JOSEPH SWIFT."

Michael felt that there was a great necessity for this letter to be destroyed; but he could not do it. It was read, laughed, and sighed over, as if it had been the most brilliant and moving epistle that ever was penned, and when it had become worn almost to tatters in his pocket, it was placed between the leaves of Michael's Bible, where it remains to this day.

Nora rode over nearly every morning. Her visit at Stone Crouch was coming to an end, and her aunt was busy with preparations for her return.

Michael dreaded this return beyond everything. Ever since she had looked at him when he spoke of the date of George's letter, he had felt as if he would rather face anything than meet her eye again.

Even if he chanced to be seated with Mrs. Ambray at dinner or tea, when she came he would disappear at once, leaving not only the room, but the house, and sometimes while it was raining heavily. The Ambrays were always too much excited by her visits to take any notice of Michael; but Nora saw and noticed him, and wondered he should have so much delicacy, and wished Simon was more like him.

No more letters, dated or undated, had arrived from George; but as he had said that he should not write again until the fate of his pictures was decided, this caused no surprise or disappointment.

The three loving and expectant hearts kept each other full of happy restlessness with the idea that he might arrive any day, any moment.

Every night Michael heard his master re-



monstrating against the house being shut up so early, and he knew he kept awake an hour or more, sometimes many hours, after all was still and dark, straining his ear for the step, the knock, the voice, till his heavy eyelids fell and shut away the world and its vain hopes, and he was stilled with a foretaste of death's tranquillity.

Michael knew all this because the walls were so thin he could hear every word that was spoken below almost as well as if he were in the same room with the speaker. And often Ambray, long after all had been silent, would ask his wife if she did not think there was a sound like wheels or horses' feet coming up the White Lane, or tell her that Guarder had barked, or the gate had creaked.

There were times when the consciousness of these grey heads lying awake far into the night in such trembling and tender expectancy became almost unendurable to Michael.

Starting up, he would half dress himself and steal barefooted down the steep, narrow stairs, stand with his palms against their door, and be within a breath of bursting it open and falling on his knees before them, his face scarcely needing language as an interpreter. But before anything else was done, when only his noiseless feet had stood there, and his noiseless palms touched the door, he would turn and fly back, leaving upon the walls that shut in the stairs the prints of his moist hands dying away in the moonlight.

Back in the thin-walled solitude of his little room, where he was forced to be so quiet and careful, he would cast himself upon his bed, thanking God he had gone no further, and telling himself he must not, could not, make known to these poor, weak, loving creatures the full extent of their sorrow, till they had learned that they had at least a more faithful servant, if not a better son than George, to support and comfort them.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

AMBRAY was suspicious of enthusiasm. He could understand and honour a man doing his duty honestly and to the full; but such work as Michael gave for wages, which, as the miller said to his wife, "the man had not yet seen the colour of," was a marvel and almost a trouble to him.

Work that went beyond duty was regarded by him as a kind of conscience-offering.

It was Michael's duty to give his best attention to the grindstone, to turn all winds to good account, to keep the mill clean and free from damp, to carry the meal and flour

to the villages and farms from which it had been ordered, to be civil and obliging to his master and his master's wife, and to be considerate of the age and nerves of two such valued and venerable servants as Fleetfoot and Guarder. A grinder who neglected any one of these things would have fallen into great disfavour with Ambray.

But here was a man, who, not content with making good use of the day and the day winds, must needs spend most of his nights also, laying in wait to catch and yoke to his master's service each wind that moaned across the dark and solitary downs, or came sighing up the valley, moist and heavy from the sea.

On breezeless days, Michael devoted his time to the cultivation of a piece of ground belonging to the mills, and lying between Ambray's cottage and a pasture-field of Buckholt Farm.

The half-wild, half-barren state in which this had lain for the last five years had troubled Ambray sorely, being a constant theme for Mrs. Grist's calm satire, and a cause of dissension between himself and George; for George had disliked gardening as much as "milling," and his father's strength by the mill alone was greatly overtaxed.

It was therefore no small pleasure and triumph to Ambray to see, and have others see, his unprofitable little wilderness thus brought to order and use; and claiming its small, sweet share in the universal bloom and promise of the spring.

All April possessed no touch of green so fair to his eyes as the buds that opened on this spot, nor any note of music so sweet in his ears as the singing of the birds above the soil Michael had cleared and refreshed.

Yet as he crept along, leaning on his stick, wrapt up, and keeping as much as possible in the patches of sunshine, he would watch Michael at his work with more suspicion than gratitude.

Sometimes Michael would look up, and meet his strange gaze with eyes so perfectly frank and honest that the miller felt ashamed of himself, and would go home and abuse his wife for not having provided a better supper for Michael.

But once or twice Michael had encountered his master's look in a very different manner—his eyes had turned to the earth, sick and confused, his hand had trembled on the spade. Then Ambray had looked at him hard—he was not a merciful, though he was a just man. He had looked at him as if he would search

out the secrets of his soul, and Michael, when he next sat down to eat in the old people's presence, knew that they were regarding him as one who had come into a strange place to hide him from the shame of some dishonest act.

Sometimes Michael bore this treatment with exceeding patience and meekness; sometimes he chafed under it with subdued but visible passion, dashing the mill keys down when he went to bed, and treading the floor as if he would grind it to powder.

These fits of temper did more to reassure his master as to the wholesome state of his soul than anything else; yet Michael hated himself whenever he had been possessed by one of them even for a minute, and did his utmost to retain that very gentleness and forbearance which roused the miller's suspicions.

But more and more often, as the spring came on, Michael saw upon his master's face the look which said as plainly as look could say—"I shall find you out soon, my man; you cannot deceive me long." Yet, in spite of all his obstinate suspicion, scarcely a day passed without Ambray deriving some ray of comfort, cheerfulness, and renewed love of life from that very study of Michael's character to which his suspicion moved him and which strengthened his suspicion. The glow of a spirit more healthful, more honest, more fervent than any that had lived near him before was warming and comforting him, and he knew not whence the warmth and comfort came. It was the sunshine of the spring, the prospect of his son's return, Nora's bright, brief visits, the certainty of keeping the High Mills for yet three months more—anything, in fact, but the companionship and service of the man whom he was determined to "find out."

Nora came home about the middle of April. On the same afternoon that she arrived with her boxes at the farm, Ma'r S'one toiled up to the miller's cottage holding—with the edge of his smock between it and his fingers—a little note. It was an invitation to Ambray and his wife to drink tea with their niece and Mrs. Grist.

The miller was for refusing it, but Mrs. Ambray and Michael overruled him, and prevailed upon him to let Ma'r S'one carry back a grateful acceptance.

After that day Michael never left the mills without taking a long look from the little terrace to ascertain that Nora was not on her way to or from the cottage. When he reached the door he stood still and listened, and if he heard her voice within—as he did several

times—he would return to the mill, or go and work in the garden till she left.

The first time that he saw her face after her return was at church. She and Mrs. Grist now sat alone in the large old pew, where Ambray used once to sit with his father and mother, his old grandfather, and all his brothers,—while he was yet too small to know the weariness of having to dangle his feet a few inches above the hassock they could not reach,—while indeed he was still too little to dangle them at all, but could only turn, direct towards the pulpit, a pair of tiny soles, which perhaps pleaded his small cause eloquently enough by thus simply and mutely offering evidence of their very recent and slight acquaintance with the earth, among the sinners of which their owner was called upon thus early to proclaim himself.

The grey head which now bent beside Ma'r S'one's and others, as lowly, on the most backward of the free seats, told a very different story, offered very different evidence as to its need of mercy.

It was during the sermon, when Mrs. Grist slept soundly with her fat hands folded on the large pocket-handkerchief spread over her claret-coloured satin dress, and when Ma'r S'one and a curly-headed ploughboy, between which two Michael sat, were requiring constant reminders from each shoulder that he was neither a pew wall nor a bundle of hay, it was at this time that he ventured to look at Nora.

He had scarcely done so when his eyes fell full of perplexity and wonder.

Why was she so pale, so different from when he had last seen her face in the parlour at Buckholt Farm?

He dared not look again, because her eyes had been gazing straight towards the seat which he shared with the Ambrays and her aunt's servants, yet he would have given much to know whether her face was indeed so altered as it had seemed to him; whether it really wore that look of vague suffering, that desire for divine guidance and help, a desire which had appeared to him to be expressed there as humbly as it was on Ma'r S'one's face, when he prayed that his heart might be inclined to keep his Master's laws.

If he had been right, if her face had really looked so, what had caused the change?

Had George Ambray's letter, read many times, begun to have a different meaning for her at last? Was she beginning to suspect that something worse than debt, and long absence without explanation, had wrung from him those expressions of repentance



which had so moved her and gladdened his father's heart?

While he was trying for courage to look once again at Nora's face so as to be better able to answer himself these questions, the voice which Mrs. Grist had found so soothing ceased; and she woke with a start, and fixed instantly a look at once appreciative and critical on the old vicar, as if, on the whole, she approved of the sermon, but could decidedly point out a flaw or two in it if closely questioned on the subject.

Ma'r S'one also woke, sighing and shaking his head, and murmuring very self-reproachfully—

"Cline our 'erts," and finishing his prayer upon his knees.

The plough-boy, too, lifted his curly head from Michael's shoulder, turning upon him as he did so a look of surly indignation, as if requesting him not to take such a liberty again.

Now comes the blessing, the silence, the rush of fresh air and sunshine through the door the beadle has noiselessly opened, mysterious sounds among the Union boys as they are trying to persuade each other, by nudges and kicks, to begin the general up-rising; mysterious sounds, also, among the old men in the free seats, a gentle fumbling for sticks and crutches, patting and coaxing of stiff, gaitered legs, that apparently have mistaken this for their last journey here, and gone to sleep. Silence again, then suddenly, and at its full, the noise of the rising of a large parish in a little church; the mingling of rustling silk and creaking old limbs, the roll of the organ, the light fall of well-to-do feet, and the grinding and clattering of myriads of little hobnails. Down sails Mrs. Grist, the richest woman of the parish, placid, self-conscious, doffed to and nodded to by high and low.

Will he see Nora once more? Michael wonders. No: the crowd hides her, the Ambrays are waiting for him at the tiny side door.

One more glance across the motley little mass, moving all one way, across the smart bonnets, the files of tiny corduroyed figures; but it is a vain glance. He sees no more of Nora, and in another instant finds himself again by his old master, the old duties, the old sickening necessity of listening to the old story pressing upon him.

How sick he feels this morning of these glittering downs and the old mills that seem to look loweringly upon him from the hill as he toils on towards them, supporting his master, who leans so ungrudgingly upon him,

because he thinks his arm unworthy of giving him support! How sick, too, of the thoughts of seeing again that door of George's room standing open to show him directly he enters the miller's house, its almost awful air of expectancy and waiting!

#### CHAPTER XIV.

A WEEK of wet weather, with scarcely a gust of wind from Monday to Saturday, had improved neither Ambray's cough nor his temper.

Michael was beginning to look habitually scared and downcast at his approach, and at the sound of his voice.

On Saturday evening, more as an excuse to escape from the cottage than from any other motive, Michael pretended to remember that a hinge of one of the mill windows was loose, and might be letting in the damp if left over Sunday.

It had just ceased raining when he went out, but all the world looked as if it could never dry up and brighten again; and the mill had a stark, dead stillness and lifelessness about it by no means cheering to a miller's eye.

Michael entered and went up to the stone floor, where he stood looking out half vacantly from the window of which he had spoken.

He had pushed it open, and was watching the smoke rising, or rather being held down by the damp as it came from the chimneys of Buckholt Farm.

He had been standing there for nearly ten minutes, not thinking so much as being over-gloomed by thoughts that came like the clouds passing above him without any working of his mind.

There had been no sound since he stood there but the water dripping from the mills and the pale trees; but now he was startled by hearing a loud bark from Guarder; which was immediately answered by a bark from another dog, and then there was a noise, as if challenger and challenged rolled over on the stones together.

Michael looked down from the window. He did not see the dogs, but he saw a figure walking along on the grass by the side of the path, and after his first glance at it he fell back a step or two and stood watching its approach.

His own face had changed in that moment; had lost its look of sadness and vague foreboding, and taken on it the blank, breathless air of one confronted suddenly by a new and an unexpected calamity.

The figure came too near for Michael any longer to see it.

The bell fastened to the ground-floor door rang loudly ; an instant after he heard the lifting of the latch.

Michael turned and looked at the opening in the floor where the ladder was, and breathed hard.

He knew his delay must be but momentary ; he *must* go down, whoever, whatever waited him. That was Ambray's door at which the summons had come ; he was Ambray's servant ; there was no help for him.

He was a stranger, there were none to take his part.

His eyes, turning slowly and heavily about in a despairing search for aid, fell on the grindstone.

He went and stood before it, and looked down at it, and the panic and despair in his eyes softened and kindled to sorrow and passion.

Without moving his lips, and while keeping his eyes, misty, and burning, and still, cast upon the stone, he pleaded mutely with God.

Was the stain which his hands had inno-



Page 445.

cently brought upon this stone, and which none saw but him, *not*, after all, to be ground out by his hands, though he was willing to make that work the aim and end of his life?

Had he not for this purpose deserted, in their old age, his father and mother? And had any one seen the pathos of Michael's eyes as he set this deed before his Maker he might well have believed these two to be little less than angels, instead of being the most selfish old couple in the world, as in truth they were.

Had he not been patient since he came

here, and was his patience, and was all his work to go as nothing? Had the end indeed come? Was Ambray to hear all now—this day—this evening ; was his fury to come upon him in this dull rainy light, while the mills were standing still, and every one's door was closed on the drenched world?

Slowly and with a certain faint trustfulness in his face, Michael at last approached the opening, set his heel on the ladder, and went down.

He did not pause an instant in the grind-room, or on the dressing-floor, where he



threw one quick glance at the sketches on the bin, but went on down the broader steps till he came close to the open door and the person who had admitted himself.

The visitor stood with his hand still on the latch, and his face turned in the direction from which Michael came; though his eyes were not looking in the same direction, but were turned to the ground with an attentive expression.

He was an old man, of medium height, dressed in patched and ragged clothes, the appearance of which a thorough drenching had not improved. He had a long white beard, and a high forehead, and was superficially venerable looking, but to eyes that rested on his face many moments, it was evident he was not wanting in the low-cunning and brute strength of nerve natural to the born vagrant.

His blindness—for Michael knew it was this affliction which caused him to keep his eyes on the ground while his face was lifted towards the steps—his blindness, no doubt, kept him unaware of how plainly his mouth revealed the half pitying contempt with which he regarded the world in general. Why, it was difficult to tell.

All that was unpleasant in the old man's face struck Michael now for the first time.

When he had seen that face before—the only occasion on which he ever had seen it before, it was under a flaring gas-lamp, in a crowd—and all that had struck him in it then was its age—its white beard, its blind eyes rolling and straining in their sockets in helpless and yet awful anger—he had seen it thus, and for one minute only, and the image of it had never quite left him since. He had never wished it to leave him. He had cherished it in his memory that he might say to himself, when he grew faint-hearted and sick of soul over that minute's history, "Could any man have looked on this blind face, and stayed his hand just then?"

Would the old man know him? He had heard his voice that night, and Michael knew the wonders of blind men's memories.

The old man, far too dignified to lift his hat, pushed it further off his forehead, and assuming a proud meekness of voice as well as some vague sort of emotion, inquired—

"Sir, do I—do I stand before—Mr. Ambray?"

"No, Mr. Ambray is not in the mill," Michael answered without hesitation, then watched, searched the face before him with patient intentness for any sign of recognition of his voice.

He saw none. The blind man was evidently aware of something that made his senses very attentive over the voice itself while it spoke, and for an instant or two over the recollection of it when it had ceased speaking.

This, however, might be his habit when hearing, as he must so often have heard, voices which perplexed him for the moment through their resemblance to other voices.

Not the least curiosity or excitement followed his very careful study of Michael's voice and its vibration.

Having learnt that the master of the High Mills was not present, he became less ceremonious. Letting go the latch, he stepped briskly in and took off his hat, and shook the wet from it in Michael's face.

"He'll be here some time to-night, old Ambray, won't he—eh?" he asked, rubbing his knuckles, which, while shaking his hat about, he had knocked against a shaft.

"No, he won't," answered Michael.

Again there was the same attentiveness over the voice while it spoke, and after it had spoken; and again the same lack of excitement followed the consideration.

He put his hat on, and Michael was half hoping, half fearing, he would go without making known his object in coming there.

But the old man, after feeling about, touched a sack of flour, on which he immediately seated himself, wet as he was, with a grunt of satisfaction.

Michael only wished he had been an utter stranger, that he might give him his opinion upon this proceeding.

"You Ambray's man, eh?" inquired the blind tramp, adjusting himself comfortably on his yielding seat.

"I am, and I am going to the house. Can I take the master any message?"

"No, thank yer, young man. Must see him. Must see him. Come another day. I'll have a rest now. So this is a mill. Never was in one before."

If he were never to be in one again, Michael thought, so much the better. "I like the smell of it," said his unwelcome visitor, lifting his nose and sniffing vigorously. "By-the-bye, where's my dog? Just look out and see, will yer? Here! Jowler! Jowler!"

Before Michael had made up his mind whether to obey this command or not, a miserable animal, who looked as if he had a share in all the cares of the world, rushed in with a string attached to his collar, and entangling his legs as he ran.

"Come, Jowler," said his master with unaffected feeling; "come and let us see if

that clumsy country brute hurt you. You shud keep that beast chained up," he added to Michael, as he carefully felt Jowler all over; "he flew out very savage upon Jowler, and I'll let yer know, my man, if he'd a hurt him it ud bin as much as his life's worth. A retriever—yours *is* a retriever, ain't he? Well, you've just to ask and pay to git another, exactly like him; but I'd like to know the name by which you'd find another such as Jowler."

As Michael could not deny the difficulty of such an undertaking, he made no answer.

"Your young master's at home now, ain't he?" asked the blind man suddenly.

"*Who?*" said Michael involuntarily, and understanding what was meant the instant he had said it.

"Young Ambray—your master's son—George Ambray—he's at home here now—eh—ain't he?"

Michael laid his hand on the shaft, and looked steadily at the blind face.

There was a world of covert meaning in it—a world of secrecy and cunning; but Michael drew from it, in spite of this, the belief that the question had been put in good faith—that the man was really ignorant as to the thing he had asked about.

From that moment he drew freer breath. Why, he asked himself, should he fear this man if he neither remembered meeting him that night nor knew of what had happened since?

Why was he here, then, inquiring for Ambray? No doubt to bring some charge against George. If this should be so, he must keep the man at all hazards from meeting Ambray.

For the next few moments Michael suffered a great contempt for himself for having thus been overwhelmed with fears for his own safety, and keeping his eyes closed to what might prove danger to the name which he had sworn to keep as unsullied as he might.

Was it selfishness or great unselfishness that made Michael feel suddenly cheerful and courageous when he found he had to do battle on George's account instead of his own. It was a question Michael found himself unable to answer when he thought of it some hours after the mill was closed and he had gone home.

After considering a little while, and looking with puzzled eyes upon the blind man and his dog as they settled themselves more at their ease on his sack of flour, Michael thought the best thing he could do would be to try and remove the impression of extreme

disrespect and inhospitality his silence must have given.

"Might you have been born blind, now," he inquired, "or was it an accident?"

"Accident! no, thank yer, young man. No, I'm happy to say I'm a so-born. Don't know nothing about sight at all. Never seed in my life."

"Well," said Michael, trying to keep his patience as his saturated guest stretched himself on the flour sack, pommelling it to make a comfortable place for his ragged elbow, "it's a blessing to be contented, certainly."

"Contented! Why I wouldn't have sight at no price; it 'ud be like a hextra arm or somethink o' that kind—I shouldn't know what to do with it. Here, p'raps you'd like to have a look at my stiffikit."

While Michael was wondering what on earth that might be, the blind man drew from his pocket a small parchment roll, which having untied he held out to him.

"There," said he as Michael took it; "I wears that 'ere round my neck, but most folks in London might be as blind as me for the notice they takes on it. Not as your country bumpkins are much better. They will read it, it's true, stand before yer, a concealin' of yer from the public thorerfare, and spell it out to the last letter, then walk away as coolly as if they'd bin a readin' it on a dead man's tombstone."

Meanwhile Michael was reading on the card, written in a schoolmaster-like hand, the words, "Christian charity is solicited on behalf of Richard Bardsley, born blind, who at the age of seventy-three walked from York to London, where he waits his end in the full reliance that his generous-hearted fellow-creatures of this city will not see him starve."

"And you find Jowler a pretty fair guide?" asked Michael, venturing to pat the queer head as he returned Mr. Bardsley his card.

"Well, yes," he answered, turning towards Jowler, who was showing the whites of his eyes as he lifted them to his master with an expression which seemed to implore that he would please say the best he could of him; "Well, yes, leavin' out o' the question one or two little failin's which all sight-gifted natur', human and otherwise, is invariably addicted to—and namin' which I must, I really must"—shaking his head at Jowler, who gave a little whine, and twisted himself as though he knew well enough something not altogether pleasant was being said of him, and he entertained his character might be spared as much as possible—"must specify POUNCING as the most vicious, and apt to trip a person up



unawares, specially when it's after a sparrer on the edge of a curbstone, or a rat in the bottom of a ditch. I might mention fixin' his mind on perticler streets, and always tugging in them particler directions, as ilconvenient to a person who happens to have a will of his own likewise; but tugging is a ilconvenience only, pouncing is a wice—a wice!" And Mr. Bardsley shook his stick at Jowler with one hand, while he felt a large bump on his forehead with the other.

As Jowler looked depressed, and gave a melancholy yawn, after this account of him, his master felt it incumbent on him to put his hand in his pocket and draw forth and show to Michael the little money-box he usually carried, and which was heavy enough when holding ever so few coppers, Bardsley assured him, to try the teeth and temper of any dog living.

"And what is more, sir," said Bardsley, "there is a haction of Jowler's life, which did ought to a won for him a respect above coppers, as makes the box heavy about little, and is trying to his teeth. It is a haction I should have had recorded on the stiffikit, only the young man as wrote the present stiffikit in this here beautiful hand was caused, by circumstances over which he had no control, to leave the country—that is to say, sir, he was transported for forgery; and I was afeard, as two different handwritin's on the stiffikit might look unprofessional, consequently Jowler's haction is still between himself and me and the Almighty. It was a time, sir, when bad luck did seem, like a bloodhound as 'ud tasted our blood and meant to have the last drop. My little grandchild had come into the world a few hours or so, and was a crying at it still with all her might and main. My poor son, a so-born, like myself, was a waitin' on her and her mother, and blubbin' with joy as his little child was born to see, and which she were, sir, with sorer as she shud see such trouble in the beginning. I lay on a mat in the corner, racked with rheumatis, and Jowler hard by, a growlin' out now and then in his sleep with

hunger. Not a crumb had any of us had for more hours than would be credited. Every mornin' since I 'ud bin bad had that there dog stood waitin' with the box in his mouth a tryin' to coax me out. His own feelin's taught him how badly money was wanted in the box, for he had always been used to bite short when it was empty. His respect for the box though is nothing in regard to his respect for the stiffikit; for, seeing people stand and stare at it  *afore*  they drop money in the box makes him naturally look on that as the most important. He wouldn't by no means let me go out without it, as I used to be goin' to do sometimes in my flurry of mind when my poor son's wife was in her tantrums. He'd go back and stand at the head o' my bed where the stiffikit was hung on a knob, and there wait till I come and took it down and put it round my neck. On this mornin' I'm speakin' of he wakes up all of a sudden, gits the box, brings it to the head of the bed, and sits looking up at the stiffikit, and giving little pitiful howls. Presently he begins makin' jumps at it. Then it all came to me what he was after. 'Come here, old boy,' says I; 'have yer own way, and the Lord guide yer.' So I twisted the stiffikit string round his neck short, and he dashed out. He hadn't been gone a quarter of a hour before he came back tearing like mad, rattling something in the box, and the stay-lace woman, and the match gal, and two or three more from the steps where I used to sit, comin' up the stairs after him to tell me how he come there, and how they all knowed old Bardsley was in trouble."

"Well done, Jowler," cried Michael, patting him, "*he* carry coppers; why he deserves to have nothing but gold in his box to the end of his days."

"Come, old boy, we must be on the tramp, or little missis 'ull wonder what's come of us. Well, young man," he added, turning to Michael as he took Jowler's string, "I shall look in on yer master agen on Monday. Now, Jowler, not there. No pouncing, you rascal! Out, sir, out!"



## SCIENCE AND RELIGION:

A Sermon preached in Westminster Abbey, on May 21, 1871, being the Sunday following the Funeral of Sir John Herschel.

"And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years: and let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth."—GEN. I. 14, 15.

SO the sacred writer described, in the first early dawn of Science, and in the first early dawn of Revelation, the creation and the purpose of that vast celestial mechanism which has exercised the minds of men ever since. It is a striking instance of the mode in which the Bible does and does not teach Science. Of details it tells us nothing, or tells us only what belonged to the rude, unformed conceptions of those ancient times. Neither the gifted seer, whoever it was, that wrote that first chapter of the Book of Genesis, nor he, the royal Psalmist, who wrote that glorious hymn which speaks of "the heavens declaring the glory of God," had any even the faintest insight into the wonders which the telescope has disclosed to the eye and the mind of the later generations of mankind. The "lights" of which the sacred historians or prophets spoke were to them (such is the meaning of the word) burning "lamps" or "candles" suspended in the sky. The "firmament" of heaven was to them a solid blue surface, spread like a canopy over the habitations of men. The heavenly bodies were not to them enormous masses of worlds, millions of miles away, millions of ages old, but bright flashing fires, kindled for the first time to illuminate the darkness of the freshly-created earth. "He made the stars also" is the one brief passing record in which the author of Genesis sums up, in his account of the fourth day of Creation, the birth of those mighty systems each almost a universe in itself.

That corner of infinite space in which men dwelt still seemed the centre of the whole. None knew as yet the vast "ordinances of heaven;"\* none knew "the balancings of the clouds,"—"the wondrous works of Him that is perfect in knowledge." It was not the Divine will that the Chosen People should be premature astronomers or premature geologists. It was other and nobler truths than these which were committed to the race of Israel—not the wisdom concerning earth or sky, but concerning man and God, not (as Baronius quaintly but wisely says) "the revelation of how the heaven goeth, but the revelation of how we must go to heaven."

But, although this gradual and imperfect

growth of knowledge is involved in the very structure of the sacred books—although it is as unjust to the Bible as it is vexatious to Science, to endeavour to reduce scientific systems into conformity with the Biblical accounts, or to require the Bible to give us scientific systems—this does not prevent, nay, rather it assists the sacred writers, in giving us the germs, the principles, the framework, of that which has, in the slow march of ages, been developed, we may almost say, into a new revelation.

Most remarkably is this the case with respect to astronomy. There are two characteristics of the Biblical accounts of the sun and moon and stars, that contain the first stimulating thoughts of all the discoveries which have since been achieved. They belong to that side of the Bible which it possesses, not so much from its direct didactic character, but from that grandeur and solemnity of view which is the inalienable treasure of every book, of every mind, of every prospect of man or nature, in proportion as it rises, whether by grace or genius, above the commonplace level of ordinary trivial things.

The first of these characteristics is the profound sense which the Biblical writers display of the sublimity and beauty of the divine order of heaven and earth. They knew not—they could not know—what it meant in all its parts. But it struck a poetic fire out of their inmost souls, that reproduced itself in thoughts and words, of which the child-like simplicity is only equalled by their inborn and supreme nobility. Human language has performed many marvellous feats since the first chapter of Genesis was written; but the saying of the heathen Longinus sixteen hundred years ago is still true—that nothing more sublime has ever been spoken than the words, "And God said, Let there be light, and there was light." The hues of the rising and the setting sun have been depicted by many a poet and many a painter, have been analysed by many a chemical process, by many an optical tube, since the shepherd king watched the rays of the early morning dart over the level line of the hills of Moab; yet no more life-like description has ever

\* Job xxxvii. 15, 16; xxxviii. 33.



been given in few words than that of the sudden emergence of the sun's bright face like that of a joyous bridegroom on his wedding-day from the curtain of his secret chamber—of the startling bound with which he leaps over the dark ridge of the eastern mountains like a giant rejoicing to run his course. The Grecian poets have sung of the repose of immortals and the toils of mortals, have handled with delicate touch the lights and shades of sea and sky; but we might search in vain for any expression of intense and abounding joyousness in the beauty of creation for its own sake equal to that which the Book of Job describes when it tells us, that at the laying of the foundation-stone of the world, "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."\* The Mosaic cosmogonist, the Psalmist of Bethlehem, the Idumean patriarch, could supply no theory of the universe; but they felt assured that in those glorious orbs there was an indication of divine power and wisdom beyond what they saw more closely around them. They were prepared, and they prepared others, to hear more; they put themselves and the world into an admiring, reverential, listening attitude.

And this brings me to the second point which I would name. They felt that there was something in these wonders which man was intended to understand and to read. At times they are overwhelmed by the greatness of the mystery—they look up in dumb astonishment: "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained, what is man, that Thou art mindful of him?"† "Canst thou," it is said to Job, "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth the constellations‡ in their season, or guide Arcturus with his sons?"§ But these very phrases imply a search, a yearning after the hidden truth, the very opposite of dull indifference or superstitious fear. They mount at times into the full expression of what a great French scholar calls "the grand curiosity" of a scientific and inquiring age. "There is neither speech nor language" (so David sings) in those distant stars; "neither are their voices heard." Yet, in spite of their silence, "their sound"—a sound of their own—"is gone forth through all lands, and their words unto the ends of the earth. Day unto day uttereth speech, night unto

night revealeth knowledge."\* Those lights which were set in the firmament of heaven were already seen to be not mere purposeless ornaments, not mere twinkling fireflies; they were set there (so the primeval historian tells us) "for signs and for seasons, and for days and years."† They were there for man to interpret, to explain; to hear that silent sound; to read those inarticulate words; to educe out of their mystic dances and labyrinthine movements, order and law, the ideas of time and of space, the witness which they bore to the glory of the first creative Cause, the service which they rendered to the use of the last created being.

That miserable antagonism which later ages have imagined between Religion and Science, had no place in those venerable oracles of God; that unnatural civil war which in modern times has been waged under the opposing flags of Faith and Reason, would have awakened not the slightest echo, because it would not have had the slightest meaning, in the minds of those primitive theologians, of those sacred philosophers.

If that question to Job has in our days been all but answered, if there have arisen those who have analysed "the sweet influences of the Pleiades, and brought forth the constellations in their seasons;" if the simple reckonings "of days and years and signs and seasons" has grown up into the vast systems of astronomy and chronology, of Kepler and of Newton; if the silent language of the stars has been read and expounded in all lands from the Arctic Pole to the Antarctic Ocean—it is because He who set those lights in the firmament of the heavens willed that there should be corresponding lights in the human soul on earth; it is because He planted an instinct in the spirit of man, which, in the presence of these wonders of creation, longed to see them face to face, eye to eye; it is because in these early records of the Book of Books there was implied and expressed that craving for an interpreter, for a translator, for an explainer of those mysteries—because, whilst clothing their bright ideas of the universe in such shreds of knowledge as they could put together, they were filled with a fearless desire for light, an eager restless movement after truth, such as best befits the truly religious mind, such as fills the human soul with the only true reverence, because it is the reverence of knowledge and not of ignorance.

This is the beginning of the world's astronomy. This is the true relation of the Bible to Science. Not a system true or false,

\* Job xxxviii. 7.

† Ps. viii. 3.

‡ "Mazzaroth," probably the signs of the zodiac.

§ Job xxxviii. 31, 32.

\* Ps. xix. 2—4.

† Gen. i. 14.

but an opening and encouragement for all systems—not a fixed letter to control and check, but a living spirit of freedom to encourage, and stimulate, all inquiry.

I. Most instructive would be the task to trace the gradual progress of that inquiry—the full completion of that revelation. But on this day I would confine myself to such thoughts as are more immediately suggested by the passing away from amongst us of one who was amongst the foremost interpreters of nature in these our latter days.

Such a light set in the firmament of earth to meet the light in the firmament of heaven has been bestowed on us in that gifted spirit, whose mortal remains were on Friday last laid beside his yet mightier master, amidst the mourning of all that England could show of scientific genius and research.

Of him, if of any, it might be said that he lived amongst those celestial luminaries. "Born under the giant shadow of his illustrious father's telescope," inheriting from him his aspiring tastes, and his unconquerable genius—the stars from his earliest years were his constant companions. "Light," he used to say, "was his first love." For him was reserved that task which the Book of Job describes as of superhuman magnitude—the exploration for the first time of the "wonders without number," not only in the familiar regions of the north, but in "the secret chambers of the south"—that Southern Hemisphere, whose marvels he has himself so eloquently described—"where a new heaven as well as a new earth is laid open to the gaze of the astronomer—a celestial surface equal to a fourth part of the heavens—the vivid beauty of the Southern Cross sung by poets, and celebrated by the pen of the most accomplished of civilised travellers"—the constellations which neither Moses, nor David, nor Galileo, nor Newton ever saw, but which shall look down on the future destinies of the teeming nations of the youngest born of the families of earth.

What the Psalmist regarded as the incommunicable attribute of divinity, was almost if not altogether achieved by those twelve years' unceasing labours and unwearied calculations of a single man. "He telleth the number of the stars, and calleth them all by their names."<sup>†</sup> The glorious sun, whose daily rising was in the eyes of the earlier Psalmist at once so beautiful and so mysterious, became to this latest of astronomers the ab-

sorbing subject at once of his ardent imaginings and his profoundest speculations—"Where are thy beams, O sun, and whence thine everlasting light?" seemed to those who knew him best the motto engraved as it were over his study door.

II. But this is not the place, nor is it for him who now speaks, to dwell on results which those only who fully understand them can worthily report. Here let us for a few moments speak of the moral lessons to be learnt from the conclusions which those labours suggest, and from the spirit in which they were approached by him who is gone.

It was his peculiar privilege to combine with those more special studies such a width of view, and such a power of expression, as to make him an interpreter, a poet of science, even beyond his immediate sphere. It is this which justifies and demands the development of a somewhat larger range of instruction from his career than it else would have been allowed.

(1) First, let us speak of that which at once appeals to the ordinary life of all—the effects of Science on our common interests. Filled as he was with a passionate love of abstract truth, yet from that very love of those high subjects he longed to diffuse the knowledge of them as far and as wide as he could find eyes to see or ears to hear them. He was animated to a fresh enthusiasm by the conviction which he laboured to impart to others, of the vast practical importance of scientific knowledge—in "showing us" (if I may venture to use his own simple but most exhaustive language) "in showing us how to avoid impossibilities ; in securing us from important mistakes when attempting what is in itself possible by means either inadequate or actually opposed to the end in view ; in enabling us to accomplish our ends in the easiest, shortest, most economical and most effectual manner ; in inducing us to attempt and enabling us to accomplish objects which but for such knowledge we should never have thought of undertaking."\* These are homely rules, but they are rules which can be translated into the highest experiments and enterprises alike of scientific study, of statesmanlike policy, and of Christian benevolence.

(2) He felt, too, with a strength rendered doubly strong by the profound interest which he took in the more spiritual subjects of thought, the immense advantage of Science to Theology and Philosophy, in teaching the necessity of accurate definition,

\* "Which maketh Arcturus, Orion, and Pleiades, and the chambers" (Hebrew, "the secret chambers") "of the south" (Job ix. 9).

† Ps. cxlvii. 4.

\* "Discourse on Natural Philosophy," p. 44.



and of testing theory by fact. He felt and he taught with all the persuasiveness of example no less than precept, the danger of meeting scientific questions with any other than scientific weapons—"the danger of mistrusting even for a moment the grand and only character of Truth—its capability of coming unchanged out of every possible form of fair discussion." "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."\* How many a cobweb of fine-spun folly—how many an imaginary distinction of metaphysics—how many a scholastic entanglement—how many a baneful superstition—has vanished away before the touch of this Ithuriel's spear of scientific research! how firm a grasp of reality, how strong and fresh a belief in the† possibility of knowledge and certainty, how just a sense of the difference between false, artificial authority and true natural authority—can be given to the least scientific of us by such an interpretation of science as that which has in these latter days been given to us! This is no subtraction from any theology which deserves the name. It is clear gain and addition. It is giving new meaning to its words, new bounds to its domain, new life to its skeleton.

(3) Again, he, if any of his generation, taught us with unabated confidence the hope which Science teaches, no less than Religion, but which, whether in Science or Religion, the natural man so shrinks from receiving—the endless prospect of improvement set before mankind in its onward progress. It is the scientific version of the Apostolic text, "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth towards those things which are before."‡ Great as is the duty of humility to the student of Science and to the student of Theology, equally needed and often equally missed in both, yet not less needed for both, is the duty of hope—of boundless trust in the inexhaustible resources which the Giver of all good things has stored up in man and in nature. "The character of the true philosopher is to hope all things not impossible, and to believe all things not unreasonable."§ We are often asked, with a mixture of incredulity and despair, when any new inquiry is set on foot, "How far will this take us? Where will you stop?" The true answer is that which he gave with the emphasis of calm persuasion—namely, that this is the very glory of science—"When once embarked in any physical research, it is

impossible for any one to predict where it will ultimately lead him." We often hear it said—we often in our indolence think—that all truth is old, and that there is nothing new under the sun. The true answer of Science is that which again is at once the parallel and the illustration of the language of the Apostle. "The mysteries of knowledge, which in other ages were not made known unto the sons of men, are now revealed and will be still more revealed to those whom God has chosen."\* All these thousands of years the many uses of the sun and moon† and stars "were hidden, which are now made manifest" to all the world, even to those who least understand whence their knowledge came, or what it means. It was his proud, yet reverential boast, that the students of Science were "as messengers from heaven to earth to make such stupendous announcements that they may claim to be listened to, when they repeat in every variety of urgent instance, that these are not the last announcements which they shall have to communicate; that there are yet behind, to search out and to declare, not only secrets of nature which shall increase the wealth or power of men, but Truths which shall ennoble the age and the country in which they are divulged, and by dilating the intellect react on the moral character of mankind."‡

(4) We often hear, from timid or anxious lips, that the tendencies of Science lead towards a materialistic fatalism. It is at once a consolation and a rebuke to be told by one who knew these tendencies well, that, on the contrary, it is or ought to be the result of Science that, "instead of being supinely and carelessly carried down the stream of events, we now, by the great resources put into our hands, find ourselves, as never before, capable of buffeting with its waves, and perhaps of riding triumphantly over them; for why should we despair that the Science which has enabled us to subdue all nature to our purposes, should (if permitted and assisted by the providence of God) achieve the far more difficult conquest of enabling the collective wisdom of mankind to bear down the obstacles which individual shortsightedness, selfishness, and passion, oppose to all improvements."§

This is the scientific form, in which we read as in a parable the counterpart, and therefore the support of that which Hegel truly called the most conspicuous mark of the Divinity of the Son of Man—His freedom from, His triumph over, the destiny of time and circum-

\* John viii. 32.

† See the Duke of Argyll's *Essay in Contemporary Review*, May, 1871, p. 157.

‡ Phil. iii. 13.

§ Discourse, p. 174.

\* Eph. iii. 5. Col. i. 25.

† Essays, p. 550.

‡ Discourse, p. 308.

§ Discourse, p. 74.



From a Photo. by Mrs. C. C. C.

*Gertrude Adkins*  
*W. H. H. H. H. H.*



stance: "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."\*

(5) Again, not with high-vaunting words, but with the simplest and most serious assurance, he saw in the Unity of Science the reflection, the inevitable reflection, of the Unity of one Supreme Life and Will. We are told that every theory and research of Science is converging towards absolute simplification, towards resolving form after form, and species after species, into some one common element, or some one common origin, instead of the endless multiplicity of distinctions which the more barbarous ages of the world assumed. There may be much in this which is exaggerated, much which we cannot understand, much which may startle, shock, confound us. Yet there is a reassuring side of this great argument. This truth of the unity of all things, which he in common with others of his mighty fellow-labourers has put before us, is but the statement by scientific process and in scientific language of the same doctrine which in one short, sublime sentence, was proclaimed from Mount Sinai, "The Lord thy God is one Lord," or which stands at the opening of the first page of the first sacred book, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." "Chaos," as our departed teacher well put the case, "is the natural counterpart of Polytheism;" "Kosmos,"† the adornment, the ideal beauty, harmony, and grace, the unvarying law of the universe, is the natural counterpart of the belief in the one Supreme Mind of the one Creator and Law-giver of all. "It is in this conservation of order in the midst of perplexity—in this ultimate compensation brought about by the continual action of causes which appear at first sight, pregnant with subversion and decay—that we trace the Master wisdom with whom the darkness is even as the light."‡ This is the Religion of Nature; but it is also, only another formula for that which, in the Religion of the Bible, is called the doctrine of Redemption and of Grace.

(6) And yet once more, in that vast expansion of the systems of the universe, which Galileo first revealed to us, which Newton explained, which the two Herschels classified and analysed,—if our first feeling be one of depression and bewilderment, surely the final conclusion of Science is also the final conclusion of the Apostle, in the favourite text of Bacon, "O the depth of the riches both of the

wisdom and knowledge of God!"\* It is the great doctrine, faintly, dimly, imperfectly believed by our forefathers—indicated, in passing, by one obscure word in one of the least edifying of our Creeds—but by these wonderful disclosures, confirmed, vivified, illustrated, reverberated from pole to pole, from system to system—the doctrine of the Divine Infinitude, the Divine Immensity. It is the intellectual, the scientific side of the same attribute which in the moral nature of God we call His all-embracing compassion—His boundless toleration—His all-penetrating justice—His inexhaustible forbearance. "There are bodies celestial and bodies terrestrial—one star differing from another star in glory."† This was the very image by which even with the imperfect knowledge of the age the Apostle represented the divine truth which his Master had proclaimed in the simpler form, so grand, so comprehensive, yet so tender, "In my Father's house are many mansions."‡

Such are some of the relations of Science to Religion—of the relations of the heavens that are without us, to the yet greater heavens that are within us—which the world and the Church may learn from all the true students of nature, and in a special degree from him who is laid amongst us here.

III. And now let us draw aside the curtain yet a little further, and pass to the yet more practical lesson from the spirit in which he laboured. Surely it is profitable to every one of us, to contemplate that long life wholly given to those lofty, unselfish aims—working, as he himself expressed, "like a working bee at home," working to the very end, reserving almost his only indignation for that spirit of idleness and luxury which spends life without using it, which dissipates life without civilising it. There is no child here present who may not take heart from the thought that these memorable labours took their rise in the filial pride and affection which kindled in him the noble ambition to complete what his famous father had begun. There is no young man here amongst my hearers who may not be stimulated in a steadfast, onward course, when he is told of those early college days, when the young Herschel with two or three of his friends vowed (like a similar band almost at the same time§ in a great neighbouring nation) that "they would put their shoulders to the wheel, and leave the world better than they found it." There is not a student or politician, there is not an artisan or an artist,

\* John xvi. 33.

† Essays, p. 28; Discourse, p. 206.

‡ Essays, pp. 237, 238.

\* Rom. xi. 33.

† John xiv. 2.

‡ 1 Cor. xv. 40, 41.

§ See "Life of Baron Bunsen," c. i.

of whatever kind, who may not be moved by the burning words in which the English philosopher six-and-twenty years ago urged on his laggard countrymen to follow the example, even then bright with transcendent brightness, of the science and industry of Germany; when he implored them to bear in mind that amidst the vast overwhelming accumulation of facts forced in upon us from every quarter,\* "What we want is Thought, steadily directed to single objects, with a determination to eschew the besetting evil of our age, the temptation to squander and dilute it on a thousand different lines of inquiry. The philosopher must be wedded to his subject if he would see the children and the children's children of his intellect flourishing in honour around him." There is not a soul engaged in the turmoils of private or of public life, of science, or theology, or statesmanship, who may not be raised beyond their petty trivialities by thinking of that venerable sage who lived through his long years above the stir of controversies, which he shunned, not from indifference, but from principle, without the slightest spark of unworthy rivalry either towards men or towards nations, fired only by that noble glow which results from companionship in honourable effort.† "True Science, like true Religion, is wide-embracing in its aims and objects. Let interests divide the worldly, and jealousies torment the envious. The true votaries of science breathe, or long to breathe, a purer air. The common pursuit of truth," whether sacred or scientific, "is itself a brotherhood."‡ There is no one, old or young, who may not be soothed and elevated by the remembrance of the calm, cheerful, simple, sanguine faith with which he rose towards truth and light of whatever kind, like his own favourite bird, ever soaring towards the dazzling, sun-bright sky—lark-like, "true to the instincts of heaven and home." "To spring even a little way aloft, to carol for a while in bright and sunny regions,—to open out around us, at all events, views commensurate with our extent of vision,—to rise to the level of our strength, and if we must sink again, to sink not exhausted but exercised, not dulled in spirit but cheered in heart—such may be the contented and happy lot of him who can repose with equal confidence on the bosom of earth, or rise above the mists of earth into the empyrean day."§ Such, assuredly, was his lot of whom we speak—"always eager to cast down 'the High Places and Groves of

Ignorance,' and to open the doors of the human mind to let in light and knowledge, yet always sure that right would come right at last, always content to urge the right rather than fight the wrong."

One remark in conclusion, which I will preface by a fine passage from one of his own popular addresses, in which he urges on his hearers the inestimable advantages of a taste for reading good authors. "Give a man," he said, "this taste, and you place him in contact with the best society in every period of history, with the wisest, the wittiest, with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest of characters, who have adorned humanity; you make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. It is hardly possible but the character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating with thinkers above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilisation, from having before one's eyes the way in which the best bred and the best informed men have talked and acted."\* It was in a yet higher mood of the same vein of thought that, many years ago, in the hearing of one who well remembers it, there fell from his lips a like saying, in a burst of fine moral enthusiasm:—"Surely if the worst of men were transported to Paradise for only half an hour, amongst the company of the great and good, he would come back converted."

Such, in its measure, is the privilege which we have had and may have in dwelling even for a short time on the words and thoughts of a soul so pure and noble as that which has gone from us. Such, still more, is the privilege of those who were his companions and friends; who traced him from his blameless youth to his honoured grave; who were drawn round him in his quiet and simple home by the charm of his genius, by the yet more inexpressible tenderness of his affections; who now gaze up into heaven after him—the outward heaven, where his name is written in the stars, the spiritual heaven, where his name is written in the Book of Life.

For us, let us trust that he has "left the world better than he found it." For himself, let us use † those humble and holy words of his own—

"Enough, if cleansed at last from earthly stain,  
My homeward step be firm, and pure my evening lay."

A. P. STANLEY.

\* Essays, p. 651. See also p. 17.

† Ibid., p. 680.

‡ Ibid., pp. 39, 664.

§ Ibid., pp. 259, 737.

\* Essays, p. 12.

† Ibid., p. 701.



## BARADUREE JUSTICE.

A Tale of Doings and Dangers in the East.

INDIA has its stern realities as well as its dash of romance; yet so closely are they knit together, it is often difficult to disconnect them; so interwoven in the loom of life, it is difficult to trace out the separate warps which make up the checkered woof. Nor must it be thought that the soldier's is the only career in which occur such stirring scenes, in which deeds of daring or of nerve are possible, in which perils by field or flood are to be met with. The civilian, too, encounters them even in the ordinarily monotonous routine of his *cutchery*\* work. And in such instances, perhaps, the excitement is all the greater because it is the less expected. It rises up, as it were, out of the surrounding realities of his every-day life—a romance more thrilling than fiction can invent.

It is to men who are familiar with this phase of Indian life that doubts present themselves as to the advantages of the high intellectual competition system which has of late been extended to India. They doubt if this system is the best suited for ensuring and developing those stronger traits of character which are needed for the effective administration of a half-savage frontier district. They doubt if the boys who at school have worn out the seats of their breeches in study rather than the toes of their boots at football, or the soles of their shoes in hurdle-racing or hare and hounds, are the material out of which the best men can be made for ruling a tract of country, perhaps the size of half-a-dozen English counties, on the very outskirts of civilisation. In the old long-established "Regulation Provinces," as they are called, under the maternal watchfulness of a High Court to prescribe and enforce the narrow line of precedent, from which the young official strays at his peril, possibly the head knowledge resulting from a long laborious process of "cramming" may suffice; but plant such a man on the rough roadless tracts of Central India, or the wild frontier of the Punjab, and ten to one he proves a lamentable failure. His boasted pre-eminence of book-learning is lost in a mediocrity of common sense and practical usefulness.

No doubt the competition system has given to India some very distinguished specimens of its class. But they belong, with very few exceptions, to the first years of the system,

when the English universities gave up their best men for the Indian civil service; and these men are to be found already rising to honourable distinction in the secretarial departments of the several presidencies, which always command the pick of the service. Still, for the ordinary rough and ready life of a frontier tract of country, the mere head-learning which places some men high on the list of their year stands them in very little stead when they have to deal with men and motives instead of books.

These are the posts which offer the severest crucial tests of men's powers. Suppose a murder or a *dacoity* (robbery) has been committed some miles away from the central civil station of the district. It is in the hands of natives for investigation; a stupid native policeman has to collect the evidence; a *jemadar* (native officer) of police, less stupid, but more crafty, has to put the evidence together; a *thanadar* (police inspector, also a native) has to receive charge of the prisoner, and to take care the witnesses are present for the first investigation before the young English civilian. The victim was probably a poor man or a feeble woman; the perpetrator of the crime a man of some wealth and local influence. Some hours, perhaps even days, must elapse before the case, duly manipulated through its intermediate stages, comes up. When the day is fixed, lo and behold, the witnesses don't appear; or if they do, their memories as to the facts have become suddenly very confused, and the case of course breaks down, and the prisoner escapes scot free—in person, though not in purse—for doubtless it has cost him a round sum to buy off witnesses and police. The young magistrate has all through acted most conscientiously; he has listened attentively to the tediously prolix evidence, so far as his knowledge of the vernacular, gained by book learning, has enabled him to follow it. He has weighed the evidence in strict accordance with the principle of Indian precedents and the Penal Code; and he is satisfied there is not sufficient evidence for conviction; though the suspicion is undoubtedly strong against the prisoner, there is no case to send up to the judge, still less whereon to stand if it be carried up on appeal to that dread tribunal—the terror of young civilians and often the contempt of old ones—the High Court. So he has no alternative but to let

\* *Cutchery* is the Hindostani word for the judicial court of a district.

the man off. Thus the wrong is not righted, and justice has lost a victim.

Now contrast the foregoing process with such a scene as this, which is not altogether an imaginary one. In the far North-West on an evening in May, a magistrate and his young assistant are sitting together on a *chambootra*, a raised terrace to be found in almost every Indian garden. They are smoking their cheroots and enjoying a game at chess, so far as enjoyment is possible with a cloudless sky innocent of the faintest breath of air, and a thermometer above ninety at sunset. A *sowar* (mounted native policeman) comes tearing up the avenue, dismounts, and reverently presents to the *burra sahib* (the great gentleman) a packet enclosed in a large envelope of coarse greasy-looking native-made paper. It contains a report of a brutal murder having been committed in a remote village some dozen miles off. The body of the victim was discovered soon after noon by the side of a ditch: violence had evidently been used. The *lumberdar* (head man of the village) had discovered it; and said that he saw a man, whom he described exactly, stealthily creeping away from the spot in the direction of the village. This man had been arrested in his house, as the probable murderer, and was locked up in the *thana* (police-office cells). The *thanadar* reported the circumstances, and requested instructions.

"Now, Jones," said Thornbury the magistrate to his young assistant, who was quite a *griff*, and had only a few months before been appointed to district work, after having passed his examination with fair credit in Calcutta. "Now, Jones, here's a chance for you; be off by daylight in the morning. The place is only some dozen miles across country, and you may be on the track before the sun is up. The *sowar* will act as your guide. You have only one horse, ride him the first stage; I will have a relay placed for you half way."

"I should be very glad; only, you see, I'm no rider. I couldn't go across country. I might break my neck," replied Jones with a ghost of a smile.

"Well," said Thornbury, "that's a pity; but I'll have my buggy ready for you by three in the morning; and even by the road it won't be much above two hours' drive."

"But," replied poor Jones, even more timorously, "I am no hand at driving; and I know yours are skittish horses. Could not I go in a *palki* (palanquin)?"

"What!" replied the Haileybury man, with

some warmth and a good deal of contempt, "waste five hours in getting together your bearers, and spend five more on the road! If that's your only safe mode of travelling, you'd better not think of going. It's my morning for visiting the gaol; but I'll go myself, and may still be back time enough for that."

Thornbury did go; and Jones felt small; and devoutly wished a few lessons in a riding school had formed part of his civil service *curriculum* (as it is now fashionable to call a course of reading), for he felt he had sadly fallen in the estimation of his chief, whose tendency towards muscular Christianity made him fail to appreciate those fruits of the midnight-oil labours which were to regenerate India.

Thornbury went. He was in the village before a soul was astir, made straight for the spot where the *sowar* said the body had been found, groped about with his riding-whip in the ditch, and at length feeling something hard, hooked it out, and found it to be a small hatchet, evidently the instrument with which the murder had been committed. This was recognised as belonging to the *lumberdar*, the very man who had cast suspicion on the poor coolie. Thornbury then, accompanied by the *thanadar*, whom he had aroused from his slumbers, went to the *lumberdar's* house, showed him the hatchet, at the sight of which the wretched man quailed; detected marks of blood on his dress, which could not be satisfactorily accounted for; and had him at once arrested. Witnesses now came forward, who had been tongue-tied from fear of the man of power, and told how there had been a long-standing *zid* (ill-feeling) between the *lumberdar* and the murdered man, about a small plot of ground which the wealthy neighbour coveted; how threats had been often uttered; how the two men had been seen together that forenoon, and high words had passed. Thus evidence came pouring in on every side, some probably greatly exaggerated to meet the supposed wishes of the magistrate, but enough undoubtedly true to convict the *lumberdar* of the murder. He was at once consigned to the *thana*, while the poor innocent coolie on whom he had cast suspicion was set free; and Thornbury was back again in his own bungalow in time for a late breakfast, ravenous after his long ride, and well satisfied with his morning's work. Nor did the gaol lose its usual visit. So much for physical power and energy as elements of usefulness in Indian administration.

"I do half the work of my district in my saddle," once said to the writer one of the best judicial officers India ever had.



The last chief commissioner of the Punjab, whose own noble roundhand, so indicative of his character, is still well remembered in the land of the Five Rivers, once insisted on legible writing being one qualification for civil employment in his province. Would not the Sir Gregory Hardlines of the day do well to require the ability to ride fairly to hounds over a stiff bit of Irish stone-wall country, as one of the tests for the Indian civil service examination?

The present system may, and probably does, give better-filled brain-pans; but it is a grave question if it is not robbing the country of the necessary amount of muscle and manliness.

But to return to our title, for we seem to have somewhat digressed from it and the subject it more directly suggests.

The word *baraduree* literally means "twelve doors." It refers to the form of the house in which the native magnates under Mohammedan rule used to hear causes, and has come to be commonly used to describe the open, prompt, just, and equitable administration of justice which it has been the endeavour of the Government to introduce into the more recently annexed provinces. A *baraduree* consists of a spacious centre room with enclosed verandah on all four sides, with three doors on each side, thus ensuring ventilation, a supreme object in India, and theoretically ensuring publicity, the official seated in the middle of the centre room, and being accessible by any one of the twelve doors. A noble idea, truly, in theory, but it only existed in theory, for the freedom of access and the consequent publicity had quite disappeared before the troops of myrmidons who guarded the doorsteps and the doors, and allowed no one to enter without *bukshesh* (some bribe). Thus what had been originally designed to be a protection against oppression became under native rule a means of most iniquitous extortion; and it does so become, too, under English rule, unless the strictest watch is kept on the native officials, inside and out, and condign punishment be inflicted in every case of detected imposition.

It is undoubtedly a suggestive sight, a judge sitting with open doors on every side, accessible to all alike, with an ear for every complaint, and an arm strong enough to punish, and to punish promptly, eager to right every wrong. In the construction of modern buildings designed for courts of justice in India this idea is necessarily very much lost sight of from the complicated machinery of *baboos* and *peons* (writers and

men in waiting). But to see it in perfection one has only to accompany a civilian during his cold-weather tour through his district; and to see him day after day sitting in his *shemianah* (large open tent without any side curtains), a few officials squatted around him, the body of them being in adjoining tents or in the open air outside. There he sits visible from every side, ready to hear every case.

Such a life, independently of the sentiment attaching to it, is full of interest, sometimes of romance, and not always free from danger, as the following incident will show.

A civilian of some note named Jacobson, was in charge of one of the extreme frontier districts as deputy commissioner.\* According to annual custom, he was taking his cold-weather tour in the year 185—, and had reached the very borders of English territory. He was encamped within easy reach of one of the largest frontier military stations, close to a fine tract of shooting-ground, which, however, was rarely visited by sportsmen from its dangerous proximity to the adjacent hills, on which were tribes with whom neither property nor life would be safe. However, under guard of the deputy commissioner's camp and escort a little shooting might be safely indulged in. So Mr. Jacobson had invited over a few friends from the neighbouring cantonment with the promise of a few days' good sport. They had done credit to themselves among the small game which ever swarm in such tracts of what may be called "debatable ground," lying, like the marches of old on the northern and western borders of England, between our territory and that of a neighbour, but not over-friendly, native chief. On the morning on which they were to part, his friends to return to the station and its duties, he to move farther away to his next camping-ground, one of them, a close personal friend, noticed that Jacobson appeared unusually depressed, and half jokingly alluded to it. When they were alone, Jacobson said to him, "I dare say you will laugh at me, Wilkins; but I had a strange dream last night, which I cannot shake off. I have gone where I know you would have gone for comfort and guidance; still the impression remains. I dreamt I saw my good mother, on whom these eyes have not rested for seven long years, come into my tent and kneel down, and the tears were rolling down her cheeks as she was praying. The only words I can remember her saying were, 'Give Thy

\* This title, be it known to the uninitiated, represents in a non-regulation province the double functions, judicial and financial, of a magistrate and a collector in the older provinces.

angels charge over him !' These words are ringing in my ears. I have a presentiment that some great danger is before me ; but I believe that I shall be preserved. From what quarter I have no idea, so I do not know how to avoid it. I shall go on as usual with my day's work, and leave all in higher hands." Wilkins tried to reason him out of his forebodings : but in vain.

They parted after breakfast, and Jacobson set himself in earnest to clear off the work that remained, before moving on to the next group of villages.

Under the succession of cases which came up before him, the dream of the night before had almost passed away ; and, his work done, his camp was struck, and he started off for his next camping-ground, accompanied not only by his usual escort of two *sowars* (mounted native policemen), but also by the *ressaldar* (native officer) of the troop, and three or four other *sowars*, who joined him *en route*. About half way between the two camps, on the route he had to take, there rose up abruptly from the plain, nearly half a mile away from the foot of the hills, a large rock, some thirty feet high, with abrupt sides and jagged crest. When he was within a few hundred yards of it, cantering along carelessly, and chatting to the *jemadar* at his side, a gleam of light flashed out from behind this rock, and for the moment dazzled all the party. Jacobson's horse, a mettlesome Arab, started, and swung sharp round ; the saddle-girths gave way with the strain, the saddle slipped round, and he, good rider though he was, fell, and, being a large man, fell heavily on his right side. He sprang to his feet, having never let go the bridle, and tried to remount, when he found his right arm perfectly powerless. He had evidently broken his collar-bone. With the help of the *sowars* he got into his saddle, and, instead of going on to his camp, turned off towards cantonments, to have his arm doctored.

The *ressaldar* meanwhile, attracted by this mysterious gleam, carried off some of his *sowars* and galloped round the rock, giving it a wide berth for safety's sake, to see what had caused the flash. As he rounded the rock, he saw three men mount their horses and tear away towards the hills. He was too far behind, and they too well mounted, to admit of his cutting them off, so they made good their retreat, and were soon lost in the *nullahs* (ravines), where it would have been madness to follow them.

It was now clear there had been an

ambuscade ; and, while one of the men was bringing down his matchlock to be ready for a shot at the Deputy Commissioner as he passed (which he would have done), within range from the rock, the slant rays of the setting sun had glinted off the polished barrel, and betrayed the plot. The *ressaldar*, after having gone on to camp to place the guards for the night, rode into cantonments, and told what he had seen, and what an escape they had had, for these men use their matchlocks with deadly effect. Later in the evening, Wilkins, having heard of the accident, came to see Jacobson, whose first words were, " Wilkins, I feel I owe my life to my mother's prayer."

But the danger was not yet over. Three days after, Jacobson, having insisted on going out to camp again, had consented to play the invalid so far as to go in a *palki*. Some hours had been spent in hearing cases of disputed boundaries and rival claims to land, and such-like suits. He had left the *shemianah*, in which he had been holding open court, and had thrown himself into an easy-chair in his own tent, for he still felt the effects of the fall, as an expression of pain in his face, as well as his tightly-banded arm testified. He was thinking carefully over some cases he had been hearing. One especially puzzled him. It was a dispute between two men belonging to a village on the very border, which was a noted nest of turbulent, disaffected, intriguing Pathans. The strange feature of this case was, that, despite a strong array of witnesses (who had clearly been brought in from the nearest *peepul* tree to give evidence as instructed), neither party had a particle of documentary proof to offer in support of their claims. Indeed, so confused and contradictory were their own statements, that it became doubtful not merely whether they had any claim to it, but whether the plot in dispute had any real existence. Jacobson, to clear the doubt, had adjourned the case, and instructed an official on whom he could rely to go over in the morning and inspect the ground. He had noticed during the proceeding of the case how the eyes of these disputants had been constantly wandering about, more intent on what was passing around than on the turn their own case was taking. One of them in particular, with a more villainous expression of face than the others, had been furtively scanning the tent, and watching every movement of the attendants standing about. Jacobson was thinking over this case, and the strangeness of those men's manner, won-



dering what possible motive they could have for trumping up such a case. What object had they? for, though appearing as rival claimants, there seemed some secret understanding between them. All this was passing through Jacobson's mind as he lay

back in his easy-chair, smoking his cheroot, with his eyes half closed.

The servants had all withdrawn, to leave their master in peace, and the passing of the sepoy on guard across the tent door, as he paced to and fro on his beat, was the only



sign of life. Suddenly he became conscious that some object was in the door-way. He looked up, and saw a man advancing towards him, holding a paper in his left hand, as if about to present a petition, while his right hand seemed to be concealed in the

folds of his *chuddah*. The man's presence there, unsummoned and unannounced, was in itself strange; the use of his left hand stranger still; for a native can hardly pay a greater insult to his superior. Jacobson raised himself in surprise, and was going to



speak, when the man suddenly drew a *tulwar* (native sword) from under his *chuddah*, and made a spring at him as he lay. A moment more, and it would have been too late. Jacobson would have been cut down in his chair, and the ruffian no doubt would have escaped in the confusion of the camp. But Jacobson took it all in. He seized his revolver, which was lying on the table by his left hand,—for since Colonel Mackeson's death at Peshawur, some months before, all officials on the frontier had revolvers at their side day and night. There was a flash—a groan—and a heavy fall! Jacobson had fired. The bullet entered just above the eye, below the folds of the turban; and the would-be murderer fell, clutching his *tulwar*, two feet from his intended victim! At the report of the pistol the guard sprang in, the servants rushed into the tent, to find how nearly their master had been sacrificed to their carelessness, in allowing a stranger to steal into his tent.

The man was at once recognised as having been the claimant in the strange suit of the morning. Where were the others? They had been standing under a tree close by where Jacobson's horses were picketed. At the sound of the discharge they knew something had gone wrong—it was time to be off. They each sprang at a horse, cut the heel and head ropes, and were in the act of springing on their bare backs, and would have escaped with their lives and their spoil into the friendly hills, had not the *ressaldar* come at the moment into camp with some of his

sowars; seeing what was going on, he rushed upon the men, tore them off their horses, pinioned and disarmed them before they could use *tulwar* or pistol, and brought them at once into Jacobson's tent.

With the recklessness of fanatics,—for they turned out to be *Gazees* (Mohammedan devotees, pledged to kill the Kafir), with nothing to hope for, nothing to fear, so their creed assured them,—they told their tale unflinchingly, though every word was tightening the halter round their necks. They had made up this fictitious suit to get access into the deputy-commissioner's camp, to watch their opportunity; and when, with the promptness of *Baraduree* justice, they were condemned to be hanged, they confessed that it was they who had waylaid the *burra sahib* three days before at the rock, when only the fall carried him out of their reach; and then, balked of their prey, they had resolved to get into his camp and cut him down there, come what might. If they succeeded, all praise to Allah! if they failed, it was their *kismut* (fate).

Deeply was Jacobson moved at the recital of this plot on his life. Again that prayer of his mother! Ah!

You parents who have sons and daughters exposed to the perils and the temptations of Indian life, follow them with your prayers, *for they need them*; follow them with pleadings, as Abraham followed Lot, and prevailed.

J. CAVE-BROWNE.

## THE COOLIE:

A Journey to inquire into his Rights and Wrongs.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GINN'S BABY."

VI.—THE COMMISSION AND SOME OF ITS CONCOMITANTS.

AFTER a delay of six weeks, occupied by me in the manner described in former papers, and by the Planters' Committee in diligently collecting "statistics" and "returns," Mr. W. E. Frere, the third member of the Commission, arrived in Georgetown. By the previous steamer had also arrived the Advocate-General of Bengal, Mr. Cowie, retained by the planters in London, with a fabulous fee, to represent them on the inquiry. Let me say here how much both truth and good feeling were assisted, and how fortunate was every one concerned, in having so thoroughly high-minded and genial an accession to the *personnel* of the

investigation. The Government was now in a position to constitute the Commission. For though it had been ordered by Lord Granville, it was in form an inquiry on behalf of the Colonial Executive.

An act already existed conferring on the Commissioners the powers usually accorded in the colony to special commissions appointed by the Governor, but ending them with very inadequate and clumsy means of enforcing their demands on refractory witnesses. The right given by the colonial act to prosecute or sue such persons before the Supreme Court, which was empowered to punish them by fine, was clearly illusory



in its restraint on wealthy planters. The Commissioners insisted on additional powers: the Court of Policy was therefore summoned on Thursday, August 25th, and in one day passed through all its stages a bill conferring those powers on the Commission.

In the afternoon, a *Gazette Extraordinary* so called—not that the *Royal Gazette*, in its usual issues, is not extraordinary—announced the formal opening of the Commission for the following day. It contained also another proclamation relative to Mr. Cowie and myself, in effect desiring all persons to take notice that we had turned up in the colony with the alleged determination of appearing before the Commission in behalf of certain persons, but assuring all persons whatsoever that we had no official connection with it. This unprecedented production, I was given to understand, was one of those specimens of weak elasticity sometimes exhibited by the ministry at home. A member of Parliament had asked a question in the House relative to the retainer by the planters of a Bengal Government-official in a capacity that might seem to the Coolies to be hostile to them. The Colonial Office, which was at least aware of Mr. Cowie's journey, pressed between the philanthropists and the West India Committee, both with powerful representatives in Parliament, hit upon the expedient of publishing a disclaimer of Mr. Cowie's official relation to the business. I, respecting whom no such question could arise, had the honour to be coupled in the proclamation with my learned and agreeable friend, in order, I suppose, to ease off the awkwardness of the advertisement. If I acted as a "buffer" to any one's feelings, it is a use of me which I cannot resent. I wish, however, our rulers would act always on principle, and not on pressure.

On the 26th, at twelve o'clock, Georgetown, ever hot enough, had worked itself up to a climax of anxious heat. The vast but ungainly "Public Buildings" were the centre of converging excitement. The Commission sat in the Supreme Court, a reasonably large and respectable rectangular room with arrangements very similar to those of an English court of justice. On the bench were the Commissioners: below it sat the secretary of the Commission, Mr. Davis, a young gentleman, native of the colony, who has deservedly received from the Commissioners in their Report very high commendation. Mr. Davis's conduct on the Commission is now regarded in the Colonial community as a barrier

to his success, but no doubt the Home Government will take care that he does not suffer for his independence. I may mention another instance significant of the tone of public opinion—and this I conceive to be infinitely more important in considering the Coolie system than any legal and administrative regulations, for unless these are sustained by the feeling and opinion of a community, their effectiveness will always be matter of uncertainty. I had great difficulty in obtaining any person to act as a clerk or in any way to assist me. The only person who was bold enough to offer his help turned out to have been a compulsory visitor to Massaruni, the penal settlement! At length I was fortunate in finding an Englishman, newly arrived, and perhaps unduly careless of consequences; for he was repeatedly warned by managers and others that *he was ruining his prospects in British Guiana*. To these matters I allude because they are of that subtle and intangible nature that no commission could lay hold of, and yet are more telling than many facts. A society the governing portion of which is endued with a temper so tyrannical, can blame only itself if injustice is sometimes done to its goodness.

The Commission was opened in due form. Mr. Cowie asked leave to appear not so much in the character of an advocate as of a disinterested searcher for the truth. My own declaration was similar, and the Commissioners then announced that we and all others were free to suggest any questions or facts likely to assist them, but that they were the inquirers and could not recognise any one as an advocate. On the succeeding day they began to take the evidence of Mr. Des Voeux. I need not in this series of papers further follow the proceedings of the Commission than I do in my closing chapter on their Report. Its first sessions were exciting, but always conducted with a dignity and decorum equal to that of the most august courts I have ever seen.

Besides many deputations of Coolies from the estates—coming, once as we saw in our last paper, with a dead body or bringing a tale of dead hopes—all those who were in any way connected with the Commission now became the suffering recipients of many letters and petitions. Some of these, in Chinese, I still possess, written on all sorts of paper—brown, straw, candle-box, cartridge, &c., one on a tiny slip of scarlet torn off a wall or cut from a book. The woes contained in such documents were naturally unfathomable to me, but I forwarded them to the

Commission, on whose application the government interpreter translated them into English. Asiatic ingenuity and craft were sometimes plainly written between the lines, and although some of them may have been based on facts, the Commissioners found on testing them that most were built upon fiction. We were not, however, let off with Chinese unreadables; a *cacoethes scribendi* seized upon a large number of black persons, who, in different villages, possessing a poor smattering of education and an uncouth power of writing, ply a trade as village secretaries or "lawyers." These fellows unmercifully fleeced the ignorant Coolie, pocketing his dollars for writing down stories, the least obnoxious part of which was that they were ungrammatical. It was plain upon the face of some of these documents that the writer had supplied not only the ink but the *fringe*, perhaps, indeed, the whole of the matter. One of these epistles now lies before me, and is so flagrant a piece of Black and Coolie hypocrisy, yet so plausible, that I transcribe it, spelling, punctuation, and all.

#### PETITION.

To the Commissioners of inquiry: Your Commissioners we give God the glory, Who pitied the Children of Isarel in their house of bondage, and sent Moses for their deliverance. So the same God send you Commissioners to deliver us here from out of the house of bondage. We we[re] brought into this Colony by our planters. From the [year] 1845. By thousand From the land that is full of Hindoos Superstitions and Mahommedanism in[to] a land of lights as it's called. But we were thrown in pastures like beasts in total darkness by our managers on the estates, they use no means to educate our children, they give us no religious teaching but help to harden us and make us ten times worse by their evil example of Sabbath breaking and more that. And not only so but compeled many of us on Sabbath to do their various works Instead of stopping us from it. And while some of them in the house of God their chinese and Coolie in the fields working. Not many days ago in the month of October 1870 on the New Amsterdam district on a Sabbath morning while the manager in the house of God. Several Coolie and Chinese was in the field working—this is always the case on most of the estates—So Your Commissioners our body and soul both are in suffering circumstance. All this sinfulness going on Because our managers keeps us in darkness, they are few Schools on the estates but useless. Because those whom the managers put to teach our children have no feeling and they will not spend even a half hour good to teach our little ones. And the managers themselves never put a foot there to inquire from the teachers to know how old they are. So the children going to School for many months and years, but they could not tell A from B,—they make laws to punish us when we absent from their services—But no one takes notice of our souls matters. O what will be the results in the day of Judgment, when the many thousand of the Asiatic shall arise up against those that holds the light of the Gospel from them. Whilst our Lord say Go ye and preach the Gospel and to all nations Why our managers and others should keep it back—

In conclusion your Commissioners. When you return to England we beg you in Christ's stead to mention about our miseries especially concerning the many thousand perishing souls—the Lord be with you—

Your Commissioners

(Signed)

Your Obedient Servant

I shall not give the names of these earnest Protestants. The appeal to Christianity in this paper is shamelessly dishonest; yet, from all one knows, is there not both truth and acuteness in some of the suggestive reflections on the religious inconsistencies of Englishmen? I should like to take some of those who decry the efficiency of missionary work among the heathen, to the spot where, side by side with the zealous teachings and pure living of the evangelists, are openly enacted the vicious and unjust practices of men who go by the name of Christians. Perhaps they would then see a reason for heathen unbelief.

Our poor friends, who propounded this remonstrance to "Your Commissioners," may themselves have been guilty of cant and deceit, yet its rough sentences contain matter worth pondering by Christian and unchristian Britons.

The reference to the schools is not quite correct. Where schools exist, namely, on such places as Schoonord and the Messrs. Ewing's estates of Better Hope, Vrhied's Lust, &c., the managers take great interest in them. The Commissioners report a very small number of schools. Great difficulty is said to exist in enforcing attendance. In the school at Better Hope I found a neat-looking coloured mistress engaged with about fifteen children of various shades and sizes. She told me that when they would attend they did very well. Their copy books bore comparison with those of many a home school, though I fear they did not take away much from such elaborate maxims as I found one little fellow writing: "A censorious disposition is a disadvantage to its owner;" a hint, perhaps, not to be sinfully unreasonable in criticizing the hospital supplies.

Here is another brief letter, selected out of many.

TO GEO. WM. DES VOEUX ESQ. &c.

Sir, I have to Inform you that the treatment I receive in the Hospital of Plantation — is this. I went in the sick house about this three weeks ago and now last night the China nurse beat me very much and I then tell it to the head sick nurse he said that he do not care nothing about it that the China nurse should have beat me then more. After then he took the light and burn[t] my head in the morning I went and complain to the manager He said to me he do not care one — about the matter and that If the nurse



did even kill me he is nothing to do with my affair. I therefore think hard of this matter to see that if any person ill use me and I complain to my employer and then no satisfaction give to me

I am Your

Obedient servant

DOS MAHOMMED      his  
X  
mark

Every one will be sensible of the ignorantly clever way in which Dos Mahommed manages to mingle his facts and arguments together; the burning with the candle, and the dramatic addition of the manager's oath, all being cunningly contrived to add probability to his story.

#### THE PENAL SETTLEMENT.

The only remaining condition of the Coolie as yet unpictured by me, is his penal life. This, by the courtesy of the Planters' Committee, which I desire hereby to remember with gratitude, I had an opportunity of seeing a few days before I left the colony. A hint thrown out at one of the parting dinners given to the two advocates was at once taken up by the energetic Inspector-General of Police. In twenty-four hours, the Planters' Committee having confided the arrangements to his hands, he had a steamer ready for us, handsomely stocked with—well, I would rather not schedule the variety and extent of our resources; and at five o'clock in the morning, Mr. Cowie, an English officer from the garrison, the "General," and myself, started in luxurious fashion for Massaruni, the "penal settlement." Slowly we steamed along the low shore of the West Coast for twenty miles, through the uncomfortable swell, to where the broad, smooth estuary of the Essequibo opened its mouth towards us, with two or three islands dotting the glassy surface. The sun was fierce enough as we panted along on the wide, silent, unpeopled water, rarely seeing a bird, only very occasionally catching glimpses of negro huts, or Buck stations, on the low, yellow sands; steaming sometimes close to the shore, for the river is deep, and detecting on the banks splendid specimens of ferns and other plants. Thus we throbbed along in the quivering air, some thirty miles, till at length we saw timber-ships loading for England, and then an island at a fork in the river, where the Massaruni sleepily joins the larger stream. In the distance we had seen a blue line of hills, perhaps one or two hundred feet high, a refreshing variation in the flat scenery. As we turned into the Massaruni river, we could discern a slight elevation, which may pass for a hill in these regions; on it some buildings with a flag flying at the staff. This was the

penal settlement, an island chosen for its conformation, as a place at once secure and healthy, used, indeed, by some of the "first families" in the days of the then vivacious and hospitable governor, Captain Kerr—since, alas! deceased—as a sanatorium. Hither, once a month, certain commissioners came in their steamer, and not seldom with some good company to make a disagreeable business pleasant. We were soon alongside the wharf, a sergeant bringing down a file of policemen to guard against surprise, and Captain Kerr there himself, pistol in belt, to bid us welcome. I was cheered by a sight of the first rock I had seen in the colony, from which the convicts were quarrying granite. When we had walked up the only incline available within fifty miles of Georgetown, we found ourselves at the end of cool avenues of fine mahogany trees, under and about which was the green grass; and puffing up an indifferent hill, which absurdly tested our unaccustomed legs, we reached the large house devoted to the governor of the colony and the commissioners when they visit the island. It is a good house, but so rarely occupied as to be in bad order. Behind it were the strong stone walls of the goal, an extensive and well-built fortification. Further on were police buildings and the residences of the governor and the chaplain. Captain Kerr was not only a brave and determined officer, but a man of taste and a botanist. Visitors to Kew may there see some of the specimens of his discoveries in the woods of Guiana. The island exhibited his taste. Every advantage was taken of the position to beautify it with the plants of the colony; while, at the burying ground, he had, with the assistance of neat-handed Chinese convicts, laid out an elaborate and ingenious garden, terraced and ornamented with cement vases and walls, where grew many species of the English rose and other home flowers.

In the evening there was service in the chapel of the gaol. I slipped into the governor's pew, and there, below and beside me, were the collected criminals of British Guiana, some murderers in fact, though not in law, some thieves, some clever and daring cheats, and some ringleaders in estates-riots, sent here to expiate their two or three hours' vicious excitement by a seven years' punishment. All in loose canvas suits, with their numbers printed on the back. Two or three whites, dark negroes and quadroons, little Coolies, with their quick, black eyes darting about in uneasy resentment, or the stolid and repulsive features of "the heathen Chinese,"

certainly of the Bret Harte stamp. Some of the men—there are no women—followed the prayers and joined in the singing; most remained stolidly impassive. Yet the service was impressive, when one looked round on the hundred or so of unhappy criminals, many of whom seemed to be interested by its simple celebration.

The buildings resembled in most particulars those of an English gaol; the long carefully cleaned corridors, the doors piercing the thick walls, and leading into small cells, to occupy which in that climate must be a penalty indeed. All except the most refractory prisoners are, however, taken out during the day, and employed in various ways about the island. They have before now risen and attacked their gaolers, the deceased governor having once been nearly killed in a sudden assault. It must have been a melancholy place for such a man to live in. I wonder whether it was that which had induced in him and his family so earnest an affection for flowers, and birds, and animals: some relief from the sickening monotony of an ever-present crime and danger.

After a twelve hours' residence, we bid adieu to the pleasantest looking place in Guiana, our engines pulsating, with strange and prolonged distinctness, over the silent water.

#### THE REPORT OF THE COMMISSION.

I NOW draw to the close of my random and simple narrations about the Coolie and my journey. The intention announced in the opening paper to recount, in a picturesque way, so much as might give a hint of the questions that had arisen, and of their importance, without definitely discussing the system or forestalling the conclusions of the Commissioners, has been steadily kept in view, though I have on a few points expressed myself with decision. The Report of the Commissioners has at length been made to the Governor of British Guiana, and printed in a Colonial blue book. It is very lengthy and exceedingly able. The minute and honest care bestowed by the Commissioners on the investigation, even of the minor details, is a test of the value of their work. An extended review of the results would here be inappropriate, but I may, in concluding these papers, advert to their judgment upon some of the most important matters to which I have called my readers' special attention.

The examination of Mr. Des Voeux, whose letter to Lord Granville had given rise to the inquiry, proved to be of a very unsatisfactory character. Though some of his charges were wide in their range and others in some in-

stances specific, he was unable to verify the former from any but vaguely expressed remembrances, while the latter turned out to have been incorrectly stated or not to warrant the conclusions drawn from them. In fact, Mr. Des Voeux had written a very long and serious letter, with the honestest of intentions, but with the least business-like of performance. According to his own account, it was done, upon the spur of a report which led him to fear the colony to be in danger, without notes, memoranda, or documents, whereby he could verify his statements. He considered himself, by the circumstances, justified in relying on his general remembrance of the conclusions formed by him in the course of five years' experience in the colony. That he had, to a considerable extent, read the state of its society aright is proved by the Report; that he was justified in expressing them in the definite, exaggerated, and formal manner in which he wrote to Lord Granville, hardly admits of argument. Yet I think that this was for critics and not for commissioners to consider, and in the Report before me the severe animadversions on Mr. Des Voeux's conduct would appear to be beyond the proper sphere of their duty, and to have been more appropriate from a colonial minister reflecting on the issue of the inquiry, than coming from the persons appointed to inquire. Mr. Des Voeux had explained to the Commissioners that in writing this letter he did not expect to be called upon to prove it by his own evidence, though he was prepared, were time and opportunity given him, to substantiate it from evidence existing in the colony. The opportunity was denied him previously to the opening of the Commission. An application to the Governor to permit him to examine certain records was refused, exactly as a similar application by the Planters' Committee was rejected. This and a very serious accident unquestionably rendered him unfit to appear to support his long indictment, and it was an unfortunate fact for the truth that so much had been, by his own previous policy, made to depend on his own knowledge and precision of statement. For both these proved imperfect.

Yet it is due to Mr. Des Voeux to say that on one or two points absolute justice does not appear to have been done him in the Report.

The Commissioners have properly animadverted on the too sweeping nature of the reflections made by him on his former brother magistrates, though their own deductions are not as wide as the facts would warrant. To this point, indeed, which is to my mind the



most serious of all the points raised before the Commission, its members do not seem to have given adequate force, no doubt from the fact that in the very nature of the charges there is so much that is volatile and intangible as to make their substantiation a matter of great difficulty. I look upon the magistrates as the mainstay of the Colonial Office in accounting for its permission of the Coolie system. If it cannot show the magisterial office, which is very much under its control, to be filled by men of fearless and irreproachable character, it can show but little protection to exist for people placed at an enormous disadvantage. Now the Report proves, as respects the magistrates, the inadvertence of some in such serious particulars as these—namely, in permitting “considerable laxity” to exist in their interpretation of the words designating deserters from estates, a laxity which led to a grave difference in the treatment of persons affected by it (Report, p. 19): In permitting in some cases irregular arrests, a practice incidentally proved by the issue of a police order to stop it (p. 21): In taking charges against two or more persons at once, sometimes a whole gang, for offences which were not and could not be jointly committed, respecting which the Commissioners say, “Circumstances have accidentally come before us which show us that a good deal of laxity has prevailed:” In not reprobating with sufficient firmness the practice of forcibly entering the immigrants’ houses and turning them out to work, an inadvertence in the magistrates from which—as I propose to show in another place—the Commissioners have not drawn as strong conclusions as the facts justify: In the undue rigour of the punishments inflicted by the magistrates on immigrants, as to which the Commissioners “regret to say that they are bound to consider this complaint to a great extent well founded,” while they decline to “subscribe to Mr. Des Voeux’s charges of partiality and subservience against his late colleagues.”

It is open to any one to read the facts—and throughout the Report there are others against the magistrates—and test the conclusions of the Commissioners. I cannot but avow it as my opinion that the magistrates are let off very easily. Any “laxity” whatever in the administration of justice in such a state of society as that of Guiana is suspicious; and when we find it is proved to have existed in particulars so critically important to the Coolie, there is but one opinion left to the observer, and that to the disfavour of many at least of the magistrates. The Commissioners themselves (p. 26)

say, “The Coolies do consider the relations of the magistrates with the managers too intimate, and have no confidence in their impartial administration of justice.” Is it possible, conjoining this with the facts above outlined from the Report, to acquit the magistrates as a body of “partiality and subservience?” Or what do partiality and subservience mean? It was in my last paper that I by anticipation touched on this very critical subject.

Not alone do the Coolies mistrust the magistrates. The Portuguese and Creoles are equally unconfiding. One story told me, which was, I understood, a current joke in the colony, concerned a worthy stipendiary who, like brother stipendiaries elsewhere, sometimes fell into debt. A Portuguese creditor, after many vain applications, took out a summons against him in the Petty Debt Court, and the case came on to be tried before the delinquent himself. When it was called on—let us name it “Carvalho v. Smith”—Smith the magistrate, *quà* magistrate, called for the defendant, and *quà* Smith, responded, “Here!”

SMITH (magistrate, *loquiter*).—Well, Mr. Carvalho, what have you to say against the defendant?

CARVALHO.—Why, sir, you know perfectly well you owe me the money, and have a long time since. I sold you &c. &c., and I lent you &c. &c., and I served the account on you, and you admitted it.

SMITH (magistrate).—Well, defendant, what have you to say for yourself?

Putting his hand to his mouth—

SMITH (as defendant).—Well, sir, I admit the debt, but I can’t pay it just now. I am willing to pay it if I get time.

SMITH (magistrate to plaintiff).—You hear what the defendant says; what objection have you to give him time?

CARVALHO.—No, sir! I will not give you any time. I have already been kept out of my money these many months. I will—

SMITH (magistrate).—Oh! you *must* give him time. Judgment for plaintiff: defendant to have six months to pay the money. Call the next case!

I referred\* in the February paper to the subject of the use of stocks on the estates. There is a quaint irony in the Commissioners’ way of reporting upon these singular instruments. “There was formerly,” say they (par. 639), “and continued down until nearly the middle of 1870”—that is to say, after the colony had received notice of the in-

\* GOOD WORDS, February, p. 101.

tended inquiry—"an instrument in several of the hospitals not included in the circular of the 5th November, 1859, *either among the medicines, apparatus, and surgical appliances, or hospital accommodation and appliances.* We refer to the stocks." Further on, when they speak of seeing stocks to one of which still adhered "a piece of sticking plaster," and cull several entries from hospital books, there is amusing grimness about their tone. In most of the cases the reason given for confining the men in the stocks was the habit of irritating or re-opening their ulcers to avoid work. For one, Mungro, however, on Plantation—the tenderness of the doctor is quite touching.

"27th July, 1869.—Mungro. Rest being absolutely necessary for the case of Mungro, and as he constantly absconds, he must be confined in the stocks while necessary" (par. 646). In other cases men are confined for "absconding," "insubordination during the daytime."

In par. 647, the Commissioners say, "The stocks which had been used at Zeelugt were of a peculiar description. In the panel which divided the male from the female ward, about the height of the bed from the floor, four slits were cut, about nine inches long and four inches wide each. A bar was placed on the other side of the panel, on which *the patient's* leg rested, and the upper bar was closed down upon it."

In par. 651, "entry from an hospital book, 14th January, 1869, Sordman Sculd—This man has evidently wilfully scalded his back to get into hospital. Apply Scott's dressing and keep in stocks." The Commissioners don't remark on the singular character of a scald which was "evidently" wilful; but they say very pertinently, "How this man with a scald on his back was to be kept in the stocks, unless they were placed on the ground, without hurting his scalded back is a problem. And if he was put in the sitting stocks, the question is, is that the proper place for a patient?"

The Commissioners state that certain doctors were in favour of the use of these instruments for therapeutic purposes, and do not seem to have been able to discover many cases of abuse of them; but they very properly congratulate the Governor on the fact that, when a poor woman had been confined by a doctor for noise and rudeness, and for "skulking," with effects on her own health and the population of the colony the reverse of satisfactory, he had at length thought proper to forbid their use. They report that they "were glad to see that at one plantation

they had been turned to account in repairing the koker, and wish they had everywhere been turned to a similarly useful purpose." There is no doubt they will never be used again, and philanthropy may be content to let this question drop.

As regards the representations about wages made to the Coolies in their native land by the recruiting agents, I asked the reader, in the March paper,\* to look forward to the Commissioners' return. Without entering into particulars, two quotations will give the results.

"In a footnote to many of these indentures (p. 57) was printed a resolution of the Governor and Court of Policy to the effect (p. 59) 'That the immigrants should be guaranteed full employment on adequate wages paid weekly, with a house rent free, with medical attendance, food, and hospital accommodation when sick; and that it should be explained to them that a man can earn easily from two to four shillings, women from one to two shillings, and children eightpence, per diem; and that a full supply of food for a man can be bought for eightpence per diem.' Now, although an able-bodied negro can earn from three to four shillings by from nine to ten hours' work in the field, it is well known that a Chinaman cannot; moreover, the negro does not 'easily' earn it, but earns it by a good steady day's work. It is hardly fair to compare the negro and the Chinaman where heavy field work is required; for the negro is physically far superior to the class of Chinese who have emigrated to this colony.

"The Chinese complained of this, and said they had been deceived in this respect, for on arrival they found they could not earn the wages they had been led to believe they could."

As to the Indian Coolie the Commissioners say:—

"A more serious matter is the statement of wages, inserted in the certificate, without note or comment, but required by the Indian Act to be specified as that 'agreed upon between the immigrants and the recruiter.' The rate is entered as from ten annas to two rupees, no difference being made in this particular between the certificates given to males and females; we shall hereafter examine into the rates of wages really earned, and *show plainly that the effect of this statement can only be to mislead and deceive those to whom it is made.*"

With reference to the number of suicides, the Commissioners state that "they have not

\* GOOD WORDS, pp. 190, 191.



satisfied themselves that any suicide has occurred of late which could be ascribed to ill-treatment or oppression on the part of the management." Moreover, they very decidedly refute Mr. Des Voeux's charge of the cruel employment of pregnant women. I have myself given testimony to the fine display of Coolie children through the colony—"whose jolly appearance," say the Commissioners, "is one of the most satisfactory features of the immigration."

The great subject of hospital treatment

occupies a formidable proportion of the Report, as well as the least creditable to the executive, the officials, and the planters. Our Chinese artist (see page 49) seems scarcely to have exaggerated the things that were possible, though certainly not general, in estates hospitals. One case, occurring on one of the estates of the largest proprietors in the colony, is thus minutely in the Report (p. 743). "Dr. Shier found the hospital in a most unsatisfactory state. Almost all the patients were crowded into the ward in the second story. To make matters still worse, the sick-nurse had a considerable number of fowls in a coop in one of the corners. 'Everything was in a very filthy condition. The patients, *twenty-two of whom were labouring under intermittent fever*, were in a state of nudity. In the ward up-stairs, where there were two patients, the under-nurse, a grandson of the head-nurse, had the harness of a horse and the cushions of a waggon stowed away in one of the beds. I have seldom met a more unsatisfactory state of things. I am fully of opinion that the present nurse is not to be trusted; she is also of an unwieldy bulk, and although she might do

the work of an under-nurse, she is unfit to be at the head of a hospital.' But not one word do we find of a 'culpable infringement of the law or culpable neglect on the part of the medical attendant or manager.'"

Finally, I may say that the Commissioners have not only seen much to commend in the course of their investigations, but have also not reported adversely to the policy of immigration. Their Report contains some significant instances of the wealth earned and carried back to their own country by energetic



Coolie Mother and Child.

Coolies. So long as capital continues to flow into the colony, and the extent of cultivation to be enlarged; so long as the fine sugars of British Guiana continue to hold their own in the market, they think that immigration may be permitted to go on. But the machinery in India and in the colony needs to be improved. The suggestions in the Report with respect to these improvements cannot here be discussed. I would fain hope that the honest, industrious, and impartial labours of the Commissioners will, when some of the sore feeling naturally excited by the manner in which the inquiry originated

has worn off, bear their fruit—that the planters themselves will bend to these reforms with honourable zeal, and give to the world a pledge at once of their humanity and their self-respect. Hesitation, or evasion, or procrastination are as useless as opposition, against the inevitable insight of truth and the obstinate purpose of English philanthropy. I have hope for the Coolie in British Guiana, but it will be more sure and certain when the immigration system is based on better laws and a better administration there, and on a more careful supervision by the Colonial Office.



## THE SYLVESTRES.

BY M. DE BETHAM-EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "KITTY," "DR. JACOB," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXIX.—WINTER AT PILGRIM'S HATCH.



THE year opened favourably at Pilgrim's Hatch. Why, indeed, should not things prosper? The land was of that good quality—called mixed soil—dearest of all to the heart of the farmer. Prices were fair. Their stock thrived. Nothing

seemed wanting but good crops to lay the foundation of a permanent prosperity. Even Euphrosyne's heart grew light at times when she went again and again to the family cash-box and found it replenished. A little money goes a long way among the believers in an age of gold, and so long as a guinea remained, none dreamed of poverty to come.

The actual poverty around them was a greater trouble. We who fare sumptuously and sleep warm, shiver at the first mention of winter, and talk of it as an enemy; but what does winter mean to us? The household board is spread a little more bountifully, friendly hospitalities are carried on with unwonted vigour, all over the house fires are kept burning, from the farthest corners of the life soft furs are brought to keep us warm, life is made twice as luxurious and twice as indolent as in summer. But to the poor the seasons come differently, and winter means the combined miseries of cold, hunger, and despair. Take these happy Suffolk villages, for instance, where the wealth of the land is so abundant as to give one an idea of the golden age of Greek fabulists. In spite of bequests of living and dead benefactors, and donations of coals and flannel, winter brought an amount of suffering to the weak and the aged of which only

eye-witnesses have any idea. For in every parish, frost and snow throws three or four men out of work, and some of these will be rheumatic sexagenarians, hitherto independent, and others fathers of families. Children are born in cold weather, delicate people fall sick in cold weather, old people die in cold weather, and what a burthen of anxiety does each of these events imply! The measure of barley and the flask of oil are not increased as they were to the Shunammite woman, and meantime the week-old mothers must be nourished, the consumptive girl must have medicine, the aged grandmother must be laid under the sod. Talk not of the workhouse, O matter-of-fact philanthropist! for you know not what you do. No more aristocratic spirit exists than that animating the heart of our sturdy Suffolk ploughman. If he is so unfortunate as to live past work and have no good child, son or daughter, to give him a corner by the fireside, he lays aside his spade and his reaping-hook with bitter tears, and betakes himself to the prison dreaded a thousand times more than the grave. The few pleasures and privileges—alas that they should be so few!—he enjoyed whilst able to work, have vanished for ever; the walk to church with friend and neighbour, the friendly pipe and tankard of ale, the little garden lovingly cultivated, the farmhouse sights and sounds familiar and dear, the bit of local news gossiped over with such unction—upon all these have closed the walls of a living tomb, and there is nothing more to do but await the end.

Monsieur Sylvestre, Euphrosyne, and Maddio were far from ignoring the suffering around them. They gave what indeed they had not to spare, went without bare necessities that others might be fed and clothed. Ingaretha, of course, gave of her abundance freely; but among the tenants of Pilgrim's Hatch a vast and magnanimous scheme was floating, which promised to do what was beyond almsgiving, however princely. They resolved, when Michaelmas came, to follow in the wake of Assington's and Ralahine, to add if possible to their farm, and by making it a co-operative concern, lift at least half a dozen labourers from the slough of poverty-stricken dependence into freedom and prosperity. At present the scheme was kept a secret.



## CHAPTER XXX.—MR. MINIFIE'S PROPHECIES.

MEANTIME, the business of the farm was carried on with renewed enthusiasm from Christmas till Easter. A few bullocks were purchased in order to fatten for the spring fair, and money was freely laid out upon oil-cake, mangel-wurzel, and other necessary adjuncts to the process. How Maddio's face beamed as he helped his compeers to dole out these delicacies to the large-eyed, soft-coated, gentle things ! With what exhilaration he scattered the bright yellow swede turnips to the hungry sheep bleating in their wintry fold ! Then there was the less poetic work of the ordinary day labour to be done, the hedging and ditching, and what could by no means be called poetic at all, the farmyards to be cleaned out, and the manure spread on the fallow land. When February came, there were the barley stubbles to be ploughed up, and as the weather was mild and open, beans and peas were put in. Our grandsires, at least so runs the Suffolk tradition, used to prove the temperature of the land by sitting on the ground ; if it was cold, seed-time was not come, if the contrary, the sowing began. That was in the time when the saw held good, 'When blackthorns blow, then barley sow,' but that was in the time when nut-brown ale had not as yet been superseded by the decoctions of Bass and Allsopp ; and now the barley is got in as early as possible, the earlier the sowing the better the quality, being found the rule. With the advance of spring came a period of greater activity, the wheat to be cleaned, horse-hoeing, harrowing, ridging the land intended for root crops, and other tasks equally important.

How happy were these Utopians as they performed their work ! To them, nothing was mean, sordid, or common. There was a good naturalist among them, our old friend Maddio, and at the touch of the naturalist's wand, every inch of homely soil becomes enchanted ground. To plough a field or trim a hedge was to unravel new secrets of animal and vegetable life, microscopic, yet marvellous ; to live a day longer out-of-doors was to become sovereign of a hundred beautiful realities hitherto alien or undiscovered. One day it was some new property of a flower he made out, another, some hitherto doubtful idiosyncrasy of bird or insect that he settled for once and for all ; undreamed of analogies and generalisations await him at every turn ; and let none smile down largely, taking his triumphs and his disappointments to be a

light and childish thing. Is it not by such steps as these that we are brought nearest to the great mysteries and greater simplicities of the universe ? The kingdom of art lies perhaps out of the reach of every one, but there is ample opportunity for all the naturalists in the world ; we have only to stretch out our hand, and the door of nature opens without any magical Sesame.

All this time Aglaë was the only apparent element of disturbance in the place. She could not endure the spectacle of peace and happiness from which she was shut out, and one by one, Maddio and the brothers Carrington were taken into her confidence and made unhappy. From Monsieur Sylvestre she only held back, being bound by a promise to Euphrosyne. He knew, of course, the vague outline of her story, but nothing of her birth, parentage, and family. Because Aglaë's history would have perplexed and disconcerted him, it was studiously withheld, as was everything else that might have had the same tendency, whether scantiness in the larder, a financial crisis, an experimental fiasco. Whatever happened, he must be kept happy.

But there were other elements of trouble floating about, of which at present they did not know. Originality is the one unpardonable sin in country places, and it was little likely that such flagrant crimes committed daily and hourly against routine should escape notice. The good humour of the neighbourhood, like the sunshine of a tempestuous day, was fictitious. Black clouds loomed in the distance. Already the growl of distant thunder might be heard. Omens of stormy weather were evident to all those who had ears to hear or eyes to see. But none were seen or heard by the joy-loving tenants of Pilgrim's Hatch.

One day Mrs. Minifie came to give what she called a friendly warning. It was her fullest determination to beat about the bush, but on finding Madame Sylvestre alone, the temptation to be sensational was irresistible.

"Goodness gracious !" she cried, floundering about the little room like a seal in the mud. "The dear woman sits reading her book as composedly as if there were no such thing as a devil on the prowl or bad folks putting their heads together. My good creature, don't you know that you are sitting on hot coals, and your good man's life is not worth an empty cotton reel ? Pray, get up and bestir yourself, instead of looking as innocent as a turtle before being cut up for a dinner-party."

Madame Sylvestre dropped the little volume

she was reading, her invariable companion, the *Paroles d'un Croyant*, and looked up in quiet dismay.

"Dear Madame Minifie," she said. "there are no marauding Arabs here, and no Imperial police prying into everything. What need we fear?"

"That's just like you clever people," Mrs. Minifie said impatiently. "You know all about the stars millions of miles off, and run your heads against the first brick wall you come near. I tell you, you're no more safe here than you were in the country of earthquakes, Mahometan assassins, famines, and plagues and burnings."

"Oh, Heavens!" said Madame Sylvestre, "I thought that here we might safely await our dying day! And we have got a home that the most fastidious might envy. Never did I so adore a place as I adore this."

"I should have thought you had chopped and changed about so often that one place was as much like another to you as a cabbage to a caterpillar! Adoring a place, too, sounds rather heathenish coming from the mouth of a pious person, doesn't it? But I tell you that you must all look sharp if you wish to stay here and keep a whole skin."

"Of what crime do people accuse us?" asked Madame Sylvestre, beginning to tremble with retrospective misgivings. "We have done no one any harm, and have tried to be friendly to all."

"That's just it," Mrs. Minifie said. "You have been doing good to the people, and they don't like it. Nobody does. From morning till night you have doctored and preached, and gone out of your way to put things right, and it was only natural that you should come to be looked upon as enemies. There's Mr. Whitelock, the parson, a man who calls himself enlightened. He will be the first to tar and feather you all."

"Surely a Christian and a gentleman of education can but think well of us for treating the poor people like our brothers and sisters?" Euphrosyne asked sadly.

"Brothers and sisters be fiddle-de-dee, my dear. Of course, it's all true; but it's mighty unpleasant to grand folks to be told so. If the clergy are not grand folks, who are? No doubt things are changing—the sooner the better, say I. I always thought that the world wanted mending myself; but what about those who set about the mending? I wouldn't stand in your shoes for something!"

"We have only taught the poor people," Madame Sylvestre answered with humility,

"and helped them when they were in trouble, doctored them when sick, and so forth. To make sure of good on earth is undoubtedly next door to making sure of heaven hereafter. In this we have but co-operated with such men as the rector."

"How the dear creature talks!" Mrs. Minifie cried. "One would think she were as innocent as a chick with one foot out of the shell! Why, I never said you and your husband and Maddy—God bless him—and that sweet dear lovely Ingareth were not worth a shipful of parsons and bishops. I only tell you what other folks think, and they look upon you as a set of Atheists and Mormons, and that unless we very soon get rid of you, we shall all go to the bad together. There, I've told you the truth, and your own mother couldn't do more. There's Monsieur Sylvestre coming. I'll begin over again for his benefit."

"For the love of God, not a word," Euphrosyne said with an imploring gesture. "I will think of what is best to be done, but let us not disturb his peace."

"Nonsense! How can women expect their husbands to be good for anything whilst they treat them as if they were made of gingerbread? It is Monsieur Sylvestre's goings on and not yours that people most object to."

"He is good as an angel, and even his imprudences are dictated by a love of his fellows," Euphrosyne answered. "I entreat you to be silent."

"As you like, of course. 'But remember I've cried 'Wolf,' and if you stay like silly sheep to be gobbled up, it isn't my fault."

And with that Mrs. Minifie went, for the first time, feeling disinclined to hear Monsieur Sylvestre's honeyed discourse. She had fallen in love with him as much as any one, but she had fallen in love with Euphrosyne at the same time, and being herself an ill-used wife, she was ever on the alert to discover others equally victimized.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.—THE ENEMY STRIKES IN THE DARK.

"Why did that dear lady go away?" asked Monsieur Sylvestre, dropping into an easy-chair, just as Mrs. Minifie's carriage might be seen—dark and ill-omened as some cumbersome beast of prey—diving into the gloom of the wintry twilight. As Euphrosyne made no immediate answer, he went on:—

"If ever there was a person quite exceptionally charming, that person is our good friend, Madame Minifie. Ever self-forgetting and mindful of the present only, what a



lesson does she teach the selfish, anxious, unenjoying world! And then with what infantine zest will she throw herself into such small pleasures as chance or kindness may put in her way! I find Mrs. Minifie a person to envy and imitate. She has about her withal a pleasing—I might say idiotic, only the word is unacceptable—well, I will call it humorous naïveté, wholly at variance with the prose of respectable life. I never yet heard her give utterance to a hack sentiment or cut-and-dry ha'porth of morality. Like a child she speaks from the heart rather than from the head."

"Poor soul! She is sadly tried by her husband, a man of coarse appetites and cold heart. I cannot help looking upon that man as our enemy."

Monsieur Sylvestre laughed lightly.

"We have no enemies here. I would for our dear friend's sake that her husband were made of a finer metal, but as far as we are concerned I am sure we have no trustier well-wisher than our good counsellor Minifie. Why, there isn't a day that we are not reminded of his interest in our prosperity."

"Methinks he is over-officious and careful in matters that do not concern him. But I have no wish to misjudge any one," Euphrosyne said apologetically, "though, if he is our friend, surely then there is no one we may not entirely trust."

She said this absently, forgetting for the moment that she was not soliloquising alone, a habit she had gained during her long period of solitude. Startled at her own words, she was fain, too late, to retract them. But Monsieur Sylvestre only smiled and made answer:—

"My precious child, is it not thy only fault that thou beckonest the evil hour which might otherwise pass us by? In our beloved France, in the wilds of America, in beautiful Algérie, it was always so. Fortune smiled upon us till thy cunning eyes saw the ill-omened form of her sister Mishap in the distance. Trust me, ah! have I not said it a thousand times—upon those that smile, good fortune smiles."

Euphrosyne was silent. Like a child that has been reproved, she sat with hands meekly folded, and filling eyes. She knew well enough how differently things would have gone with them, had she followed her own instincts of self-preservation, but would not have contradicted him for worlds.

"Reproach me not with that contrite face," he said, holding out his hand, which she kissed with almost abject fervour and gra-

titude. "It is the one fault of your sex to be over-anxious, whilst ours must be accused of a thousand. Well, amuse me by telling more of the machinations of this redoubtable adversary. Will he cast us into prison as did the Imperialists in France? Will he sow the seeds of anarchy among us as traitors did in the Far West? Will he burn us out and pillage us as did the poor ignorant Arabs of the Tell? Never think it, dear love. It is poverty that makes man enemy of man, and our good neighbour Minifie is an agricultural Midas, turning all he touches into pure gold. We are poor enough here among a race of millionaires to sleep the sleep of safety."

"True," Euphrosyne answered. "By the side of such men as he, we are poor indeed, though millionaires in comparison to our former selves."

"Again comparing and looking back? Oh! Have done with it, I beseech you. What treasure have we poor mortals to compare in preciousness with the God-sent boon of the present, that draught held to our lips in golden goblets, if rejected once, rejected for ever. Whether we were poor and miserable yesterday is of little moment, what will befall us to-morrow we must leave to the gods; but a happy day makes us all heirs. Let us enter upon our heritage joyfully, ring the bells, hang out banners and garlands, teach the youths and maidens to dance to merry music, without wondering what will happen next. Are not indeed such heritors more enviable than those who come into a goodly estate, since their title-deeds are burdened neither by duties nor mortgages, but come untaxed like summer sweetness to the bees? Miracles never cease whilst trust and love endure, and what miracles have we not witnessed? A few months back we came here naked, hungry, penniless, and lo! now we fare like princes—less by reason of our own intrinsic deserts, than of faith in ourselves and affection on the part of our friends."

He threw himself on the sofa with a sigh of supreme satisfaction, and taking up a volume of poems read aloud one or two fragments. His voice, naturally sweet and strong, had been so trained as to prove an instrument in his hands capable of expressing every shade of feeling. Euphrosyne had never accustomed herself to regard her husband's elocution as a common pleasure, and plied her needle softly so as not to interfere with the ever well-beloved magical sound.

Half an hour passed thus, and by-and-by,

Aglæ stole in to listen, then Maddio, then the brothers Carrington. Sleet was falling, and they found it much pleasanter to sit in the cosy little fire-lit parlour, hearing favourite poems read in a choice manner, than to wade knee-deep through the sloshy farm-yards carrying in pailfuls of new milk and of that compound delectable to porkers, called in Suffolk parlance *swill*. The Fourierist doctrine of the attractiveness of labour often flagged on such days, but somehow the pigs got fed and the horses got cleaned down; it was surprising how things seemed to take care of themselves.

Daylight waned, the book was laid aside, and Monsieur Sylvestre began to discourse. A more reverend-looking figure could be hard to find than that of the teacher of Pilgrim's Hatch, as he sat in his arm-chair in an attitude of easy grace, touched with just a shade of prophetic assumption. His long silky white locks lay upon the collar of his black velvet coat—some fair admirer's gift—his long white hands accompanied his words with rhythmic gestures, his graceful stately person disposed with dignity, his eyes glowing with passionate eloquence.

"Think," he said, "of the beautiful mysteriousness which casts a halo around the daily life of communists like ourselves. The apostles of a new religion, we open our arms both to rich and poor, saints and penitents, the learned and the simple, and we know not what a day, nay, an hour may bring forth. This very moment there is perhaps on his way to us some wealthy believer in regenerated humanity, some princely philanthropist ready to found a palatial Phalanstery, some rich seeker after good, who up till now has sought for what he thirsted in vain. Miracle-workers, indeed, are those who devote their lives to social reform, and indeed we may ourselves be called miracle-workers, having assembled in this isolated spot, youth and loveliness"—whereupon he inclined his head to Aglæ—"intellectual strength"—this was said with a wave of the hand towards the brothers Carrington—"a subtle solver of nature's riddles, and an ever-patient presider over the daily feasts of sociability, reason, and affection."

At these latter compliments the eyes of Euphrosyne and Maddio were moistened with joyful tears, all faces beamed, and a pleasurable silence reigned throughout the little assembly, broken at last by a loud knock at the front door.

"Did I not speak aright? Without doubt this is some noteworthy convert to the doctrines of our great master," Monsieur Syl-

vestre said smiling radiantly, "or some angelic messenger of sympathy and affection from far-off fellow-workers. Sweet wife, open the door and bid the strangers hearty welcome."

Euphrosyne rose, Maddio too inquisitive to wait the result, followed her; the rest, all but Monsieur Sylvestre, stood on tiptoe, peering into the little entrance-hall. Two dark figures presented themselves, and after a little parleying, Euphrosyne darted back to the sitting-room trembling in every limb.

"What alarms you?" asked her husband with a tranquil solicitude.

"The police, the police!" she said, every word freighted with terror inexpressible. "Then, Madame Minifie was right. We are in danger of our lives."

Aglæ screamed, Maddio turned white to the lips, even Monsieur Sylvestre showed signs of agitation.

"Afraid of a couple of policemen," said Mr. Harry, suddenly roused from his monosyllabic condition, "Good Lord! good Lord!"

"You forget what suffering they have before caused us," Euphrosyne said, shivering from head to foot. Then making a violent effort, she controlled herself so far as to turn to the unwelcome strangers and say:—

"Please enter, gentlemen, and pardon me, I pray you, for having been discourteous in my agitation. I knew not what I did."

"Come on, Tommie," said one factotum of the law to the other; "let's out with it and get away as quick as we can."

Tommie thus apostrophised, read in a solemn voice a summons issued by the parish against Monsieur Sylvestre, commanding him to appear before the magistrate on the next day of sitting, to answer a charge of having disturbed Mr. Whitelock's congregation by open-air preaching at his last discourse.

The policemen then withdrew, leaving behind them much more uneasiness than the occasion warranted. The brothers Carrington did what they could to allay the fears of the assembly, and Monsieur Sylvestre affected an unconcerned air; but a chill had fallen on the spirits of all. One by one, each became silent and self-centered. The apparent danger, like the cloud no bigger than a man's hand, threatened to burst over their heads, overwhelming and destroying.

#### CHAPTER XXXII.—VILLAGE RADICALISM.

As soon as the news spread of Monsieur Sylvestre's forthcoming appearance before the magistrates, people began to prick up their



ears and discover for themselves the viper they had harboured in their bosoms un-awares. Not an hour passed but some awful discovery was made, or some dreadful conclusion arrived at about him and his belongings. The weird, well-known Peasemarsch legend became fresh in everybody's memory ; and was not the wizard of the story among them again, beautiful, wily, fair-tongued, working mischief in the dark ? There were black looks and lowering frowns for poor innocent Maddio and Madame Sylvestre whenever they happened to be in the village, insubordinate remarks and rude gestures from the pupils of the night-school, coarse familiarities and insinuations by no means refined from the audience at the Academy. As yet, this spirit had not been manifested before the august cause of so much obloquy. Whatever might be Monsieur Sylvestre's faults or crimes, he was as yet shielded from insult by a halo of dignity, self-assertion, pathos, one knows not what name to give to a quality as difficult to describe as a perfume. It is enough that no one slighted, no one insulted, no one looked askance at him.

At the village forum daily scenes took place now that would have been laughable but for the undercurrent of ill-feeling perplexity always engenders among the ignorant. One day Tat Tideman, the village cobbler, barber, and wag, declared it his opinion that the tenants of Pilgrim's Hatch were no better than the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah, Monsieur Sylvestre was no woman's husband in particular, and *vice versa*.

"Go it, Tat," cried a quiet pious man who never did any harm, but loved a little broad sensationalism when it came in his way.

And Tat did "go it."

"Gentlefolks are much like other folks, I take it, when skinned of their fine clothes," he went on ; "and Miss Meadowcourt—well, I don't wish to say a word against a lady who has always been kind to us—but Miss Meadowcourt is as near like the rest as could be. I know something about Miss Meadowcourt I would tell anybody for a pot of beer."

"Come, that's stingy," said a voice from the crowd.

"Out with it, Tat," cried another ; "brag first and beer afterwards."

Thus appealed to, Tat began in a round-about way to tell his story.

"Don't you suppose I keep people shaved or shod without knowing within a little what their heads and their heels are about, and Father Sylvestre's tongue goes like a trotting

mare when he has had a good dinner. You will hear something queer one of these days about Miss Meadowcourt, I'll warrant."

"Give over, Tat," said one of the best men in the village, a sober, first-class ploughman. "Slander not thy betters, man ; never yet did slippery tongue do a thriving trade."

Tat, a little wiry, bull-dog fellow, who was, intellectually and physically, the terror of the village, though too good-natured to be a bully, here doubled his fists and knit his brows.

"If you weren't an old woman I'd black your eyes nicely," he said, "for teaching your grandfather how to crack walnuts ; but I can tell all of you, the best man here as well as the worst, if indeed there is best and worst among such a lot, thus much, that when you know as much as I do, you'll stand on your heads unbidden."

This did not satisfy the assembly, and by little and little they wormed it out. Miss Meadowcourt, the rich lady, the owner of almost all the land in the parish, the future wife, as they all thought, of Mr. Carew, himself rich in dignities and acres, Miss Meadowcourt, declared to be the prettiest young lady for miles round, was going to do what, think you ? Become a nun, and enter the new Protestant convent of St. Beowulf's ? Worse than that. Marry parson, old enough to be her father ? That was nothing to it. Give it up ? Well, then, Miss Meadowcourt was going to marry one of those poverty-stricken foreigners who had hung around the Abbey for the last few months, the one now away, who used to say he was no better than us, and had to work for his bread ; and why away ? Because he was put in prison for having tried to assassinate the Emperor of the French.

Most were silent.

"You don't say so ?" said one.

"I don't believe it," said another. "Miss Meadowcourt has no pride with us poor folks, and shakes hands with us just as lief in her Sunday clothes as on week days. But she's not a lady to demean herself by going to church with such as us ; at least, so I take it."

"Lord love your soul, you're a thousand years behind your time, all of you," Tat said explosively. "Don't you know that times are changing, and that poor folks are to have their turn at last ? You hear what the parson says o' Sundays—'The poor shall be filled, and the rich sent empty away ;' and though nobody believes it, parson least of all, the time is drawing nigh. Whether this,

that, or t'other, marries whomsoever, herself, or himsoever they pleases, matters no more to us than to the king of the Cannibal Islands; 'tis but the bringing together of two fools to torment each other. But, I tell you, we shall see something such as we never saw the like on, afore long. You eat your fat pork, and swallow your hard dumplin', and look as unconcerned as sucking babes. What will you say when you smell roasts all the year round, ay, and taste 'em too, and plum-puddin' into the bargain? Well, that's what we poor folks are coming to. I don't read the penny papers for nothing, and don't go to Ipswich, and talk to the book-learned mechanic chaps for nothing. And I don't read the Scriptures for nothing either, and can expound a prophecy as well as most of the parsons. The rich have had their day; that's what the penny papers and the Scriptures and the night watchin's teach me. And we are to step in their shoes, and jolly fun it will be, to my thinking, to do nothing from morning till night but hover about a public-house jingling the money in one's breeches pockets, and treatin' old acquaintances to sixpennorth of the best. Now, when I hear of ladies like Miss Meadowcourt taking up with such as have no Sunday clothes, and not a farthing to bless themselves with, thinks I, things are coming rounder and rounder, and soon they'll come round to us."

There was a silence of some minutes, during which many varied expressions passed over the broad faces of the assembly. Some grinned blankly, and nothing more. Others nudged each other, with sly winks of incredulity. The oldest and sagest looked terribly discomposed.

"Tat may talk as he may," said the ploughman who had before remonstrated. "I've read the Scriptures every Sabbath for the last forty year, and have never come across any passage promisin' plum-puddin's and roast beef to poor folks all the year round. Things may change, and the world may turn topsy turvy for all I know; but this I am pretty sartin about—as long as we live, and our childer's childer, there'll be them who eat nigh to bustin', and them who go hungry and dry. It's the Lord's will."

With that he rose and went.

The odour of soberness being with him, an explosive burst of laughter filled the place. In spite of Tat's authority, both mental and physical, the scriptural roast beef and plum-pudding, the breeches' pocket full of money, and the rest of the things that he declared to

be coming "rounder and rounder," seemed sheer joking. A few coarse jests and homely, one might almost say brutal, sarcasms followed the laughter, after which pipes were smoked and pots emptied in silence. This sort of scene became an almost daily occurrence, and as upon each some fresh scandal was fabricated or some old one embellished, it may be imagined what a pretty story soon circulated about the little community at Pilgrim's Hatch. Madame Sylvestre was but one of Monsieur Sylvestre's numerous wives. Maddio did not carry in Madame Sylvestre's milk pails and wait upon her with such politeness for nothing. Oh, they were a bad lot! And was there not something diabolical in the artfulness with which they could draw money out of rich, good sort of people like Miss Meadowcourt? It was all very well to say that these heathenish foreigners had done good in the place. They had cured sick cows, it is true, and sick folks too; but what right had they to meddle and make with medicine, being neither doctors nor proper quacks? The evil one was in it all, without a doubt. Did not our fathers and grandfathers say that some day the Peasemarch wizzard would appear again? And if he was not here now, he would never come at all, to their thinking.

Thus evil-tongued report went abroad, saying all kinds of evil things about three harmless folks, whose only crime had been a passionate craving after the good of their fellows. Far and near spread the rumour, till soon not a leal servitor remained among Monsieur Sylvestre's train of *protégés*.

And as the day of trial drew near, the wise shook their heads forebodingly, and the malicious made less decorous signs of evil portent.

Ingaratha was away, so was Mr. Carew; and, except these two, he had no staff upon which to lean. What would avail his smooth speeches and his honeyed voice now?

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE RECTOR SPEARS HIS MIND.

It was a mild February afternoon, and the rector of Culpho sat in his little study writing his Sunday's sermon—thrice blessed sermon, that sent half a hundred worn-out folks to sleep! Happy sleepers! happy magician! What would we not give, now that we have grown old and weary, to recall certain Sabbaths of our childhood, when we nestled cosily in the renovated corner of the old family pew, and allowed and droned to the familiar tune of the weekly discourse! Those days are gone for ever. The pews are no



more. Perhaps, could we hear it now, the voice of the village priest might not exert its wonted sway on our senses. Yet the remembrance of that long sleep in the summer afternoons comes back, how lovingly, in the days when all pleasures are difficult, and sleep most of all!

The rector's study looked upon a pretty flower-bed full of crocuses and snowdrops, a cluster of bright green evergreens, and a strip of pale blue sky. Little birds still twittered under his window in search for a last crumb. A tame old hen strutted across the gravel path. The rector's elderly mare might be seen grazing in the churchyard. Altogether it was a peaceful scene, suggestive of bachelor domesticities and tranquillity.

But Mr. Whitelock was not in a tranquil mood this morning. Ingaretha's absence had but strengthened the rector's passion, or what he was pleased to call passion; and the last spark of hope was being fanned into flame by many favouring circumstances. None could say what change might take place in her mind when once she was removed from evil and unpropitious influences. He knew well enough that his enemies and rivals were legion, but felt himself something like Hercules setting his foot upon the hydra's neck. Was not Mr. Carew far away? Was not René Rubelle in prison? Was not Monsieur Sylvestre in danger of prison also, and his wife and companions in disgrace? It seemed not unlikely that Ingaretha might, on returning home, find herself so lonely as to turn to him involuntarily for comfort and counsel. If she stayed away a little longer only, the mischief now brewing might have matured, and she would find herself in Culpho almost without a friend.

Just a little malice, therefore, as well as a good deal of love, quickened the rector's thoughts and entered into the composition of his sermon. It seemed to him no ill opportunity to take up the cudgels once again and do battle for orthodoxy and conservatism. If all was true that he heard, and he heard a great deal, high time it seemed that some stringent measures should be devised in order to preserve the village from divers heresies, both spiritual and social. These free-thinking friends of Ingaretha's did not do or think things by halves. They held that all the world should be educated; they believed that all the world would be saved; there were hardly limits to the audacity of their hopes and the latitude of their creeds.

And there was another point which the rector was thinking of while writing this sermon; namely, the license of speech that had lately crept into the village conclave concerning Ingaretha. If all was true that little birds whispered in his ear, unpardonable things were said of this lady, and saving himself, who was there to stand up and give them the lie? She had taken no pains to win friends and champions of her own rank; she had hitherto rebuffed his offers of love and protection. Would she not feel differently when made aware of the chasm yawning at her feet? He could but look forward to her misfortunes as his own best chance of happiness, and forbore to chide himself for the selfish thought, because of the happiness thereby insured to herself. The sound of carriage wheels caused him to start. It was a common hack carriage laden with trunks and portmanteaus, and Mr. Whitelock, who never entertained staying visitors, turned pale as the suspicion crossed his mind that some long-lost sight of poor cousin or unfortunate college friend had swooped down upon him for a few weeks. And a child's head peeped out of the window! He drew back aghast. What demon of mischief had sent these locusts to spoil his peace, and to prey upon him?

Shrinking back, he watched the approach of the strangers from behind the window curtain. But when the carriage stopped at the door, a lady stepped out, wrapped to the delicate chin in a wonderful travelling-cloak of dark purple velvet bordered with white fur; tall, fair, rosy-cheeked, golden-haired. Could this lady be but the one he was thinking about?

Of course it was Ingaretha, and in another moment they were shaking hands in the hall, and talking after the old friendly fashion. "Can my maid take little Bina to the fire somewhere?" asked Ingaretha. "I have many things to talk to you about, and was too impatient to go home first. We are all famished," she added with a smile and bewitchingly begging look.

The rector was both charmed and bewildered.

"Oh dear! what can I offer you? A glass of wine? A biscuit? A little bread and butter?"

He ran hither and thither with a bunch of keys in his hands, looking as distracted as if a dozen soldiers had been suddenly billeted upon him.

"Which did you say you would have?" he said suddenly sitting down again and pulling the bell violently.

"We are too hungry to mind what it is, so long as we get food," Ingaretha said, wickedly enjoying the rector's agitation.

"Suppose we say bread and butter then. Mary, bring in the bread and butter directly, and wine glasses. I will fetch up a bottle of sherry from the cellar. And, Mary, bring some water for the little girl."

After a good deal of bustle, the luncheon tray appeared, and the host did his best to acknowledge the grace and importance of his guest. But the host *nascitur, non fit*. It is

granted to the choicest souls only to embellish the daily board, whether homely or regal, with the aroma of true hospitality. Ingaretha could not help contrasting the clumsy courtesy of Mr. Whitelock with the exquisite grace of Monsieur Sylvestre. She had sat down to his table on the borders of the desert many a time, and though the fare consisted only of a loaf and a bunch of bananas, something, one knew not what, always lingered round the little feast like a perfume. Here the water was not turned into



Page 478.

wine, the bread was not consecrated after the poet's fashion, all was bare prose and reality from beginning to end.

When the little girl had been sent away to play with the kitten, Ingaretha plunged at once into the business that had brought her to the rectory.

"This is sad news about Monsieur Sylvestre's summons before the magistrates. Who is at the bottom of such malicious mischief-making?" she said with eagerness.

Mr. Whitelock turned red, fidgeted in his chair, and at last made answer—

"My dear Miss Meadowcourt, any effort to put an end to the dissemination of sedi-

tious and blasphemous doctrine must be called righteous interference. Pray forgive me for speaking so plainly to you."

Ingaretha was silent. The rector thinking he had made an impression, went on:—

"You do not know what a pass things have come to in the village since you went away. Formerly, my people were contented, laborious, resigned to a lot of privation and poverty. The parish church was well attended, the Sunday school also; Christmas doles were thankfully received; minister and congregation worked harmoniously together. How grievously is all this changed! Your reforms, undertaken



I cannot doubt with the most charitable motives, were the beginning of evil. The more you did, the greater was the discontent engendered. You gave the people good water, you built them commodious dwellings, founded village libraries, lavished money upon all kinds of means for their comfort,—and your *protégés*—”

“My friends,” put in Ingaretha.

“Your friends followed in your wake, and aggravated the evil a hundred fold. Where you gave an inch, they promised an ell. What you did in a temperate and well-intentioned spirit, they carried on with the zeal and fervour of propagandists. My flock desert my teaching on Sundays, rebel against my authority on week days. The whole neighbourhood is being gradually leavened with the leaven of discontent and heterodoxy by the beguiling tongue of Monsieur Sylvestre.”

The rector wiped the drops of perspiration from his brow and the tears of mingled excitement and anger from his eyes. He had let indignation get the better of him unawares. But sooner or later he must have told her the whole truth, and the sooner the better. Her query, though intentionally unoffending, had dropped like a hot coal into a heap of smouldering ashes. The deed was done, and she must bear the consequences.

“I am very sorry to hear this,” Ingaretha said sadly.

“But you do not know all yet,” the rector went on, gathering boldness from Ingaretha’s subdued look. “An unheard-of license of speech pollutes the daily discourse of these hitherto well-behaved rustics. Their hours of recreation are regaled with loose slanders, or abuse of their betters. Neither rank, nor age, nor sex are spared . . .”

“But surely Monsieur Sylvestre is not to be blamed here?” asked Ingaretha impatiently. “Of all men in the world he is the purest-hearted, the simplest-minded, the most charitably disposed. Oh! do not accuse him of teaching the people to slander and speak ill of others.”

The rector looked at her fixedly for a second or two, then rose, turned away his face, so that she might not be too much dismayed, and said:—

“Miss Meadowcourt, your blindness in this matter cruelly misleads you. It will be acting a friendly part to remove the veil from your eyes, and, however painful to me, I must speak out. A foul slander about yourself is circulating in the place, and the author of that slander is no other than Monsieur Sylvestre.”

Ingaretha turned pale.

“What do they say of me?” she asked, looking straight at the rector.

The downright, unflinching look of her blue eyes encouraged him to proceed.

“It is said,” he went on, “that you have so completely gone over to the so-called cause of the lower classes as to decide upon casting in your lot with theirs. In plain words, people marry you to a man of the people.”

“And what else?” Ingaretha added calmly, though a flush had mounted to her brow.

The rector stared at her aghast.

“You ask me what else?” he stammered. “Is not this enough? Is not this filling the cup of insult to the brim? Think again, Miss Meadowcourt. What opinion must people have of you to dare to utter such a calumny? The bare thought of it takes my breath away,” and the poor rector gasped for breath.

“I do not know that names signify much,” he went on after a pause, feeling a little irritated at the lady’s composed silence, “but I can give you every particular if you choose.”

“There is no need,” Ingaretha answered.

“The evil report has reached you, then?”

She was silent. Quite incapable of divining her thoughts, he went on:—

“Is it not high time that steps should be taken to stamp out once and for all this contagion of ill? You seem unmoved, you say no word. You cannot be indifferent to the reports of those malevolent scandal-mongers?”

Ingaretha was still silent. The rector grew impatient.

“Your friends at least do not know how to control their indignation. That your goodness and friendliness to those beneath you should be thus rewarded rouses a vindictive spirit in the meekest. I for one cannot stand by quietly whilst your reputation is being damaged.”

Ingaretha looked on the carpet and said no word.

Stung by undemonstrativeness which looked like ingratitude, and at the same time buoyed up by a hope that the present occasion seemed to warrant, the rector added—

“Nothing that people could say to your discredit would alter my feeling for you, pray believe that. If I have spoken with zeal, it is because your good name is more precious to me than my own. Only say the word, give me the right to defend it, and the lie is disproved for ever.”

“And if it is no lie, but the simple truth, will you stand by me still?” asked Ingaretha with trembling lips and tears in her sweet eyes.

## METTRAY.

PERHAPS on no subject are humane and thinking men so much of one accord as on the reformation of youthful offenders. The melancholy sight, formerly so frequent, of the trial and conviction at the sessions or assizes of children whose little heads were scarcely visible above the dock, is now happily almost a thing of the past : and though magistrates too frequently send to prison on summary conviction children who should rather be made inmates of reformatories or industrial schools, yet most of the class of young offenders who have become so from neglect or evil training, are now placed in a position where they have a fair chance of rising to be honest and industrious citizens. And experience shows that the great majority so dealt with do not relapse into evil courses. A system which thus withdraws so great a number of children from the criminal class must be of high benefit in a country full of large towns, where temptations and incitements to crime are so numerous.

The Act of Parliament of 1854 authorised judges and magistrates to send children to reformatory institutions instead of to prison ; and, since the passing of that law, large numbers of young offenders have been placed in the schools for periods sufficient to give them a fair chance of reformation.

Reformatories had, however, existed long before 1854. Indeed, the Philanthropical Society had established its valuable institution in St. George's Fields (afterwards removed to Red Hill, in Surrey) sixty years earlier. This and similar voluntary establishments afforded most valuable experience for the guidance of the managers of the numerous schools which sprang into existence when the system was legally established.

But to no institution do the English reformatories owe so much as to the *Colonie de Mettray*, as it is called—the word *colonie* in French being applied to an agricultural establishment. The great scale of this institution, the wonderful perfection to which its system and arrangement had been brought, and, what is most important, its extraordinary success in permanent reformation, marked it out as a model ; and the more nearly it has been imitated in spirit as well as in form, the greater has been the success attained. Some account of Mettray, therefore, will, we trust, not be without interest.

The Code Napoleon drew the distinction (not without parallel in our own law, though

until recently it was little regarded) between young offenders who act with and those who act without discretion (*sans discernement*), directing the acquittal of the latter, but their detention for education and training. The Code, however, unfortunately made no special provision for this purpose, and, consequently, the poor children were detained in prison, where the training was so inefficient, that seventy-five per cent. of them fell back into crime. In 1828 two reformatories were established in France—those of Neuhoﬀ and Mesnil St. Firmin—which, however, were on too small a scale to appreciably diminish the evil.

In 1837 the French Government appointed commissioners to inspect the prisons of the United States, one of whom was M. Frederic Auguste de Metz, a man whose width of benevolence, combined with an almost inexhaustible power of labour, is perhaps unparalleled since the great Las Casas ; and in discretion and fertility of resource, he seems even to surpass that admirable philanthropist. Having been a judge, he had often been pained by the necessity of sentencing young children to imprisonment ; and the inspection of some reformatory institutions in the United States seems first to have suggested to his mind a more humane mode of dealing with this class of offenders. On his return he resigned his judgeship, and determined to devote his life to this benevolent object. There then existed in France a Patronage Society—for the purpose of befriending juvenile prisoners on their discharge, and placing them in the way of earning an honest livelihood—whose labours had already effected a sensible diminution of relapses into crime. This society nominated a committee to consider the propriety of forming an agricultural *colonie* for the training and reformation of these children, as it was believed that healthful agricultural labour was at once the best means of restoring the health of the poor children—many of whom were in a wretched state from neglect and inherited disease—and the most effective reformatory agency. The committee visited the reformatories of Holland and Belgium ; and at last M. de Metz lighted upon the institution called the Rauhe Haus, near Hamburg, which the committee found to be conducted on such sound principles and to produce such valuable results, that they determined to adopt it as their model. M. de Metz now fortunately



met with an early friend, the Vicomte de Breteignières de Courteilles, who was as warm in the cause as himself. And to the devotion of this gentleman the success of the institution, the establishment of which was then determined on, is in no small measure to be attributed; for, from this time until his sudden death, which took place while attending a sick *colon* (for so the boys are called) in 1852, he was M. de Metz's constant and able coadjutor. M. de Courteilles most generously granted a portion of his beautiful estate at Mettray, about five miles from Tours, for the Colonie, which was forthwith commenced. After collecting sufficient subscriptions to start with, the first step was to form the preparatory school—to train teachers—a branch which still exists, and which is deemed of vital importance to the due working of the Colonie. To manage prisoners in cells and with severe discipline is easy, but to govern them when in the comparative freedom of a farm school is a very different matter. Very great care is taken in training these masters, none being retained who do not show a strong love and aptitude for the calling. And as, subsequently, evil was found to arise from employing workmen, not trained in the Colonie, to direct the labours of the *colons*, a similar training-school for this class of assistants was formed, called the "Arts et Métiers."

For the reformation of offenders, young and old, *individual influence* is indispensable; and it is impossible to apply this influence where the teacher has to deal with masses. The founders of Mettray therefore, following the example of the Rauhe Haus and also of the Philanthropic Society's school, divided the *colons* into families of about forty boys, each inhabiting separate homes, under the superintendence of one of the masters, termed the father. Various means were adopted to infuse into the members of each family a feeling of brotherhood, an interest in each other, and a strong jealousy of the family honour. To this family system much of the success of Mettray is attributable.

Having educated a sufficient number of teachers to make a beginning, twelve boys were selected from those who had behaved best in Fontevault prison. Thus, at first, there were more teachers than pupils, and consequently a great personal influence was acquired by the former over the latter, and a feeling was created in the minds of the boys favourable to industry and good conduct. The number of *colons* was slowly increased, so that the new boys were always in a small minority, and thus became imbued with the

good public opinion which had grown up in the school. Nothing is more certain to ruin the object of a reformatory than beginning with a great number, or increasing so rapidly that the new unimproved boys at any time form a large proportion of the school.

The religion of the institution is Roman Catholic. As a reformatory school stands in *loco parentis* to its inmates, like a natural parent it must have a religion. One of the founders of Mettray, however, M. de Gasparin, is a Protestant, and has established a similar institution for Protestant boys. Military discipline, by habituating them to prompt obedience, is found to be of great value in the management of the lads. Indeed, in 1848, it probably saved the colony from ruin. M. de Metz says, "During the Revolution, a band of workmen came to Mettray with flags flying and trumpets sounding, and meeting the youths returning tired with field labour, with their pickaxes on their shoulders, thus addressed them: 'My boys, do not be such fools as to work any longer; bread is plentiful, it is ready for you without labour.' The *chef* who was conducting the lads, and who was behaving with the greatest calmness and tact, immediately cried, 'Halt! form in line!' The boys, being accustomed to march like soldiers, immediately formed." Thus they were prevented from mingling with the men, who, if they had got among the lads, would probably have induced them to run away. The principal occupation of the colony is agriculture, which, being hard labour in the open air, is considered to be more effectual in reformation than any other. The pleasing visible effect, too, of their work on the fertile land has a useful influence on the boys; and as the business is conducted on the most improved methods, the colony serves as a valuable agricultural school. Other occupations, however, are adopted, as gardening, making sabots, carpentering, smith-work, &c. A manufactory of agricultural tools also is conducted, wherein one of the boy-workers made an invention for which M. de Metz took out a patent. In appropriating to the lads their occupations at the colony, the directors always consider the tastes of each; but, nevertheless, the love of change frequently prompts a request for permission to try another occupation. The applicant is, however, then informed that he will be allowed to change when he has risen to be one of the highest boys in his department, and has his name on the tablet of honour (obtained by six months' freedom from the

slightest punishment). Thus the boy is encouraged by the hope of succeeding in his desire ; but usually, by the time he has risen to the requisite position, the skill which he has acquired in his occupation has reconciled him to it, and the wish for change has left him.

The aspect of Mettray is totally unlike that of a prison. A church, a large hall serving as a school-room, the cottages in which the families of boys dwell, together with the abodes of the directors and masters and the farm-buildings, form a pleasant, cleanly village, with which the homely, but decent and useful costume of the *colons* well accords. The diet resembles that of the French peasant, and is wholesome and sufficient, though not abundant ; so that it has been found necessary to discontinue the stopping of meals as a punishment. Thus, while the lads are kept in health and up to their work, there is no pampering, to make their lot appear enviable to those who may be inclined to fall into crime. The real advantages of their position—good teaching, and training to industry and virtue—are not appreciated by the criminal classes, and therefore have no tendency to tempt them into evil courses. The *colons* rise at five, and, assembling in companies, march to their work ; they breakfast at eight, dine at one, and sup at eight. A short interval after breakfast and dinner is allowed for play ; but, save this and the time passed in school, the whole day is employed in work. Much of Sunday, according to the French habit, is spent in recreation as well as in religious exercises ; and the school fire-brigade, which has often done good service in the neighbourhood (as has also an ambulance for the use of the sick neighbours as well as the *colons*) is usually exercised on that day. After service, the director (M. de Metz) holds a review of the whole conduct of the Colonie. The reports of the *chefs* are read, and the rewards and punishments (which seem to be highly appreciated) awarded, either to the individual colonists or to the families ; and thus the moral discipline of the school is maintained. Occasionally severe punishment has to be inflicted, but it is tempered by the personal kindness with which it is administered. Rewards are, however, much more relied on than punishments, and are of a character to improve the *morale* of the receivers. By extra industry the *colons* are permitted to earn a sort of currency, which they may spend (within certain limits) on objects of enjoyment, though they are encouraged to economise it for better pur-

poses ; and thus is inculcated economy and self-control. There is an infirmary superintended by sisters of charity, in which sick boys are judiciously and kindly treated ; and this is by no means the least interesting part of the establishment.

The *succursale* establishments form an important feature of the institution. In these are placed elder boys, who are soon to leave the Colonie. They are outlying farm-houses, where more liberty is allowed than in the other dwellings.

“By their fruits shall ye know them.” The real test of any system is its results. And Mettray certainly need not fear this ordeal. Space forbids the introduction of numerous gratifying incidents within our knowledge illustrating the admirable conduct of the Mettray *colons* during their stay and after their liberation. Many work constantly in the garden among delicious fruit without touching it ; and *colons* are often permitted to be hired by individuals in the neighbourhood, where their conduct usually gives satisfaction. The fire brigade and ambulance have been mentioned ; and many in England have heard what heroic and efficient service was rendered by a band of Mettray *colons* in saving the city of Tours from destruction by the Loire floods of 1856. And—what is the most conclusive proof of all—of the boys discharged from Mettray *ninety-five per cent. are known* not to have fallen again into crime, while some even of those who have been recommitted have since become honest. Of the old *colons*, four have become *fondeurs* (presenting each one hundred francs or upwards to the institution), while, of the members of the Société de Mettray—a society for befriending the *colons* after their discharge—seventy-five out of 168 are old *colons*.

Mettray began with twelve boys, but has, since its foundation, received more than 3,700. At first its territory consisted of thirty acres ; now about 800 are brought under cultivation. In growth and development Mettray much resembles a work of nature, so healthy and steady has been its improvement ; and the more closely it is examined the more full of perfections is it found to be. At present there are about 700 *colons* at Mettray, and among those discharged, the proportion of successful cases is even increasing.

A valuable addition was made a few years ago—the “Maison Paternelle”—in which are received youths of the wealthier classes who have become unmanageable and need reformatory discipline. A system specially



suited to this class of lads, but characterized by the combination of kindness and severity of the Mettray discipline, has worked with great success, generally effecting in the course of two or three months a complete cure.

Mettray has been visited by many persons of eminence, French and foreign, comprising gentlemen deputed by various governments to examine its system and working.

We have seen to what danger the institution was exposed in 1848 by the conduct of the mob. Its resources also were imperilled, since the Government for a considerable time stopped the allowances and compelled the workshops to be closed. By great economy and energy, together with liberal aid from the numerous friends of the institution, native and foreign, the bad times were tided over, and Mettray resumed its prosperity and growth. At present the institution is undergoing a still more severe trial owing to the ruin caused by the late war and the present civil disturbances. Mettray was heavily requisitioned by the French army, and subsequently had to support a large body of Prussians for a long while, which was very costly, and greatly hindered cultivation; though we are happy to learn that a representation by Mr. Gladstone saved the colony from pillage. The present wretched state of France has sapped the resources of Mettray, while increasing the cost of its maintenance.

The market for the manufactures of the colony has greatly fallen off, while the donations and subscriptions have ceased. The sole income of the institution (save the produce of its labour) is the Government allowance of seventy centimes (less than seven pence) per boy per day; and the continuance of even this is very doubtful.

A large sum of money is therefore required to meet the present demands. The admirable conduct of the *colons*, present and former, during this war should plead for their Colonie, the lads having steadily continued their work and good behaviour, notwithstanding the bad example so often placed before them, while numerous old *colons* who had entered the army acquitted themselves with credit, and some with high honour. Of these, four were killed, seventeen wounded, and thirty-one taken prisoners. Five Mettray men gained the *médaille militaire*, and one, the legion of honour.

M. de Metz is now endeavouring to raise the required sum in England and the United States. We are happy to say that the response to his appeal has hitherto been cheering, and we trust that the friends of humanity in these lands which have happily escaped the evils of war, will not allow an institution to perish, which has so long afforded to Europe a model of all that is excellent in reformatory management.

FLORENCE HILL.

## “TIGER BAY:”

A Windy Night's Dream.

### I.—THE TIGRESS.

I HAD a dream in my bed last night :  
Darkness—the Jungle—a black man  
sleeping—

Head on his arm, with the moon-dew  
creeping

Over his face in a silvern light :  
The moon was driving, the wind was crying ;

Two great lights gleam'd, round, horrid,  
and red,

Two great eyes steadfast beside the bed  
Where the man was lying.

Hark ! hark !

What wild things cry in the dark ?

Only the wind as it raves,

Only the beasts in their caves,

Where the Jungle waves.

The man slept on, and his face was light,  
Tender and strange, for the man was  
dreaming—

Coldly the light on his limbs was gleaming,  
On his jet-black limbs and the folds of white ;—  
Leprous-spotted, and gaunt, and hated,

With teeth protruding and hideous head,

Her two eyes burning, so still, so red,  
The tigress waited.

Hark ! hark !

The wild things cry in the dark—

The wild wind whistles and raves,

The beasts groan in their caves,

And the Jungle waves.

From cloud to cloud the cold moon crept,

The silver light kept coming and going—

The jungle under was wildly blowing,

The tigress watch'd, and the black man slept.

The wind was crying, the moon was gleaming :

He stirred and shiver'd, then raised his  
head :

Like a thunderbolt the tigress sped,  
And the man fell screaming—

Hark ! hark !

The wild things cry in the dark ;  
The wild wind whistles and raves,  
The beasts groan in their caves  
And the Jungle waves.

## II.—RATCLIFFE MEG.

Then methought I saw another sight :  
Darkness—a garret—a rushlight dying—  
On the broken-down bed a sailor lying,  
Sleeping fast, in the feeble light ;—  
The wind is moaning, the rain is weeping ;  
She crouches there in the chamber dim,  
She crouches there with her eyes on him  
As he lieth sleeping—

Hark ! hark !

Who cries outside in the dark ?  
Only the wind on its way,  
Only the wild gusts astray,  
In Tiger Bay.

Still as a child the sailor lies :—

She waits—she watches—is she human ?  
Is she a tigress ? is she a woman ?  
Look at the gleam of her deep-set eyes !  
Bloated and stain'd in every feature,  
With iron jaws, throat knotted and bare,  
Eyes deep sunken, jet black hair,  
Crouches the creature.

Hark ! hark !

Who cries outside in the dark ?  
Only the wind on its way,  
Only the wild gusts astray,  
In Tiger Bay.

Hold her ! scream ! or the man is dead ;  
A knife in her tight-clenched hand is  
gleaming ;

She will kill the man as he lieth dreaming ;  
Her eyes are fixed, her throat swells red ;  
The wind is crying, the rain is weeping ;  
She is crawling closer — O angels that  
love him !

She holds her breath and bends above him,  
While he lieth sleeping.

Hark ! hark !

Who cries outside in the dark ?  
Only the wind on its way,  
Only the wild gusts astray  
In Tiger Bay.

A silken purse doth the sleeper clutch,  
And the gold peeps through with a fatal  
glimmer ;

She creepeth near—the light grows dim—  
mer—  
Her thick throat swells, and she longs to  
touch.

She looks—she pants with a feverish hunger—  
She dashes the black hair out of her eyes—

She glares at his face . . . he smiles and  
sighs—

And the face looks younger.

Hark ! hark !

Who cries outside in the dark ?

Only the wind on its way,

Only the wild gusts astray

In Tiger Bay.

She gazeth on,—he doth not stir—

Her fierce eyes close, her brute lip quivers ;

She longs to strike, but she shrinks and  
shivers :

The light on his face appalleth her.

The wind is crying, the rain is weeping ;

Something holds her—her wild eyes roll ,

His soul shines out, and she fears his soul,  
Tho' he lieth sleeping.

Hark ! hark !

Who cries outside in the dark ?

Only the wind on its way,

Only the wild gusts astray

In Tiger Bay.

## III.—INTERCESSION.

I saw no more, but I woke and prayed :

“ God that made the beast and the woman !

God of the tigress ! God of the human !

Look to these things whom Thou hast made !

Fierce and bloody, and famine-stricken,

Knitted with iron vein and thew—

Strong and bloody, behold the two !—

We see them and sicken.

Mark ! mark !

These outcasts fierce of the dark ;

Where murmur the wind and the rain,

Where the Jungle darkens the plain,

And in street and lane.”

God answer'd clear, “ My will be done !

Woman-tigress and tigress-woman—

I made them both, the beast and the  
human ;

But I struck a spark in the brain of the one.

And the spark is a fire, and the fire is a spirit ;

Tho' ye may kill it, it cannot die—

Nay, it shall grow as the days go by,

For my angels are near it—

Mark ! mark !

Doth it not burn in the dark ?

Spite of the curse and the stain,

Where the Jungle darkens the plain,

And in street and lane.”

God said, moreover : “ The spark shall grow—

’Tis blest, it gathers, its flame shall lighten,

Bless it and nurse it—let it brighten—

’Tis scatter'd abroad, ’tis a seed I sow.

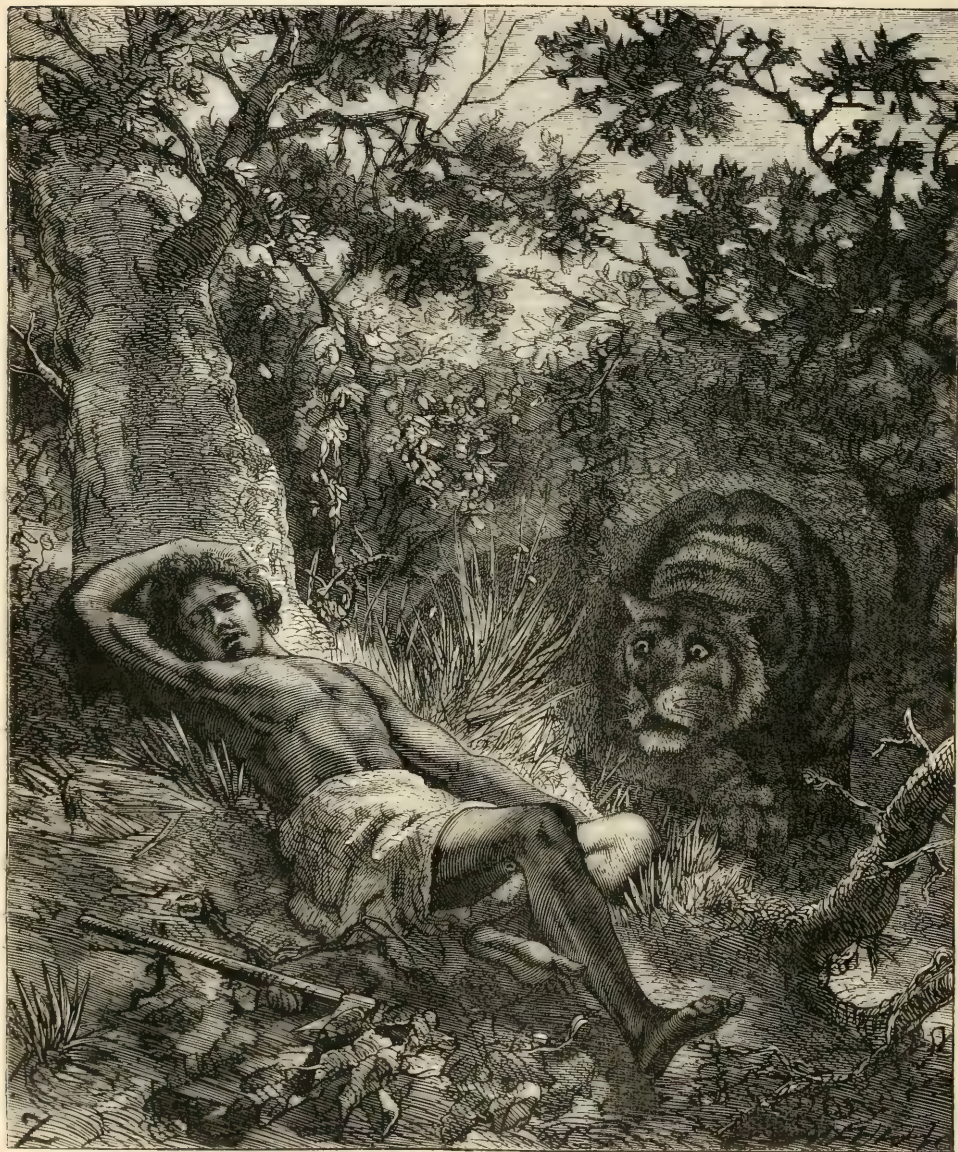
And the seed is a soul, and the soul is the  
human ;



And it lighteth the face with a sign and a  
flame.  
Not unto beasts have I given the same,  
But to man and to woman.  
Mark ! mark !  
The light shall scatter the dark :

Where murmur the wind and the rain,  
Where the Jungle darkens the plain,  
And in street and lane."

So faint, so dim, so sad to seeing,  
Behold it burneth ! Only a spark !



So faint as yet, and so dim to mark,  
In the tigress-eyes of the human being.—  
Fan it, feed it, in love and duty,  
Track it, watch it in every place,—  
Till it burns the bestial frame and face  
To its own dim beauty.  
Mark ! mark !

A spark that grows in the dark ;  
A spark that burns in the brain ;  
Spite of the wind and the rain,  
Spite of the curse and the stain ;  
Over the sea and the plain,  
And in street and lane !

ROBERT BUCHANAN.



## THE GERMAN PEACE FESTIVAL.

**A**LONE of all the races of Europe, the Germans have retained the power of employing the highest Art, sincerely, earnestly, reverently, to express the highest national emotions, and to embody in mingled painting, impersonation, poetry, and music, their patriotic reverence for the past, their patriotic hopes for the future. On them seems to have fallen the mantle of the old Athenian tragedians; those at least of the nobler days when the drama was truly religious and truly national; when Æschylus wrote his *Persæ* and Sophocles his *Œdipus Coloneus*; ere yet Euripides had debauched the stage by his Phædras and Hecubas, mere sensational representations of the passions of individuals. On them, too, seems to have fallen the mantle of the old Middle-Age Mystery and Miracle-play writers; men who, in spite of coarseness and uncouthness, taught by the drama, and taught well, up to the memorable day when, in Stirling town, the Scotch court, nobles, and people, sat for seven mortal hours to hear and see that truly noble, though now forgotten, drama—grand old Sir David Lindsay's *Satire on the Three Estates*.

Free from the coarseness and uncouthness of the Middle Age, and blending old Greek grace and grandeur with the tenderness and depth of the Mediæval ballad-singers, and both with the actual life and aspirations of the nineteenth century, German Patriotism, assisted by German Culture, has achieved lately a triumph of honest and earnest High Art, at the German Peace Festival on the 1st of May.

If any reader should think this praise excessive, let him study the following plain description of what was to be seen and heard at the German Peace Festival in London, and judge for himself.

On the 1st of May, the principal Germans resident in England met together in London to celebrate the return of peace, and the re-union of Germany. Those who remember the all-absorbing interest felt by every inhabitant of these islands in the late conflict on the Continent, can picture to themselves in some faint way, with what breathless anxiety the final issue was awaited by the numerous sons of the Fatherland settled in this country. Many of the younger members of the Anglo-German community were summoned away to bear an active part in the struggle for the freedom and union of

Germany. Many a young student, many a rising merchant, many a busy clerk, had to leave his occupations here, at short notice; whilst later on, as the dreadful tragedy was played out, many a devoted son of the Fatherland voluntarily quitted his peaceful home here, to spend his time and money, and in too many cases his health, on the battle-fields or in the crowded hospitals, in tending and alleviating, as far as could be, the sufferings of friend and foe. What wonder, then, that when the struggle was over, when peace was made, and when those who were ever to return had returned to their counting-houses, their desks, their homes,—what wonder if the great body of Germans scattered throughout this country desired to meet together to pour out, face to face, their thankfulness, their joy, their deep heartfelt satisfaction, at the astonishing succession of victories achieved by their army, but beyond all at the true solid re-union of Germany as one powerful empire?

The 1st of May was well chosen as the day for such a festival. Not only was it a day sacred in ancient times among all the Teutonic races, but in later times it was on the 1st of May that the Carlovingian monarchs were wont to assemble the estates of the realm to deliberate on affairs of state, thus foreshadowing modern limited monarchy and representative government. The memory of the old sacred day of their Teutonic ancestors is still kept alive in England, though in this more artificial state of society the lords of the manor no longer vie with their dependents in welcoming in the "merry, merry month" beneath the village maypole. In Germany the day is now only associated with the legends of the *Walpurgis Nacht*, the time when the witches assemble on the Blocksberg in the Hartz mountains; and it was the custom, even till quite lately, to take every kind of precaution on the eve of May against the mischievous influences of the old powers of darkness.

No pains were spared to make the peace festival worthy of the great occasion. The managers were most anxious that it should be felt to be a festival of peace, not of triumph, and throughout the whole proceedings there was not a word of exultation over a fallen foe; indeed the great deeds achieved by the German host were mainly alluded to in their bearing on the issue of the struggle, the re-union of the German Empire: and the name



of France was hardly uttered, and never in a way that could have pained any upright, sensible Frenchman.

The demand for tickets had been very great, and hundreds were disappointed at not gaining admission. It was found necessary to repeat the musical and allegorical parts of the performance on a later evening. The place selected for the meeting was the *Turnhalle* of the German Gymnastic Society at King's Cross, a most convenient and appropriate place for such a gathering. About 2,500 were present on May 1st.

Most of the German artists resident in London—Carl Haag, Huttula, Volck, Zwecker—were concerned in the arrangement of the *tableaux vivants* or in the decorations of the hall. Leave had been obtained through the Crown Prince of Prussia for borrowing from Berlin the uniforms which figured in some of the pictures, as it is a rule of the Prussian service that no uniform quits the country without express permission. Kapell-Meister Reinecke, of Leipzig, not only composed two pieces of music expressly for the festival, but came over from Germany to lead the orchestra. It is evident that all was done that could be done to ensure success, and the end aimed at was fully attained.

Soon after seven o'clock the large hall began to fill. One end was occupied by the stage for the tableaux. In front of the stage was the orchestra, and between the orchestra and the audience were seated the male chorus-singers. By half-past seven the guests were all in their places, and had time, before the performance began, to study the beautiful decorations of the hall. The variety of colours employed might, in less skilful hands, have produced a gaudy and dazzling effect, but good taste and artistic knowledge had succeeded in combining the brilliant hues into one harmonious whole. Round the front of the gallery hung above sixty brightly painted shields, containing the arms of the principal German cities, each shield resting on the colours of its own country, draped in graceful folds. The large wooden rafters of the open oak roof were partly concealed by the red, white, and black banners of the North German Confederation; colours which were adopted in 1867 as combining the national banner of the German Empire, red, black, and gold, with the black and white colours of the kingdom of Prussia; whilst festoons of laurel and oak leaves hung from every beam.

Two fine statues of Peace and War, by Castan, decorated the end of the hall where supper was served. The walls of this hall

were surrounded by the names of all the German victories, from Weissenburg to Paris. Each separate name, written in black letters on a white ground, was encircled by a laurel wreath. At the upper end of the smaller hall hung two good oil-paintings of the Kaiser and the Crown Prince, lent for the occasion; whilst in front of the low gallery was placed a remarkably vigorous and well-executed bust of the Emperor, also by Castan.

The festival consisted of what was aptly described by one of those present as "an allegorical concert, interspersed with orations, and followed by a banquet, which might be called a dinner or supper, according to taste."

The North German and Bavarian ambassadors were present with their families, and the audience, with the exception of a few Englishmen invited expressly by the committee on account of their strong German sympathies, consisted entirely of children of the Fatherland by birth or marriage. No class predominated, and, as far as possible, all grades of society were represented, from the wealthy merchant, who contributed his £1,000 to the Fund for the Sick and Wounded, to the plodding city clerk or poor foreign teacher. As Herr Reinecke stepped up to the conductor's desk, and the first notes of the fine overture reached the ear, and the eye glanced round the richly-decorated hall, filled with hundreds of people, whose hearts were beating with one common sentiment of joy and thankfulness, whose minds were full of the great deeds achieved by their countrymen, deeds in which some of those present had taken an active part, and in which all were so deeply concerned, an overpowering feeling of enthusiasm filled the heart, and one realised vividly the reality of the great events that had occurred during the past nine months—events that must influence the whole future destinies of Europe, and therefore of the entire civilised world.

The festal overture, "The Peace Festival," was magnificently rendered by the orchestra from the Crystal Palace. In this fine overture, written for the occasion, the composer expressed the triumphant feelings of united Germany, and the blessings of rest, and security, and peace, as attained by that union. The familiar notes of Handel's "See the Conquering Hero comes," and of the old chorale *Nun danket Alle Gott*, were well blended with the general theme. The overture was followed by an address from Dr. Cappel, one of the German Protestant ministers in London, who reminded his hearers how on the 20th of July, nearly as large an assemblage of

persons had met in that hall, to organize the German Society for Aid to the Sick and Wounded, and how he had then expressed his hope and conviction that ere many months elapsed they would meet again to sing *Nun danket Alle Gott*.

The address over, the whole assembly rose and joined in singing *Nun danket Alle Gott*, the German *Te Deum* as it may be rightly called. This glorious hymn of Luther's, sung in his own vernacular, with full orchestral accompaniment, was felt as exactly expressing in its strains of solemn joy, not merely the feelings of those present in the Turnhalle that night, but the attitude and feelings of the whole of the German nationalities in the contemplation of the great triumphs achieved by their troops. To more than one hearer it recalled a distant and far more exciting scene, when the whole German army joined in singing this hymn round their bivouac fires, the night after the victory of Sedan.

The more solemn feelings of the audience having thus found utterance, they awaited with some degree of impatience the first of the allegorical pictures. The *Wacht am Rhein*, that now national chorus, to which the German armies during the late campaign marched from victory to victory, was a fitting prelude to the first tableau, *Aufruf zu den Waffen*, the call to arms, designed by K. Huttula. The stirring notes of the spirited march from Wagner's *Tannhäuser* sounded as the curtain slowly rose. This picture, as well as all the succeeding ones, was shown three times, to enable the spectators to take in the full meaning of each design, and yet the time was all too short for the eye and mind to seize on the full wealth of thought and artistic treatment displayed in every small detail. The costumes, grouping, and lighting were all that the most fastidious taste could demand, and vividly recalled the masterpieces of the modern German school of painting, conveying at the same time a sense of life, reality, and action that no painting could ever give. Each separate figure of the different tableaux was worthy of minute inspection, every group in each scene formed a perfect picture in itself, a living realisation of artistic thought.

In this first tableau, Germania, in her white gold-bound robes, was seen in the background seated under the emblematic German Oak, her long yellow hair falling to her knees: her face expressive of quiet earnest strength and determination; whilst in front, eagerly pressing on to receive their weapons from her

hands, were grouped the representatives of each German nationality, and of every class, young and old, high and low, the soldier, the sailor, the labourer with his spade, the merchant, the professor, the forester examining his trusty rifle, the smith shouldering his heavy hammer, the young student casting aside his books, the aged father, too old to serve himself, eagerly leading forward his young sons to aid in the defence of their Fatherland—the whole picture forming a perfect representation, a living exhibition of the strong resolution, the quiet subdued enthusiasm with which the German nations undertook the great conflict, and carried it through to its victorious conclusion.

The interval between the first and second pictures was filled up by two fine choruses, *Brüder reicht die Hand zum Bunde* of Mozart, and Körner's glorious "Ode to my Sword," with Weber's music. The latter especially roused to the highest pitch the enthusiasm of the audience, many of whom joined in the wild hurrah which ends each verse. Well has this ode been described as "verses that send the blood rushing through the veins, and might galvanise fight into a dead man."

The stirring notes of Waldmann's *Krieg's Trompete* prepared the audience for the second tableau, "The Warrior's Farewell," by Volck. As the mournful notes of the slow march from Spohr's beautiful symphony, "The Power of Sound," rose, the scene opened on a quiet German village, with the inhabitants, young and old, taking leave of the soldiers about to start for the distant conflict. To the right an old mother sat in the window of her cottage, her head buried in her hands, whilst on the doorstep stood the aged father, supporting his weeping daughter as she parted with her betrothed. Mothers held up their babes for the father's last kiss, young girls clung to their lovers or brothers, the brawny village blacksmith, arrayed in uniform, took leave of his wife, whilst his children looked curiously at him, or pointed to the now extinct fire of the village smithy. In the background stood a few dashing Uhlans and Hussars, delighting in the admiration they excited even in the midst of the general sorrow. The sad subdued wailing of the music was in perfect unison with the scene, which was too mournful and recalled too vividly the great grief that had formed the background to all the mighty triumphs of the Fatherland, to excite the loud applause called forth by the other pictures. But this was a festive occasion, and the mind was not allowed to dwell on painful reminiscences. No scenes, therefore,



were given from the actual theatre of war, and the intervening space was occupied by the Oration which Professor Max Müller had been invited by his German countrymen in England to deliver, and of which the following is an almost literal translation :—

“‘Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.’ Yes, but the heart may be too full, and one hardly dares to dive into the depths of the soul, and to give utterance to what so powerfully excites and moves us. I feel that I shall not find the right words to-day; but I know that you will understand this and forgive it: for, like my own heart, the hearts of all whom I here address are full, I believe, of overpowering feelings and thoughts, full even to overflowing—full of thankfulness for what has been achieved—full of hope for what has still to be achieved—full of rejoicing as we think of the brave soldiers, who, covered with glory, are returning to their homes—full of mourning as we remember those dear to us, who are never to return, but whose memory will be sacred to us for ever—full of regret as we recall the men who from the beginning of this century have striven and suffered like martyrs for the deliverance of Germany, who prophetically looked forward to this day of victory, but have not lived to see it—the spirits of Stein and Arndt, of Uhland and Rückert, of Radowitz and Bunsen are among us—full of joyful pride as we look to the heroes, who through word and deed have completed the great and difficult task of the union and freedom of Germany,—yes, full of enthusiasm as we pronounce the names of our statesmen, our generals, our young Fritz, our old hero-emperor—but, above and beyond all, full of love for our great and beautiful and noble, and now at last again united and free, Fatherland !

“Yes, my German countrymen, Germany has never known greater days; and it is right that we—I mean especially we here in a foreign country—should feel and remember this, and derive strength and comfort from it. The present quickly becomes the past, and even the greatest events look smaller at a distance. Therefore the pictures which have just passed before your eyes were meant to turn the past again into the present, and give new life to it in our remembrance. You have seen how Germania calls her children together to her defence, to guard, to fight for the Rhine. You have seen how she distributes her arms, and how the German host—that is, the German people—pour forth from every city and village of the Fatherland, to guard freedom and honour, and to fight for life or death.

“‘All Germany stands unanimous in arms’—That royal word sounded on the 2nd of August as the blast of a trumpet from the old fortress of Mayence, in every palace, in every cottage where beat a German heart. Do you still remember the feelings which then moved our hearts? Not with light, no, with heavy, heavy hearts did we see the dreadful tragedy of war unrolled. We did not believe in rapid victory—we were prepared for a long and hard struggle. We thought of 1806;—but we also thought of 1813.

“And what gave us our confidence in our army and in our people, and the trust that the just cause must prevail in the end?

“Four things I have to mention. First comes German *courage*, not that wild frenzy which at every disagreeable word grasps the hilt, and thinks it may justify the most fearful outrage on humanity, war, that is fratricide, by the cold answer of a king, or even by a newspaper article. No, that is not German courage. No people on earth has borne so much as the German. But when not only the independence of a people is curtailed, and its natural development impeded from without—nay, when the old sacred frontiers are invaded, when the hearth is no longer safe, when some fine morning the newly-invented engines of death are tried on the inhabitants of a peaceful city, then the measure is full, patience becomes indignation, indignation wrath unto death—death is better than life under such an outrage:—‘The people rose, the storm broke.’

“In the second place, I name German *diligence*. Gentlemen, we have often been abused as a nation of schoolmasters and professors. I know of no more honourable abuse, and I am firmly convinced that Germany owes much of its great success in war to its hard-working schoolmasters and professors. The German army is an educated and an intelligent army. Through determined, unbending diligence—through hard, ungrudging work from morning till evening—has our German army become what it is; so that, as in a loom, one touch moves and intertwines a thousand threads, no thread breaks, no pattern fails. Genius is indeed a long patience.

“In the third place, I name the German *sense of duty*, and in war perfect obedience. When a great work has to be achieved, the individual must subordinate himself to the whole, must sacrifice for a time his personal views and wishes, must stay like a soldier on the battle-field. Gentlemen, people have dared to question the discipline of the German army. Lies have been invented, and

when one after the other had been thoroughly refuted, people shrugged their shoulders and said, 'There is no smoke without fire.' That is a cowardly, dishonourable proverb. Translate it into German, and you will see how false it is. In German it would be, 'There is no lie without truth.' If such a proverb were believed, the honour of no man, of no people, would be safe. That in an army of nearly a million there should be some black sheep is not surprising. But before the judgment-seat of history it will appear that in no war has there been so little unnecessary cruelty—in no war has every crime been punished with so much severity, in no war has humanity achieved such triumphs as in the last German war of liberation. We are prouder of these triumphs than of all the triumphs of our arms.

"In the fourth place, I mention German *perseverance*; undauntedness even in misfortune, which is founded on a firm trust in God, and in a Divine Providence. People have not hesitated to scoff at this German trust in God; this faith in the Lord of Hosts. We let everybody go his own way; as the Old Fritz said, 'In my kingdom every one shall be saved after his own fashion.' But we keep to our own old German way. Before the battle our army sings with Theodore Körner, 'Father, I call Thee;' it sings after the battle the old psalm which our Luther has changed into a popular song, 'Our God is a strong tower.'

"These four qualities—German Courage, German Diligence, German Sense of Duty, and German Perseverance—have been to us the sure warrants of victory. They pervade the whole army; but I may name for each a living representative.

"As representative of German *Courage*, I name Bismarck. His heart never failed him.

"As representative of German *Diligence*, I name Moltke. He is the real, true, indefatigable German Professor, and though he can be silent in seven languages, his last lecture will not soon be forgotten by the world.

"As representative of German *Sense of Duty*, I name the Crown Prince. No one hates war more than he does; no one has done his duty so faithfully, though often with a heavy heart.

"As representative of German *Perseverance*, I name our Emperor. That man has indeed clung to his purpose. At the battle of Jena he was exactly as old as Hannibal when his father made him take his famous oath, and what bitter days has he gone through since! But, undismayed, he has carried on the one work of his life, the raising and strengthening

of the German army, till the disgrace of Jena was wiped out on the field of Sedan, and the German nation can look every nation boldly in the face again.

"With such irresistible powers Germany began the war and brought it gloriously to an end; and we have to thank the Statesmen, the Generals, the Emperor, the German Army, and the 'God who made iron grow,' that we celebrate to day this happy festival of peace.

"We celebrate it in a foreign country, but is England really a foreign country to us? I confess I hardly ever felt this, not even during this war, when many a dastardly word fell on the English side and also on the German. I feel that in England I am in a friend's, not in an enemy's country. There is a party in England that hates everything German. There are even liberal and rational people, who, during the late war, have judged wrongly of the German nation. Gentlemen, you know that in England a man is worth very little who is not attacked and abused by some party. There are insults of which one ought to be proud, as there is praise of which one has to be ashamed. Were I to mention the names of those who, from beginning to end, have remained true to the German cause, you would hear names that have the best ring, not only in England, but in the whole world. The kernel of the English people is not against us; the true aristocracy of the country is with us.

"And why? Not only because the same blood runs in our veins—not because, as the old Bilderdyk said, 'English is, after all, but Old Low German'—not because the Reformation has its two strongest pillars in Germany and England—not even because old Blücher arrived with his Prussians in the very nick of time on the field of Waterloo—no, I can give you a better and a deeper reason. It is so because the Germans and English owe allegiance to the same Queen, and recognise the same majesty as their highest authority, and that Queen and that majesty is the *Voice of Conscience*. This belief in the voice of conscience as the highest power on earth, higher than crowns and churches, higher than books and articles, higher than blame and praise of man, that is the firm ground on which the greatness of England stands immovable, on which the greatness of Germany is being built up. That is what makes the English English, and the German German—what makes these two, if they remain but true to themselves, real brethren. It was Luther who said at the Diet of Worms, 'It is neither safe nor expedient to do aught against conscience.'



"Gentlemen, the political guidance of Europe belongs in the immediate future to those two so closely-related nations; the political guidance of the whole civilised world belongs to the English, the Americans, and the Germans. If these three Teutonic nations hold together, the world will have peace again; and other nations, and France at their head, may give up the warfare of weapons and begin again a nobler warfare, of industry, science, manners, and character. But if these three Teutonic nations are divided by suspicion, jealousy, or pride, the furies of war will never be chained in Europe.

"Therefore, if this our festival is to be a true peace festival, let us forget from this moment all bitterness; let us do what we can, every one in his own small sphere, in order to maintain mutual respect, and a firm friendship founded on it, between England, Germany, and America. The festival which we celebrate to-day should not be a passing ebullition of joy and gladness, but should receive a higher sanction and confirmation, and become a festival of peace and concord for all times and all people.

"You know the 1st of May was always a high festival among the German tribes. Under the Carolingian kings, the great estates of the realm, civil and ecclesiastical, assembled every year on the Campus Maius; there they paid homage to their king; there they held counsel on peace and war; there feuds were appeased and alliances concluded; there king, church, army, and people appeared for the first time as a great united power.

"Thus I wish that the first day of the *Wonne-Monat* should bring together, as to-day, so in every coming year, the Germans in England, and in all the countries of the world, to celebrate this solemn day: so that the memory of the great days of the years 1870-1 should never fade, but retain its life and vigour, and support in coming generations the same sentiment of patriotism which glows in our hearts to-day—which has brought us together to-day, no longer as Franks or Saxons, as Bavarians or Allemans, not as North Germans or South Germans, not as Protestants or Catholics, not as Liberals or Conservatives, not as Democrats or Aristocrats, or whatever the names may be that have so long kept us divided: no, but as brothers, as sons of one fatherland, as children of one great and beautiful and noble, and now at last again united and free, Germany. Ladies and gentlemen, I trust we shall meet again on the 1st of May next year."

Professor Max Müller was constantly inter-

rupted by loud and prolonged cheers. Every word was spoken from the heart and to the heart, and seemed to call forth an instantaneous echo from all who were present to listen.

The two following tableaux were emblematic of German disunion and weakness ever since the death of the brave Hohenstauffen, the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, and of the political revival of the country, and the re-establishment of the German Empire by the first Emperor of the house of Hohenzollern. Uhland's poem, *Der alte Barbarossa*, was sung as a prelude to the first tableau, and then the curtain rose and discovered the old red-bearded Barbarossa in his kingly robes of crimson velvet, seated on his throne, and sleeping his long sleep, with his knights and pages round him, their weapons fallen from their hands, all sunk in deep slumber, that sleep which the legend says must last till the entire re-union of the Germanic Empire is perfected. The legend could not be followed in every minute detail; no ravens croaked around, nor was there any stone table, through which the fine red beard had grown: but the whole picture in all its details, in the attitudes into which each sleeping figure had fallen, and even to the long stalactites which hung from the vaulted roof, conveyed an idea of utter stillness, of long entire repose, which found an exact echo in the sleepy dreamy notes of the introduction to Reinecke's *König Manfred*. Lachner's *Hermannschlacht* was the prelude to the second tableau, and then the stirring tones of Beethoven's overture to *Egmont* roused the spectators from the dreamy effect of the last picture, and prepared them for "The waking of Barbarossa." The curtain rose on the same figures as before: but now Barbarossa stood awake and erect grasping his outstretched sword at arm's length, and towering above his armed knights, who carried huge battle-axes, and other weapons of mediæval warfare, whilst to his right and left stood his young pages, looking with startled eyes on the strange world to which they had so suddenly awakened. It can be imagined with what applause this stirring scene was received. The introduction to the next picture was an exquisite chorus of Kreuzer's, *An das Vaterland*.

Again the notes of "The Power of Sound" symphony were heard, but it was no longer the mournful sounds accompanying the departure of the troops; the triumphal march could only herald in their victorious return. And so it was. Again we saw the same

village, the same groups of young and old : but this time no longer full of sorrow, but all greeting the returning warriors. Now it was the mother who led the joyful bride down the cottage steps to meet her beloved, whilst the old father leant out of the window, watching the joyous scene. The proud mother held up her baby, who looked half-doubtfully at the soldier-father. The smith again greeted his wife, whilst the children danced merrily in the foreground. In the distance, two soldiers helped on a wounded or sick comrade ; and, on the left, two young girls were weeping bitterly for those who would never return. The audience gazed, as if sharing vividly in the general welcome ; and as the curtain fell on the happy scene, the joyful notes of the march still echoed forth, proclaiming the universal jubilee.

The time required for preparing the last tableau, the grand finale, was occupied by an address, read by Herr Ravenstein, the president of the *Turn Verein*, in which he briefly reviewed the principal events of the late great conflict, and expressed his earnest wish that those in authority in Germany might be as successful in framing a constitution for the country, as they had been in achieving the unity of the empire.

It would have been impossible to imagine anything more beautiful than the great finale to this entertainment, the last tableau, by K. Huttula—"United Germany." The first four verses of that well-known song of old Arndt, made familiar to many in England by the concerts of the Cologne Choir, "What is the German's Fatherland?" were sung as a prelude ; and as an express accompaniment to the picture, Herr Reinecke had composed an appropriate piece of music, in which the air of this song was well introduced. The curtain rose on a picture so full of beauty, life, thought, artistic taste, and rich colouring, that each spectator felt at once how impossible it was to do justice to every minor detail in the short time it was before his eyes. Germania was seen dressed as before, but this time standing beneath the oak, her majestic figure, far above mortal height, rising up behind the representatives of every German nationality, each dressed in distinctive national costume, each carrying the distinctive national banner, and all pressing eagerly forward to greet her ; whilst towards the background and sides stood soldiers dressed in the leading uniforms of the vast German army, surrounding the peasant maiden of Alsace. She alone had her face averted, though one hand was lovingly

clasped by Germania, whose look of tender, yearning love was in fine contrast to the wilful, half-angry, half-sorrowful look of Alsace. The curtain fell and rose again ; still Alsace remained with averted, downcast face. It fell and rose for the last time ; and now Elsass, Alsace no more, was close nestled in the arms of the great mother from whom she had been torn nearly two hundred years ago ; and the chorus burst forth into the last two verses, which contain the answer to the first four of "What is the German's Fatherland?"

"So weit die deutsche Zunge klinget,  
Und Gott im Himmel Lieder singt :  
Das soll es sein,  
Das, wackrer Deutscher, nenne Dein."

"Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein !  
O G-ut vom Himmel, sieh darein !  
Und gib uns ächten deutschen Muth,  
Das wir es lieben treu und gut :  
Das soll es sein  
Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein."

As the last notes died away the smaller flags of the different German states sank slowly to the ground, and the great banner of the old German empire—the Red, Black, and Gold—rose up and floated alone over the whole stage, which was at the same moment brilliantly illuminated by a golden light, as of the sun bursting forth in full glory over the once divided, but now again united, Fatherland. This was the culminating moment of the evening—the full enthusiasm of the audience burst forth, all rose, the cheers were deafening, whilst handkerchiefs waved, and many eyes filled with tears of overpowering emotion. The last movement of Beethoven's symphony in C flat formed the worthy musical finale of a festival which will long remain deeply graven on the hearts and memories of all who were happy enough to have witnessed it.

Is not this indeed to consecrate Art?—to use it for the highest purpose, save one, for which the artistic faculty was bestowed on man?

But will not the candid reader be inclined to ask himself, with something very like a sigh, Could we Britons have conceived all this, or executed it? What should we have had on such an occasion, even in London, beyond fire-works and the Tower guns? And what would the British sojourners in any European capital have had at all, save a good dinner and the usual post-prandial oratory—certainly inspired by no yet-named Muse?

But if so, had we not better begin in good earnest to educate ourselves, as the Germans have educated themselves for three generations past?





## THE CHARITY OF CHRIST.

BY THE LORD BISHOP OF DERRY.

[A SUFFICIENT explanation of this address may be given by the subjoined extract from the *Liverpool Mercury* of Feb. 20, 1871 :—

“On Sunday night, a special service was held at the church of the workhouse, Brownlow-hill, in memory of the late Miss Agnes Elizabeth Jones, and on the occasion of a monument being placed in remembrance of her in that church. Miss Jones was the first to introduce the system of trained nurses among the sick poor of a workhouse, the Liverpool workhouse being the one where

the experiment was tried. She fell a victim to her exertions, and died on the 19th of February, 1868, of fever caught in the discharge of her Christian work. In memory of her devotedness to the sick poor, Mr. William Rathbone, M.P., presented the select vestry with a splendid piece of sculpture—Tenerani’s “Angel of the Resurrection”—which has been placed in the workhouse church as a monument to her memory. The service last night was attended by the members of most of the principal families of Liverpool and the neighbourhood, the sermon

being preached by the Lord Bishop of Derry, the former pastor and friend of Miss Jones. His lordship was accompanied by the Ven. Archdeacon Jones, the Rev. A. Stewart, rector of Liverpool, the Rev. J. Stewart, rector of West Derby, and the Rev. E. Smith, the chaplain of the workhouse, all of whom took part in the service. Amongst the congregation were Mr. W. Rathbone, M.P., Mr. S. G. Rathbone, Mr. Benson Rathbone, Mr. C. Bushell, Mr. E. Lawrence, Mr. A. Baruchson, Mr. T. D. Hornby, Major Greig, Mr. Churchwarden Turner, chairman of the select vestry, and most of the members of that body; Mr. Lunt, chairman of the West Derby guardians; Mr. J. Hughes, chairman of the Toxteth guardians, &c. The choir of St. Nicholas parish church was in attendance, and rendered the choral part of the service in a most excellent manner. Mr. W. C. Ashlin presided at the organ."]

"Covet earnestly the best gifts; and yet show I unto you a more excellent way. Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."—1 COR. xii. 31; xiii. 1.

"Then He took unto Him the twelve, and said unto them, Behold, we go up to Jerusalem, and all things that are written by the prophets concerning the Son of man shall be accomplished. . . . And it came to pass, that as He was come nigh unto Jericho, a certain blind man sat by the wayside, begging."—ST. LUKE xviii. 31, 35.

CHARITY! Whenever a new thought is working in the minds of men, it invests itself with a new word, or with an old word to which it gives a fresh significance. This is especially true of Christianity. So the Greek word which to the heathen simply denoted "the bringing up of the child,"\* became *weighted* to Christian thought with the truth that God's bringing up involves the cross, and so signifies *chastening*. So the word, translated *charity* or *love*, is lifted up from all lower associations, and becomes love to God, and love to man for God's sake.

In to-day's Gospel,† charity is personified, in thought and action, in will and work; meditating the greatest act of self-sacrifice which Time has ever known, yet arrested by the pauper at the wayside; loving God, and man for the sake of God.

I. We may trace in the words of Jesus in this day's Gospel foreknowledge, calmness, and self-sacrifice.

#### 1. Foreknowledge.

If we accept the narrative as true, how different is the calm precision of these words from any dim presentment of a possible tragedy in the future! The time and the agents are distinctly specified. The anticipations of prophecy are unhesitatingly applied.

And, to speak humanly, there was every risk of the failure of the prediction. Success, rapid and unqualified success, is the dream of the enthusiast. It was, apparently, possible that the fickle crowd might cry "Hosanna," and that politicians might play a winning game by lending themselves to the impulse. If He must die, death by stoning was the most likely form for his execution.

2. There is in these words also a divine calmness.

If one of us could extort from the future the dark secret of such a death as that, in what tone would his anticipations be answered? Would there be no sigh of regret, no eloquent shudder of repulsion, no touch of bitter resentment? Who can trace anything of these in the passionless and superhuman quietude of the words which we have read?

3. But there is here more than full foreknowledge and perfect calmness. There is divine self-sacrifice and self-devotion. Truly has it been said of Him that "His life was one long going forth to death." What light it throws upon his work, upon the anticipated crucifixion, the immolation of the will, the long, slow self-sacrifice consumed by agony and death!

II. The Gospel is not only a set of beautiful and comfortable promises. It is not only an enthusiastic and poetical admiration of moral greatness and goodness in Jesus Christ. It is a new life. It is a moral transformation. Its type is not a selfish man, consistent in his selfishness to the end, throwing himself upon the Atonement because it is his safest course. Not one selected saint, like Moses, but "we all" behold in Christ the glory of the Lord. The Jews of old could not bear the pale reflection in the face of Moses. We see it; nay, we are assimilated to it from glory to glory, as is natural when the Lord, the Divine Spirit, is the agent of the work.\* If so, then are we not merely to admire, but to imitate, the charity of Jesus in counting the cost, in calm resolve, in enduring self-sacrifice.

Let us, then, believe that charity is the highest object which we can pursue. So was it in St. Paul's time. The Corinthian Church had exuberant gifts. Manifold paths invited its children to climb upward to their heavenly rest. But there was one path which began from the very threshold of their homes, which yet led most directly to the farthest height and the most excellent glory. "Covet earnestly the best gifts; and yet show I unto you a more excellent way."

\* *ἡ ἀρετή*.

† Quinquagesima Sunday.

\* 2 Cor. iii. 18.



Even now there are gifts, not supernatural, but natural. We know full well which they are that we should choose, if choice were given us. The genius of the mathematician or the poet; the brilliant and profitable skill of the literary man; the practical power of the orator, wielding the implement which gratifies personal vanity most entirely, and which, in popular forms of government, leads most certainly to power. Yet the mathematician may be a selfish and sceptic creature, purblind as the owl in daylight, beyond the processes of his demonstrations. The poet may "work without a conscience or an aim," creaming an enchanted cup that "giveth his colour and moveth itself aright,"\* and yet sickens the generations as they pass. The literary man may be a huckster of morals, a charlatan, who plays round and round in kaleidoscope books coloured sentences, which are at once brilliant and purposeless; a hireling, who sells his pen as a mercenary sells his sword, or a woman her beauty. The scholar may be a sordid thing, coldly carving his way to a mean success. The preacher may handle God's word for name or fame. But the charity of the ill-paid clergyman going into the fetid back lanes of crowded towns, and of the nurse who might have had a happy and comfortable home, but who comes to a place like the Liverpool workhouse to do her work of love—there is no mistaking such a gift as that. It speaks to us with the very echo of Christ's voice, and looks upon us with the very image of the brow that was once marked with a crown of thorns.

Standing in this pauper town, with its three thousand inhabitants, speaking to its officers and nurses, with a full sense of its seeming littleness and vulgarity, I say that, if you do your duty lovingly, faithfully, and patiently, yours is among the most honoured of all ministrations. It is "a more excellent way."

Need I say that all along I have had present to my mind one whose name even now I can scarcely venture to pronounce—Agnes Jones?

What she has done for workhouse hospitals; how she has established the superiority of trained nurses to untrained women; how she carried out the great experiment of your select vestry; how she superintended nurses and probationers, working with twelve or thirteen hundred patients; how she died at her post, "the pioneer of workhouse nursing;" all this many of you know far better than I can tell you.

All that I *can* tell you is something of a personal character, which may enable you to judge, in some measure, of the early training which prepared Agnes Jones.

It has been said that "God loves to build upon nothing." It would be an exaggeration to apply this to her. I should not claim for her any great eminence in intellectual gifts. Yet they were not inconsiderable. She wrote a paper upon "Kaiserswerth," for which I procured admission into a periodical, and which attracted the friendly notice of an eminent writer connected with our chief newspaper.

When I first knew her, some sixteen years ago, she lived in a beautiful home by the shores of Lough Swilly, and was a cheerful member of a happy family circle. I noticed that she possessed a grave, quiet humour, and that her presence was as a ray of sunshine among children. But you could not know her two days without seeing that she felt that the poor had an especial claim upon her.

The qualities which I always observed in her parish work were these.

First, *order*. She had the names of the poor marked down, and certain days for visiting them. Not only the days, but the hours were conscientiously noted down with the most jealous care, lest the self-imposed work should conflict with the God-imposed duties of home. She was a woman of order and business, as well as a woman of prayer. She brought the world's good sense to God's work, and God's faith to the world's work.

Secondly, *obedience*. She looked upon it that it was my business as rector to supervise, and hers to yield a moderate and intelligent submission.

Thirdly, *toleration*. If I must speak, I do not think that the views which she held are generally as broad as they are intense. I do not think that Agnes Jones ever fully agreed with myself; and I am pretty sure that, at one time, she regarded my teaching with some doubt, or even dislike. But she soon laid hold upon the thought that that on which we agreed was most important after all. And so, for five happy years, she went in and out among my children and in my parish. And we knelt together by dying beds, and talked over the parish, and no ungentle word came from those loving lips. I will mention one instance of this tolerant spirit. After she came here, she wrote and asked me to draw up a short litany, in which Roman Catholics and Protestants might perhaps join without sacrifice of essential principle upon either side.

\* Proverbs xxiii. 31.

I was about to add *cheerfulness*. I think that I might do so with truth. Yet I should scarcely say *unfailing cheerfulness*. I suspect that she had morbid hours. I think she calmed such a mind by writing it off. And I could well believe that her letters or diaries would not always represent the calm, courageous, Christian common-sense which rarely, if ever, failed her in practical work.

Rising higher, I do believe that I traced in her those three lines of the charity of Christ. She did not enter upon her work rashly; she counted the cost. In her own most touching words, she knew "the dreariness, the loneliness, the disappointments, jealousies, restraints, isolations," of that holy ministration. She looked upon all with a thankful calmness. I find her writing thus: "When I look back and see how God has helped me, how in the darkest moment a something has come, sent by that loving Father—a little word, a letter, a flower; a something which has cheered me, and told me, not only of the human love, but of that watchful, heavenly Friend who knew His weak child's need, and answered her repining or fearing thought with a messenger of love, which bade her trust and not be afraid. He can and He will, I do not say give success—that may not be His way; but if all fail to human eyes, if I do nothing, He will look with pity on His child, and say she has done what she could."

*Self-sacrifice*, too, was in her work. Different, indeed, must this be from His. His, the love of the Divine Man, glowing forth freely upon His guilty and miserable creatures; ours, gratitude for that love manifested to and received by ourselves. Is it not so in all great works of practical charity of which we know? They have not sprung from a visionary and ideal philanthropy; but, first from the peace and remembrance of sins forgiven through Christ, restless until it can make some return, and do something for Him who has done all. I know that it was so with her. In the life of one whom all Christians have admired, even those who most unequivocally condemn his views (Vincent de Paul), it is mentioned, on his own authority, that for three or four years he was deprived of that assurance of faith which had been his life; that a cloud hung between him and heaven. At last he went down on his knees, and gave himself up to God, and to the poor for God's sake. And then the cloud melted, and blessed tears fell like rain, and he saw the great articles of the faith as if they lay steeped in an atmosphere of light. So was

it with her as regarded the great truth, "Jesus Christ, who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven, and was incarnate, and died for us." And can we not trace yet another line of that perfect charity? He who had the redeeming passion in his soul, whose view broadened until it took the whole world within its scope, did not forget to say to the pauper, "What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee?" Further, not to one homeless blind man only, but to myriads festering in your streets and lanes, where childhood walks with the harlot and the drunkard, to myriads with souls untaught and sores unbound, the question comes. And still the eye that is fixed upon the Cross and Passion shall see with truest sympathy the foul and blinded pauperism, and lend it a voice to cry; "Have mercy on me, Lord, that I may receive my sight."

Let us hope more for the ministry of women in the future of our English Christianity than we have yet found in the past. I am one of the last to deny the importance of the three-fold order of bishop, priest, and deacon. But the deacon of the Gospel was something more than that which is meant by a deacon in the English Church, and I believe that in that office woman has also her part. Have we not reason to pray that not man only, but the two sexes may bring their different qualities, and learn to concentrate them upon the misery which is around us? The church which is unable to utilise the heart of woman is almost as defective as the church which does not know how to use the intellect of man. May there be many maidens and many widows of whom it may be said, in the language which a Roman Catholic used to myself when speaking of Agnes Jones, "She was a nun without the veil, and a sister of charity without the vows."

We have assembled upon the third anniversary of her death. The church of old used to speak of the day on which a martyr suffered as that martyr's nativity. May we not look upon this as the anniversary of her new and better nativity—the day of her birth into the eternal year? This time three years ago many of those now present were thinking of her with earnest prayers. They prayed for her, and it seemed as if their prayers were not answered, for the fever took its way to the last, and she lay down and died. Yet no true prayer from one of God's children was ever unanswered. They asked life for her, and He gave her long life, even for ever and ever. Her work here had two sides.



One might have been looked upon by many as being connected with much that was most base and miserable and vulgarising and degrading in our fallen humanity. I am afraid there was no want of respectable Pharisees to speak of it as extravagance and quixotism, that one gently born and nurtured should sacrifice herself to such a work. Yes, one side of her work might have been connected with that which was base and mean; but another ascended by that better way of which St. Paul spoke, and stretched onward and upward until it lay bathed in eternal light from the presence of God and Christ. That noble work of art, reared by one who had true sympathy with her, and gave her courage

in her self-denying work,\* is not unfitting within the bare walls of this workhouse chapel. There, by that noble work of Christian art, we are reminded, not of human weakness, not of the dying moments, not of the bed of fever, not of the paleness and the weakness, not of the chill of death and the funeral hour; but of that grand shape waiting for the everlasting morning when the day breaks and the shadows flee away—when our incarnate Lord shall appear, and all His gathered children shall be with Him, folded in that everlasting rest which remains for the people of God through Jesus Christ our Lord.

\* William Rathbone, Esq., M.P.

## TWO SONNETS.

### I.—THE RED-WHEAT FIELD.

**O** RICH red-wheat! thou wilt not long defer  
 Thy beauty, though thy stems are not yet grown;  
 The fair blue distance and the moorland fir  
 Long for thy golden laughter! Four years gone,  
 How oft with eager foot I scaled the top  
 Of this long slope, to give mine eye full range;  
 And now again rotation brings the change  
 From seeds and clover to my favourite crop;  
 How oft I've watch'd thee from my garden, charm'd  
 With thy noon stillness, or thy morning tears!  
 Or when the wind clove, and the sunset warm'd  
 Thine amber-shafted depths and russet ears;  
 O all ye cool green stems! improve the time,  
 Fulfil your beauty, justify my rhyme!

### II.—THE PAINTER ON PENMAENMAWR.

**T**HAT first September day was blue and warm,  
 Flushing the shaly flank of Penmaenmawr;  
 While youths and maidens, in the lucid calm  
 Exulting, bath'd or bask'd from hour to hour.  
 What colour-passion did the artist feel!  
 While evermore the jarring trains rush'd by,  
 Now, and for evermore, in fancy's eye,  
 Smutch'd with the cruel fires of Abergele;  
 Then fell the dark on the great crags and downs,  
 And all the night-struck mountain seem'd to say,  
 "Farewell, these azure skies, this peerless day!  
 And these fair seas; and, fairer still than they,  
 The white-arm'd girls, in dark blue bathing-gowns,  
 Among the snowy gulls and summer spray!"

CHARLES [TENNYSON] TURNER.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF FRANCE AND ITALY.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

## VII.

## ROME.

*APRIL 15th.*—Yesterday I went with J—— to the Forum, and descended into the excavations at the base of the Capitol, and on the site of the Basilica of Julia. The essential elements of old Rome are there: columns, single or in groups of two or three, still erect, but battered and bruised at some forgotten time with infinite pains and labour; fragments of other columns lying prostrate, together with rich capitals and friezes; the bust of a colossal female statue, showing the bosom and upper part of the arms, but headless; a long winding space of pavement, forming part of the ancient ascent to the Capitol, still as firm and solid as ever; the foundation of the Capitol itself, wonderfully massive, built of immense square blocks of stone, doubtless three thousand years old, and durable for whatever may be the lifetime of the world; the arch of Septimius Severus, with bas-reliefs of Eastern wars; the column of Phocas, with the rude series of steps ascending on four sides to its pedestal; the floor of beautiful and precious marbles in the Basilica of Julia, the slabs cracked across; the greater part of them torn up and removed, the grass and weeds growing up through the chinks of what remain; heaps of bricks, shapeless bits of granite, and other ancient rubbish, among which old men are lazily rummaging for specimens that a stranger may be induced to buy, this being an employment that suits the indolence of a modern Roman. The level of these excavations is about fifteen feet, I should judge, below the present street which passes through the Forum, and only a very small part of this alien surface has been removed, though there can be no doubt that it hides numerous treasures of art and monuments of history. Yet these remains do not make that impression of antiquity upon me which Gothic ruins do. Perhaps it is because they belong to quite another system of society and epoch of time, and in view of them, we forget all that has intervened betwixt them and us, being morally unlike and disconnected with them, and not-belonging to the same train of thought, so that we look across a gulf to the Roman ages, and do not realise how wide the gulf is. Yet in that intervening valley lie

Christianity, the dark ages, the feudal system, chivalry and romance, and a deeper life of the human race than Rome brought to the verge of the gulf.

To-day we went to the Colonna Palace, where we saw some fine pictures, but, I think, no masterpieces. They did not depress and dishearten me so much as the pictures in Roman palaces usually do; for they were in remarkably good order as regards frames and varnish; indeed, I rather suspect some of them had been injured by the means adopted to preserve their beauty. The palace is now occupied by the French Ambassador, who probably looks upon the pictures as articles of furniture and household adornment, and does not choose to have squares of black and forlorn canvas upon his walls. There were a few noble portraits by Vandyke, a very striking one by Holbein, one or two by Titian, also by Guercino, and some pictures by Rubens and other *forestieri* painters, which refreshed my weary eyes. But what chiefly interested me was the magnificent and stately hall of the palace, fifty-five of my paces in length, besides a large apartment at either end, opening into it through a pillared space as wide as the gateway of a city. The pillars are of giallo antico, and there are pilasters of the same all the way up and down the walls, forming a perspective of the richest aspect, especially as the broad cornice flames with gilding, and the spaces between the pilasters are emblazoned with heraldic achievements and emblems in gold; and there are Venetian looking-glasses, richly decorated over the surface with beautiful pictures of flowers and Cupids, through which you catch the gleam of the mirror; and two rows of splendid chandeliers extend from end to end of the hall, which, when lighted up, if ever it be lighted up nowanights, must be the most brilliant interior that ever mortal eyes beheld. The ceiling glows with pictures in fresco, representing scenes connected with the history of the Colonna family; and the floor is paved with beautiful marbles, polished and arranged in square and circular compartments; and each of the many windows is set in a great architectural frame of precious marble, as large as the portal of a door. The apartment at the farther end of the hall is elevated



above it, and is attained by several marble steps, whence it must have been glorious in former days to have looked down upon a gorgeous throng of princes, cardinals, warriors, and ladies, in such rich attire as might be worn when the palace was built. It is singular how much freshness and brightness it still retains; and the only objects to mar the effect were some ancient statues and busts, not very good in themselves, and now made dreary of aspect by their corroded surfaces—the result of long burial under ground.

In the room at the entrance of the hall are two cabinets, each a wonder in its way; one being adorned with precious stones; the other with ivory carvings of Michel Angelo's Last Judgment, and of the frescoes of Raphael's loggie. The world has ceased to be so magnificent as it once was. Men make no such marvels nowadays. The only defect that I remember in this hall, was in the marble steps that ascend to the elevated apartment, at the end of it; a large piece had been broken out of one of them, leaving a rough, irregular gap in the polished marble stair. It is not easy to conceive what violence can have done this without also doing mischief to all the other splendour around it.

*April 16th.*—We went this morning to the Academy of St. Luke (the Fine Arts Academy of Rome), in the Via Bonella, close by the Forum. We rang the bell at the house-door; and after a few moments it was unlocked or unbolted by some unseen agency from above, no one making his appearance to admit us. We ascended two or three flights of stairs, and entered a hall, where were a young man, the custode, and two or three artists engaged in copying some of the pictures. The collection not being vastly large, and the pictures being in more presentable condition than usual, I enjoyed them more than I generally do; particularly a Virgin and Child, by Vandyke, where two angels are singing and playing, one on a lute and the other on a violin, to remind the Holy Infant of the strains he used to hear in heaven. It is one of the few pictures that there is really any pleasure in looking at. There were several paintings by Titian, mostly of a voluptuous character, but not very charming; also, two or more by Guido, one of which, representing Fortune, is celebrated. They did not impress me much, nor do I find myself strongly drawn towards Guido, though there is no other painter who seems to achieve things so magically and inscrutably as he sometimes does. Perhaps it requires a finer taste than mine to appreciate

him; and yet I do appreciate him so far as to see that his Michael, for instance, is perfectly beautiful. . . . In the gallery, there are whole rows of portraits of members of the Academy of St. Luke, most of whom, judging by their physiognomies, were very commonplace people; a fact, which makes itself visible in a portrait, however much the painter may try to flatter his sitter. Several of the pictures by Titian, Paul Veronese, and other artists, now exhibited in the gallery, were formerly kept in a secret cabinet in the Capitol, being considered of a too voluptuous character for the public eye. I did not think them noticeably indecorous, as compared with a hundred other pictures that are shown and looked at without scruple; Calypso and her Nymphs, a knot of nude women by Titian, is perhaps as objectionable as any. But even Titian's flesh tints cannot keep, and have not kept their warmth through all these centuries. The illusion and life-likeness effervesces and exhales out of a picture as it grows old; and we go on talking of a charm that has for ever vanished.

From St. Luke's we went to San Pietro in Vinioli, occupying a fine position on or near the summit of the Esquiline Mount. A little abortion of a man (and, by-the-bye, there are more diminutive and ill-shapen men and women in Rome than I ever saw elsewhere—a phenomenon to be accounted for, perhaps, by their custom of wrapping the new-born infant in swaddling-clothes)—this two-foot abortion hastened before us, as we drew nigh, to summon the sacristan to open the church-door. It was a needless service, for which we rewarded him with two baiocchi. San Pietro is a simple and noble church, consisting of a nave, divided from the side aisles by rows of columns, that once adorned some ancient temple; and its wide, unencumbered interior affords better breathing space than most churches in Rome. The statue of Moses occupies a niche in one of the side aisles, on the right, not far from the high altar. I found it grand and sublime, with a beard flowing down like a cataract; a truly majestic figure, but not so benign as it were desirable that such strength should be. The horns, about which so much has been said, are not a very prominent feature of the statue, being merely two diminutive tips, rising straight up over his forehead, neither adding to the grandeur of the head, nor detracting sensibly from it. The whole force of this statue is not to be felt in one brief visit; but I agree with an English gentleman, who, with a large party, entered the church

while we were there, in thinking that Moses has "very fine features"—a compliment for which the colossal Hebrew ought to have made the Englishman a bow.

Besides the Moses, the church contains some attractions of a pictorial kind, which are deposited in the sacristy, into which we passed through a side door. The most remarkable of these pictures is a face and bust of Hope, by Guido, with beautiful eyes, lifted upward; it has a grace which artists are continually trying to get into their innumerable copies, but always without success; for, indeed, though nothing is more true than the existence of this charm in the picture, yet if you try to analyse it, or even look too intently at it, it vanishes, till you look again with more trusting simplicity.

Leaving the church, we wandered to the Coliseum, and to the public grounds contiguous to them, where a score or more of French drummers were beating, each man his drum, without reference to any rub-a-dub but his own. This seems to be a daily or periodical practice and point of duty with them. After resting ourselves on one of the marble benches, we came slowly home, through the Basilica of Constantine, and along the shady sides of the streets and piazzas, sometimes perforce striking boldly through the white sunshine, which, however, was not so hot as to shrivel us up bodily. It has been a most beautiful and perfect day, as regards weather; clear and bright, very warm in the sunshine, yet freshened throughout by a quiet stir in the air. Still, there is something in this air malevolent, or, at least, not friendly. The Romans lie down and fall asleep in it, in any vacant part of the streets, and wherever they can find any spot sufficiently clean, and among the ruins of temples. I would not sleep in the open air for whatever my life may be worth.

On our way home, sitting in one of the narrow streets, we saw an old woman spinning with a distaff—a far more ancient implement than the spinning-wheel, which the housewives of other nations have long since laid aside.

*April 18th.*—Yesterday, at noon, the whole family of us set out on a visit to the Villa Borghese and its grounds, the entrance to which is just outside of the Porta del Popolo. After getting within the grounds, however, there is a long walk before reaching the Casino, and we found the sun rather uncomfortably hot, and the road dusty and white in the sunshine; nevertheless, a footpath ran alongside of it most of the way, through the grass

and among the young trees. It seems to me that the trees do not put forth their leaves with nearly the same magical rapidity in this southern land at the approach of summer as they do in more northerly countries. In these latter, having a much shorter time to develop themselves, they feel the necessity of making the most of it. But the grass in the lawns and enclosures along which we passed looked already fit to be mowed, and it was interspersed with many flowers.

Saturday being, I believe, the only day of the week on which visitors are admitted to the Casino, there were many parties in carriages, artists on foot, gentlemen on horseback, and miscellaneous people, to whom the door was opened by a custode, on ringing a bell. The whole of the basement floor of the Casino, comprising a suite of beautiful rooms, is filled with statuary. The entrance-hall is a very splendid apartment, brightly frescoed, and paved with ancient mosaics, representing the combats with beasts and gladiators in the Coliseum; curious, though very rudely and awkwardly designed, apparently after the arts had begun to decline. Many of the specimens of sculpture displayed in these rooms are fine, but none of them, I think, possess the highest merit. An Apollo is beautiful; a group of a fighting Amazon and her enemies trampled under her horse's feet is very impressive; a Faun, copied from that of Praxiteles, and another, who seems to be dancing, were exceedingly pleasant to look at. . . . .

The gallery, as it is called, on the basement-floor of the Casino, is sixty feet in length, by perhaps a third as much in breadth, and is (after all I have seen at the Colonna palace and elsewhere) a more magnificent hall than I imagined to be in existence. It is floored with rich marbles, in beautifully-arranged compartments, and the walls are almost entirely cased with marble of various sorts, the prevailing kind being giallo antico, intermixed with verde antique, and I know not what else; but the splendour of the giallo antico gives the character to the room, and the large and deep niches along the walls appear to be lined with the same material. Without coming to Italy, one can have no idea of what beauty and magnificence are produced by these fittings up of polished marble. Marble, to an American, means nothing but white limestone.

This hall, moreover, is adorned with pillars of Oriental alabaster, and wherever is a space



vacant of precious and richly-coloured marble, it is frescoed with arabesque ornaments; and over the whole is a coved and vaulted ceiling, glowing with picture. There never can be anything richer than the whole effect. As to the sculpture here, it was not very fine, so far as I can remember, consisting chiefly of busts of the emperors in porphyry; but they served a good purpose in the upholstery way. There were also magnificent tables, each composed of one great slab of porphyry; and also vases of nero antico, and other rarest substance. It remains to be mentioned that, on this almost summer-day, I was quite chilled in passing through these glorious halls; no fireplace anywhere, no possibility of comfort, and in the hot season, when their coolness might be agreeable, it would be death to inhabit them.

Ascending a long winding staircase, we arrived at another suite of rooms, containing a good many not very remarkable pictures, and a few more pieces of statuary. Among the latter is Canova's statue of Pauline, the sister of Bonaparte, who is represented with but little drapery, and in the character of Venus, holding the apple in her hand. It is admirably done, and I have no doubt a perfect likeness; very beautiful, too, but it is wonderful to see how the artificial elegance of the woman of this world makes itself perceptible in spite of whatever simplicity she could find in almost utter nakedness. The statue does not afford pleasure in the contemplation.

In one of these upper rooms are some works of Bernini: two of them—Æneas and Anchises, and David on the point of slinging a stone at Goliath—have great merit, and do not tear and rend themselves quite out of the laws and limits of marble like his later sculpture. There is also his Apollo overtaking Daphne, whose feet take root, whose finger tips sprout into twigs, and whose tender body roughens round about with bark as he embraces her. It did not seem very wonderful to me, not so good as Hillard's description of it made me expect, and one does not enjoy these freaks in marble.

We were glad to emerge from the Casino into the warm sunshine; and, for my part, I made the best of my way to a large fountain, surrounded by a circular stone seat, of wide sweep, and sat down in a sunny segment of the circle. Around grew a solemn company of old trees—illexes, I believe—with huge, contorted trunks and evergreen branches, deep groves, sunny openings, the airy gush of fountains, marble statues, dimly

visible in recesses of foliage, great urns and vases, terminal figures, temples—all these works of art looking as if they had stood there long enough to feel at home, and to be on friendly and familiar terms with the grass and trees. It is a most beautiful place, and the malaria is its true master and inhabitant!

*April 22nd.*—We have been recently to the studio of Mr. Brown,\* the American landscape painter, and were altogether surprised and delighted with his pictures. He is a plain, homely Yankee, quite unpolished by his many years residence in Italy; he talks ungrammatically, and in Yankee idioms; walks with a strange, awkward gait, and stooping shoulders; is altogether unpicturesque, but wins one's confidence by his very lack of grace. It is not often that we see an artist so entirely free from affectation in his aspect and deportment. His pictures were views of Swiss and Italian scenery, and were most beautiful and true. One of them, a moonlight picture, was really magical, the moon shining so brightly, that it seemed to throw a light even beyond the limits of the picture; and yet his sunrises and sunsets, and noontides, too, were no wise inferior to this, although their excellence required somewhat longer study to be fully appreciated. I seemed to receive more pleasure from Mr. Brown's pictures than from any of the landscapes by the old masters; and the fact serves to strengthen me in the belief that the most delicate, if not the highest charm of a picture, is evanescent; and that we continue to admire pictures prescriptively and by tradition, after the qualities that first won them their fame have vanished. I suppose Claude was a greater landscape painter than Brown; but, for my own pleasure, I would prefer one of the latter artist's pictures, those of the former being quite changed from what he intended them to be, by the effect of time on his pigments. Mr. Brown showed us some drawings from nature, done with incredible care and minuteness of detail, as studies for his paintings. We complimented him on his patience; but he said, "Oh, it's not patience, it's love." In fact, it was a patient and most successful wooing of a beloved object, which at last rewarded him by yielding itself wholly.

We have, likewise, been to Mr. B——'s\* studio, where we saw several pretty statues and busts, and, among them, an Eve, with her wreath of fig-leaves lying across her poor

\* Now dead.

nudity ; comely in some points, but with a frightful volume of thighs and calves. I do not altogether see the necessity of ever sculpturing another nakedness. Man is no longer a naked animal ; his clothes are as natural to him as his skin, and sculptors have no more right to undress him than to flay him.

Also, we have seen again William Story's Cleopatra ; a work of genuine thought and energy, representing a terribly dangerous woman ; quiet enough for the moment, but very likely to spring upon you like a tigress. It is delightful to escape to his creations from this universal prettiness, which seems to be the highest conception of the crowd of modern sculptors, and which they almost invariably attain.

Miss Bremer called on us the other day. We find her very little changed from what she was when she came to take tea and spend an evening at our little red cottage, among the Berkshire hills, and went away so dissatisfied with my conversational performances, and so laudatory of my brow and eyes, while so severely criticising my poor mouth and chin. She is the funniest little old fairy in person whom one can imagine, with a huge nose, to which all the rest of her is but an insufficient appendage ; but you feel at once that she is most gentle, kind, womanly, sympathetic, and true. She talks English fluently, in a low, quiet voice, but with such an accent that it is impossible to understand her without the closest attention. This was the real cause of the failure of our Berkshire interview ; for I could not guess, half the time, what she was saying, and, of course, had to take an uncertain aim with my responses. A more intrepid talker than myself would have shouted his ideas across the gulf ; but, for me, there must first be a close and unembarrassed contiguity with my companion, or I cannot say one real word. I doubt whether I have ever really talked with half-a-dozen persons in my life, either men or women.

To-day my wife and I have been at the picture and sculpture galleries of the Capitol. I rather enjoyed looking at several of the pictures, though, at this moment, I particularly remember only a very beautiful face of a man, one of two heads, on the same canvas, by Vandyke. Yes ; I did look with new admiration at Paul Veronese's Rape of Europa. It must have been, in its day, the most brilliant and rejoicing picture, the most voluptuous, the most exuberant, that ever put the sunshine to shame. The bull has all Jupiter in him, so tender and gentle, yet so passion-

ate, that you feel it indecorous to look at him ; and Europa, under her thick, rich stuffs and embroideries, is all a woman. What a pity that such a picture should fade, and perplex the beholder with such splendour, shining through such forlornness.

We afterwards went into the sculpture gallery, where I looked at the Faun of Praxiteles, and was sensible of a peculiar charm in it ; a sylvan beauty and homeliness, friendly and wild at once. The lengthened, but not preposterous ears, and the little tail which we infer, have an exquisite effect, and make the spectator smile in his very heart. This race of Fauns was the most delightful of all that antiquity imagined. It seems to me that a story, with all sorts of fun and pathos in it, might be contrived on the idea of their species having become intermingled with the human race ; a family, with the faun-blood in them, having prolonged itself from the classic era till our own days. The tail might have disappeared, by dint of constant intermarriages with ordinary mortals ; but the pretty, hairy ears, should occasionally reappear in members of the family ; and the moral instincts and intellectual characteristics of the faun might be most picturesquely brought out, without detriment to the human interest of the story. Fancy this combination in the person of a young lady !

I have spoken of Mr. Gibson's coloured statues. It seems (at least Mr. Nichols tells me) that he stains them with tobacco juice. Were he to send a Cupid to America, he need not trouble himself to stain it beforehand.

*April 25th.*—Night before last, my wife and I took a moonlight ramble through Rome, it being a very beautiful night, warm enough for comfort, and with no perceptible dew or dampness. We set out at about nine o'clock, and our general direction being towards the Coliseum, we soon came to the Fountain of Trevi, full on the front of which the moonlight fell, making Bernini's sculptures look stately and beautiful, though the semi-circular gush and fall of the cascade, and the many jets of the water, pouring and bubbling into the great marble basin, are of far more account than Neptune and his steeds, and the rest of the figures.

We ascended the Capitoline hill, and I felt a satisfaction in placing my hand on those immense blocks of stone, the remains of the ancient Capitol, which form the foundation of the present edifice, and will make a sure basis for as many edifices as posterity may choose to rear upon it, till the end of the world. It



is wonderful the solidity with which those old Romans built; one would suppose they contemplated the whole course of Time as the only limit of their individual life. This is not so strange in the days of the Republic, when, probably, they believed in the permanence of their institutions; but they still seemed to build for eternity, in the reigns of the emperors, when neither rulers nor people had any faith or moral substance, or laid any earnest grasp on life.

Reaching the top of the Capitoline hill, we ascended the steps of the portal of the Palace of the Senator, and looked down into the Piazza, with the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius in the centre of it. The architecture that surrounds the Piazza is very ineffective; and so, in my opinion, are all the other architectural works of Michel Angelo, including St. Peter's itself, of which he has made as little as could possibly be made of such a vast pile of material. He balances everything in such a way that it seems but half of itself.

We soon descended into the Piazza, and walked round and round the statue of Marcus Aurelius, contemplating it from every point and admiring it in all. On these beautiful moonlight nights Rome appears to keep awake and stirring, though in a quiet and decorous way. It is, in fact, the pleasantest time for promenades, and we both felt less wearied than by any promenade in the daytime, of similar extent, since our residence in Rome. In future I mean to walk often after nightfall.

Yesterday we set out betimes, and ascended the dome of St. Peter's. The best view of the interior of the church, I think, is from the first gallery, beneath the dome. The whole inside of the dome is set with mosaic-work, the separate pieces being, so far as I could see, about half-an-inch square. Emerging on the roof, we had a fine view of all the surrounding Rome, including the Mediterranean Sea in the remote distance. Above us still rose the whole mountain of the great dome, and it made an impression on me of greater height and size than I had yet been able to receive. The copper ball at the summit looked hardly bigger than a man could lift; and yet, a little while afterwards, U—, J—, and I stood altogether in that ball, which could have contained a dozen more along with us. The esplanade of the roof is, of course, very extensive, and along the front of it are ranged the statues which we see from below, and which, on nearer examination, prove to be roughly-hewn giants.

There is a small house on the roof, where, probably, the custodes of this part of the edifice reside; and there is a fountain, gushing abundantly into a stone trough that looked like an old sarcophagus. It is strange where the water comes from at such a height. The children tasted it, and pronounced it very warm and disagreeable. After taking in the prospect, on all sides, we rang a bell, which summoned a man who directed us towards a door in the side of the dome, where a custode was waiting to admit us. Hitherto the ascent had been easy, along a slope without stairs, up which, I believe, people sometimes ride on donkeys. The rest of the way we mounted steep and narrow staircases, winding round within the wall, or between the two walls, of the dome, and growing narrower and steeper, till, finally, there is but a perpendicular iron ladder, by means of which to climb into the copper ball. Except through small windows and peep-holes, there is no external prospect of a higher point than the roof of the church. Just beneath the ball there is a circular room capable of containing a large company, and a door which ought to give access to a gallery on the outside; but the custode informed us that this door is never opened. As I have said, U—, J—, and I clambered into the copper ball, which we found as hot as an oven, and after putting our hands on its top, and on the summit of St. Peter's, were glad to clamber down again. I have made some mistake, after all, in my narration. There certainly is a circular balcony at the top of the dome, for I remember walking round it, and looking, not only across the country, but downward along the ribs of the dome, to which are attached the iron contrivances for illuminating it on Easter Sunday.

Before leaving the church we went to look at the mosaic copy of the Transfiguration, because we were going to see the original in the Vatican, and wished to compare the two. Going round to the entrance of the Vatican, we went first to the manufactory of mosaics, to which we had a ticket of admission. We found it a long series of rooms, in which the mosaic artists were at work, chiefly in making some medallions of the heads of saints for the new church of St. Paul's. It was rather coarse work, and it seemed to me that the mosaic copy was somewhat stiffer and more wooden than the original, the bits of stone not flowing into colour quite so freely as paint from a brush. There was no large picture now in process of being copied; but two or three artists were employed on small and delicate subjects. One had a holy family

of Raphael in hand; and the sibyls of Quercino and Domenichino were hanging on the wall, apparently ready to be put into mosaic. Whenever great skill and delicacy, on the artists' part, were necessary, they seemed quite adequate to the occasion; but, after all, a mosaic of any celebrated picture is but a copy of a copy. The substance employed is a stone paste, of innumerable different hues, and in bits of various sizes, quantities of which were seen in cases, along the whole series of rooms.

We next ascended an amazing height of staircases, and walked along, I know not what extent of passages, till we reached the picture gallery of the Vatican, into which I had never been before. There are but three rooms, all lined with red velvet, on which hang about fifty pictures, each one of them, no doubt, worthy to be considered a masterpiece. In the first room were three Murillos, all so beautiful that I could have spent the day happily in looking at either of them; for, methinks, of all painters he is the tenderest and truest. I could not enjoy these pictures now, however, because in the next room, and visible through the open door, hung the Transfiguration. Approaching it, I felt that the picture was worthy of its fame, and was far better than I could at once appreciate; admirably preserved, too, though I fully believe it must have possessed a charm, when it left Raphael's hand, that has now vanished for ever. As church furniture, and an external adornment, the mosaic copy is preferable to the original; but no copy could ever reproduce all the life and expression which we see here. Opposite to it hangs the Communion of St. Jerome: the aged, dying saint, half torpid with death already, partaking of the sacrament; and a sunny garland of cherubs in the upper part of the picture, looking down upon him, and quite comforting the spectator with the idea that the old man needs only to be quite dead in order to flit away with them. As for the other pictures, I did but glance at and have forgotten them.

The Transfiguration is finished with great minuteness and detail; the weeds and blades of grass in the foreground being as distinct as if they were growing in a natural soil. A partly decayed stick of wood, with the bark, is likewise given, in close imitation of nature. The reflection of a foot of one of the apostles is seen in a pool of water, at the verge of the picture. One or two heads and arms seem almost to project from the canvas. There is great lifelikeness and reality, as well

as higher qualities. The face of Jesus, being so high aloft, and so small in the distance, I could not well see, but am impressed with the idea that it looks too much like human flesh and blood to be in keeping with the celestial aspect of the figure, or with the probabilities of the scene, when the divinity and immortality of the Saviour beamed from within Him through the earthly features that ordinarily shaded Him. As regards the composition of the picture, I am not convinced of the propriety of its being in two so distinctly separate parts; the upper portion not thinking of the lower, and the lower portion not being aware of the higher. It symbolizes, however, the spiritual shortsightedness of mankind, that amid the trouble and grief of the lower picture, not a single individual, either of those who seek help, or those who would willingly afford it, lifts his eyes to that region, one glimpse of which would set everything right. One or two of the disciples point upward, but without really knowing what abundance of help is to be had there.

*April 27th.*—To-day we have all been with Mr. Akers to some studios of painters; first to that of Mr. Wilde, an artist, originally from Boston. His pictures are principally of scenes from Venice, and are miracles of colour, being as bright as if the light were transmitted through rubies and sapphires. And yet, after contemplating them awhile, we became convinced that the painter had not gone in the least beyond nature; but, on the contrary, had fallen short of brilliancies which no palette or skill or boldness in using colour could attain. I do not quite know whether it is best to attempt these things. They may be found in nature, no doubt, but always so tempered by what surrounds them—so put out of sight, even while they seem full before our eyes—that we question the accuracy of a faithful reproduction of them on canvas. There was a picture of sunset, the whole sky of which would have outshone any gilded frame that could have been put around it. There was a most gorgeous sketch of a handful of weeds and leaves, such as may be seen strewing acres of forest-ground in an American autumn. I doubt whether any other man has ever ventured to paint a picture like either of these two—the Italian sunset or the American autumnal foliage. Mr. Wilde (who is still young) talked with genuine feeling and enthusiasm of his art, and is certainly a man of genius.

We next went to the studio of an elderly Swiss artist, named Müller, I believe, where



we looked at a great many water-colour and crayon drawings of scenes in Italy, Greece, and Switzerland. The artist was a quiet, respectable, somewhat heavy-looking old gentleman, from whose aspect one would expect a plodding pertinacity of character, rather than quickness of sensibility. He must have united both these qualities, however, to produce such pictures as these—such faithful transcripts of whatever nature has most beautiful to show, and which she shows only to those who love her deeply and patiently. They are wonderful pictures, compressing plains, seas, and mountains, with miles and miles of distance, into the space of a foot or two, without crowding anything or leaving out a feature, and diffusing the free, blue atmosphere throughout. The works of the English water-colour artists, which I saw at the Manchester Exhibition, seemed to me nowise equal to these. Now, here are three artists—Mr. Brown, Mr. Wilde, and Mr. Müller—who have smitten me with vast admiration within these few days past, while I am continually turning away disappointed from the landscapes of the most famous among the old masters, unable to find any charm or illusion in them. Yet I suppose Claude, Poussin, and Salvator Rosa, must have won their renown by real achievements. But the glory of a picture fades like that of a flower.

Contiguous to Mr. Müller's studio was that of a young German artist, not long resident in Rome, and Mr. Akers proposed that we should go in there, as a matter of kindness to the young man, who is scarcely known at all, and seldom has a visitor to look at his pictures. His studio comprised his whole establishment; for there was his little bed, with its white drapery, in a corner of the small room, and his dressing-table, with its brushes and combs, while the easel and the few sketches of Italian scenes and figures occupied the foreground. I did not like his pictures very well; but would gladly have bought them all if I could have afforded it, the artist looked so cheerful, patient, and quiet, doubtless amidst huge discouragement. He is probably stubborn of purpose, and is the sort of man who will improve with every year of his life. We could not speak his language, and were therefore spared the difficulty of paying him any compliments; but Miss Shepard said a few kind words to him in German, and seemed quite to win his heart, insomuch that he followed her with bows and smiles a long way down the staircase. It is a terrible business, this looking

at pictures, whether good or bad, in the presence of the artists who paint them: it is as great a bore as to hear a poet read his own verses. It takes away all my pleasure in seeing the pictures, and even makes me question the genuineness of the impressions which I receive from them.

After this latter visit, Mr. Akers conducted us to the shop of the jeweller Castellani, who is a great reproducer of ornaments in the old Roman and Etruscan fashion. These antique styles are very fashionable just now, and some of the specimens he showed us were certainly very beautiful, though I doubt whether their quaintness and old-time curiousness, as patterns of gewgaws dug out of immemorial tombs, be not their greatest charm. We saw the toilette case of an Etruscan lady—that is to say, a modern imitation of it—with her rings for summer and winter, and for every day of the week, and for thumb and fingers; her ivory comb; her bracelets; and more knickknacks than I can half remember. Splendid things of our own time were likewise shown us; a necklace of diamonds, worth eighteen thousand scudi, together with emeralds, and opals, and great pearls. Finally we came away, and my wife and Miss Shepard were taken up by the Misses Weston, who drove with them to visit the Villa Albani.

During their drive, my wife happened to raise her arm, and Miss Shepard espied a little Greek cross of gold which had attached itself to the lace of her sleeve. Pray Heaven the jeweller may not discover his loss, before we have time to restore the spoil! He is apparently so free and careless in displaying his precious wares,—putting inestimable gems, and brooches great and small, into the hands of strangers like ourselves, and leaving scores of them strewn on the top of his counter,—that it would seem easy enough to take a diamond or two; but I suspect there needs must be a sharp eye somewhere. Before we left the shop, he requested me to honour him with my autograph in a large book that was full of the names of his visitors. This is probably a measure of precaution.

*April 30th.* I went yesterday to the sculpture gallery of the Capitol, and looked pretty thoroughly through the busts of the illustrious men, and less particularly at those of the emperors and their relatives. I likewise took particular note of the Faun of Praxiteles, because the idea keeps recurring to me of writing a little romance about it; and for that reason, I shall endeavour to set down a

somewhat minutely itemized detail of the statue and its surroundings. . . .

We have had beautiful weather for two or three days, very warm in the sun, yet always freshened by the gentle life of a breeze, and quite cool enough the moment you pass within the limit of the shade. . . .

In the morning, there are few people there (on the Pincian) except the gardeners, lazily trimming the borders, or filling their watering-pots out of the marble-brimmed basin of the fountain ; French soldiers, in their long mixed blue surtouts, and wide scarlet pantaloons, chatting with here and there a nursery-maid and playing with the child in her care ; and perhaps a few smokers, choosing each a marble seat or wooden bench in sunshine or shade as best suits him. In the afternoon, especially within an hour or two of sunset, the gardens are much more populous, and the seats, except when the sun falls full upon them, are hard to come by. Ladies arrive in carriages, splendidly dressed ; children are

abundant, much impeded in their frolics, and rendered stiff and stately by the finery which they wear ; English gentlemen, and Americans with their wives and families ; the flower of the Roman population, too, both male and female, mostly dressed with great nicety ; but a large intermixture of artists, shabbily picturesque ; and other persons, not of the first stamp. A French band, comprising a great many brass instruments, by-and-by begins to play ; and what with music, sunshine, a delightful atmosphere, flowers, grass, well-kept pathways, bordered with box-hedges, pines, cypresses, horse-chestnuts, flowering-shrubs, and all manner of cultivated beauty, the scene is a very lively and agreeable one. The fine equipages that drive round and round through the carriage paths, are another noticeable item. The Roman aristocracy are magnificent in their aspect, driving abroad with beautiful horses, and footmen in rich liveries, sometimes as many as three behind, and one sitting by the coachman.

## WALKING-STICKS

**W**ALKING-STICK, "a staff or cane to walk with." Such is the dictionary definition of a compound word so frequently in our mouths that we never pause either to consider its vagueness, the utility of the article itself, or its importance as a branch of trade. If we were to understand the words walking-stick in their literal sense, we should conclude that the stick had a voluntary power of motion in itself, and so was intended to assist pedal locomotion. Though our first hypothesis would be entirely wrong, our second, we think, would not be far out, for there can be doubt that the legitimate use of a walking-stick is to assist weakened limbs to bear the superincumbent weight of the body. If this be so, it has in all ages been more or less perverted in a remarkable manner.

Dandies and fops were as well known a century or two back as they are at the present day. And it is due to these and the members of the fashionable world generally, and not so much to the aged or infirm, that the walking-stick manufacture is a special branch of trade of no slight importance.

We do not intend to trace the pedigree of the walking-stick back through ages of anti-

quity, for we might even go far into classical and biblical history, the staff being mentioned both by Pliny and Homer as well as in the New and Old Testaments. It will be sufficient to note how, even in small things, history does repeat itself, for if we compare the mediæval pilgrim's staff with the alpenstock of modern tourists, we find points of transitional resemblance. The iron spike was there for security against slipping, but though the lower part of the staff was strong and of solid wood, the upper part formed a hollow tube in which reliques of saints were carried. This, however, appears in later times to have become a receptacle for various articles likely to be required on the journey. And in our own time, though we no longer make religious pilgrimages on foot, and though our staffs are so reduced in size that we call them walking-sticks, we constantly see them with their handles hollowed out in the form of boxes or pipe-cases, and very recently wooden cases for umbrellas have been introduced, so that when closed the umbrella has the appearance of a stout walking-stick.

That the hollowed staffs of the pilgrims have served science and commerce in various ways will appear from the following extract



from a well-written notice of the walking-sticks in the Great Exhibition of 1851:—"After the pilgrim had completed his votive journey, and returned from Palestine, he commonly brought with him a branch of palm fastened into the top of his staff, as the proof of his travel into Palestine or Egypt. It is, however, unquestionable that the pilgrims' staffs frequently became the receptacle of secular articles. It is recorded by Hollinshed, that in the hollow part of a pilgrim's staff the first head of saffron, afterwards so successfully cultivated at Saffron Walden, was secretly brought over from Greece, at a period when it was death to take the living plant out of the country. The silk-worm also found its way to Europe in the hollow of a pilgrim's staff. So late also as the time of Cervantes certain Spanish pilgrims existed, who had collected upwards of a hundred crowns in alms, which, being changed into gold, they concealed in the hollow of their staves, or the patches of their clothing."

The staff or wand has been in all ages one of the insignia of pomp, rank, or authority, common examples of which may be found at the present time in the parish beadle's staff, the white wands so often carried by officials in public gatherings, and even the keepers of our parks and pleasure-grounds are seldom or never seen on duty without a stick.

A great deal more might be said on the history and uses of the walking-stick, but as our present wish is more particularly to draw attention to their manufacture rather than their uses, we will proceed to show that the production of walking-sticks and umbrella-sticks is one of the large and important trades of London. Not long since we were accorded the privilege of inspecting one of the largest of these manufactories in London, belonging to Mr. Henry Howell, of Old Street, City Road, which, like many other factories where a great deal of work is done with very little outside show, might be passed thousands of times without the least suspicion that a crowd of men were perpetually employed in producing order out of chaos, for to an unpractised eye the sticks in their rough state appear like so much firewood. These apparently worthless specimens, however, are so metamorphosed before they leave the establishment that their most intimate friends would not know them. The principal British woods used in the manufacture of walking-sticks are oak, ash, beech, black-thorn, cherry, maple, crab, and hazel; and though some of these sticks in a finished state are to be bought retail at a few pence each, a great deal of

labour and discrimination is needed to reduce and form them to the necessary shape. Take an ash or beech stick, for instance, the naturally grown branch is probably too thick to be simply straightened, the top curled, polished, and sent into the market, it consequently has to be reduced by rasping, in which process it is shaped. After this it is removed to another department for finishing and polishing, and perhaps before polishing it undergoes a process of artificial figuring and colouring either in a fanciful manner or in imitation of foreign canes; this is done by charring or burning with a hot iron, or by the use of strong acids. The blackest of black-thorn sticks sold at the corners of the banking and assurance streets of the City are for the most part "manufactured" or formed out of ash or similar sticks, imitation knots being fashioned to represent those which are so characteristic of a real black-thorn. The whole stick is afterwards charred or slightly burnt, which of course blackens it; the imitation knots are then rubbed down till the natural colour of the wood is reached, but the principal portion of the stick is left black, and is secured by French polishing or varnishing.

A surprising fact connected with stick-making is the immense trade done in foreign sticks. Tons of various kinds from all parts of the world are constantly arriving in London, and are sold privately or by public auction to the stick-makers; for it is certain no one else would be tempted to buy them. An unpractised person would at once pronounce them valueless. Of course, fashion in this branch of trade, as well as in any other, regulates the demand for certain kinds. At the present and for some time past, pimenta sticks have been in great demand both for walking and for umbrella sticks. For the former purpose they are manufactured into almost every variety of fanciful patterns by staining, carving, and other processes, and the wood being very strong and close-grained, admits of its general adaptation to almost any purpose. For umbrellas, pimenta sticks are very useful, for their rigid nature prevents their breaking or becoming crooked. As imported in their rough state, they are about two or three inches in diameter and from three to four feet long; they are the produce of a tree known to botanists as *Pimenta vulgaris*, which yields the allspice or pimenta of commerce. It is a native of the West Indies, where it is also extensively cultivated for the sake of the well-known berries which are imported in such large quantities to this country.

Lately there has arisen a great fancy among stick connoisseurs for myrtle sticks: these are principally used for umbrellas, and may be known by their rustic and knotty appearance. Some specimens which we have seen have had a singularly fantastic look, and would, we should think, be well suited for umbrellas intended for lending, as the owner could not fail to recognise his property. Myrtle sticks are imported from Algeria, from whence also are obtained various other kinds, some of which cannot fail, by reason of their names, if not from their appearance, to command some amount of interest. Such, for instance, would be the pomegranate and the olive, the names of which seem to take us back to the East in the times of old, and bring up many associations connected therewith.

Perhaps the most prized of all sticks are those of the orange and lemon. These are imported chiefly from the West Indies, and although they can be procured without difficulty in almost any retail shop in London, yet really perfect specimens are scarce, and fetch enormous prices. An orange stick is easily known by its beautiful green bark, with fine white longitudinal markings, and the lemon can be detected by the symmetry of its proportions and the regularity and prominence of its knots. These sticks are considered in the trade as taking pre-eminently the first place amongst walking-sticks.

A very favourite stick, both for the sake of its appearance and its great rigidity, is the rajah cane, and it is largely used for walking-sticks, umbrella-sticks, and handles for parasols. Very little is known of its botanical origin, except that it is the stem of a palm, and in all probability a species of *Calamus*. It is grown in Borneo, and is said to derive its name of rajah in consequence of the duties paid for its export to the Rajah of Borneo.

The celebrated Whangee canes of China, known and admired for the regularity of their joints, which are the points from whence the leaves are given off, are the stems of a species of *Phyllostachys*, a gigantic grass closely allied to the bamboo.

Not long since a new kind of stick appeared in our shop-windows, which was sold under the name of palm-canes. These, instead of being round, are angular and more or less flat. They are of a brownish colour, spotted, and quite straight, without either knob or curled handle. They are the petioles or leaf stalks of the date-palm (*Phoenix dactylifera*).

Another new kind of stick lately introduced from Algeria, and known in the trade as Eucalyptus, is, in reality, the produce of a tree known to botanists by the same name of *Eucalyptus*. The true home of these trees is Australia, where numerous species exist, forming large forest trees, some growing to between four and five hundred feet high. Several species have been introduced into the south of Europe, and found to thrive.

These are but a few examples of the foreign trade in this branch of manufacture. Large quantities of various kinds of sticks are received from the East and West Indies, China, Java, Singapore, &c. The well-known Malacca canes, the stems of *Calamus Scipionum*, a slender, climbing palm, are not found about Malacca, as the name would seem to imply, but are imported from Siak, on the opposite coast of Sumatra. It is remarkable that though the importation of sticks from various countries forms a really important item in British commerce, the botanical origin of a great many is quite unknown. Others have names applied to them in trade which often bewilder rather than help the botanist in the determination of their species.

A person unacquainted with the arts and mysteries of the walking-stick manufacture, or the vast resources available for the purpose, would scarcely think that such plants as the gorse or furze of our commons would furnish material suitable for walking-sticks; and yet very pretty sticks are made from the straightened stems. In like manner the stalks of a variety of the common cabbage, called cow cabbage in the Channel Islands, where it is frequently grown to a height of fourteen or fifteen feet, when trimmed and varnished, make excellent walking-sticks, and are to be seen in all the fancy shops in the islands.

Having cursorily glanced at some of the materials from which walking and umbrella sticks are made, let us trace their transformation from the rough to the finished state. Few, perhaps none, of the British grown sticks are, in their natural condition, sufficiently straight to be used as walking-sticks, these—together with many imported ones—have therefore to be straightened by mechanical means by burying them in hot sand, until they have become so hot as to be quite pliable. In front of the heap of hot sand in which the sticks are plunged is a stout board, five or six feet long, fixed at an angle inclined from the workman, and having two or more notches cut in the edge. When the stick has become sufficiently pliable by



heat the workman takes it from the sand, inserts it in one of the notches, and strains it in the opposite direction to which it is naturally bent, until it is perfectly straight. In this way the most crooked and apparently worthless sticks are made so straight that the result appears almost impossible when we see that the workman has no other guide but his accustomed eye to help him. The most striking results, however, obtained from the application of heat are to be seen in the process of forming the crook or curl for the handles of canes which are not provided naturally with a hook or knob. The workman fixes one end of the cane firmly in a vice and pours a continuous stream of fire from a gas-pipe on the part which is to be bent. When sufficient heat has been applied the cane is pulled gradually round until the hook is completely formed; it is then firmly secured with string, and after an additional application of heat in the form of baking, the curl is permanently fixed. It will be easily understood that this process requires considerable judgment and experience in the workmen, for if too little or too much heat is applied the cane is spoiled, either by having a badly-formed handle, or by its being too much burnt. The under part of the hook, which is of course much charred by the action of the gas, is rubbed down as much as possible and smoothed with sand paper before polishing. The light bamboo handles of ladies umbrellas are all bent in this manner, which accounts for the blackened appearance the insides of the crooks always presents.

Walking-sticks vary considerably in price, from a halfpenny rattan cane to a five, eight, or ten guinea Malacca, which are perhaps the most expensive of all the sticks of vegetable origin. A genuine or perfect Malacca cane should be the natural stick simply cleaned and polished, and it should be of the required length taken from between the natural joints. It often occurs, however, that the joints are too close together to allow of a full-length stick to be obtained without including one or more; these are then rubbed down, so that the stick is made to appear continuous, and the reduced portions are painted so exactly

to imitate nature that it takes an expert to detect a real from a painted Malacca. Though more labour is required to prepare these painted sticks for the market, they can be sold at a much cheaper rate than those entirely of one joint. So correctly are some sticks stained or coloured to imitate others, that they are often really works of art and ingenuity.

Besides real sticks, or those of vegetable growth, such substances as rhinoceros horn, whalebone, tortoise-shell, and others of animal origin, are largely used, and many of them fetch very high prices. The trade in walking-sticks is in a very great degree a home industry. Though they are made in large quantities on the Continent, yet comparatively few finished sticks are imported. Among those imported, perhaps the largest quantity comes from Hamburg, and consist of low-priced painted canes, such as soldiers usually carry, and fancy toy canes for children. German manufacturers also supply our markets to a great extent with loaded life-preservers and corded canes, of which a great many are sold in provincial towns. Paris also, in more prosperous times, has contributed very much to augment the variety of tastefully mounted canes and sticks, and it is to be hoped that the success which their elegant designs have achieved may stimulate our English mounters to a more diligent study of the art of design as well as to a more neat and finished style of execution. There is unfortunately much room for improvement in these respects amongst our own workmen. If our mounters could compete with the French in taste and price, many thousands of pounds which are now spent out of the country would remain at home.

But while admitting the superiority in some of these things of our continental neighbours, it is satisfactory to know that for really substantial and well-got-up natural sticks our manufacturers meet with no serious competition; they supply not only our home demand, but likewise export considerable quantities to the Continent, and more especially to North and South America.

JOHN R. JACKSON.









"THE HIGH MILLS."



"THE SYLVESTRES."

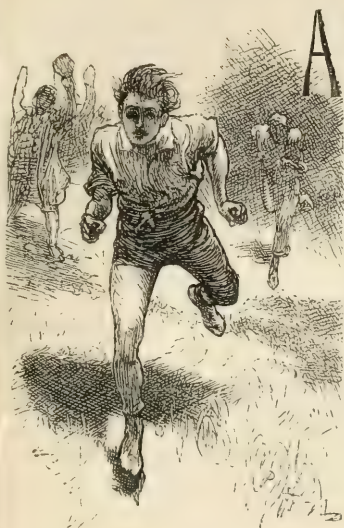




## THE HIGH MILLS.

BY KATHERINE SAUNDERS, AUTHOR OF "GIDEON'S ROCK."

## CHAPTER XV.



*AND then I saw them go on to the mills, and I heard my father's voice in the noise of the sails."*

It was Tuesday morning, and the blind beggar's visit had been on Saturday, and had not been repeated; yet Michael found it impossible to think of him without

those lines from George Ambray's letter ringing in his ears.

He knew well that Bardsley was one of the people whom George had seen in his dream going to the mill with evil tidings of him. He had been unable for the last two days and nights to put from him a sense of George's being near; watching, as he had told Nora he had done in his dream, the threatened mischief to his name and the pure memories of him which lived about his home.

Michael could scarcely conceive an image more tragic than that of the returning prodigal held back by some implacable hand, while his sins alone should arise and go to his father.

Each day since he had first come to the mills his friendship for George had been strengthened. He had known him only in his shame and sorrow; but now the reality of what he was before was felt by Michael almost as well as if he had been familiar with him from childhood.

Bright and healthful memories of George were incessantly gushing up from the past and veiling Michael's stained image of him; gracing and purifying it as the waters of a fountain grace and purify a discoloured and mutilated statue over which they play.

Lamberhurst was full of him. There was scarcely a spot known to Michael which

Ambray had not pointed out to him as the scene of some wonderful performance of George's, or connected with him in one way or another.

That knoll between the pines was "where my son threw Marsham, the greatest wrestler in the country." And after hearing this, Michael never saw the knoll without seeing also a dim sculpturing of forms, among which one only stood out distinct—gladiator-like—beautiful, as the pale face he knew so well must have been in its bright health. The Long Ridge fields were where "that young rascal won the foot-race," and where now Michael could never look and not see the flying figure, the feet scarcely touching the sunny grass, the flushed face certain of success.

It had truly become to him more like an actual than an imaginary object, that figure which haunted Michael's paths, stealing upon him in all places, gliding over the grass in his white cricket shoes. At one time it would be as the admired young athlete, his eyes downcast with the graceful modesty of unrivalled power, at another as the calmly triumphant lover of Nora—so handsome that the vaguest smile, the simplest remark from his lips must needs, it seemed to Michael, be more winning than a year's courtship from one less gifted than this young ideal of his, this wonder growing upon him from the past, for ever increasing and strengthening those claims he already had on him.

Michael had made his hero out of somewhat common-place materials; but owing to the life he had led, which apart from his hard work, had been a very child's life, there was, perhaps, no kind of character so fitted at that time to fascinate his untaught imagination as George Ambray's.

Michael had read so little, had associated so little with minds in a better condition than his own, that he was unfit—not through any natural grossness, but through simple inexperience—to understand, without help, a character whose worth was veiled under misfortunes, either physical or mental. Delicate shades, subtle intricacies were lost upon him; his mind required an idol made on the commonest principles of strength and beauty, and in George he had found this.

To him the ruin of such a man was more tragic than the ruin of a thousand ordinary beings—a thing to be tenderly hidden from



the world, and most of all from the eyes of those who loved him.

With such feelings in his heart for the absent and helpless, Michael could but regard the blind beggar's appearance at Lamberhurst with much dismay and foreboding, even after he had felt reassured as to his own identity remaining unrecognised by Bardsley.

On Monday night he began to hope that the rain, which had fallen heavily all day, would continue, and perhaps weary out the old man's patience, sicken him of his errand, whatever it might be, and cause him to return to his old quarters.

On Tuesday morning, however, he woke to disappointment, for he no sooner opened his eyes than he saw the upper half of the poplar at the corner of the mill-field stirring in golden light, tremulously—exultantly, like the wand of some wizard alchemist in a crucible when a long-looked-for change has come. The first warm weather of the year had set in.

It was market day: and Ambray, Michael, and Ma'r S'one were going to the town on Mrs. Grist's business. In addition to her farm, mills, and hop-gardens, the miller's sister-in-law carried on a small corn-trade, to which Ambray had for many years lent a managing hand. Since his illness Mrs. Grist and the person whom she had put into the little corn shop at the Bay had so mismanaged things that on the day Ambray and his wife went to take tea at Buckholt Farm she begged quite humbly that he would resume his old duties. At first he declined doing so, but the remonstrances of his wife, Michael, and Ma'r S'one caused him to change his mind, and he promised to go to the Bay and look into things as soon as his health would allow him.

This Tuesday was the first market-day that he had found himself able to undertake the journey.

The three set off in Ambray's waggon drawn by two stout farm horses, Michael driving, and Ma'r S'one sitting at the back.

Ambray was very nearly as silent and depressed as his father's old servant, because as they started he had seen the meeting of Nora and some of her friends who had ridden over from the Bay to visit her, and the miller had thought she had blushed and brightened overmuch when General Milwood's nephew stood talking and laughing with her as he held down the fine, angry little head of his black horse. Reports of how much more time than usual this young gentleman had spent at Stone Crouch during Nora's visit there had come to Ambray's ears, and he did

not forget them as he watched Nora beating her pink palm with a rose and talking so animatedly.

Ambray had felt very angry with her as he drove out of the farm-yard, and during all the journey was as gloomy and jealous for George's sake as ever George could have been for his own.

"Look at her," he had muttered to Michael. "Silly flirt! How do I know but what my boy's prospects are going to the ground, being fooled, chattered, trifled away with every leaf of that rose? *Such* a jackanapes too! Ha, I'd like to lay my whip about his shoulders."

"It would be a bad move, master," answered Michael; "they have all their flour from us."

"I wish it may choke——"

"Cline our 'erts!" murmured Ma'r S'one.

The thought that Bardsley's next, and perhaps last, visit to the mill would probably be while they were away was a source of so much satisfaction to Michael, that he enjoyed the journey as he had not enjoyed anything for many months.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

It was four in the afternoon by the market clock, when, the business of the day having been concluded, Ambray and Michael drove to the spot where they had arranged to meet and take up Ma'r S'one.

They found him waiting there. Ambray had fetched his coat, and was crossing towards the waggon, and Ma'r S'one was doing something to the harness at Michael's direction, when all three were caused to turn their faces up the street by a sudden cry.

It was not a cry of acute pain, fear, anger, or entreaty; it was not a cry wrung out by any sharp and sudden aggravation; it was rather such a cry as might come from a creature who, in the loneliness and darkness of night, when no earthly ear can hear, and when God seems further than the stars, sets free some misery that has lain gagged all day, and lets it wail aloud.

It was a girl's voice, and its youth made its anguish the more penetrating and strange.

It did not soon cease, but went on minute after minute till every one in the street stood still and turned and listened, while several hurried towards the spot from which the sound came.

Thus a little crowd soon shut from Ambray, Michael, and Ma'r S'one the object which they had seen when they first turned their faces and looked.

This was the figure of a girl standing at the edge of the kerb-stone with her hands stretched a little forward, the palms outwards, as if she were feeling for the wall on the wrong side of the pavement.

By the time Michael had consigned the reins to Ma'r S'one, and pushed his way with his master through the little crowd, the girl was sitting on the kerb-stone where she stood a minute before, and the cry that still came from her lips seemed duller and more monotonous.

She appeared to be about sixteen years old, and at a first glance Michael thought her but a commonplace, slatternly, ragged creature, differing little from thousands of others he had seen selling fruit and flowers in the London streets.

She was very slight, her ragged clothes hung on her as on a reed; but her face, though it was small, was not thin or pinched with want. The cheeks and lips were at this moment colourless, but it seemed as if colour had only recently left them.

The head from which the bonnet and hairnet had fallen was thrown back, the eyes were closed, the face was uplifted with an expression of intolerable misery.

The girl's clothes were dark and travel-stained, and her hair, of a pale and rare flaxen shade, looked strangely out of place upon her drawn-up brows and over her shoulders, which were pushed up by her hands being rested at either side of her on the low kerb-stone where she sat.

These hands were red and black, as were also the little bare feet resting in the road.

The outline of the up-turned chin was singularly perfect. It seemed, indeed, touched—as the sunshine fell on it—with a most tender spiritual beauty, which made one imagine that some unseen, angelic hand supported it; and kept this creature, so young and so helpless, from sinking utterly in those depths of anguish from which the voice—flowing drearily through the parted lips—appeared to come.

"What's this about? What's the matter with the girl?" asked Ambray of a commercial traveller who stood near him.

"Oh, she pretends she's just been struck blind."

"Pretends?" echoed Michael, indignant, though whether with the speaker or the girl he hardly knew.

"Struck blind," Ambray repeated; "what, just now?"

"Hush," said the commercial traveller.

"Let us watch,—I fancy there'll be some

fun presently: that policeman has his eye on her. I fancy, from what he said, he knows her, and has seen this game before."

"Ah, the young baggage; is that it?" murmured Ambray, beginning to feel resentment at having been duped into a feeling of pity but for one instant; and, with a stern satire in his eye, he set himself to watch with the rest of the crowd—to watch and judge this most wicked impostor or most bitter sufferer, whichever she might prove to be.

She had arraigned herself, or fate had arraigned her, before a set of judges which, perhaps, represented the world about as faithfully as an ordinary court of justice does.

The larger part of the crowd had collected since Ambray and Michael had arrived at the spot; but those standing closely round the girl were simply the passengers through the street who had been all simultaneously stopped in their different pursuits and thoughts, and compelled, by this sad voice, to turn and fix their minds, one and all, on the same subject.

The number of these was about fifteen, and consisted of the commercial traveller, standing by Ambray; three friends, two of whom were poor-law guardians, and one an impressionable old gentleman, who boasted of never being deceived in his first impressions; the watchful policeman; a little tailor, going home disappointed of some money he had expected; a party of young ladies and gentlemen just returned from a yachting excursion; an old farmer and his wife; a clergyman; a tramp of doubtful character; and a little child about three years of age, standing with its finger in its mouth, and the exact same expression of rueful pity in its face as Ma'r S'one had on his as he turned round while standing holding back the powerful cart-horses, meek as lambs against his feeble arm.

The commercial traveller did not put any question to the girl, as most of the others did in turn, but stood prepared, as he had said, to enjoy the fun of seeing an imposture detected, an impostor hunted down. He was a hard-working, honest man, who lost something considerable yearly in actual pounds, shillings, and pence, through not departing a little from his own ideas of honesty. This loss was never absent from his mind, and the only compensation he found—for the world offered him no other—was dwelling on the sufferings of those who had not, like himself, chosen the straight



path. His virtue was as a wolf within him, demanding for its food the tears of detected vice. He was one of those men whom if placed among the sheep on Christ's right hand would find less reward in hearing the words "Come, ye blessed" than in listening to the "Depart, ye cursed" uttered to the goats on the left hand.

Next to this man stood Ambray, who hated law for the simple reason that it had always gone hand in hand with Mrs. Grist against him. This caused him, though his own judgment was hard against the girl, to regard the delighted excitement of his commercial neighbour with much disgust; and he could not help comparing him in his mind to a great blue-bottle fly buzzing with delight as he watched some feeble and pretty creature of his own species entangling itself in a spider's web.

The three friends stood nearest the vagrant—and of these it was the impressionable-looking gentleman who spoke to her most often, and who always appeared more and more convinced of her sincerity and innocence each time he spoke to her, whether she answered him or only continued her bitter crying.

His friends the poor-law guardians did not seem greatly impressed by his opinion. One—the perfection of whose health and toilet showed who and what had been his chief care through life—had clearly written on his handsome face an intimation to providence that, after such a winter as the parish had undergone, he should certainly expect this to prove a case for the prison authorities, and not for the poor-law board.

The person who leant upon his arm was also a rich man, but one who had grown cadaverous and hollow-eyed, and had sickened of his sumptuous fare, his purple and fine linen, in considering the sores and cries of those who came to ask for the crumbs that fell from his table. He was a charitable man whose charity had been much imposed upon; and as he stood looking at the girl none in the crowd doubted her more, and none were so anxious to believe in her and to give her assistance and comfort.

The policeman stood just behind the commercial traveller, whom he had taken into his confidence. With his hand on his hip, he listened with a smile of supreme contempt to all the questions, sharp or gentle, that were put to the miserable girl, and to the answers that she gave.

The disappointed little tailor, with the black cloth—in which he had just taken home

the work for which he had not been paid—twisted round his arm, stood a little aloof from the others, lost in thought. He was too humble-minded a man not to have accepted instantly the verdict of his betters; and one glance at the poor-law guardians, the policeman, and commercial traveller, had convinced him as to the depravity of the creature whose cries had stopped his feet on their sad journey homewards. But though he accepted the verdict undoubtingly, there was a furtive, frightened, but an almost fierce anxiety in his eye as to the judgment that was going to be passed on the offender. He had never seen her before, yet he was possessed by a feeling of which he was greatly ashamed, but which none the less held him to the spot—a feeling that there was no one in the world so well able as himself to offer evidence as to how easy might have been the slipping of these young feet, how terribly hard it is to resist the slime on want's steps when the head is giddy with hunger and the heart sick.

The yachting party had evidently enjoyed a gay little cruise, and were rather glad to hear and believe that the girl was an impostor, and that consequently there was no need for them to put aside their gaiety and look on the matter in a serious light.

The old farmer and his wife took the whole affair as one of the amusements of the town—a visit to which was an utter failure, unless it afforded some such sight. They only removed their spectacles from time to time to wipe them and put them on again, and begin the study of the town impostor with renewed zest.

The tramp of doubtful character apparently had many if not good reasons for keeping behind the policeman as much as possible. He looked very haggard and weary, and carried his boots over his shoulder on a stick that had as vagabond-like an expression as his face. His eyes remained fixed on the young girl, wistfully alert to meet *her* eye, and signal to her with as much force as could be thrown into a wink that, stranger as he was, he considered her game was up, and that the sooner she made off the better it would be for her.

The clergyman appeared also to have come to the conclusion that the girl was acting, but he seemed to be watching the little crowd about her with almost more interest than he looked at her. Perhaps this was because he knew most of these persons pretty well, and was wondering with melancholy interest which among them was fitted to cast the first stone.

He had not the pleasure of the commercial traveller's acquaintance, or doubtless he would have wondered no longer; for, though that gentleman was really too good-hearted to do personal violence to any one if he could help it, yet, as far as *right* went, he would assuredly maintain that he could take up the largest stone at hand and smite with clear conscience and unerring aim straight through the hypocrite's young bosom to her heart.

The little child and Ma'r S'one were the only ones who regarded her simply as being in trouble—who, without inquiring as to the why or the wherefore, turned to each other with faces that said only, with rueful sympathy—"Here are tears!"

"Come, my poor girl," said the impressionable gentleman, trying to control his excitement, and to speak calmly, as he bent down to her, "try and tell us more plainly how this came. Were you crossing the road—or were you here?"

The cry, without stopping, uttered the word—

"Here."

"You were standing or walking here a few minutes since, and could see plainly?"

The crowd closed a little to hear the words with which the cry, still unaltered in tone, was now burdened, and caught such sentences as—

"Oh this darkness! O father! father! Where is my father?"

"I shouldn't wonder if that ain't the old man's cue for coming on," whispered the policeman to the commercial traveller. "You'll see, sir, it'll be as good as a play afore long. The old raskill 'ull come fumbling along with his dog, and pretend to hear her all of a sudden, and call her, and find out she's just gone blind, and there'll be a fine scene between 'em. They've carried on the exact same game at Manchester, Birmingham, and half a score of other places; but we've got 'em now—we've got 'em!"

"You'll be fools if you haven't," observed the commercial traveller. "But the girl *is* blind, isn't she?"

"Yes, sir, bless you, blind as a bat, and always has bin."

"Can you tell us what there is opposite? What you saw just here before you lost your sight?" asked sharply the poor-law guardian, with the florid face.

"The gentleman might be sure she'd been well put up to all that," sneered the policeman.

"Rather!" agreed the commercial traveller. It so happened, however, that both found

themselves mistaken in this matter, for the girl began to murmur about things that were not in the street, and that, in fact, seemed to belong to another place altogether.

The policeman rubbed his whisker with a puzzled, uncomfortable air, these mutterings of churches and factories were not in his programme. He could not understand them.

The bitter voice, dull, monotonous, wailing, still flowed from the parted lips, and for a minute all again listened to it without interruption, while the sea, moaning at the end of the little street, seemed offering solemn attestation as to the truth and depth of its misery.

All this time Michael Swift had been looking on and listening with feelings more strong than any one's in the crowd.

Like the little tailor, his experiences had made him merciful and slow to condemn. Like the impressionable gentleman he was susceptible to the charm of soft flaxen hair and a lovely profile, and like Ma'r S'one and the little child, he could not unmoved see tears pour down like rain.

These weaknesses in his nature acting upon one another caused him to be seized more than once with a very strong wish that the commercial traveller or the policeman might do something that would give him a fair excuse for knocking one or both of them down.

"Now," he heard the policeman whisper as he stood watching them, "here comes the old scamp, sir. Now see if it don't all go just as I said."

Michael, turning to look in the same direction they were looking, saw coming quickly down the street a blind man and a dog, whom, with a sense of vague alarm, he instantly recognised as Bardsley and Jowler.

He glanced hastily from the old man to the girl, and fancied by her face she heard him coming. Her lips and closed eyelids trembled, and she grew much paler.

At first things went exactly as the policeman had prophesied.

The old man came along with a swinging, agitated step, stopping now and then to listen and tremble, and turn himself about with an air of great confusion and distress of mind.

At last he cried out passionately—

"It *is* her voice! Polly, my child, where are you?"

Then suddenly wringing his hands and appealing to the crowd, he cried—

"What is this? Why are you all gaping here? What has happened to my child?"



Why is she crying? Let me come to her. Oh let me come to her!"

The policeman and commercial traveller exchanged smiles as they parted to let him pass between them.

The impressionable gentleman hurried forward to meet the old man, and staying him by laying his hand on his tattered sleeve, explained to him hastily but gently what had befallen the girl.

To the infinite amusement of the policeman and commercial traveller, the profound admiration of the tramp, and the disgust of the little tailor, the blind man appeared to be terribly stricken by the story. He interrupted it constantly with bitter exclamations, by which he managed to make known that this calamity had been the great dread of his life since he had had his grandchild left solely in his charge and dependent on him; that she had been blind once for several years when a little child, but had been cured, though the doctors had warned him she might at any time lose her sight again suddenly. And now the dreaded blow had fallen! Now when he had not a farthing in the world to help her with.

"Let me pass, sir; let me go to my child!" he cried, waving his arms wildly.

"When are you going to put an end to this?" asked the commercial traveller. "To me it's a sort of blasphemy."

"Wait a bit, sir," whispered the policeman, with superior calmness. "Now hasn't it been almost word for word as I told you? Now, you'll see, sir, when he says, 'Polly, Polly, what is this?' the girl 'ull throw herself in his arms and shriek out, 'Daddy, I'm gone blind?' and make everybody cry."

"I have my pocket handkerchief ready."

"Well, I can tell you, you may want it, for she does it uncommon well, sir."

"I am ready."

So likewise is old Bardsley ready. He has made his way to his grandchild, has cried in his best style, "Polly, Polly, my child, what is this I hear?" and stands with his arms outstretched before her.

But here comes something that is not in the policeman's programme.

Polly does not apparently recollect her cue.

Instead of throwing herself in her grandfather's arms and crying, "Daddy, daddy, I'm gone blind!" she does no more than raise herself a little from the pavement by leaning on her hands; then seems to stiffen in all her limbs, while her white face stretches towards the old man, and her lips turn blue in trying vainly to speak.

Another instant and she has fallen to one side and rolled over in the road at Bardsley's feet.

With far less effective dramatic action than he has previously shown himself master of, the old man goes on his knees and raises her. The "Polly, Polly, what is this?" that he mutters in her ear now is not nearly so touching. The voice is sharp, husky, scarcely audible.

The crowd presses nearer. Bardsley turns his sightless face about wildly, for Polly is uttering strange shrieks, strange words. He tries to shut the voice up in the blue lips by holding them against his face, but it rings out wildly—shrilly.

"No more! No more! O daddy, I can't do it never, never, never more!"

"Hush, hush, Polly; Polly, hush!" mutters Bardsley. "She raves, gentlemen, she raves. This sudden affliction has turned her brain. There; quiet, Polly, quiet."

But Polly's fingers begin to clutch about him like a drowning creature's, and her lids open and show her sightless blue eyes rolling.

"Daddy, daddy!" she cries in great labouring breaths. "I seed fire I did—inside my eyes. Oh, I'll never, never! Oh, let me beg—beg all day—but never that—never!"

"Hush, Polly, hush! You wouldn't ruin—you wouldn't. Ah, gentlemen, her brain is gone!"

"Where's all them people? Where am I? Am I mad? I thought I was a-going mad, daddy, I thought—"

"Hush, child! Dear, good Polly—so good—so good to me. She wouldn't ruin me—she'll be quiet. Gentlemen, we will go home. I will take her home. She will be better at home."

Suddenly he seems to grow suspicious, and waving his disengaged arm with a passionate vehemence, cries hoarsely—

"Stand back, I say, and let me take her home! I want nothing of you—not I! I want to take my child home. What are you crowding for? Let me pass!"

The policeman looks back at another one who is waiting a little lower down the street, and who joins him when he has made his way to the blind man and girl.

The crowd closes round the group.

No outcry is heard, only an indistinct flood of protestation from the old man, and soon the little crowd parts, the four go very quietly down the street in the direction of the prison, the girl clinging to her grandfather, and looking white and terrified, but quiet and stricken with remorse, as if her

mind had, under this new shock, recovered itself and become conscious of all that had happened.

The little tide of street life that had been stopped by Polly's voice flowed on its way again.

The impressionable gentleman, who had several times declared that he would stake his life on the truth of a girl with that face, went home too much depressed to speak to any one, feeling himself to have been thoroughly taken in.

The handsome poor-law guardian took his rich, cadaverous-looking friend home to dine with him, and rallied him with much lively grace of manner on his low spirits and poor appetite.

The commercial traveller went away with a smile on his face and Pope's line about an honest man on his lips.

The yachting party went home satisfied that there had been nothing worth making themselves miserable about.

The old farmer said to his wife—

"Now that's over, old woman, let's come and have a look through the telescope."

The clergyman went to wait for the policeman, that he might ask some questions about the prisoners.

The little tailor rolled his cloth round his arm very tightly and went quietly home, where he surprised his wife by sitting up the whole night, keeping her awake with his "stitch, stitch, stitch," and by being for many days so gentle, sober, and industrious, that, as she told her neighbours, she suspected him of having had a fright or a dream.

The tramp, when he saw Polly and her grandfather led down the street, had turned and looked after them till they were out of sight, then dabbed his palm flat against his eye, and went on his way muttering an oath.

Ambray, Michael, and Ma'r S'one, in rather dreary silence, got into the waggon and rattled away over the jolting High Street stones.

The little child left alone suddenly began to wonder what had made it cry; but failing to remember, sat down in the sun and began to sing and play with its toes.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

JUST twelve years before her cries had thus interrupted the business of the High Street at Bulver's Bay, Polly Bardsley had made one of a very different assemblage, and had very different opinions passed upon her.

It was the day when her fate had been

decided—a day when after merciful hands having led her into a better path than she had yet in her blind infancy trodden, her wilful little feet had recklessly and passionately of their own baby will turned and fled back to the very path from which she had been drawn, and which had now led her to the prison where she sat—darkness in darkness stamped on her young face.

It was a grand day at the house where the child's kind patrons had placed her, and where she had been three weeks—that great house the space of which caused her to feel ready to cry whenever her small voice ventured forth and made known to her sensitive ear how very far the walls and floors and ceilings were asunder from each other.

A concert was being given by all the blind scholars for which this great house was built, and of which Polly was by many years, many inches, and many degrees the youngest, smallest, and most useless. She was the lowliest, too, by birth—a very sparrow of humanity, whose fall from light to darkness had been thus mercifully seen and noted by a Divine eye.

All the morning Polly, sitting winding cotton for the blind knitters, had heard the preparations for the great occasion going on.

The biggest room of all, where the great organ stood, had been filled with seats, and the two rooms leading out of that were arranged like a bazaar with the wonderful things Polly's blind schoolfellows had made—the mats, the brushes, the baskets, and the needlework, much of which was too delicate for her little fingers to be permitted to touch, and which she could only hear about till she cried with curiosity.

The blind girls and women had done each other's hair with ever so much more carefulness than usual, and chattered and laughed and wondered if this person and that person would be coming to the concert, till Polly likewise began to have small thoughts and hopes and fears of her own about the coming of a person whose existence in the outer world made that world seem all home to her, and whose non-existence in this place, where she was, made the comfortable house a wilderness.

She had gone into the great room with the others, and taken her place with the singers, under the organ; and all the seats were filled by the patrons of the place and their friends, and other ladies and gentlemen, and poor people too. The organ played, songs and anthems were sung, and speeches were delivered between whiles, setting forth how



much had been done for Polly and her schoolfellows, and how much more was going to be done; yet Polly's heart never knew one throb of gratitude, knew nothing, indeed, but wild throbs of wonder as to whether a certain wicked old man was here—was coming to her when all this should be over, to take her in his arms for one minute.

The old man was there, and was making himself a nuisance to his neighbours, by repeated inquiries as to whether they did not see a little child among the singers.

"Look agen, miss, *if* you please," he urged anxiously to the young lady sitting before him. "She *is* so uncommon small you'd hardly see her at fust."

To please him, the young lady rose, and said, as she sat down again—

"Oh yes, I do see a tiny child, quite a baby; a young woman is holding her hand; but she cannot be four years old, I think."

"Ah, that's her, miss, sure enough," said Bardsley. "Her years ain't took up much room in her. My little grandchild, miss."



Page 313

When the concert was over, and the people went to look at and purchase the school-work in the outer rooms, the same young lady and her blind brother encountered Bardsley buying himself a pair of warm socks and waiting—he informed them—till he might obtain permission to visit his little grand-daughter. They found the old man much distracted between parental affection and anxiety for the safety of his dog, whom he had left in charge of a boy outside the door, and whom he urgently commended to the notice of several persons as they left the building.

"Beg pardon, sir," he was saying to some one as they came up to him, "but would you kindly cast your eye round the toll-gate as you go out and tell the lucifer boy in charge of a small, long-legged tan dog that he's bein' watched, and 'ud better mind what he's about with that ere animal."

Half an hour later, when Mr. Bardsley's new acquaintances were waiting in a little parlour to see some one in the establishment with whom an appointment had been made, a blind lad appeared at the door with old Bardsley.

Not noticing their presence, he told the old

man to sit down, and his grandchild should be sent to him. Directly he had spoken, however, he knew that the room was already occupied, and apologised for the intrusion; but the young lady said she should be glad to see the little girl.

"But why is she here?" she asked. "Surely she is not blind with those pretty eyes?"

"Ah, but she is, miss," answered the beggar, and added, with a sigh, "and what makes it worse, miss, she ain't exactly a so-born, little Polly ain't, so it don't come nat'ral to her yet; but as she begins young, we must hope in time she'll overcome the dislike she 'as to it, and come to look on life as a step and a feeler—which as yet she don't, but runs and falls and knocks her precious little self about, and frets for her eyes as if they'd bin her mother and her father."

"But has she not a father and mother?" they asked.

"Father she's none, sir and miss," replied Bardsley; "and if I could say the same of her mother, better would it be for little Polly, though besides her she's got but me and Jowler in the world."

"She isn't kind, then—little Polly's mother?"

"She beat her, and would have starved her if that 'ud been easy, which it wasn't while Jowler and me could drag our limbs along. But for Jowler's box and my stiffikit, God knows where little Polly would a bin. Under the ground belike along with her father, my poor son, miss, a so-born like myself; took a fancy to by a sight-gifted young woman, as I was myself afore him. She broke his heart, miss—mainly with bad language to me and Jowler, and unpleasing reflections on the box and stiffikit in hard times. When Polly was born, and he heard she was sight-gifted, he took heart again wonderful, and made mats enough to carpet Jerusalem. We all strove for her, but it's hard work striving against a tartar, a drunkard, and a thief. At last she got herself took and transported, and Polly's sight went, and her father sunk under it all, and——"

Here Mr. Bardsley was interrupted by the opening of the door, and the entrance of little Polly herself.

The blind girl who brought her put her timidly into the room, and closed the door behind her.

Polly was indeed a small creature, whose every garment was in itself a wonder. A mere frill of preposterously few inches seemed her black skirt from her waist to the tiny

socks which, tiny as they were, found themselves too large to keep up round the little leg, in despair whereof they fell over the tops of Polly's well-worn boots, where they lay in a limp and helpless state. Little Polly assuredly did not possess the attractions which her grandfather hinted as having been the portion of himself and son. It might be said with some truth, perhaps, that the child's affliction was the only thing which then gave her significance.

Her grandfather had risen at her entrance, and now stood, hat in hand, waiting, listening for her approach as impressively as if she had been a duchess.

The child still remained on the same spot where she had been left, and where she stood with uplifted listening face and little hands clasped before her, patiently waiting that guidance without which she had not yet learned to move. It was touching to see them facing each other without knowing it, and waiting passively each other's assistance. At last the smallest voice imaginable inquired, with a sweet patience, "Is my daddy here?"

At this old Bardsley went to her as direct as if led by the truest of eyes, stooped, took her in his arms, and returning to his chair sat down with her while she lay upon his neck, an arm cast loosely over each shoulder, her face flat against his old coat, in what seemed to be an excess of peace and contentment rather than any childish emotion. Mr. Bardsley prided himself too much on his personal dignity to give way long to the feelings which had overcome him at the meeting with his little grandchild. Drawing down her hands, and seating her on his knee, he began to stroke her light hair with one hand, while he held her small chin in the other.

"You see here, sir, and miss," he said, "you see here a little creetur born to trouble if ever a creetur were."

And if ever a creature looked it, Polly did, with her meekly drooping head, her useless blue eyes, and her small mouth drawn up so tightly as if every breath of life had too sour a taste for it to take more than it found positively necessary.

"And is little Polly happy in this place?" asked the lady, scarcely knowing in what manner to reply to Mr. Bardsley's introduction of her.

A slight turn of the head and a faint flush showed Polly's ear as sensitive as her eyes were dull. She looked for one moment embarrassed and timidly inquisitive, but the next



the remembrance of the value of the few brief minutes she had to be with her grandfather came over her; and turning a stubborn little back towards the strangers, she devoted her whole attention to caressing his hands, his buttons, and his long grey beard.

"Come, come," said Bardsley, vainly endeavouring to make her turn her face, "speak up, pretty. Polly's nice and comfortable here, ain't she?"

Polly leant upon his breast that he might feel the meek little nod which was her answer.

"She has good wittles, eh?"

Polly nodded again.

"And she's a learnin' to read with her fingers?"

At this Polly lifted her head up with the injured dignity of one whose powers had been undervalued, and said, "I can 'ead a lot, daddy, 'out my fingers, 'out a book at all, 'bout Jesus and Herod and Judee."

"Oh, ah, that ain't readin', that's knowin' by 'art, Polly," rejoined her grandfather. "But Polly's agoing to learn to read with her fingers all off pat without stopping, like old Ames that sits in the square with the big Bible, and mumbles the Scriptures when he hears anybody comin'. I dunno how his dog stands it. I know Jowler wouldn't. Well, and Polly stands up and sings with the rest of 'em. My gracious!"

Polly flushed with pleasure, and kissed the button she was fondling.

"Did hoo 'ear me, daddy? I sung in 'Joyful, joyful.'"

"Did I hear her! I shud say so, rather. Well, if Polly didn't ought to be a proud and happy little girl!" said Bardsley. "Why, she's not got a thing to wish for."

This last proved an unlucky assertion, as it invariably is even to the most happy and grateful. It was certainly too much for Polly, "born to trouble." The little fingers engaged in trying to coax the worn covering back over one of Bardsley's buttons, of which they had felt the brassy nakedness, were slowly withdrawn. Slowly they clutched the wee skirt of Polly's black frock, and drew it up and found beneath it, safely attached by one corner, and illustrated with the legend of the rats who decided to bell the cat, a pocket-handkerchief.

It was a handkerchief which, in Polly's sight-gifted days, had been an inexhaustible delight to her and to Jowler; whose sagacity in discovering that it was *that* handkerchief and no other which he was expected to scratch and bark at when she shook it and

said, "Rats! rats!" had always concealed from Polly his utter want of appreciation of the artist's truth to nature. Now that the little washed-out relic of happier days could gladden Polly's eyes no more, she was content to keep it to dry them of their tears, of which they knew no few.

Trembling with that bitter charge of having nothing to wish for, Polly lifted the rats in council to her cheek, and, pressing close to her grandfather, sobbed with more passion than one would have thought sorrow had left in her—

"O daddy, daddy, I tood 'ike my eyes! I tood 'ike my eyes! and I wants to go home, and I can't stay here!"

The old man was much disturbed. He clasped her with arms that trembled, and rocked her against his breast, and the eyes which had never shed a tear over their own darkness, let fall some heavy drops for Polly's. Recovering himself very soon, and trying to make her sit up, he said—

"Come, come, Polly. Why, I never would have thought it. Fie, for shame; what will the young lady think of you?" And turning to her, he added apologetically, "She'll be herself again in a minute, miss. This is what comes of not bein' a so-born, you see."

It did not seem that Mr. Bardsley's prophecy was likely to be very soon fulfilled, for Polly continued crying bitterly in spite of attractions offered her in the shape of a watch held against her ear, a cake put into her hand, and sundry articles from her grandfather's pockets picked up in his street wanderings. Her crying would probably have brought some one into the room soon and caused a sudden and sad ending to her grandfather's visit, if there had not presently arrived a comforter whose loud scratching and barking outside the door made everybody start, and was instantly recognised by Polly.

"O daddy," she cried, sitting up joyfully, "it's Jowler! it's Jowler!"

"Upon my soul if I don't believe it is," said Bardsley with much alarm; "there'll be a nice set out!"

The young lady, who was not so fearful of offending against the rules of the establishment, opened the door, and in burst Jowler.

Polly slid from her grandfather's knee, and meeting her old friend half-way, sat down on the floor to receive his wild caresses, which she answered with smiles and soft little pats. She seemed to think his frantic joy quite accounted for by his possession of that sense of which she was deprived; for as she gently restrained him she said with a tender envy in her voice:—

"Jowler, Jowler, *dear* Jowler, you *are* p' eased. You *see* me, don't yu, Jowler?"

By degrees she got him quiet, so that she might feel him all over, to assure herself he was in nowise changed from the Jowler her eyes had loved.

Jowler stood with lolling tongue gazing round from the corners of his eyes with utterable affection on the little hands that were so inconveniencing him, and submitted to their examination with quite superhuman patience till they came round to his tail, when he offered a gentle but decided resistance.

"And he's bin a good Jowler, has he?" inquired Polly, holding up her favourite by the front paws.

During the twelve years that had intervened between this visit of Bardsley to the blind-school and his visit to the High Mills, some three or four Jowlers had worn out their lives in the old man's hard service. Of these it was in all probability the Jowler of Polly's infancy who was the true hero of the story that had been related to Michael Swift, though Bardsley was in the habit of applying it to any dog who happened to be in his service. The vices and virtues of a live dog must, he reasoned, inevitably be of more interest to the public than those of a dead one; and if he could amuse the public, and even edify it, as he sometimes believed he did by his anecdotes of dog-life and dog-character, he did not see that he harmed any one by letting his hearers believe that they had the true hero of those anecdotes before them. For this reason he had found it necessary to keep to the same name.

When Polly asked about Jowler's behaviour since her absence from home, Bardsley told the story of the "pouncing" and the "stiffikit" in nearly the same words in which he told it to Michael twelve years later.

While he did this Polly sat quiet with a patient, half-weary look on her face. Even in those days it was an old, old story to her.

At the moment when Jowler, after the recital, was receiving the pats and applause of all present, the young woman who had brought in little Polly came back to summon her to tea, and to inform Mr. Bardsley that the doorkeeper was waiting to see him out.

The little one had her arms round Jowler's neck when the summons came. In an instant she was up, kneeling on her grandfather's knee, her hands clutching him tightly.

"Tea, eh?" said he, making a bold effort to quiet her emotion by seeming not to share or

perceive it. "Buns, too, I bet a penny, as it's high day and holiday. My little Polly havin' tea and buns along of a lot of ladies and gentlemen. What yer think o' that, Jowler?"

Jowler only wagged his tail with a pre-occupied air, for he was intent on a bag of biscuits on the table.

"I *doesn't* want tea, and I *doesn't* want buns—I wants you and Jowler," was Polly's cry of misery; and she clung and pressed against the beggar's tough old heart till its slow beating quickened painfully.

Afraid of trusting himself to comfort her, he rose and gave her into the girl's arms just as she was, in her tears and struggles, and she was carried out.

Her grandfather adjusted the string round Jowler's neck, and gave him to understand, by the roughness of his touch, that he was again on duty; that sentiment had been banished with little Polly, and the hard business of life was now to begin.

Polly was put to bed long before it was dark. She knew it was not near night by the talking and the laughter in the work-rooms, and by the vague red glare she saw when she turned towards the windows, for as yet Polly could tell light from darkness, and sometimes see a form or a colour suddenly, and generally but for a moment.

She could not rest. The day's excitement, the joy of meeting Bardsley, the sorrow of parting from him, the playing of the organ, as she had stood so close under it, the over-much wandering and ruminating alone which she had had that day, the crowds, the many voices, the unusual influence of strong tea and coffee which had been given her instead of milk and water on this great and confusing occasion, all acting together on little Polly's weak brain and passionate heart, made sleep impossible—bed a rack.

She got up and crept to the door, from the door to the top of the stairs, and stood listening.

People were walking about still, the organ was playing, the great front doors were open, wheels were noisy in the streets, little children shouted and laughed there—ah, how free and happy Polly thought them! Why should she not go down the stairs and slip away through the great doors—away for ever from this grand place with its awful organ—this wide-roomed house so clean, so good, so dull, so miserably strange? Would any one notice her? All seemed so busy. There were many little girls come with the visitors;



she might be taken for one of them if she slipped out quietly, but then she must put on her clothes, for no little girl would be there in her night-dress, Polly remembered.

She ran back and dressed herself as well as she could, then went to the stairs again, and listened.

Bardsley shared the room which he had occupied since Polly's birth with a bird-seller, known among his friends by the name of "Traps." It happened that on the night of Polly's grand day this person was obliged to be up late, painting two green-finches to sell in the streets as valuable foreign birds. Bardsley, being nothing loth to have some one to whom he could describe the grandeur of Polly's school and Polly's prospects, had kept his friend company; while Jowler, a miracle of patience and self-sacrifice, sat winking and gaping between the two, and trying hard not to look at the birds, which he had had the mortification of seeing fattening for sale on hemp-seed for the last week.

"Traps," said Bardsley, suddenly interrupting himself in his description of Polly's delight on meeting him, "that's the second time I've heard it."

"Heerd wot?" inquired Traps, holding off the painted finch by the feet, and contemplating it with the eye of a connoisseur, while Jowler retired, sick with temptation, to the farthest end of the room.

"That noise," said Bardsley, rising; "like a lot o' people down at the door. There! they're on the stairs; they're a-coming up; they're coming here."

Traps uttered an exclamation which implied their coming was the reverse of welcome to him, and, thrusting the bird into its cage, covered his paints with Bardsley's old woollen comforter, and took up his pipe.

Meanwhile Bardsley opened the door, and found the whole houseful of lodgers crowded round a policeman, who had something in his arms.

It was Polly; and Traps, listening sulkily, made out from the confusion of tongues that she had been found feeling her way along by the pailings, half a mile down the road where the school for the blind was, that she had given her grandfather's address with extreme exactness, and demanded with great energy to be taken there and nowhere else.

Bardsley, with a strange expression on his

face, came and took Jowler's money-box, and emptied out all its contents into the policeman's hand.

He then brought Polly in, and shutting the door in the face of all who would fain have entered and heard the story of her return, stood her on the floor, and seating himself remained for a moment with his face buried in his hands.

Traps caring only that the people had gone, and that the door was shut, opened the cage and resumed the bird and the paint-brush, observing with complacency—

"If this ain't took for a Java sparrer, it'll be 'cos there never was no Java sparrer to come up to it."

"Polly," said Bardsley, suddenly lifting his face, "come here!"

She went and placed her hands upon his knees.

Polly had in her hasty dressing been unable to fasten her clothes round her shoulders, so that Bardsley drawing her to him found them bare. He began to beat them with so heavy and passionate a hand, that Traps in his astonishment obliterated a scarlet spot he had made with great effect on the green-finch's wing, and stared round.

"Traps!" cried Bardsley, almost fiercely, as he stood trembling over Polly when she had cast herself, stricken with terror and exhaustion, at his feet. "Traps, you are a witness as I have done my dooty by this child. I moved the world to get her in that place—you know it, Traps—and now when she's wickedly run away, I've beat her—I've beat her till she's dropt. You see it, Traps, if that ain't dooty I'd like to know what is! But now that's over come to me, my precious—my darling! and let what can part us two agen.

"Ah, Traps! it's no good goin' agen fate. She was born to trouble—which means to me. I tried to put her away from trouble and from me, but it don't do, you see, Traps—it don't do."

The old man put forth the same plea on that night twelve years afterwards, when Polly had cried herself to sleep upon the prison straw, and his own heart and brain were restless and tormenting.

"I tried to put her away from it all," he kept crying inwardly, "but it didn't do—Traps knows it didn't do."

## CLARI IN THE WELL.

O LITTLE fountain of a maiden,  
Sweet to hear and bright to see,  
Now before mine eyes, love-laden,  
Dancing, leaping joyously,  
Still thy breezy bliss a moment, sit thee down  
and look at me.

Look into my face, my dearest !  
Thro' thy shining, golden hair ;  
Meet mine eyes—ah, thine are clearest  
When my image floateth there ;  
Now they still themselves like waters when  
the windless skies are fair.

In that well of limpid azure  
See my baby image beam !  
Deep blue with reflected pleasure  
From some heavenly dome of dream,—  
The clear currents of thy spirit flow around  
it, pause and gleam.

Hold my hand and listen to me,  
Keep that look so wise and old—  
For while that soft look flows thro' me,  
And I love thee twentyfold,  
I am thinking of a story thy dead mother  
often told—

When thou wert a little blossom  
Blown about thy village home,  
Thou didst on thy mother's bosom  
Put a question troublesome :  
“Mother, please, where did you find me?  
how do little children come?”

And the dame with sweet beguiling  
Kiss'd her answer first, my dear !  
But, still prest, she answer'd smiling—  
“In the orchard well so clear,  
Thou wert found one sunny morning, sleeping,  
and we brought thee here.”

With a look as grave as this is  
Thou didst ponder thoughts profound—  
On the next day with fond kisses  
Clinging mother's neck around—  
“Mother! mother! I've been looking in the  
well where I was found !

“Bright and clear it is ! and—mother !”  
(Here thy eyes look'd wonderingly)  
“In the well there is another—  
Just the very same as me !—  
But it is awake and moving—and its pretty  
eyes can see !

“When I stretch my arms unto it,  
Out its little arms stretch too !  
Apple-blossoms red I threw it,  
And it broke away from view—  
Then again it look'd up laughing thro' the  
waters deep and blue !”

Then thy gentle mother kiss'd thee,  
Clari, as I kiss thee now,  
With a wondering fondness bless'd thee,  
Smooth'd the light hair from thy brow—  
Saying, “'Tis a little sister, happy-eyed and  
sweet as thou.

“Underneath the deep pure water  
Dwell its parents in green bowers—  
Yes, it is their little daughter,  
Just the same as thou art ours ;  
And it loves to lie there looking at the plea-  
sant orchard flowers.

“Every day, while thou art growing,  
Thou wilt find thy sister fair—  
Even when the skies are snowing  
And the water freezes there,  
Break the blue ice,—thro' the water with a  
cold nose she will stare !

“As thou changest, growing taller,  
She will change thro' all the years—  
Well thou may'st thy sister call her,  
She will share thy hopes and fears,  
She will wear the face thou bearest, sweet in  
smiles and sad in tears.

“Ah, my darling ! may'st thou ever  
See her look as kind and bright,  
Find her woeful-featured never  
In the pleasant orchard light—  
May you both be glad and happy, when your  
golden locks are white !”

Golden locks !—what, *these* grow hoary ?  
Wrinkles mar a face like this ?  
Break the charm of the old story  
With the magic of a kiss—  
Here thou art, my deep-eyed darling, as thou  
wert, a thing of bliss.

Does she love thee? does she miss thee?  
Thy sweet sister in the well ?  
Does she mourn because I kiss thee—  
Fearing what she cannot tell—  
For you both are link'd together by a truth  
and by a spell.



Darling, be my love and duty  
 Judged by her! and prove me so ;—  
 When upon her mystic beauty  
 Thou perceivest shame or woe,  
 When she changes into sorrow, may God  
 Judge and strike me low.

Thou and thy sweet sister move in  
 A diviner element,  
 Clear as light, more meet to love in  
 Than my world so turbulent—  
 Holy waters bathe and bless ye, peaceful,  
 bright, and innocent.

And in those sweet eyes of azure  
 See my baby image beam!  
 Deep blue with reflected pleasure  
 From some heavenly dome of dream,—  
 The clear currents of thy spirit flow around it,  
 pause and gleam.

O my fountain of a maiden,  
 Be thy days for ever blest!  
 Dancing in my eyes, love-laden,  
 Lying smiling on my breast;  
 Brighter than a fount in motion, deeper than  
 a well at rest.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

## THE NEW REFORMATION AND REFORMERS IN GERMANY.

*A Letter to the Editor.*

MY DEAR SIR,—In compliance with your kind request, made when we met at Ems, I give you the impressions I have recently gathered of the Anti-Papal-Infallibility movement in the Church of Rome, and of the tendencies to Church Reformation which are connected with it.

Munich is, as you are aware, the centre of that movement in Germany; though the movement is by no means confined to Bavaria. The eyes of all, however, who are interested in the matter, both in and out of Germany, and in and out of Rome's communion, are naturally turned to Munich as the spot where the great and venerable theologian, Döllinger, with his able younger fellow-professors, Huber and Friedrich, have been the first boldly to raise their flag, as champions of the older faith against Rome's latest corrupt innovations. This is their stand-point; they emphatically claim that they and their followers represent the "Alt-katholiken," the "Old Catholic" party, as opposed to the "Neuerung," the party of "Innovation." The Munich government also is the one that has, thus far, become most directly involved in the question, which is fast assuming the aspect of a grave conflict between Church and State in Bavaria. This is owing to the vigorous efforts of the ecclesiastical authorities to enforce the new dogma, under threats, in case of non-acceptance, of deprivation of Church ordinances, sacraments, and Christian burial. The same penalties are threatened to all who have signed addresses to Döllinger. So that, at this moment, a vast number of members of municipal corporations, of university professors and students, and of other laymen, with a sprinkling of the more bold among the

clergy, are under the ban of excommunication. The bishops, followed by the bulk of the clergy, have boldly acted in open defiance of the government, and in direct violation of the Concordat between Bavaria and Rome. The Concordat provides that no decree from Rome can be published by them without previous authorisation from the Crown. The bishops were officially warned of this last August, but they have published the new dogma without asking the Crown's consent. The Archbishop of Bamberg has rendered himself specially notable. He is the only bishop who asked permission, and, as more than twelve thousand Bavarian men have recently told their king in a public address, "in spite of the especial prohibition given to him in reply to his inquiry, he published the new dogma last Sunday." His pastoral is eminently bold; his clergy are ordered to announce that all who "refuse belief or obedience" to the decree of the Vatican Council, or "assent to the heresy and rebellion against the Church" of Döllinger, incur the major excommunication. It is no wonder that the address of these twelve thousand laymen goes on to add, "Such acts justify us in giving back the reproof which the Archbishop of Munich flung in our faces, in his pastoral of April 14th, on account of our address to your majesty: we can cry to the clergy and their bishops, 'With you, not with us, is revolt and rebellion.' Jurists are already asking themselves, in what respect the conduct of the bishops differs from that offence which is punishable under our law code, as incitement to disobedience against authorities." They strongly complain that the government has not acted with such decision as to fulfil the hopes it had raised of

standing by those who rejected the dogma. "These expectations," they say, "have been bitterly disappointed. From the public pulpit, in journals under clerical influence, and by the abuse of the confessional, the acceptance of the doctrine, which your Majesty's government has declared to be a danger to the political and social foundations of the State, is insisted on with redoubled vigour." They appeal to one case in which popular sympathy is sure to run strongly with them: "Already, on the Rhine, the rebellion of the clergy has gone so far as to refuse to marry a soldier who, returned from the war, wished to bring home a bride, because his name was appended to a protest against this perilous novelty." The address touches upon one other practical difficulty, viz., the education question. The laymen say, "We see an especial danger in the abuse which many clergymen are beginning to make of the religious teaching in the schools. The child is rightly accustomed to view his teacher of religion as an authority, he believes and follows him implicitly. And to these ingenuous, childish minds, is now taught this dangerous innovation, and the child at school is told that his father at home, who will not believe, is accursed and damned." They declare that pressure of clerical influence is unfairly brought to bear on many: "The man of business—and we have numerous communications to this effect—is threatened with the ruin of his trade . . . Independent and strong-minded men find strength to preserve their equanimity in the face of the attacks of the clergy . . . but anxious minds and dependent people are placed in a most painful position. They cannot believe that a weak mortal should have the Divine property of Infallibility; but they fear for the peace of their house, they fear the ruin of their business, and they decline to go whither their convictions would lead them. We have full reason to believe that thousands and thousands would have signed our address, did they not fear the revenge of the clergy. Yes! we know, in spite of all public declarations to the contrary, that the 'voluntary' submission of many a clergyman is neither conscientious nor earnest. May it please your Majesty to put yourself at the head of the spiritual fight against Latin (*wälschen*) presumption and Latin ignorance, as your majesty was the first to raise your standard in worldly battle against the enemy of the empire." This striking address shows how vigorously the ecclesiastical efforts are being withstood by the educated laity; this is

specially the case in the great cities, where they are openly headed by the magistracy. Another practical difficulty already looming is that of marriages. The bishops have attempted to depose anti-infallibilist clergy whom the State is sheltering in the discharge of their parochial ministrations. Hence the validity of marriages solemnised by them will probably be called in question. All these are questions closely affecting the laity, on which, therefore, they are bringing pressure to bear upon the government, in defence of their constitutional rights and the peace of the State, which they see gravely threatened by the enforcement of the new dogma. Thus, in Germany, the question is no longer one of purely theological or speculative interest alone; it has entered the practical domain of daily life, and is fast rousing popular attention. Meanwhile, the impulse given by the Munich movement is felt, out of Germany, by that school in Italy, France, and throughout Rome's communion, which yearns for some return to primitive purity, and for the restoration of the primitive *constitutional régime* of the Church, in lieu of the Papal despotic sway over the Church which has culminated in the new dogma. I have recently seen many instances of this in Italy. In Rome itself, a few weeks ago, I was thankful to find Père Hyacinthe doing all in his power, in conjunction with Italian and other friends, to draw together the sympathies of this school, so as to promote the efficient co-operation of their scattered forces in support of Döllinger's movement, and of the aims he himself put forth in his stirring "Appeal to the Catholic bishops."

Not knowing how far you may be familiar with the *personnel* of the Munich trio, let me venture briefly to sketch them. I have spoken above of Dr. von Döllinger as their "venerable" leader; this epithet he justly deserves from his age—more than threescore and ten years—as well as from the high position he has long held both in Church and State. Provost of the Chapel Royal, a member of the Chamber of Peers, reputed *facile princeps*, the foremost University Professor of Ecclesiastical History in his own Church, he holds a position, worthily backed by blameless life and earnest devotion, which has long caused him to be looked on as a main pillar of Rome's communion, both in and out of Germany, whilst esteemed and venerated by his countrymen, from the king downwards. His temperament, however, is not that of an ardent popular leader. He is not a Savonarola, or a Luther, not one of the



men formed to raise and move great masses of his fellows, by voice, and mien, and stirring action. He has not, I believe, been a great preacher. His study has been his field. From profound and accurate learning have been drawn his weapons—lectures and books. He is said to be possessed of rare caution and prudence; his recent move, however, has thoroughly proved his quiet firmness and courageous decision when he felt the need for its manifestation came. The journals have reported him as saying, on hearing of his excommunication, "The grave is open at my feet; God helping me, I will not go down into it with a lie in my right hand," by accepting this false novelty of faith. Such is the venerated old man whose name, as a standard-bearer, is a tower of strength to his followers in this conflict.

Professor Döllinger has visited England several times, and speaks English perfectly; he has many influential English friends, and is acquainted with some of the most eminent members of the Anglican Church. He counts not a few adherents of the "Old Catholic" school in England. Some among recent English converts thoroughly sympathise with him; Dr. Newman does not, however, side with this movement. Newman said, you remember, if Papal Infallibility were declared, he should "bow his head and feel that Providence had decreed the retarding of the Church's triumph for ages;" it would seem he has taken refuge in his old theory of development for the quieting of his conscience on this point. Döllinger is keenly alive to the influence of Rome's ultramontane policy in our own affairs—the difficulties it has caused, and probably may still cause, in Irish National Education and other mixed politico-religious questions.

In the same quiet street, and in the same house as Döllinger, also resides the much younger theologian, Friedrich, Döllinger's friend and *aide-de-camp*, and, like himself, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Munich. He looks scarcely thirty, gentle, modest, almost shy in bearing. His position in Rome during the Council attests his learning, as his frank, courageous resolution to withstand Rome's efforts to enforce novelties in faith is attested by his recent appeal to the government to allow him to continue to officiate in the Chapel Royal (of the chapter of which he is a member) despite his excommunication, which he holds null and void. He again, thus far, does not appear to have evinced the gifts of a popular leader. You probably know that

to Professor Friedrich, in conjunction with our countryman Lord Acton, are mainly attributed the "Letters of Quirinus," written from Rome during the Council, which raised such ire in the Vatican, that Friedrich's connection with the Bavarian embassy alone saved him from expulsion from Rome.

Professor Huber is the "lay element" of the Munich trio. He looks hardly forty; a man of manifest energy and activity of temperament, with a face bespeaking prompt, resolute decision. He is a Professor of Philosophy in the University of Munich. To Döllinger and Huber is attributed the joint production of "Janus." Professor Huber is the active man of business, the practical organiser of the movement. So far as it has spread through Germany, he may be said to hold the threads in his hands, as he is the channel for receiving and exchanging communications from and with the various parts of the country in which the leaven is working. I cannot but think it a happy thing that Professor Huber is a layman. That a lay professor of philosophy should be moved by profound religious convictions and sense of religious needs to throw himself heartily into this movement, is a fact likely to carry weight with laymen in many instances; whilst his hearty loyalty to his venerable chief, and effective co-operation with him, is a happy omen for the cordial co-operation of clergy and laity in this struggle. I listened with great interest to Professor Huber's forcible, earnest exposition of his views. He feels that society is threatened with serious dangers from wild, perilous theories, political and social, as well as moral and religious. He feels the great danger of prevalent religious indifferentism, and the rapid growth of "materialism" and the consequent destruction of the sense of moral responsibility, specially among students. Whilst feeling that no society, no State, can continue to hang together without the influence of religion, he equally feels the hopelessness of trying to reconcile modern Ultramontane Romanism with modern science and modern thought and convictions in free constitutional States. Hence he is convinced of the urgent need of a reform in the Church, as the only hope of reconciling religion and country, faith and science. He described also the three main elements which have, thus far, entered into the German anti-infallibility movement:—

I. The theologians who take the grounds of holy Scripture, tradition, and ecclesiastical history, as irreconcilable with Rome's new dogma. The Munich men are supported by



PROFESSOR FRIEDRICH.—DR. DÖLLINGER.—IR. H. H. H.



theologians, mostly university professors, from Bonn, Braunsberg, Breslau, Coblenz, Cologne, Prague, and other places. The most notable of them, thus far, is Professor Michelis, of Braunsberg, who is vigorously exerting himself to popularise the movement, by delivering public addresses in many of the large towns. A number of these men met recently in Munich, under Döllinger's presidency, and entrusted him with the drawing up of their joint reply to the joint pastoral of the German bishops. This reply is expected to announce their proposals for reforms in the Church. The "Committee of Action" of the "Old Catholic" party is not, however, confined to these men; Lord Acton is reported as taking part in its recent deliberations. It has also protested against the excommunication of all who signed addresses to Döllinger.

II. The liberal Catholic laity, including many men of high social and official position, who look at the question by no means only from the theologian's point of view, but rather as politicians and citizens, who are keenly alive to the risks to the peace and welfare of the State and of civil society, from the interference of a foreign, irresponsible, despotic head of the Church, one who can say of the Church, as Louis XIV., or the Czar, said of the State, "The Church am I," and whose "infallible" utterances, if akin to those of many former notorious papal *ex cathedra* bulls, may at any time gravely trouble kingdoms and peoples. Some high officials of this class have recently petitioned the king to put the law in force in order to restrain the clerical power in its transgressions of the Bavarian constitution, and thus to protect them as members of the Church as well as of the State. This phase of the question naturally interests the jurists, such as Berchtold, Extraordinary Professor of Law in the University of Munich, whose recent pamphlet on "The Incompatibility of the new Papal Dogma with the Bavarian Constitution," is attracting considerable attention. The *Allgemeine Zeitung* is bringing out a series of learned articles on this subject; the question is pertinently asked whether the bishops alone are to be allowed to violate the fundamental laws of the constitution with impunity. Another pamphlet on "The Duty of the State in respect to the Church Schism in Bavaria," strongly advocates the restoration of the rights of the laity in the Church as "the most effective barrier against further incursions of the priestly power."

III. The "Progressist" political party throughout Germany is showing great interest in the movement, and helping to back it. This party, however, is by no means identified with the Roman Church; it includes many outside of Rome's fold and of Anti-Roman views both in religion and politics. The programme floating before the minds and hopes of this party is much more "advanced" than that of party No. II., the members of which, generally speaking, are strongly Conservative in politics and religion, whilst the "Progressists" include men of democratic tendencies in politics and "free thought" in religion. Naturally, therefore, there are considerable divergencies of sentiment and aim among these three elements, though all alike are decidedly opposed to Papal encroachments in Church and State. No one, for example, is more firm than Döllinger himself, in his grounds of opposition as a citizen of a free State in addition to the other grounds he has openly taken up in his Protest: viz., "as a Christian, a Catholic, a Theologian, Historian, Philosopher, and Citizen." An encroachment which admits of strenuous opposition from such a variety of quarters must, we may well hope, eventually fall before their combined forces. You will now readily see how in a State like Bavaria, which for ages has been thoroughly interpenetrated by the dominant influence of the Church of Rome, in every relation of life, public, social, and domestic, the sudden introduction of a new claim to "infallible" guidance of that Church by the Roman Pontiff alone must stir a number of politico-religious questions vastly affecting the interests of all classes, and thus cause no small stir in the public mind.

This is what is now going on in Bavaria and other parts of Germany. In a recent number of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, Professor Frohschammer thus sketches the present position: "The peculiar ground of the opposition is the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope, and of his absolute and direct lordship over all bishops and the whole Church. This infallibility is now in all mouths; whether the Pope be fallible or infallible is now the theme of speech and strife, in house and street, between educated and uneducated, as in the time of the Arian controversy the people everywhere and during their business occupations were dogmatising on the generated or non-generated Being of the Son." Certainly a stranger will not notice in the quiet streets of Munich such signs of popular commotion as we are wont to associate with the great Arian controversy. Still, tokens are not

wanting of wide and deep stir. Witness the address of the twelve thousand already referred to. Since then, Professor Michelis has held a meeting in Munich; an American friend, of German family, thus describes to me the scene: "I attended the meeting at the Schannenhalle, very much crowded, perhaps two thousand present, interested enough to stand for two hours listening to Professors Michelis and Huber speaking against Papal Infallibility and claims to universal jurisdiction, also against the confessional, and the Virgin idolatry brought upon them by Rome. The German laity are taking these things in a very different way from the Italian." This shows how fast the question is growing beyond the limit of the Pope's infallibility alone, and entering on a wider field of Church reformation.

The prominence given to the confessional, in the Munich meeting and on other occasions, in the present movement is remarkable. The address of the twelve thousand openly alleges "abuse of the confessional;" further they say, "Wives' hearts are used to attack their husbands, the father is cursed in the child's presence; and not alone is it sought to work upon the weaker nature of women in the confessional, these efforts are supplemented by officious letters, by intrusive visits." These efforts have been directed to prevent protestations against the new dogma, or to induce those who have protested to recall their protest. The *Cologne Gazette* draws attention to the instructions given by the Archbishop to those of his clergy, in the diocese of Cologne, in whose parishes reside Catholics who have protested against the new doctrine, to send in a report, after Easter, with the numbers of those who adhere to the protest and those who recall the same. It then asks how this can be reconciled with the sanctity of the seal of confession; evidently considering confession, just before the Easter Communion, the obvious means of extracting the desired information. The enthusiastic and unanimous reception given to Professor Michelis at the Munich meeting has been by no means his universal experience. In several places he has encountered keen Ultramontane opposition; the lower orders have been stirred up against him; he has once been mobbed in the street, and the police had to interfere. As in St. Paul's day, however, the "great door opened" proves none the less "effectual" for having "many adversaries" clustered round it; such adversaries render powerful help eventually in quickening interest in the

disputed question, and promoting further inquiry among hearers and neighbours.

The municipality of Aix-la-Chapelle are reported to have declined Professor Michélis' request for a room to lecture there, with the discreet hint, "We have no soldiers here." In Munich, popular representations in the theatres show which way the wind blows. I noticed that one play-bill on the street walls appeared to attract special interest; it was a new play, "The Last Jesuit." Not being a play-goer, I can't testify as an eye-witness, but I understand this draws crowded houses, and that one of its most popular hits is, "Their Reverences of the Order of Jesus own Rome as their Fatherland; anything good comes rarely from thence." Hits against the Archbishop, improvised variations of stage dialogues, have been uproariously applauded by large audiences, even in the king's presence.

One day, at the entrance to the University, where the professors' notices to students are hung, I was looking with interest at the autographs of these learned men; I noticed also that a student's address to Döllinger was lying for signature at the lodge; a good-natured student came up and showed me at a glance the sides respectively taken by the professors.

Barring the two excommunicated theologians, and one other "rather disposed" to sympathise with them, the remaining small number of professors of that faculty were arrayed against Döllinger. The whole of the other professors, of all faculties, without a single exception, if my memory serves me right, were for Döllinger. Seven hundred students, my student guide assured me, had already signed the address, and the great majority would do so. So far as I have been able to learn, a glance at the entrances of the other Germany universities would show like results. The Munich students wished to honour Döllinger with one of their characteristic torch-light processions and serenades, but this the professor deemed it better to decline. The school children are said to be taking sides, as well they may, for they find their catechisms are being fast changed, whilst they see their teachers sometimes getting a knock from one side, sometimes from the other.

The Bavarian catechisms were all drawn up in disbelief of the Pope's infallibility; they did not go so far as some of our Irish authorised Roman Catholic catechisms of bygone days, which roundly asserted the infallibility of the Pope alone to be a Protestant invention and slander; nor have Bavarian



bishops ever had cause for repudiating the doctrine so vigorously as did our Irish Roman Catholic bishops before the passing of the Relief Act in 1829. Still, the whole school and clerical education of Bavaria, and Germany generally, was distinctly based on non-acceptance of Papal infallibility. Hence, two years ago, when the council was looming, I well remember Professor Döllinger foretelling a complete revolution in their national schools and clerical teaching, on this point, as one of the first results that must follow. The bishops are now working at this; the new Catechism, in process of re-compilation, flatly contradicts the old, by declaring the new dogma binding, which was rejected before. It is not wonderful the school-children's notions of "infallible" guidance should be confused and conflicting. Moreover, whilst one head master of a public school (at Heiligenstadt) has been summarily excommunicated by his bishop for writing a pamphlet "against the New Doctrine that the Pope is Infallible," another in Munich, the day before I left, was summarily dismissed by the Minister of Public Instruction, for setting the Pope's infallibility as a theme for his Latin classes; he being an open and vigorous advocate of it. This last is an important case, as showing the strong feeling of the laity and its influence on the government. Dr. Streher, the schoolmaster in question, held an important position as Rector of the Wilhelms Gymnasium and teacher of religion in the Girls' High School. He publicly read the archbishop's pastoral and sentence of excommunication against Döllinger, and also preached on the new dogma. The Munich magistrates insisted on his dismissal as religious teacher; moreover, a strong hint was given that the city would not support the school if Dr. Streher were retained. The magistracy also came to a resolution that all teachers in the girls' schools should be required to promise not to teach the infallibility dogma, or should be removed. A ludicrous result of the excommunication of another anti-infallibilist teacher is reported from Braunschweig. The bishop forbade the scholars to attend his lessons. Some of these lads were "Poor Scholars" in a priest's seminary; they snapped their fingers at the prohibition, and went again to this teacher's class. On this, the authorities of their seminary seized their clothes, and would not give them up till the lads signed an agreement to pay the cost of their support. The poor scholars went off to the burgomaster to complain. He apparently thought "all's fair in war," and ad-

vised them to sign the agreement, as it could not lawfully bind them as minors. So they got their clothes, and one of them was soon seen trundling a barrow through the streets, containing his few worldly goods, in search of a more tolerant home. Professor Michelis went recently on a tour to some of the principal cities of Austria, from whence many tokens of sympathy have been sent to Döllinger. The municipality of Vienna was one of the first to send a hearty address, which, after full discussion, was carried by an overwhelming majority, despite vigorous opposition from the clerical party, headed by a priest. From Gratz two distinct utterances came out simultaneously; the bishop headed a deputation to Rome, comprising some of his clergy and laity of divers ranks and both sexes, who carried an address of condolence to the Pope and a handsome contribution of "Peter's Pence;" whilst the municipal authorities, students, and many others forwarded their cordial congratulations to Döllinger. Thus a variety of incidents abundantly confirm the accuracy of Professor Frohschammer's sketch of the "Speech and Strife" the new dogma has evoked throughout Germany, though a passing foreign observer might not readily note many of them on the surface.

It is too early in the day for those most deeply interested in this movement to venture to forecast its probable extent, duration, or eventual issues, consequently it would be presumptuous in an "outsider" to venture on such a task. Certain it is that, so far as Germany is concerned, no such deep and wide-spread commotion in the bosom of the Roman Church itself has occurred since the Reformation; none which has so directly touched the interests of the laity and been so keenly felt by them; none which has, thus far, arrayed the bishops and the bulk of the clergy in such striking opposition to some of the most learned, able, devoted, and esteemed members of their own order, backed by the mass of the more highly educated laity. It is, in fact, a struggle between absolute, unreasoning submission to bold modern claims of despotic papal authority, on one side, as the only means of upholding the unity, power, and influence of the Roman Church, and retaining its hold over the State and civil society; and, on the other, a reasonable, enlightened loyalty to the ancient constitution of the Church, and to its older faith, as opposed to modern corrupt innovations. This is the real issue at stake. Both sides alike feel that the infallibility dogma is not the only issue; that it is but the culminating

act in a long series of events and tendencies which the one side hopes must issue in the triumph of the principles of the "syllabus," as enunciated by the "infallible" Roman Pontiff, to be humbly accepted, without question, by his followers; whilst the other side feel the hopelessness of reconciling such Church principles with the progress of knowledge and freedom, and see that the only hope of Christian faith and worship retaining their hold over educated people lies in a reformation which shall restore the Church to its ancient free constitution, and remove many existing corruptions. No programme of definite points aimed at by the reforming party in Germany has yet been published; one is shortly expected from Döllinger's pen on behalf of his brethren. His well-known prudence and patient caution give assurance that he will be very moderate in these aims. Mariolatry and abuse of confession have already been dwelt on in the Munich meeting. Points affecting the organisation of the Church will, probably, first engage attention. Thus the primacy of the Bishop of Rome, a primacy of honour and dignity, accorded to him as the centre of unity, and "primus inter pares" among his brother bishops, in lieu of his present "czar-like" claims to sole jurisdiction and dominion, will, probably, in some shape or other, be aimed at.

The restoration of the ancient diocesan and provincial rights and independence of bishops would naturally flow from such reduction of the present exorbitant papal claims. At present, bishops are reduced to be the abject dependents and vassals of the pope, and really act but as delegates, whose powers and prerogatives may at any time be revoked by him. Thus they have lost nearly all their ancient episcopal attributes, and are simply papal functionaries. This has been secured by two fetters:—(1.) the oath of vassalage, which binds them to uphold the regalia of St. Peter, including the temporal power; (2.) the "quinquennial powers," whereby they are bound to resign into the pope's hands, every five years, their main powers, and receive them afresh from his hands. By a process of compensation, whilst bishops are thus wholly dependent on Rome, they are endowed with analogous despotic power over their clergy. Thus every link in the chain is secured to the foot of the papal throne. Meanwhile, the laity have lost nearly all their ancient share in the constitution of the Church, except the privilege of sustaining it. Any effective reformation must restore both the laity and presbyters to their old

rights, as, e.g., to some effective voice in the choice of bishops and parochial clergy, and the general administration of church affairs. These points we may expect to see form subjects of discussion sooner or later.

The education of the clergy will, doubtless, become a grave question. Rome steadily aims at concentrating the training of her priesthood in seminaries isolated from contact with what she holds the dangerous, "free" atmosphere of the old universities. The German clergy hitherto have enjoyed the benefit of university training to a far larger extent than their Italian or French brethren. The consequence has been a greater breadth of view and greater moderation as well as higher learning. Rome finds this very inconvenient as a training for a wholly docile priesthood. She has been working, of late years, to change the current. She skillfully represents that the genuine, pure "Catholic sentiment" can only be instilled and nurtured in her own seminaries, carefully shielded from all contact with the heretical elements to be found in the open field of university life. The reforming party feel that Rome's efforts in this direction are pregnant with mischief; they dread the results of exclusive seminary teaching, and would have it only supplement, not supplant the old system of general university training. Jesuit teaching finds no favour in their eyes.

Père Hyacinthe has repeatedly and emphatically urged—(1.) the restitution of the holy Scriptures to the people, (2) the abolition of the enforced celibacy of the clergy, as two points of vital importance. He dwells upon these in his recent "Appeal." I know that many Italian clergy and laity who, like Père Hyacinthe and their German brethren, yearn for a reformation, not the destruction, of their old historic Church, cordially desire these points. They dwell also on the need of worship in the national tongue, and reforms in the breviary.

I have ventured to indicate the above points, not because I expect to see them embodied in any immediate programme by the "Old Catholic" party in Germany, but because, during frequent intercourse with Italian and other continental Church reformers, I have always found such points floating in their minds, with more or less distinctness, as essential features. We may, therefore expect them, sooner or later, to be raised, as the movement advances. In 1848, when a momentary cry arose in Germany analogous to that of "Free Church in Free State," which has become current in Italy,



most of the above points, with others, were forcibly urged in a remarkable work, entitled "The Actual State of the Church," by Hirscher, then dean of the cathedral of Freiburg, and also of the theological faculty of that university. His book caused no small stir in Germany, and was also translated into French and Italian. A more recent Italian version, by Count Tasca, has been extensively spread among Italian Church reformers, and most of its points have been discussed in their journals. A learned theologian in Rome recently told me he had met with no work that so truly sketched the condition of the Church and its needs. It has, I know, been similarly appreciated by many others in Italy. Rome, however, promptly condemned this work, and forced Hirscher to outward submission, though he never gave up his convictions. The actual state of the Church in Germany and France has meanwhile undergone little change, except in more advanced ultramontane direction, as indicated by Rome's last two new dogmas of the Immaculate Conception and Papal Infallibility. Consequently, proposals analogous to Hirscher's are not likely to be felt less needful by the reforming party now. But Rome lends no ear to such proposals. *Non possumus* is her only reply. The political reaction after 1848 was followed by speedy suppression of Hirscher's ideas. Rome then had powerful political supporters in Germany, France, and Italy. How marvellously changed are all the conditions of the problem in 1871! I must not attempt now to dwell on them. An attentive perusal of the diplomatic correspondence that passed between Italy and the other courts of Europe last autumn, when Italy became mistress of Rome, best shows how, one after another, every political prop crumbled under the Pope's temporal throne; in no countries was this more manifest than in Austria, France, Spain, Bavaria, and Belgium, on which the Papacy had so long been wont to lean. One point is patent to all. Had the fortune of war been reversed in 1866, and again lately; had it gone, as Rome fervently prayed and fully hoped it might, in favour of Austria and France, the movement of Döllinger and his followers could hardly have reared its head. It would, probably, have been crushed out as promptly, and apparently as effectually, as Hirscher's. An eminent professor in Munich, whose position precludes him from taking part in this movement, lately remarked to me, "Had France won in our late war, humanly speaking, nothing

could have saved Bavaria from a thorough reaction in politics and religion. Everything was in train for Bavaria to become the head-quarters, the focus, of Jesuit influence in Germany. For a moment, on the eve of the war, we trembled in the balance; but our king nobly stood by us; the crisis is past, and we feel safe. Hard as the Pope may, and doubtless will, fight, he will not get his way here in the long-run. United Germany will prove the means, under God, of taking the sting out of the papal system." Such are the feelings and hopes of many in Germany, shared by not a few in Italy, and by some in France, whom Père Hyacinthe so nobly represents; they will find a hearty echo amongst ourselves. The great difficulties of the task are not overlooked by those engaged in it. They are fully alive to the enormous forces, spiritual and material, wielded by Rome, in most skilfully compacted organisation. They see their own bands but comparatively few and scattered, and not yet effectively combined for the struggle. But they have faith that right and truth is on their side; they have the sympathy of the vast majority of the educated men of the country with them. It was cheering to hear Dr. von Dollinger say, "I have no secret relations; all we are doing is before the public, in the light of day." He has been cheered by very numerous addresses from all parts of his own country; by some from Italy, including one from twenty-five professors in the Roman university, and one from the Body of Teachers in Naples.

Before you can print this, the Bavarian Government will probably have found it needful to come to some more decided policy than their present divided councils have yet enabled them to take. I will not therefore trouble you with rumours on that head. We may, at least, hope that the "Old Catholic party" throughout Germany, and the rest of Rome's communion, will have a clear stage for the propagation of their views. As "outsiders" we shall all watch their struggle with deep interest, and pray that God may guide them by the light of His Word and His Spirit to the full accomplishment of their high and holy aims—the restoration to purity and efficiency of His Church in their own respective lands, and the furtherance of Christian unity throughout the world.

LEWIS M. HOGG.

P.S.—Since writing the above, I have had the further pleasure of meeting several able adherents of the "Old Catholic" movement in Bonn. These included Professors Knoodt of Bonn, and Reinkens of

Breslau, both of whom took part in the recent Conference of Munich, and signed the Declaration which that Conference deputed Döllinger to draw up as their Protest in reply to the Protest of the German Bishops. These gentlemen kindly furnished me with a copy of the *Wöchentliche Arbeiter*, containing that important document, which I have been thankful also to see fully reproduced in the London *Guardian* of June 21. As the *Wöchentliche Arbeiter* is at present the only special organ of the German "Old Catholic" party, I am glad to take this opportunity of drawing the attention of British and American readers to it; copies can be readily procured through German booksellers in London and America. The Editor is Herr

Friedrich Hoffmann, to whom communications may be addressed at No. 22, Paulsenstrasse, Cologne, where I had the pleasure of seeing him, and hearing his hearty personal concurrence with Harnack's ideas. I wish also to call the attention of your readers to the excellent translation of the speech of Bishop Stresemeyer, delivered in the Vatican Council, which has just been published in Florence under the significant title of "The Pope and the Gospel," and reproduced in the *Guardian* of June 21. It will like a bomb among the Fathers of the Council, and should be read far and wide. I trust Stresemeyer will stand the ground, and it is hardly needed to add, sympathizing with the "Old Catholic" movement.

## AN OCEAN GRAVE.

MY Love lies in the gates of foam,  
The last dear wreck of shore;  
The naked sea-marsh binds her honours,  
The sand her chamber door.

A narrow yard of human bones,  
Laid the great deep beside;  
Where grey gulls flap the writhen stones,  
And ox-birds chase the tide.

A low grave foreland hardly green,  
Old bulks of dripping jet.  
A table-land of grass between,  
Then dotted sand-hills drear.

A church of silent weathered looks,  
A breezy reddish tower,  
A yard whose mounded resting-nooks  
Are tinged with sorrel flower.

The sober-slated roofs are laid  
Like scales above grey walls;  
The tempest does not reach her shade,  
The rain her silent halls.

But sails are sweet in summer sky,  
The lark throws down a lay;  
The long salt levels steam and dry,  
The cloud-heart melts away.

But patches of the sea-pink shine,  
The pied crows poise and come;  
The mallow hangs, the bind-weeds twin,  
Where her sweet lips are dumb.

The passion of the wave is mute;  
No sound, or ocean shock;  
No music save the trilling flute  
That marks the curlew flit.

But yonder when the wind is keen,  
And rainy air is clear,  
The merchant city's spires are seen,  
The toil of men grows near.

Along the coast-way grind the wheels  
Of endless carts of coal;

And on the silt of giant boats  
The shipyard hammers roll.

The world creeps here upon the shout,  
And stirs my heart by each;  
The mist descends and blots it out,  
And I am seeing again.

Strong and alone, my dove, with thee;  
And tho' mine eyes be wet,  
There's nothing in the world to feel  
So sweet as my regret.

I would not change my narrow ways  
For other nuptial hours;  
I love the daisies at thy feet  
More than their orange flowers.

My hand alone shall wrestle thy tomb,  
From leaf-bud to leaf-fall;  
And rear by thee each season bloom,  
Till autumn ruins all.

Set snowdrop early in the grass  
Above her silent breast;  
And bid the later crocuses rear  
The timber of its crest.

Come hither, little, to infant rest,  
Drift by, O waiting star;  
Set pure robe-lilies at her head,  
At her feet lady-fern.

Grow, wampshire, at the tomb's brink,  
Wave parties of the shore,  
To whisper how alone I think  
Of her for evermore.

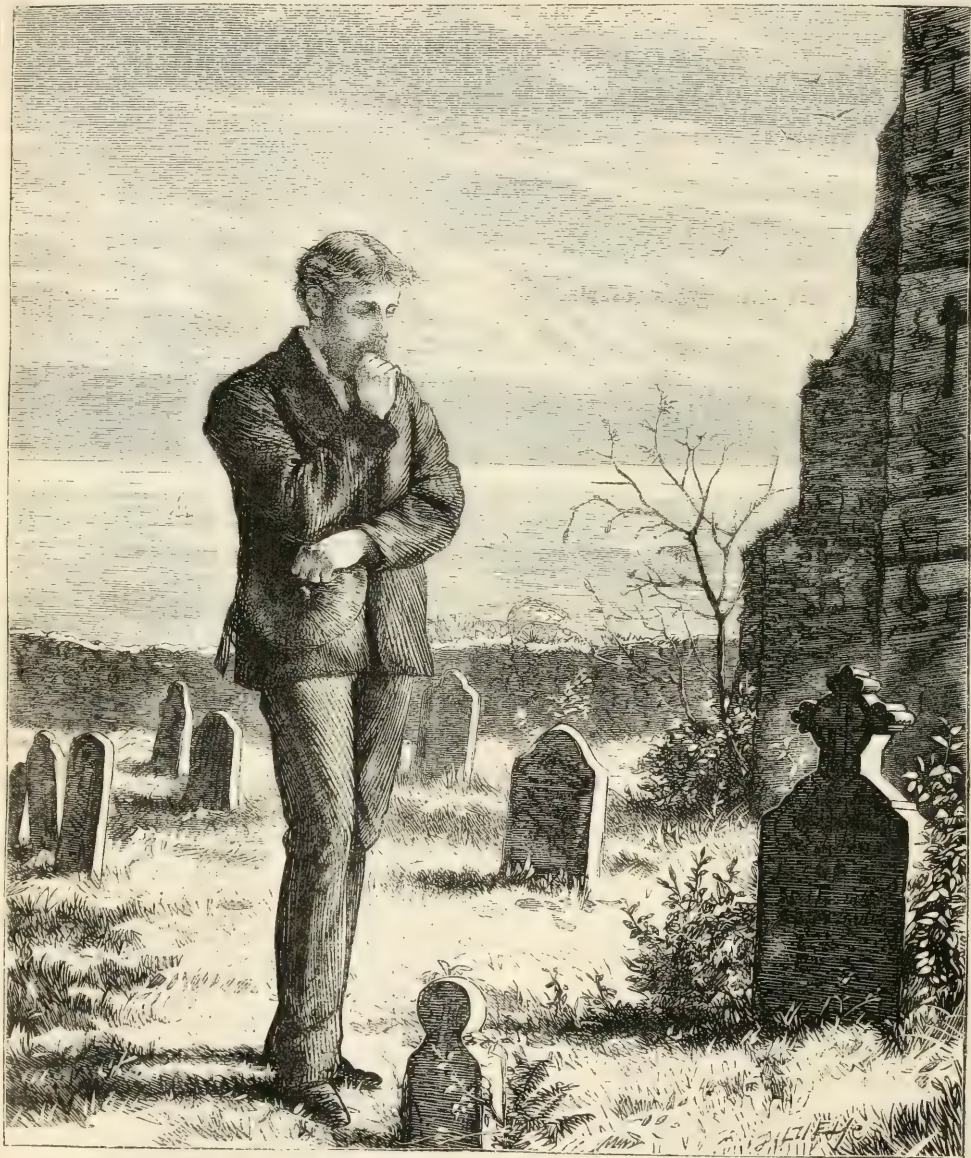
Living blue and yellow thorn, seen,  
Long lavender in flower,  
Grey wormwood like a heavy queen,  
Starch mallow like a tower.

O sea-wall mounded long and low,  
Let iron bounds be thine;  
Nor let the salt waves overflow  
That bound I hold divine.



Nor float its sea-weed to her hair,  
 Nor dim her eyes with sands ;  
 No fluted cockle burrow where  
 Sleep folds her gentle hands.

Tho' thy crest feel the wild sea's breath,  
 Tho' tide-weight tear thy root,  
 Oh guard the treasure-house, where death  
 Has bound my darling mute



Tho' cold her sweet lips to reward  
 With love's old mysteries,  
 Ah, rob no daisy from her sward,  
 Rough gale of eastern seas !

Ah, render sere no silken bent,  
 That by her head-stone waves ;  
 Let noon and golden summer blent  
 Pervade these ocean graves.

And, ah, dear heart, in thy still nest,  
 Forget this earth of woes,  
 Forget the ardours of the west,  
 Forget the morning glows.

Sleep and forget all things but one,  
 Heard in each wave of sea,—  
 How lonely all the years will run,  
 Until I rest by thee. J. L. WARREN

## THE SYLVESTRES.

BY M. DE BETHAM-EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "KITTY," "DR. JACOB," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.—PARTING IN SORROW.



HE rector was stunned. Much as he had doubted his own power of reading Ingaretha's character, he never looked for such a surprise as this. She was, as he knew well, a creature of impulses; fresh as Eve, naive as Undine, brave as Rosalind

in the midst of nineteenth-century civilisation, she stood apart from all other women, not because of supreme gifts or anything that could be called genius, but for reason of a brave, direct spirit and a sweet and courageous temper out of keeping with the sphere in which her lot was cast.

This brave spirit and courageous temper the rector now more than ever called by the hard names of perversity and unfeminine decision. He had foretold much mischief that would arise therefrom, but of such a catastrophe as this how could he dream? Dismay, anger, contempt, alternately took possession of him. He could not give her his hand and a sorrowful blessing as Carew had done. He coldly debated in his own mind what words were best fitted to express his abhorrence of the step she contemplated.

At last it was Ingaretha who spoke.

"If you think my crime too great to be forgiven, at least do not accuse Monsieur Sylvestre of having led me into temptation," she said. "I assure you he is as innocent of this as yourself."

"That cannot be," answered the rector. "But for him, those companions of his would never have had the audacity to settle down here. He is at the bottom of all the troubles that afflict this unhappy place."

"I have tried to do good and not harm in the village," Ingaretha said with dignity,

"and under other circumstances I should not follow the same course. I trust that my marriage will be a blessing, not a curse, to those whose happiness I am bound to consider."

"You mean your neighbours, I presume?" asked the rector sarcastically.

She smiled a little sarcastically also.

"I mean my friends," she answered with emphasis.

"Friends!" cried the rector with a bitter smile. "You little know what you say or what you do. By the step that you contemplate, you will inevitably alienate your best friends. Think for a moment of the consequences of an unequal marriage in your case. By the goodness of God you were born to a position so exalted and enviable as to place you apart from most women; had you accepted these gifts in a meek and tractable spirit, had you thrown yourself into the arms of the Church, had you, as becometh the weaker vessel, trusted yourself entirely to the leadership of her ministers, you would not now have been thus led astray. A pillar of the Church, a prop and a stay to the State, the pride of your equals, and the oracle of your inferiors, what a career was before you had you been meek and godly-minded! Instead of choosing the better part like Mary, which would not be taken away from you, with Martha you were fain to be troubled about many things. And things that could not possibly do you good: Socialism—I can hardly bring myself to utter the hateful word—formed your daily reading instead of Scripture. Your Sabbaths were desecrated by ungodly music and secular singing. Your friends were chosen from among the upholders of republicanism and free thought, enemies of Church and State, inculcators of the hateful doctrine of equality. 'Evil communications corrupt good manners,' and you, no more than any other person, especially a woman, could escape contamination. Little by little, you suffered yourself to be ensnared in the wiles of evil doctrine, till, alas! no counsels could reach you, nor remonstrances touch you. I have done my best throughout the last few months, but you turned your back upon the lover, despised the friend, rejected the priest. I have now no word to add except—May God have pity upon you, and bring you to see the error of your ways!"



He did not offer her his hand, nor did he so much as incline his head towards her, but rose to go; then feeling the discourtesy of the act, sat down again, pale, sad, exhausted.

Ingaretha, seeing the hopelessness of the cause she had come to plead, was in no mood to pursue the conversation farther. That Mr. Whitelock should cruelly misjudge her was no surprise. That he could in his anger say hard things with a hard look was scarcely unexpected. But that he should deliberately sentence her thus, with no recommendation to mercy, seemed a little too much. What had she done to deserve a punishment, evidently, in his eyes, the heaviest he could inflict? It was surely not her fault that she could not love and marry him. Was she not free to choose lovers as well as friends, opinions as well as duties?

She rose, and held out her hand with a candour that might have touched one more irate than the poor rector.

"I am very sorry," she said, standing before him with the sunshine on her cheeks and hair—as fair a thing as the world could show that bright spring day! "I hope you will forgive me by-and-by."

The rector brightened. Was light dawning upon the girl's dark soul? Had a heavenly blessing descended upon his words, making them strong to conquer?

"May you be more and more sorry!" he said, taking her hand and holding it for a minute in his own. "And sorry in time, Miss Meadowcourt; I, your sincerest friend, cannot wish you anything but this. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," Ingaretha said with a kindly smile. She could not feel rancour against her old friend when his eyes were moist and his voice unsteady.

Then he silently attended her to the carriage, and the man was ordered to drive home.

"What is the matter?" said Bina.

"Mr. Whitelock has been scolding me, that is all."

Bina opened her large eyes.

"I thought rich people were never scolded, whether naughty or no; and I am sure you are never naughty."

"In Mr. Whitelock's eyes I am very naughty," Ingaretha answered; adding, "and perhaps I have not been so good to him as I have been to you."

The child kissed her sleeve ecstatically.

"Oh, haven't you just been good to me! and to the children too! May I go home this

very afternoon? I want to see Sammie's face when he gets his fishing-rod, and Pennie's when she sees her doll's wax legs! Can the cab carry me home now? I'm not at all hungry."

Ingaretha kissed the child, and promised that the pony-carriage should take her to Peasemarch directly they reached the Abbey.

It was a dreary going home. Fires were burning all over the house, flowers were placed on her table, the pleasant rooms seemed to welcome their mistress: but not joyfully. It was a childish fancy, perhaps engendered by Mr. Whitelock's warnings, that before her, with mocking finger on its lips, stalked the ghost of her future life, saying, "Beware! beware!"

She wandered from room to room trying to chase away the unbidden spectre, and dream a golden dream. After all, what had she heard? Only the forebodings of a nature quite incapable of understanding her own ideal and the ideal of those with whom she had cast her lot. Nothing could make Mr. Whitelock's paradise, whether material or spiritual, her paradise; but in Monsieur Sylvestre's, in Maddio's, in René's she was content to dwell for ever. They might err; to what reformers is it given to build up as quickly and exactly as to pull down? In one respect they would never err. Whatever misfortunes might happen to them, whatever temptations assail or persecutions overtake, clear and bright as a flame would burn their feeling of brotherhood and passionate sympathy with humankind. From their high standard no traitors would entice, no fictions allure. Strong unto death, they would serve and defend their cause like the noble army of martyrs that had gone before.

It might be that sorrow was in store for her instead of happiness. She could not tell. But something in her heart said that she had chosen the right casket, and she believed the voice. Was it not a thousand times better to weep with those she loved than to rejoice with those to whom she was indifferent?

The golden dream did not come at her bidding, but it came after a time. The door of her prison opened—she knew not how—and like a bird escaped into the blue, her spirit soared, rejoicing. The world faded from her vision, bright clouds hovered overhead, strains of wonderful melody floated about, golden ether sucked her in. Hand in hand with Love, she saw herself wandering through the cycles of Time, crowned, transformed, immeasurably blest!

## CHAPTER XXXV.—THE TRIAL.

MONSIEUR SYLVESTRE'S trial happened to fall upon one of those unfriendly March days, in the embraces of which you feel as wobegone and helpless as if hugged to the bosom of a polar bear. The wind howled, the sleet drifted, the naked trees bowed their heads with a look of human dreariness, the folded sheep limped about bleating piteously, the pigs shrieked in their styes, the wise barn-door fowls roosted all day long.

Monsieur Sylvestre had recovered his spirits long before the appointed day, and made his toilette cheerily. Ingaretha had presented him on his last birthday with a superb suit of winter clothes, consisting of coat and pantaloons of dark blue cloth, sealskin waistcoat, and ample cloak, fastened at the throat by a large silver clasp. His long white locks, never neglected, were brushed with more than ordinary care, his pocket-handkerchief was of fine white lawn, his gloves fitted to perfection, his boots had received an extra polish; his appearance was altogether elegant and distinguished. There was not one of the little family who had not assisted at this important toilette. Maddio brushed the boots, Aglaë adjusted the cravat, one of the brothers Carrington officiated as barber, the other as valet, Euphrosyne meekly brought to hand, brush, comb, and whatever else was needed.

Precisely at ten o'clock, Ingaretha's brougham drove up to the door, and Monsieur Sylvestre jumped in with a jaunty step, the others watching him much as children watch their favoured companion bound to ball or fair.

"Do not go without a word of farewell," Euphrosyne said. "How can we tell what may happen ere we meet again?"

"Away with thy affectionate importunities," he answered, arranging his cloak in artistic folds. "We are bound to no inquisitor's council or Vehmgericht. *Au revoir, chers enfants!*"

He waved his hand gaily to the group, ordered the coachman to drive off, and leaning back on the cushions, made quite a triumphal entry into the town. One would have thought he was about to receive some royal investiture, or at least a lordly legacy, so nonchalant and self-satisfied was he.

Meantime the magistrates were hurrying to the town-hall, muffled to the throat, and wishing that people would not be so inconsiderate as to steal faggots, trap rabbits, and by other misdemeanours call comfort-

loving gentlemen from their firesides on such a morning. One by one they took their seats, and amid hand-rubbing, coughing, and other demonstrations to the severity of the weather, gossiped cheerfully, poked fun at each other, and otherwise beguiled the time. When business fairly began, there was comedy as well as serious matter on hand. Some out-and-out Radical had presumed to find fault with the magistrates, who had charged the board ten shillings a head for dinner when on a visit of inspection to the county asylum. Was ever such impudence? The items of the dinner were detailed amid mixed mirth and censure. Should not magistrates dine, forsooth, and at the expense of the county, when they generously gave their time for the public good? The irate gentlemen uttered strong invectives against the impudent republican spirit that must be stamped out, another recited facetious scraps of poetry, a third, endeavouring to throw oil upon troubled waters, quoted Scripture, and there the matter ended.

Then the cases were hurried through; first one old man was convicted of having helped himself to some sticks from the squire's park-palings, then a boy of fourteen for having trapped a young rabbit, and so on;—the court getting more and more crowded as the time for hearing Monsieur Sylvestre's case drew on. Public curiosity was tickled at the thought of Miss Meadowcourt's *protégé* being taken up in the company of poachers and drunkards.

At last he appeared. Walking to the place assigned him, he confronted the magistrates, smiling and bowing augustly. By his side stood his accuser, Bob Sheldrake, Mr. Whitelock's clerk and sexton, wishing himself a hundred miles away.

Monsieur Sylvestre was accused of having preached so near Mr. Whitelock's church, and in so loud a voice, that the congregation were disturbed in their devotions. Two or three of Mr. Whitelock's most regular hearers supported him as witnesses. Sylvestre, the foreign gentleman, could be heard, and the clergyman could not, &c. All these answers were given with blushes and stammerings, Monsieur Sylvestre smiling contemptuously the while. At this stage of affairs, a buzz ran through the place. Ingaretha's name dropped from many lips. Mr. Stapleton stretched forward, blushing scarlet at the bare possibility of such a thing; one or two of his companions eyed each other with a shocked look; the crowd gasped, wonderstruck.



Of course it was Ingaretha. Gathering up the folds of her dark-blue riding habit, she made her way to the centre of the hall, with heightened colour and kindling eyes. That day she had put on nothing for grace and all for spite, saying to herself that she would be ugly as befitted the occasion. She had hidden her hair with a long black veil, had muffled up her throat with fur, and otherwise sought to disfigure herself. But how beautiful she looked despite these lendings! Monsieur Sylvestre nodded approval. The magistrates felt uncomfortable, the unhappy village clerk wished that the earth would straightway swallow him. Mr. Whitelock turned red and white, and gasped for breath; a change came over the spirit of the entire assembly.

Ingaretha was afterwards ashamed of herself for having spoken with so much childish impetuosity and so little self-possession. But when she found herself confronted with Mr. Stapleton and others of her father's old friends, and guessed what was passing in their minds, she found it a hard matter to speak at all. The amazement and displeasure of Mr. Pollard, Mr. Stapleton, and others of her neighbours might not in themselves be matter of concern, but it vexed her to think that they should regard her conduct in any but a generous light. Was she not after all simply trying to do the first duty that came to hand? The most difficult problem of life but resolved itself into this.

Having kissed the book somewhat gingerly, for a very dingy little book it was, she said what she had to say; her voice, always sweet and clear, trembled only once.

"Monsieur Sylvestre is one of my best friends, and I have attended his open-air preaching often. I have also attended Mr. Whitelock's church whilst the out-door preaching went on. I am sure the one did not interfere with the other; whoever says so grossly exaggerates. It is nonsense. It is even falsehood. Monsieur Sylvestre's preaching is not what might be called orthodox, it is unsectarian, but it is good and charitable, and devout. Whenever I was present nothing took place that could be called disturbance of the peace, or interference with the service of the parish church."

Then she withdrew. The magistrates put their heads together and whispered. Mr. Whitelock's face fell. He saw that Ingaretha's testimony had lost him his cause.

And so indeed it had. Monsieur Sylvestre was politely requested to hold his out-door preachings a little farther off the church next summer, and the case was dismissed forthwith.

Ingaretha rode home in a passion. Monsieur Sylvestre was as much elated as if he had won a stupendous victory. Ingaretha's common sense told her that such a victory was worse than defeat, since it would inevitably be followed by a series of petty persecutions. Monsieur Sylvestre saw nothing before him but triumph and exaltation.

To Mr. Whitelock the discomfiture was crushing. He went home and moodily shut himself up in his study for the rest of the day.

What could he do with it? His adversary had worsted him in drawn battle, and boasted of allies stronger than his own. Ingaretha, like most women, possessed the softness of the dove combined with the cunning of the serpent. He could not perceive in her a vestige of the meek and godlike spirit commended in the Scriptures as a woman's best adornment. She was polluted by contact with unbelievers, she was perverted by false doctrine, she was blinded by self-confidence. How could he save her soul and shield his own reputation? There were not wanting disaffected members of the Church on the alert to cry, 'Ichabod, Ichabod, thy glory is departed,' and here was indeed an occasion for them to exult over one of the discomfited of God's ministers.

He shed tears of mingled retrospection and forecast. The clouds that darkened his horizon showed no silver lining. Thwarted, defied, rivalled, he prefigured himself as going to the grave, an unwept and unhonoured martyr of the tottering Church.

It must not be supposed that amid all this burning indignation the rector suffered no pangs of self-questioning. He had hitherto been far too placid, too hardly moved, too easily won over. It behoved him to wage fierce war with the allies of evil sent hither to prove and torment him. Away then with mild persuasions and honeyed reproaches. On with the armour of the church militant, sword, and helmet, and breastplate. Avaunt, bewitching eyes, and rosy cheeks, and waving golden locks that had ensnared and betrayed him! Hail, rigid duty and puritanic simplicity, and ardent self-abnegation!

Thus the poor rector struggled with himself.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.—EXCOMMUNICATED.

THE clerical tongue is not, as a rule, discreet, and Ingaretha's secret being known to the rector, the little birds flew east, and the little birds flew west, till it was soon known to all the world of St. Beowulf's Bury. Never

within living memory had such a scandal happened. That the lady of the manor, the first heiress of the county, the descendant of the noble De Meduecourts and Bannisters, should hold disreputable political and social views, and consort with the perverted representatives of Socialism, Democracy, and Free Thought, was bad enough. But that she should so far forget her duty to herself, her ancestors and society, as to marry a man of the people, a journalist moreover, and a vagabondish refugee to boot, passed all bounds of patience. The matrons forthwith held a solemn conclave, and sentence of excommunication was unanimously voted against the misguided girl. To this conclave, of course, no maidens were admitted, and they chattered apart like foolish little birds, about the fascinating, mysterious person whom Ingaretha had elected to marry.

"Would I were she!" cried one.

"Ah! do you remember his beautiful eyes?" said a second.

"And his voice! I would give all my trinkets to have that sweet voice flatter me!" a third whispered.

"Ingaretha is a thousand times better than we worldlings," a fourth said daringly, "who are sold by our mothers for our little beauty!"

Ingaretha's heretical teachings were spreading in spite of the resolves of the older and wiser folks. Youth will be ingenuous, and to these young girls Ingaretha's conduct seemed heroic. They had seen with their eyes and heard with their ears. This man might be poor, unfortunate, and of low birth. But who that was rich and prosperous and nobly bred among their brothers and lovers could be compared to him, not only for natural gifts, but for acquired graces? He was beautiful, fascinating, full of enthusiasm and courage. He only wanted the purple mantle and golden lute to be like the troubadour of song and story, who went from castle to castle, winning everywhere the guerdon of knightly praise and woman's love.

But to the modern mothers of unmarried daughters the poor troubadour with the purple mantle and golden lute was a pariah, and nothing more. He might make bright eyes weep and brave hearts beat faster with stirring melodies. What was that in comparison to the virtues of wearing unexceptional broad cloth, and inheriting a certain amount of acres or bank shares? Ingaretha in their eyes was lowering herself, as much as if she was about to elope with her groom or gamekeeper. Whereupon Amy Greenfield ventured, half dying with indignation, to say—

"Monsieur René may be poor, but he is an accomplished gentleman, I am sure; if not, who is? He speaks Italian and Spanish beautifully, and English pretty well. He can recite pages of Dante and Calderon; he can paint and sing, and play two or three musical instruments; he never uses any but elegant language, and he has the most astounding memory of books he has read and places he has seen. He never says a thing one does not wish to remember."

A storm broke over her head.

"What, you, a clergyman's wife and a mother, approve of such people! When did this paragon of yours make his appearance in the parish church? When did he or any of his four companions so far show a proper feeling as to lay aside pleasures on the Sabbath? Pray think twice before you declare yourself to be the champion of such a cause."

There was no need to think twice. Amy knew well enough that her children's bread depended upon her own and her husband's good behaviour, and though burning to speak, held her peace. She determined at any cost not to give up her friend. Her children must suffer want rather than Ingaretha's affections be so outraged.

By little and little Ingaretha realised the bitterness of her position.

She was doomed to be an outcast, a scapegoat, a pariah among the people who had known her as a little child. Patrician and proletaire, wealthy and straitened, mighty and insignificant, alike viewed her resolve with suspicion and contempt. By common consent she was to be placed outside the pale of society, and there kept for ever. Even her father's old friend, Mr. Stapleton, came to her, and with tears in his eyes confessed that henceforth he must come alone, since his wife and daughters decided it must be so. What her guardian and legal adviser said may be easily imagined. He also shed a few bitter tears when he found that persuasions and forebodings could do no good. Cold little notes of farewell came from those ladies who had hitherto figured as something more than mere acquaintances. Mrs. Pollard, for instance, and Lady Virginia Pennington, and one or two others, who felt, by reason of superior years, that they were at liberty to add counsel to castigation.

Like the shadow of an olive grove to some weary eastern wanderer came the following letter from Mr. Carew:—

"DEAR FRIEND AND FORMER FELLOW-TRAVELLER IN THIS HAPPY PLACE" (he wrote



from Florence),—"I cannot let the spring go by without a word. The skies, the sunshine, the violets, make me their messenger to greet you. Take theirs and mine together, and I will not ask which is the most welcome.

"The winter has gone—I know not how, but it is gone, thank Heaven—dead and buried beneath the snow: may flowers grow over its grave! Will not some one send me a word to say that you are well and happy, and not wholly forgetful of old friends?

"This exquisite land sweetens one's temper and inclines one to be better than one's will. In England—soon after parting from you—I tore into a thousand fragments the little Christmas poem that was to have made us all merry masqueraders under your hospitable roof. But half for your sweet sake, and half for sweet Italy's, I have forgiven fortune for her churlishness to me, and rewritten what I had begun for you.

"May I send you the poem as a wedding gift? I have nothing better to give, though I would fain have my best gift better still. Greet Monsieur Sylvestre and Madame and Maddio affectionately for me. Having you for their friend, I fear they need no poor offices of mine, though—as you know well—it would make me happy to serve them. Alas, I fear I must not offer to serve you!

"Farewell! Think of me as of one whose best happiness it is to have been unhappy for your sake. Your leal servitor,

"CAREW."

Ingaretha sitting solitary in her home answered her poet's letter thus:—

"I am almost too sorrowful to thank you for a word of kindness that reached me in the midst of loneliness and dismay. Because I am bent upon following a different path from that of my neighbours—wisely I cannot say, but honestly, God knows—they have leagued together to persecute me. But I will not be crushed. What right have they to be my judges? Your friend is no longer what you remember her, but fierce, and angry, and vindictive. God help me, if it were not for him in prison, and for those few friends I know that I can count on, I should hardly have the courage to write you now, but would rather give up all and die. . . ."

Tears fell on the page, and she took it up in her hands, thinking it would be better to send no letter at all than so sad a one as this. But he was a poet, and loved her with an abiding love. She had affronted him a thousand times, and he had always remained her

friend—the need of sympathy was too great to be withstood.

After a time the letter was proceeded with:—

"Do not think I am always in this mood. I did not dream there was anything worth weeping about till your kind letter came. Now I have determined to dry my eyes and do what I have to do bravely.

"Let me have your poem, dear friend. I shall never be too joyful or too unhappy not to read every word of it. God bless you! Good-bye.

"INGARETHA."

She did not like to write to him fully of all her troubles—Monsieur Sylvestre's trial, the gross behaviour of the village, the rector's hardness towards herself, and the rest. Why should he have the burden of her sorrows and none of her joys? Nor did she say, "Come to us when the corn is ripe, and bring your poem with you," though it was in her heart to do so. "Poor Carew," she said and sighed, "poor René, and lastly, poor Ingaretha!"

Could her persecutors have seen her then, doubtless a very comfortable assurance of providential retribution in store for this stray sheep would have filled their minds. Ingaretha was a brave woman, ready to walk through fire for the friends she loved and the truths she held sacred; in the primitive Christian period she would have been a martyr; in revolutionary times, a victim; in the nineteenth century—a transitory period from aristocratic principle to radicalism—she was neither wholly a martyr nor a victim, but shared in some measure the ill-fortunes of both. Without husband, father, or brother to stand by her in this hour of need, who can wonder that at times her courage flagged and her spirits drooped?

But she had put her hand to the plough, and would not look back.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.—LOVER AND FRIEND

Two or three weeks slipped by—they seemed months to Ingaretha—and one morning she woke to find it was spring. Like some beauty whose festive toilette had been delayed by undue sleep, Nature had aroused herself on a sudden. Lo, as if by magic, the floors of earth were covered with flowery carpets, the woodland orchestra resounded, gentle showers watered the tender green leaves, the sun shone warm but capricious, little rivers escaped from prison purled along the meadows!

Ingaretha's young heart could not with-

stand this gaiety and fulness of life. She put aside the sombre clothes of winter gladly, and donned a blue, wild-hyacinth coloured dress, smiling to think how beautiful she would have been in poor René's eyes. Her hair—the golden hair praised by poets ever needs sunshine!—looked twice as lustrous and twice as lovely as in winter-time; her cheeks glowed with the thankfulness of youth, her heart beat quicker than it had done for days—and all because spring had come.

This first spring day brought a surprise. Returning from a long walk in the park, she saw the tall figure of a man on the lawn, who hastened towards her with joyful cry and outstretched hands.

Of course it was no other than Mr. Carew. He had arrived that very morning from Rome, and, without waiting to change his travelling dress, hastened to pay his respects to the lady of the Abbey. His face beamed with the delight of seeing her again, though he could not fail to note how agitated she looked, how touched, how grateful.

It was in his heart to say, "I could not stay away, knowing you to be in trouble," but he checked the too friendly speech, and greeted her after a more distant fashion.

"What a welcome home is such a day as this!" he said. "I can't tell you how thankful I feel to be in England again."

He saw that her eyes were filling, and her lips trying vainly to frame an answer, and went on lightly:—

"Yet I never found Italy so beautiful before. Perhaps it was because you were not there, and Nature tried to console me. But I was not consoled, as you see, and I have come back determined to do the best I can with my life here."

Chivalrous truths, like the hero of the Odyssey, will not bear ignoble disguises, and throwing off their rags, are transformed from beggar to prince in a twinkling. Carew lacked courage to dress his generous thought in princely robes, but the transparent lendings dropped without warning.

Ingaretha held out one hand to him, whilst with the other she hid the tears she could not stay. He led her gently to a seat in the winter garden. They sat down side by side without a word. His calmness, his quiet solicitude, his unspoken tenderness, reassured her. She also grew calm, and began speaking as to an old friend.

"I suppose I ought not to be surprised at the outcry raised against me," she said, "but I did not realise what an important person I was before." This was said with a bitter

smile. "I am not cutting myself off from home interests and home duties. Nothing could make me do that. You know René as well as I do—how large-hearted and self-denying he is; can you believe that he would wish me to sacrifice these things for his sake?"

She turned to him with a look of eager appeal, which he met frankly and cheerfully.

"No," he answered; "I never knew a man whose character was so out of keeping with the spirit of the age. I for one have reason to thank René and all like him, who live for something else besides the gross satisfactions of the hour."

It was a generous speech, and she would fain have thanked him for it, but knew not how. Never looking at her but with the look of exaltation in his eyes that testified to her presence always, he went on:—

"I will be candid with you, and say for once and for all that I do not approve of his ideals—nor of the ideals of his teacher, Monsieur Sylvestre. It seems to me that all reformers of their school lose sight of the elementary truth taught alike by nature, by art, and by poetry, that is, the necessity of repose to great action. Granted that we are on the eve of a stupendous social revolution—and I am not sure that I here differ from them—who most further what is righteous in this or any other revolution, thank you? Those who bestir themselves to uproot old institutions, or those who in the solitude of their chambers devise and perfect the plan of the new? The last without a doubt. And iconoclasts there must be, and demagogues there must be, and red republicans, and social experimenters. But is it not the better part to think instead of to work? to create instead of to destroy? to send out winning thoughts rather than to ply spade and design lantern in the service of the world-monks? At the risk of seeming discourteous to those you love best in the world, I say, Yes, and again, yes."

Ingaretha was silent for a minute or two, then answered slowly and thoughtfully:—

"I do not think I agree with you any more now than I did when we talked of the same subject in the corn-fields last summer," she blushed and went on—"Surely it has been practice and not theory, the following after truth, and not the flanning of ideas, that has done most to make the world happier and better? Is not all reform, whether moral or material, the fulfilment of truth—loving lives, rather than the expression of truth-seeking minds?"



Carew answered with an animated look—

"Mistrust idealists as you may, but grant them thus much—they keep alive the torch of truth when all else is darkness; and by the light of that torch, the strong as well as the weak are guided on their way. I am sure that so far we are both agreed."

"Perhaps," she answered; "though even that light dies out sometimes. I have sadly lost my way of late."

"Nay, then," he said, his eyes moistening and his lips quivering as he glanced at her sweet face, "let me, in default of a better guide, help you to find it. I know well enough what troubles you. Do you think I have lived for thirty-eight years without understanding the character of my neighbours,—the narrowness of some, their dogmatism, their self-indulgence? To my cost, I know it but too well. Perhaps there was never so unpopular a person as myself in this part of the world, and why? Simply because I am no fox-hunting country squire, after the old pattern, but a lover of art and literature, a writer of verses moreover—the iniquity of the wildest socialist dreamer can go no farther than this—and an indifferentist in politics. I looked into the matter somewhat deeply, and discovered not sufficient grounds for self-abasement, but ample argument for self-justification in this very unpopularity. In what did I sin? In selfishly appropriating to myself the social supremacy which the largest landed proprietor might fairly claim? By no means. In niggardly refusing to lay out money upon any improvements necessary for the people? Not at all. My only crime was that I persistently followed my own ideas in the conduct of life. I valued art, and I was indifferent to social economy and politics. I threw myself heart and soul into the first, and eschewed the last. Are you not affronting the same vulgar prejudices, the same egotism, the same littleness, simply by an honest adherence to natural feeling? Let us comfort ourselves with the reflection that we could not serve our friends and neighbours better than by doing the very thing they hold in abhorrence."

She smiled doubtfully.

"My case is different from yours. It may be childish, but I cannot help feeling that there is some cause for the hue and cry raised against me. I can hardly believe so badly of the world as to consider myself a martyr."

"Only have patience, dear friend," he said, "and you will see things in a wholly different light. It is quite possible to offend all the

powers that be, and yet live worthily and happily, blessed by the gods. I, for one, am your leal knight and servitor and champion, prepared to lay down this poor life any day for my liege lady's sake."

He said this lightly, though in a voice that trembled with emotion, and taking up the fringe of her scarf, kissed it, as if thereby sealing the words. She answered with a blush:—

"I tremble for Monsieur Sylvestre, Euphrosyne, and Maddio. They have showed nothing but kindness to the poor people, and are yet looked upon as their enemies. Madame Sylvestre was almost broken-hearted the other day because their labourer's wife refused to let her sit up with a sick child. Formerly her services were accepted thankfully."

Carew inclined his head significantly in the direction of the rectory, and Ingaretha understood the gesture.

"Of course the village takes its cue from the clergyman," she said, "and Mr. Whitelock is my declared and bitter antagonist. He goes from house to house preaching a crusade against us all. How can we conciliate him?"

"Why should he be conciliated?" asked Carew, who had his own private grudge against the rector. "Let time do that, and leave him to the devices of his own understanding."

"And the others? Nobody comes to see me. If I meet old acquaintances in the streets, they bow coldly and pass on. I am no longer invited to go to their houses. These are but trifles, yet they gall."

Carew shrugged his shoulders.

"What else is to be expected?" he said. "You cannot gather figs of thistles, or grapes of thorns. Ignore their existence."

"But think of the harm they can do our poor friends!"

Again Carew made a gesture of impatience.

"You are too imaginative," he answered. "With the best intentions of doing mischief in the world, I cannot conceive any further harm happening to the Sylvestres through the agency of these people. Monsieur Sylvestre can have nothing to fear so long as he minds his own affairs."

"You have influence with Mr. Whitelock," Ingaretha began hesitatingly. "Perhaps you will be able to reason with him."

"You forget that he is a theologian," Carew said, rising; "but rest assured I will do all I can to bring him to reason." He held out his hand, said good-bye, and had turned to go, when he stopped suddenly.

"Be happy!" he said, falteringly, and that was all.

Then he walked away quickly, and never once looked back. Ingaretha went indoors, feeling more cheerful than she had done for days. She smiled to herself at the impetuosity, half childish, half angelic, of poets. Carew, the dreamer, the enthusiast, the devotee of art, was taking upon himself to do battle with the world and the flesh like the most matter-of-fact person in the world; and all for her sake.

For her sake! His chivalrous devotion made her both glad and sorry.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.—A HAPPY THOUGHT.

A HAPPY thought came to Carew as he walked home that spring morning. The first thing he did on crossing his own threshold was to sit down and write the following letter:—

"MY DEAR GHENILDA,—When we parted in Florence last month, you said that nothing should induce you to spend the next few months in London, and that till Micheldever comes back from his Japanese mission, you did not know what to do with yourself. Will you come here?—of course bringing little



Page 245

Micheldever and the baby, and whatever belongings you like. There is plenty of room for all.

"I did not ask you before, in the first place because I had no idea of staying at home for more than a few weeks; and in the second, because I could not possibly foresee what would happen here, making your presence so very desirable, that I have hardly patience to send this letter by post, longing for the swiftest carrier-pigeon in the world. I believe you are fond of attending Women's Rights meetings, and I see your name down

XII—38

in the *Times* (whenever I take it up, which is seldom, for I hate newspapers!) for twenty pounds to one society for promoting female knowledge, fifty pounds to another for securing women's franchise, a hundred, once in a way, to some university or other for ladies, &c., &c. You like to talk about missions, and would, I believe, enter an apothecary's shop as apprentice, if Micheldever had no objection. But I don't want to tease you and make you cross. I want you to come and fulfil a mission here.

"I write on behalf of that beautiful and



sweet young Lucy, Ingaretha Meadowcourt, my neighbour, and our fellow traveller in former days. You cannot have forgotten her, though I know that women who live in the world have short memories; or, if you have forgotten herself, her hair must have stayed in your memory—sotter than the finest silk, brighter than the purest gold, a never-to-be-forgotten splendour for all beholders! But I will not make a fool of myself—she is going to marry another man.

“Ingaretha feels that she, too, has a mission, and that mission is no other than to marry a social reformer, and throw herself, heart and soul, into a cause which, I believe, you have not yet espoused, namely, the cause of the working classes, and, naturally, she does this to the chaotic, unimaginable horror of the good, stupid, twaddle-loving people here.

“Well, does your woman’s imagination carry you on to the end? Of course, and I am answered thus:—‘Dear brother, I will fly to Wilbye Hall, and stand by your friend Ingaretha.’ Kiss the children.

“Your always affectionate

“CAREW.”

This letter, addressed to Lady Micheldever, Florence, was despatched in time for the early London mail from St. Beowulf’s. Carew watching the messenger fairly off, with an elated look.

Then he ate, drank, changed his travelling clothes, opened letters, looked over bills, and signed cheques; lastly, unpacked his Italian *sonnets* and note-books rather sadly.

In what a different frame of mind he had gone through the same tasks last year! Then there was still a little hope for him; now he could not hope any more. He remembered well with how much satisfaction he awoke, to find himself in Ingaretha’s England; how beautiful everything looked—sky, and tree, and flower; how he seemed to move in golden ether; how Hope danced ever before him, wearing Ingaretha’s smile, mocking Ingaretha’s voice—and now? It seemed too cruel!

He covered his face with his hands, and for a few moments sobbed aloud. It was good to serve her and share misfortune with her; but it was not good, having done all this, to be severed from her as long as life should last. His unselfishness could not go so far as that. He might stand by her and by her lover in the teeth of the world. He should never be resigned to the supreme renunciation implied in such conduct—never, never, never!

He dashed away the bitter tears, and bestowed himself in the work he had undertaken. To prepare for the arrival of his half-sister Ghenilda, was to prepare mortification for Ingaretha’s persecutors, and the protection of an amiable and spirited woman for herself. The wife of a peer, and of an ambassador, Ghenilda might well carry a high hand among the small gentlefolks of the place. He knew exactly how matters would turn out. Ghenilda, a spoiled child—three years ago the beauty of the season—a woman of the world withal, had a touch of childishness, *what*, call it what you will, in her nature that prompted her to do wicked and even spiteful things. She would look upon it as an excellent joke to settle down at Wilbye Hall, and lead the small great folks an uneasy life of it. And she was not so conventional as to object to taking the world by surprise once in a while. An affectionate wife, a devoted mother, can do no wrong, urged Ghenilda, and feeling herself above suspicion, she often did things that, if not wrong in the world’s eyes, had just a spice of impropriety in them. Was it not unbecoming to attend Women’s Rights meetings, for instance? To give money to Women’s Rights societies? To put her name down as an advocate of such and such a Radical Woman’s movement? Of course; and grave duennas and prim matrons shook their heads, auguring evil consequences therefrom, Ghenilda caring not a straw. Her husband was easy tempered, and as his temper concerned her a great deal and that of her neighbours very little, she pleased herself in most things.

That very day Carew called upon Mr. Whitelock; and after an interchange of civilities, said, with apparent carelessness—

“I expect my sister in a few days, to stay here till the end of the summer.”

“Indeed! I shall take an early opportunity of paying Lady Micheldever my respects. It will be a great pleasure to see her again.”

“She wouldn’t have come to such a dull place just now, I dare say,” Carew answered, with almost brutal frankness, “but that she can make herself useful. The way in which people treat Miss Meadowcourt, on account of her engagement, is abominable, and Ghenilda will come chiefly on her account. They are old friends, as you know.”

“True, I might have thought of that,” answered the rector, looking too much aghast to think of anything. “How dull of me!”

"I hope you intend to take up the pulpit on behalf of your parishioners," Carew went on, forgetting his own bitterness in whimsical enjoyment of his rival's discomfort. "My word, as a woman, you do much; but you, as a clergyman, more. Such a woman, persecuting spirit ought to be preached down."

The rector flipped in his chair, rose, walked to the window, and sat down again. He must hold his own, he must hold his own, he repeated to himself.

"You cannot mean to say that you approve of Miss Meadowcourt's illness?" he asked, putting on a judicial expression.

"Miss Meadowcourt has an entire right to please herself. Is she out of her senses or no? Let the physicians decide her malady, and shut her up in a lunatic asylum, or let her be considered as a natural being, and treated accordingly."

"I quite agree with you."

"Then, for God's sake, get up to your opinions like a man!" said Carew, starting from his chair, and grasping the rector's hand. "Now, if ever, is the time for you to take the lead in public opinion. Miss Meadowcourt can no more be influential in the petty animosities and carping spirit of a whole neighbourhood than any other sensitive woman. You have influence with some of these people. Make them see their conduct in its own detestable light."

"I cannot take the lead in public opinion against my conscience," the rector said, shrinking back. "I agree with you that Miss Meadowcourt should be treated according to such opinion as we are able to give of her sanity; and though I cannot believe that her reason is gone, it has been so terribly led astray by evil counsellors and influences that she is daily forfeiting her right to consideration alike as a member of the Church, a laywoman, and a lady. I have not concealed these sentiments from Miss Meadowcourt herself, feeling that, at the risk of alienating her friendship, I ought as a clergyman to warn her against her besetting sins, which are perversity, contempt of authority, and leaning towards lax theological doctrine. But I spoke in vain. My dear sir, I trust I do not speak in vain to you."

Carew got up and made for the door.

"You have not," he said coolly. "I now know exactly what Miss Meadowcourt must expect from her friends. I have no time to say any more. Good day."

"Stay a moment, I beg of you," the rector cried. "You misunderstand me if you think that I intend to turn my back upon her at such

a time. All my former acquaintances were such to a lady. I cannot give, and have time to give it well to my duty—and perhaps give you too—to renew them. It would indeed be cruel to leave her as a sheep having no shepherd. And who knows but that she may learn her long unacquainted and well-remembered hymns and psalms, and thus be brought to see the error of her ways?"

"I am sure Miss Meadowcourt will soon forgive her old friends in February March, if that recovers her mind," Carew went on, still just and sweet. "I am very sure, however, such a man speaks of them and of her. Good day."

"Nay, and good even," said the rector, gratingly. "I cannot let you go perceiving that you have the thought of me. Do not suppose I have been kinder to you. Miss Meadowcourt's sanity would result toward struggle and the worst of self-contradiction. I have taken the matter into my chest, and there I committed it to a kinder and perfect spirit. I know I am right in the course I pursue with regard to her."

"May I end, prosperously?" Carew said with a bitter smile. "And now I really must go."

And for the third time did he say "Good day." The gesture and again and never before parted without the ceremonial shaking of hands.

Carew went home boiling over with indignation. It was not his fault, he repeated a more ethical disquisition on himself, however nearly affecting him; but this intimate relation he never let his student lose sight of. He grieved deeply for Lady's friends, and because he saw the moral corruption in it, but because his time was wasted, and he recognised in this resolution an element of feeling a higher law than any other by which his conduct was guided. That Lady's life and aspirations would ever be anything but waste he did not doubt for a moment. Why then should his suppression of both concrete spontaneous and all yet unexpressed disapproval by those who had no control of taste, but judged every action according to an accepted standard of right and wrong? He comforted himself with the thought that, after all, men like Mr. Whitcomb have very short-lived infatuations, and that people who suffered themselves to be led by him must be twice as sorrowful as they were in committing as himself.

The rector retired to his study more perturbed in spirit than gone. It was bad enough.



to quarrel with Miss Meadowcourt, it was worse still to quarrel with Mr. Carew; yet he must hold his own, he must hold his own. He kept repeating this self-imposed charge like a child who fears he shall forget his well-conned lesson before the time for rehearsal arrives. What would become of his pastoral authority, indeed, if he suffered himself to be overridden by such men as Mr. Carew, a pleasant neighbour certainly, and a liberal contributor towards parochial expenses, but

an idler, a dabbler in literature, and, above all, the very laxest of churchmen?

The good rector, to use a phrase addressed by Wellington to one of his officers, had been educated beyond his intelligence. He was no more fitted to sit in authority over his fellow-creatures than the most insignificant of his parishioners; yet because he had entered the Church, he felt called upon to catechise his flock in season and out of season. With what evil results may be foreseen.

## THE RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF HISTORY.

A Sermon preached in Westminster Abbey, on the 25th of June, 1871, being the Sunday after the Funeral of George Grote the Historian.

"The 'just' shall be had in everlasting remembrance."—Ps. cxii. 6.

IT is now more than six hundred years ago since one of the earliest fathers of English history, an inmate of the venerable Abbey of St. Alban's, which nurtured the first school of English historical learning, recounted, at the commencement of his work, how he was vexed by questions, some put by envious detractors, some arising from serious perplexity, whether the record of times that were dead and gone was worthy of the labour and study of Christian men. He replied, with a lofty consciousness of the greatness of his task, first by an appeal to the highest instincts of man, and then added, as a further and complete sanction of these instincts, the words of the Psalmist, "The just shall be had in everlasting remembrance." "*In æternâ memoriâ erit justus.*"

These are simple and familiar words; but the old Chronicler of St. Alban's was right in saying that they contain the principle which vindicates and sanctifies all historical research. "If thou," he said to his readers, "if thou forgettest and despisest the departed of past generations, who will remember thee?" "It was to keep alive," so he added, "the memory of the good, and teach us to abhor the bad, that all the sacred historians have striven from Moses down to the 'deep-souled'\* chroniclers of the years in which we ourselves are living."

The religious sense of History which Matthew Paris thus endeavoured to convey has never since altogether died out from amongst us, and it may be well to express it once more on this occasion, when it has been brought to our minds by the solemn ceremony which yesterday consigned to the grave the remains of a great scholar, whose life was spent in historical study.

As on a like occasion not long ago I dwelt on the religious aspect of Science, so now I propose to dwell on the religious aspect of History. As then we were invited to express our gratitude to the Giver of all good, for the genius of one who "told the number of the stars, and called them all by their names," so now we are invited to give thanks for the gift which God has bestowed on the Church and realm of England, in the genius of one who could call up the spirits of the mighty dead, and "seek out the secrets of grave sentences, and try the good and evil among men."\*

Let us take the words of the text as the groundwork of our thoughts.

I. "Everlasting remembrance" "eternal memory"—"a memorial that shall endure from generation to generation." This is what History aims to accomplish for the ages of the past.

As we are reminded both by Scripture and by experience of the noble, the inextinguishable desire implanted within us to understand and to bring near to us the wonders of the firmament, so in like manner we may be assured that there lies deep in the human heart a desire not less noble, not less insatiable, to understand and to bring near to us the wonders of the ages that are dead and buried. "I have considered the days of old, and the years that are past; I will remember the years of the right hand of the most Highest; I will call to mind His wonders of old time."† "I will declare hard sentences of old, which our fathers have told us, that we should not hide them from the children of the generations to come."‡ It is this continuity of purpose, this pro-

\* "Pectoris profundi," Matthew Paris, *Hist. Major*, pp. i, 2.

\* Ecclus. xxxix. 3, 4.

† Ps. lxxvii. 5, 10, 11.

‡ Ps. lxxviii. 2-4.

gression of ages, this connection of the deeds and thoughts of those that are gone with the deeds and thoughts of men now upon earth, that as truly disclose the mind of God in the world of man, as the order, and harmony, and progression of the celestial bodies disclose it in the world of nature. The Astronomer is the historian of the heavens; the Historian is the star-gazer into the dark night of the past. As the philosophic discoverer enables us to distinguish the several distances of the fixed stars from each other, which to common eyes is lost in the sense of their distance from us, so the philosophic historian distinguishes, for those who cannot see as far as he, the several distances of the stars in the moral world, "one star differing from another star in glory," according to their opportunities, their age, their characters. As the telescope enables the man of science to resolve the nebulous clusters of the milky way into the distinct worlds of which each cluster is composed, so the microscope of scholarship enables the man of letters to resolve the nebulous mist of primeval tradition into the distinct elements out of which it has been gradually formed. As the celestial spheres are mapped out by the natural student to guide the mariner, and "for times, and for seasons, and for days, and for years," so the spheres of earthly events are mapped out by the historical student, and the monuments of glory and the beacons of danger are set along the shores of the past, to direct us through the trackless ocean of the future. Happy, thrice happy he who has the ears to hear those voices of the dead which others cannot hear—who has the eyes to see those visions of the ancient times which to others are dim and dark. History may be fallible and uncertain, but it is our only guide to the great things that God has wrought for the race of man in former ages; it is the only means through which "we can hear, and" through which "our fathers can declare to us the noble works which He has done in their days, and in the old time before them."

II. And not only the religion of the natural man, but the whole structure of the Bible is a testimony to the sacredness and the value of historical learning. Unlike all other sacred books, the sacred books both of the Old and New Testament are, at least half in each, not poetical, or dogmatical, but historical. Even the poetic and dogmatic parts are for the most part materials for history. The Prophets of the Old Testament are also historians. The visions of Daniel are, as has been often observed, the first signal example of the

Philosophy of History. Nor is it merely in form, but in spirit, that this truth is set forth before us in the Bible. The Religion of Christendom has, besides its other transcendent marks of superiority, this broad distinction from all other religions, that it is essentially historical. Of the three great manifestations of God to man, in nature, in conscience, in the course of human events,—“God in History” will to a large part of mankind be the most persuasive. On the great scale of the world’s movements we see impressed, the “unceasing purpose” of the Creator; on the smaller scale of the lives of heroes, saints, and sages, we see the highest efforts of the Creature.

Doctrine, precept, warning, exhortation, all are invested with double charms when clothed in the flesh and blood of historical facts. If there has been an “everlasting remembrance” of One supremely Just, in whom the Divine Mind was made known to man in a special and transcendent degree, it is because that Just One, the Holy and the True, “became flesh and dwelt amongst us,” and became (so let us speak with all reverence and all truth) the subject of historical description of historical research, of historical analysis, of historical comparison. The sacred historians of the Jewish Commonwealth—still more the simple, homely, but profound historians of the New Testament whom we call the Evangelists, are the most impressive of all preachers. They are subject doubtless to the same laws, to the same difficulties as other histories, and it is from the illustration of other histories that they can alone be fully understood and appreciated. But in themselves they are the enduring witness in the Book of Books to the immortal power of history in the education of mankind.

III. And this power is not confined to the history of the Jewish people, or of the Christian Church. It extends to the history of “the nations”—of “the Gentiles,” as they are called in the Bible.

Those of us who were present at the splendid discourse\* which on Sunday last thrilled the vast congregation within these walls, and who heard the preacher’s indignant repudiation of the common mode of dividing secular from sacred history, will not need to be persuaded of the great Catholic and Evangelical doctrine that whatever was or is good and true in any race of men, is equally precious in the sight of God; that Greece and Rome as well as Judæa had their own distinct parts allotted

\* Sermon preached by the Bishop of Peterborough in Westminster Abbey on the evening of June 18, 1771.



to them in the guidance and progress of the world.

Over and over again is this truth expressed in the Bible, "The just," without reserve, in whatever nation, and of whatever creed, "is to be had in everlasting remembrance." \* *Whatsoever* things are true, *whatsoever* things are honest, *whatsoever* things are just, *whatsoever* things are pure, *whatsoever* things are lovely, *whatsoever* things are of good report, if there be *any* virtue, if there be *any* praise,\*\* in *whatsoever* race, or under *whatsoever* form,—these things are the legitimate, the sacred, subjects which the Father of all good gifts has charged the historians of the world to record and to read wheresoever they can be discerned.

The Apostle St. Peter received the heathen soldier of the Italian band with the undoubted assurance that "in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him." † The Apostle St. Paul, in contemplating the whole Gentile world,‡ declared that "not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law are justified, for when the Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves." The Apostle St. John declared that "he who doeth righteousness is righteous." § And the Master and Lord of Peter, Paul, and John, welcomed with His own special favour the Roman centurion,|| whose faith exceeded all that He had found in Israel; and hailed the coming of the Greek inquirers ¶ who sought to see Him on the eve of His departure; and declared, in language not to be mistaken, that when "all the nations" should be assembled before the Son of man at the last day, His gracious benediction would be pronounced on all those that had done good to their fellow-men, even though they had never heard His voice, nor named His name; \*\* even though they had never said Lord, Lord, yet, if they had done His Father's will, if they had ministered to His brethren on earth—this, and this alone, was sufficient to win His supreme approval.

IV. And if we look yet closer into the story of that marvellous Grecian race, which we are especially called this day to consider, let us never forget that Christianity itself, if from one point of view it is as a Hebrew of the Hebrews, from another and not less important view, it has become even as a Greek to

the Greeks. The language of its sacred books is not the tongue of Sinai or Jerusalem, but of Athens and Alexandria. Without Plato, without Aristotle, without Alexander, the whole preparation for Christianity, the whole development of Christianity, would have been wholly different from that which, in the fulness of time and with these riches of the Gentile world poured into it, it has actually become. There is in its very conception, if one may so say, a welcome, a stretching out of the hands to the sons of Javan and to the coasts of Chittim. There is interwoven with the very texture of the New Testament a tenderness, a humanity, a universality, a search after truth, a variety, a freedom of development, a popularity of constitution, that, humanly speaking, are not Hebraic, but Hellenic; they belong to that side of the Divine Image which looks not towards the mountains and deserts of the East, but towards the isles of the Gentiles and the uttermost parts of the western sea. Even in that Supreme Exemplar, in whom there is in one sense neither Jew nor Greek, yet in whom in another sense Greek and Jew each find their corresponding elements, there is an aspect to which, amidst a thousand differences and at an incommensurable interval, there has yet no closer parallel been suggested in the history of mankind than the highest climax of the development of Greece in the immortal story of the consecrated life and solemn end of the Athenian philosopher.

Yet perhaps it is even more from the contribution of new elements of life to the spiritual growth of our race that the Hellenic race claims "the everlasting remembrance" of those who value the inward Holy Spirit of our Christian faith yet more deeply than they value even the most sacred and imperishable of its outward forms. "To have known the history of a people by whom the first spark was set to the dormant intellectual capacities of our nature"—to draw forth from the various forms of fable or legend of strange antique observance and rare preternatural beauty, "cunningly graven in gold or silver or stone by art and man's device," the devotion of that ancient people to their thousand "unknown gods," which caused them to be considered by the Apostle as in all things "very religious" beyond all their fellows †—to delineate the growth of that singular freedom of discussion, and singular fidelity to law, which have since combined to make Christendom a living reality,

\* Phil. iv. 8.

† Acts x. 35.

‡ Rom. ii. 13, 14.

§ 1 John iii. 7.

¶ Matt. viii. 10, 11.

|| John xiii. 20—25.

\*\* Matt. xxv. 22—40; vii. 21.

\* Grote's "Greece," vol. i., Preface, p. viii.

† Acts xvii. 22, 23.

and Western Civilisation a possibility—to appreciate the various motives and forces, which,

“ Though many a dreary age,  
Uphore whatever of good and wise  
Still lived in saint or sage,”

and stimulated those lofty spirits who have moulded the policy, the art, and the philosophy of all educated men in after times—to thrill the spirit of generations yet to come by recording once more in all their fulness those heart-stirring victories of the few against the many, of light against darkness, which will be the watchwords of patriotism and of liberty as long as the fabric of the civilised world endures—to inquire in what intricate depths of those early times “could wisdom be found,”\* and where was the primeval “place of understanding”—to trace the rise of that heaven-sent genius which was for ever preaching on the oracle, *Know thyself*, as the holiest of texts, which “permanently enlarged the horizon, improved the method, and multiplied the ascendant minds of the whole speculative world” for ever—to have painted the gloomy side of that luminous history, and seen our own sins anticipated or exaggerated in that highly-wrought society, the sins of party spirit and of popular superstition, the action and reaction of democratic and despotic violence, the growth of dark vices and of hideous crimes, even under the surface of the most refined civilization and by the side of the loftiest aspirations—to have gathered together that vast “cloud of witnesses, who, though they received not our promises, God having provided some better things for us, that they without us should not be made perfect,”† yet have their memories enshrined on the heights of fame, as trophies which will not suffer us to sleep in the race that is set before us in the onward progress of humanity towards the City of the Living God;—To have learned or to have taught any of these lessons from the annals of that dear immortal land,

“ Where each old poetic mountain  
Inspiration breathes around,”

this is to have done something towards the “everlasting remembrance” of the Just, the Free, the Beautiful, and the True—this is to have contributed something towards the glorification of Him whose name is Justice, and Loveliness, and Liberty, and Truth.

V. Such an effort, sustained through almost forty years of unremitting toil, marked the course of the aged scholar who now rests from his lifelong labours. For this end, since in early manhood and in maturer years, he

steadily forsook and set aside (so far as he could) all worldly cares and honours. For this and for the advancement of kindred pursuits, he, in a distracted and luxurious age, lived the simple and single-minded life of an ancient student or academic sage.

And if, as has been the lot of other eminent historians, he was himself an example of that which he described, and grew like to that which he admired, if we feel as though we were reading of himself, when he portrays the Athenian statesman,\* who “by his straight and single-handed course, with no solicitude for party ties, and with little care to conciliate friends or offend enemies, and by manifesting through a long public life an uprightness without flaw, and beyond all suspicion earned for himself the lofty surname of the Just,” or that Spartan chief,† who rose above his countrymen by his “entire straightforwardness of dealing and his Pan-hellenic patriotism, alike comprehensive, exalted, and merciful;” if we almost fancy that we see living again in him the genius of historical impartiality, which once seems to have been realized among men in the Grecian Thucydides—then of him also, as of those whom he delineated, may those sacred words be repeated: “The just shall be had in everlasting remembrance.”

To be just was the inspiring motive and the controlling check of his whole intellectual life. For the sake of preserving the exact balance of truth, he resisted what, to minds like his, in an age like ours, is an inducement stronger than love, or honour, or wealth; he restrained a fervid imagination, he sacrificed the graces of style, and the desire of effect; he never gave way to “the constantly recurring temptation to break loose from the unseen spell by which a conscientious criticism bound him down.”‡

And this passion for justice, which was the soul of his work, was also the soul of his character.

They who knew him best will tell us that of all public men whom they had ever known he was the most unswervingly just. Those who knew him not, may be assured that whatever honour or respect he won, beyond the region of his intellectual eminence, was the tribute which mankind feel to be due to any manifestation of that most Godlike and Christlike grace, the virtue of justice. Let those whose hearty, dogmatic, exaggerated statements fill now their lips in unceasing flow, pause for thought for themselves, or care for





GEORGE GROTE THE HISTORIAN.

others, remember (if they ever heard it) the slow, deliberate enunciation with which, even on seemingly trivial matters, he would drop out, syllable by syllable, his exact, unimpassioned judgments, as though he feared lest a single phrase should escape him that was not absolutely true—as though he had for ever sounding in the innermost chamber of his conscience the sacred maxim, “By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.” Let those who think it consistent with their station, or their rank, or their religion, to treat with rudeness, or with scorn, those from whom they differ, those to whom they are superior, those to whom they are inferior, remember, if they ever saw it, the gracious urbanity, the antique courtesy, the tender consideration, with which he met the jarring circumstances as characters of life, as though he had ever before him the Divine ideal of Him who, in the quaint but reverent language of an early English poet,\* has been called—

“The First True Gentleman that ever breathed.”

Let those who think that enlarged philosophy, or daring speculation, or eager research, carries with it, as by a fatal necessity, a fierce and scoffing spirit, a forward speech,

\* Dekker.

an intolerant, insolent temper—let them remember, if they ever witnessed it, the reverential abstinence, the modest forbearance of that firm but gentle nature which, alike in act and word, was the living representation of the apostolic maxims—“In honour preferring others, condescending to minds of low estate”—“rendering” with scrupulous exactness “to all their due, custom to whom custom, honour to whom honour.”\*

Such an one, whether he be of us or not, shall surely be honoured amongst “the spirits of just men made perfect” hereafter. In parting with such an one, whether we look backwards to the dark shadows of this mortal life, or forwards to “the Light which no man can approach unto,” we may repeat for him and urge on others those sacred words of which the scope is limited to no age or country, and of which the meaning is inexhaustible: “The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.”† “Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.”‡ “*In aeternâ memoriâ erit justus.*”

A. P. STANLEY.

\* Rom. xii. 10, 16; xiii. 7.

† Prov. iv. 18.

‡ Matt. v. 6

## A FLOWER-SONG.

“*la bele Aliz*  
Ceste est la flur, ceste est le lis.”—STEPHEN LANGTON.

DOWN where the garden grows,

Gay as a banner,  
Spake to her mate the Rose

After this manner:—

“We are the first of flowers,  
Plain-land or hilly,  
All reds and whites are ours,  
Are they not, Lily?”

Then to the flowers I spake,—

“Watch ye my Lady  
Gone to the leafy brake,  
Silent and shady;  
When I am near to her,  
Lily, she knows;  
How I am dear to her,  
Look to it, Rose.”

Straightway the Blue-bell stooped,  
Paler for pride,

Down where the Violet drooped,  
Shy, at her side:—

“Sweetheart, save me and you,  
Where has the summer kist  
Flowers of as fair a hue,—  
Turkis or amethyst?”

Therewith I laughed aloud,  
Spake on this wise,

“O little flowers so proud,  
Have ye seen eyes

Change through the blue in them,—

Change till the mere  
Loving that grew in them  
Turned to a tear?”

“Flowers, ye are bight of our  
Delicate, sweet;

Flowers, and the sight of you  
Lightens men’s feet;

Yea; but her worth to me,

Flowerets, even,  
Sweetening the earth to me,  
Sweeteneth heaven.

“This, then, O Flowers, I sing;  
God, when He made ye

Made yet a fairer thing  
Making my Lady.

Her He made tenderly,  
Graced her exceedingly:—

Girdle ye slenderly,  
Go to her pleadingly,

“Saying:—‘He sendeth us,—  
He, the most dutiful;

Meets he endeth us,  
Maiden most beautiful!

Let us get rest of you,  
Sweet, in your breast:—

Die, being prest of you,  
Die, being blest.”

AUSTIN DOBSON.



## EXPRESSION IN NATURE.

"And I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;  
A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still  
A lover of the meadows and the woods,  
And mountains; and of all that we behold  
From this green earth; of all the mighty world  
Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,  
And half perceive; well pleased to recognise  
In nature and the language of the sense,  
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul  
Of all my moral being."

WORDSWORTH, *Tintern Abbey*.

EXPRESSION occupies the border-land between matter and spirit; it may be called the material aspect or look of the spiritual world, or the spiritual aspect of the material world. By this spiritual-material language, of which the component alphabet is made up by some subtle discrimination out of curves, colours, and the like, in the world of sight, and out of tones of voice, cadences, pauses, in the world of sound, intelligent beings converse so as to become mutually acquainted.

When we say this, we assume of course that Matter and Spirit, Persons and Things, are essentially distinct, and secondly, if we believe in the reality of Expression in Nature as a whole, that the first or original Cause of all things is a living God, not a blind force or aggregate of forces.

It is hard indeed to see how any one can believe that any combination, however happy, of *matter* with any so-called "physical forces," could ever produce the "thoughts that wander through eternity," or develop themselves by some happy chance into—say, "the noble army of martyrs," or "the goodly fellowship of the prophets;" or that men are but one class of the innumerable modifications of impersonal "matter and force," in the ordinary acceptance of those words, which together are supposed to constitute the sum total of feeling.

"Roll'd round in earth's diurnal course,  
With rocks and stones and trees,"

in total bondage to material laws like them.

But as such materialism prevails just now to a grievous extent, and stands directly in my way, perhaps I may be allowed a few preliminary words against it.

No thought or feeling, men of science tell us, in man or in any creature known to us does, as a fact, ever occur, dissociated from material, or so-called "molecular" change. It

is, they tell us, an ascertained fact that every thought and every feeling in us "wastes" or expends matter, and is in some mysterious way connected with matter.

Still even invariable association, so far as our present experience extends (an important limitation), is not the same as identity. Let it be granted that thought is always, in the world *as it is now*, accompanied by "molecular change," still it, of course, by no means follows that it *is* no more than molecular change. Neither is there anything in the above assertions of men of science, to forbid the belief that a will and mind (whatever those words may mean), which are at present connected with, and in some respects control, a certain set of "molecules," might be withdrawn from them, might exist apart from them, and be then united to another set of molecules of a different, and it might be either of a more or less perfect kind. We are free to adopt the belief that

"Life never dies;  
*Matter dies off it, and it lives elsewhere.*"  
H. TAYLOR, *Philosophy of Aristotle*, 267.

And as to the possibility of mind existing independently of a brain, it should be remembered that none but an atheist or a believer in a Mormon or corporeal God can doubt it. For the one great Mind and Will which is seen so marvellously pervading and governing all things, is not produced in or by a brain, and yet it exists; the "hands" that do, as a fact, "reach through Nature shaping man," are certainly not material, and yet to most minds it seems as glaringly evident as anything can be that those "hands" and that governing or shaping power do exist. And if one such Mind and Will exists and works independent of a brain and material organs, why not any number of similar though inferior ones?

Is not the reasoning used by St. Paul at Athens against the Epicureans, who believed

in the doctrine of the fortuitous concurrence of atoms, and against the Stoics, who asserted the eternity of matter and the non-existence of free will, still valid against all similar doctrines:—"Forasmuch as *we* are His offspring, we ought not to think that the God-head can be like gold or silver or stone?" Nothing but a Person could create persons; the "First Cause" of beings with free wills, with consciences, with hope and fear, with far-reaching thoughts, with love and hatred in them, must be a living God.

How indeed any man, looking at the wondrous order, internal and external, of the material universe can possibly believe that he, or the like of him, is the highest existing intelligence, and that the vast progress of the universe has culminated in him, having begun, we must suppose, in—*nothing*, and been guided in that marvelously well-directed development by—chance, or by an un-self-conscious cause, that no greater mind than that of man has been at work here before him, it is indeed hard to conceive. "When I awake up, I am present with *Thee*." None but eyes fast closed in sleep, one might have thought, could have failed to see a greater Mind and Will than man's, and yet one like his own, at work in Nature.

Assuming, then, the radical and essential difference between Matter and Spirit, and the being of the living God, my subject in this article is the expression of the mind and character of the Creator, in and through this material world; after which I hope to speak at a future time of the expression of living creatures through their bodies.

#### EXPRESSION IN INORGANIC NATURE.

This, I wish to maintain, exists independently of man. It will not, I think, be denied that things *look* as if God Himself had pleasure in beauty and in symbolism, in His material works, for their own sake; and literally "rejoiced in His works" in this respect as in others. In the argument between those who with Mr. Darwin deny and those who with the Duke of Argyll affirm this, the burden of proof, we maintain, lies with the former. For certainly our natural inclination would be to believe that the Creator of the world had pleasure in beauty.

Before ever a man had existed, the material world and its contents *expressed* much. In that strange Earth, that span from millennium to millennium in Space before man had ever come into being, there were Sunrises and

Sunsets, the colours of the dawn, the songs of birds, the skipping of young creatures, the moans of the suffering—all the outward symbols of joy and of sorrow. Are we to believe that there was no Intelligence that felt the meaning and expression of all this? and none that had planned it for that end?

O, silent, mystic world—silent, dumb, save in look!—but how eloquent in that! Yes, eloquent—but with no ear to hear it? Was it so? could it be so? But why, then, was it all so fitted to express feeling? Was it the fortuitous concurrence of atoms (*felices nimirum, sua si bona norint, atomi!*) that produced all this infinite artistic beauty in Nature, all this pathos, all this mirth of look? Thou, artist-hand—Thou, inimitable artist-hand, of Nature didst travel over that mighty canvas, and paint these speaking pictures, at the sight of which our human eyes melt into irresistible tears, our human heart heaves with irresistible emotion, but we are asked to believe there was not, nor ever had been, a mind that planned all this; it was a chance that happened to bring matter into this artistic, expressive shape.

This is just what most men would find it impossible to believe.

Surely there was feeling before there was such inimitably perfect *expression* of feeling; there was sorrow, or the idea of sorrow, before a sunset; joy, or the idea of joy, before a sunrise; the sense of greatness and of freedom, before ever an ocean with myriad waves danced in sunlight or thundered in the darkness of storms; worship, or the idea of worship, before there ever bent a vast star-illuminated expanse over the silent plains of earth, so marvellously calling for worship. Yes, spirit must have made body, not body spirit; God made the world, the world did not develop God,—O thou blind atheist,—O eye in which is no light, thou eye of the atheist!

Parables? Oh, surely all things were made to be parables; it is not a *chance* that they lend themselves so readily to this use; the vessel must have been deliberately fittet to hold that which as a fact we find it does so marvellously fit. The world must have been made to be a parable of spiritual eternal verities, the vesture of God, else it would not be so perfect a one.

But it may be objected that some of the things which on this hypothesis the face of Nature was created to symbolize, as, for instance, the sorrow of intelligent Godlike creatures at sin, did not come into being till long ages later on in time.



This difficulty is much the same as that with regard to the symbolism which the Divine Wisdom is said in Scripture to have attached to the rainbow after the Flood. How, it is asked, can the rainbow be said to have been "set" by the Almighty Maker "in the cloud" to be a pledge of God's covenant with man, when the laws of optics show so clearly that it is their inevitable result as soon as clouds face the Sun?

But are not such objections grounded in a great fallacy and slavery to the "idols" of our human "cave"?

To Him who, according to the profound saying of Scripture, "inhabith eternity," Space and Time are not. The coming eternity, *eternitas a parte post*, as for want of a better expression we call it, is as present to Him as what we call "the present." There can be no surprises in ambush for Him in the infinite Future, nothing that He does not foresee; He "inhabith it" now. All that in the future will grow out of seeds sown, is latent in them and in the earth round them now. A great forest of oaks that will one day cover the earth may be concealed in one acorn, and in the soil, the air, the world, in which it grows; and it will be no chance when it does so. All was foreseen, fore-intended, by God. Our difficulties of this kind come not from the greatness but the smallness of our minds. Mr. Babbage suggested that if we could travel far enough off into the interstellar spaces of the universe, we might, from some point of distance, now see the first man and woman that ever existed; the optic image of that wondrous scene, as it travels ever onwards through space, having by this time reached that particular point of space. So is past time annihilated. In other mystic unfathomed ways we must believe that to God the Future does not exist as distinguished from the Past and Present. Whatever exists now was intended from eternity; else were our progress onward unsafe; we might tread upon crackers laid by some mischief-making goblin of some under-world of chaos, unobserved by the Ruler of our life. No, surely, He not only "besets us behind," but also "before," though indeed "such wisdom is too wonderful and excellent for us; we cannot attain unto it." If so, there is no difficulty in the statement of Inspiration that that great rainbow which met the awe-struck gaze of the redeemed from the Flood, as they stood once more upon the restored earth, was placed there by the wisdom of God, *in order* to be a symbol thenceforward of the Eternal Covenant

of redemption.\* If we limited God by the conditions of a creature locked into narrow rooms of space and time, such things might be difficulties to us. But as it is, they are not.

How do we know that the great Source of all being had not this result, among a myriad others, of the "laws of optics" in view when He originally constituted them,—that they should weave with the threads of the solar light-rays such a pattern of fairy colours upon darkest clouds, to be, to souls that would receive it, a sacred, glorious hieroglyph of hope in storms—a prophecy of the "morning of joy," which, because of God's love, faithfulness, goodness, shall follow every "night of heaviness"—Heaven's radiant smile, shining victorious through all sorrowfullest floods of Nature's tears? God beforehand so ordered the world that it should be an embodied parable of spiritual, saving truth, eloquent to heart and spirit.

And in the colours of the dawn, in the glorious light of noon, in the pathetic tints of evening, in the still, solemn majesty of night; or, again, in the singularly analogous beauties and glories of Nature's longer day—a year, of which the Spring is the morning, the Summer the full noon, Autumn the evening, and Winter the night: and in the music of running and falling water: in the bellows of mighty thunders: in the melancholy tones of a winter wind sighing sad over the frozen earth: in all the unnumbered variations of tune played upon the great diapason of Nature's organ, using its other and inferior "stops" as well as its most marvellous "human-voice stop," all hearts not dead perceive *expression*.

Sometimes indeed the beauty and marvellous

\* It should be remembered that to say that God does a certain act *in order* to produce a certain effect, is by no means necessarily to affirm that it is His *only*, or even principal, purpose. The often-quoted lines of Pope—

"In human works, though laboured on with pain,  
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;  
In God's, one single doth its end produce,  
Yet serves to second too some other use,

only err by defect. The Almighty may have in view in any act, not only two, but an infinite number of purposes. An artist looking at a flower might affirm that it was clearly made in order to produce the impression of beauty, but a chemist, seeing its elaboration of gases, or an entomologist, observing the food it furnishes to insects, might each of them declare these results to be the true purpose of its existence; and each might be right in what he affirmed, and only wrong if he went on to deny the other objects which it appears equally and contemporaneously to answer. It is the very characteristic of Divine works that they look in many directions at once; they are "full of eyes behind and before." All the effects that are, as a fact, produced by any cause must surely be supposed to have been foreseen, and therefore also intended by the Omniscient and Omnipotent God. The perception of one purpose in any work of God is not the least presumption against the co-existence with it in the Divine Mind of any number of others.

spiritual expressiveness of the material world, the dwelling-place of man, seems to speak more powerfully of the personality of its great unseen Author even than all the infinite marvels of what seems to us mechanical skill and contrivance in Nature. In looking at the results of the latter, the thought will sometimes occur to us that the difficulties, as well as their solution, the limitations and hindrances that seem to beset the Divine Worker, no less than His self-adaptation to them, must be products of His Will; for all things come out of His hands. It is not one power that creates the difficulty, and another which overcomes it. It is the same power on both sides. If so, then we must seek some other and more comprehensive reason for things being what they are, beyond the necessities and difficulties (for what can be difficulties to Omnipotence?) of Creation. And what can this be but some really *artistic* view in the Divine Mind delighting so to express itself, and so to speak to Himself and to His creatures? On the mighty canvas of the matter of the universe, we see an artistic Hand moving; and it brings out pictures such as, when our hearts are awake, we cannot look at without deep emotion. Then we are inclined to think it is a Being something like ourselves, only infinitely greater, deeper-minded, that is at work so, who would fain speak to our souls and hearts by this glorious painting, and who Himself rejoices in it.

"For true it is that though from us  
Half hid by Falsehood's mists  
Creation is a *Look of God's*,  
Its true expression—Christ's."

The brush that paints the Sunrise, the Sunset, is no dead instrument in the hand of *chance*—the spiritual, eternal, self-evolving beauty of this material world, is real, is living; and it speaks in a voice so powerful, that all but hearts twice dead must, one might have thought, hear it, of a Person who Himself loves beauty and expression—the Divine archetypal Artist.

Does it not seem at times as if God were dumb, and *could* not for some reason now speak to us, and so were *making signs* to us in all the glories of Nature?—signs which He is willing to explain to our hearts if we pray to Him to do so while we look at them.

But objections to all arguments from the beauties of Nature are drawn from its uglinesses. Men of science often complain, with great justice, of the dishonesties and one-sidedness of natural theologians. Looking, for instance, at beasts of prey, attention is drawn to the benevolence of the arrangements of Nature by which they are armed with such

perfect instruments for obtaining their food; overlooking the fact that this food consists of creatures as living as themselves, whose sufferings, it may be thought, in the process of being eaten are at least as great as is the pleasure of the eaters in eating them. All our sympathies are claimed for the eaters, none are given to the eatees. In the same way, looking out upon Nature, some look at everything in it that to them seems good and bright and joyful, to the glory of the sunrise and sunset, the richness, the beauties, and plentifulness of earth's garden-grounds, musical sounds, the sweet perfumes of flowers, all signs of joy in young and healthy creatures; but shut them to all the dark side of Nature, dingy and murky skies, dull days, barren wildernesses, harsh, discordant sounds, foul stench, the groans of old and dying creatures, whatever, in short, seems to us not beautiful but ugly, not pleasant but painful. This self-willed one-sidedness in natural theologians very much discredits their great cause. In treating, therefore, of beauty in Nature we must not omit to notice the difficulty of ugliness.

Now perhaps this difficulty occurs chiefly in the animal world. For instances of ugliness if they occur in the inorganic world are, in that, insignificant both in number and intensity when compared with its beauties, and are scarcely ever painful. Still that which appears to us ugliness does meet us even in non-living Nature. What are we to say of this?

In the first place, it is, I think, true that beauty, not ugliness, seems to be the object and aim of natural arrangements, and ugliness the exception; and that with regard to beauty as to other things good and useful, there seems to be an economy of it in Nature—it comes, as a rule, only where it can *appear* as beauty. This last remark is, I think, true, notwithstanding the fact that—

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

and that the most precious stones are hidden deep in mines, and are not to be had without labour. For these are exceptions to the general rule. Beauty exists chiefly in the light, and is partly—as in colour—even created by light. The enormous inside of the earth—eight thousand miles in diameter—is mostly rough and undecorated; but the little film of the surface breaks out into wonderful beauty, and is covered with a robe of ever-changing green, decked with flowers,



blossoms, fruits, foliage, ever varying with the march of the seasons. And anything, however plain or ugly, will, if left exposed to the air and rain, soon become picturesque. A railway-cutting of bare rock, an old iron pot, an old building, will, in a few weeks when exposed to the light and sky, be embroidered with moss and wild flowers, and coloured with weather-stains;—the charity of Nature making haste to hide its faults; “upon its uncomely parts she bestows” the honour which they “lacked.” Ugliness exists mostly out of sight. Worms that burrow in the dark are unsightly; but snakes, caterpillars, that live in the light, are “dressed for company.”

Colour is produced by light, paleness belongs properly to darkness; atiolated plants would look strange if they could be made to exist in the daylight; they would be exceptions which, by the notice they would draw, would prove the rule to be different. Again, most of the creatures that impress us as ugly, do so chiefly because they are torn by us or by accidental circumstances from their proper and original context. What can be more ugly than a civilised pig in his sty? but a wild boar in his native forests is a fine sight. Even monkeys, jumping from branch to branch in the tops of their native tropical forests, have a look of fitness, and are expressive, at any rate, of a kind of *humour* in great Nature.

Some things, we may believe, have been called into being by the Divine Artist, in order that they may embody and pictorially represent ideas to our human, and to the Divine imagination. If so, we might expect some of them to picture the Divine view of things that are spiritually evil, and the feeling with which they are contemplated by God.

This belief is not forbidden by the supposed late introduction of Evil into God's universe. For, at any rate, Evil was from eternity known—foreknown if we like so to call it—by God. The feeling, therefore, with which He contemplates it must also have existed in Him from eternity.

Hence, in a universe made to symbolise *His* mind and character, there would be things terrible as well as fair—frowns as well as smiles. In the mighty Organ of material Nature, which He has made for Himself to play upon, there must be deep notes as well as high, machinery for thunder, and for the awful shakes of the grand universal music, and flashes of lightning as of wrath. Insipid and poor, like some men's thoughts of Heaven, would be the monotonous brightness and serenity of a world all fair; it could but

represent one side of the Divine all-comprehending Mind.

A remarkable transatlantic man of genius, Horace Bushnell, in his most original book, “The Moral Uses of Dark Things,” supposes that some things may have been created by the Almighty in order to furnish materials for *language*,—symbols whereby mankind may express with sufficient force their feelings and thoughts. This suggestion should not hastily be put aside; it may have a deep ground. For Language—that great mystery—and Creation spring from one source. The “Word of God,” the Bible says, created all things; “without Him was not anything made that was made.” Perhaps this may partly account for the arrangements of Nature which produce storms, thunder, lightning, and other awful symbols, instruments ready to play the awful notes when wanted.

But besides, we have no reason to think that, at the time when God created this material world, Evil did not yet exist anywhere. According to Scripture Evil did not *begin* with this world; it is described as coming into it *from elsewhere*—from a supernatural world outside of men and of this earth, in which it existed before; but *how long before* who can tell? Here we touch terrors seldom so much as dreamt of, at least by our prosaic English minds. So then, amongst the myriad looks of Nature, we might expect to find some answering to every thought or feeling in God—the stern no less than the gentle, the awful as well as the bright; and, perhaps, as, if I remember rightly, Mr. Ruskin has sometimes suggested, some animals were called into being in order to incarnate or satirise vices, as, for instance, pigs, to symbolise *Epicuri de grege porcos*.

Lastly, if we believe the Bible, we must look upon the world as created, even principally, to be an exercise or training-ground for human beings; intended to bring out and to strengthen, by exercise, all the powers of their natures, of which some of the noblest are the artistic. And sunrises and sunsets, storms and tempests, the great oratorios which the Almighty Maker plays on His great Organ, call out in our souls, thoughts, aspirations, feelings, which without them would scarcely awake at all, so educating us into fellow-feeling with Him, the great archetypal Artist. “Are not,” says Byron—

“Are not the mountains, waves, and skies a part  
Of me, and of my soul, and I of them?”

*Childe Harold*, iii. 75.

How many human faces are there in the world upon which an expression of beauty,

of a refined and purifying happiness, has been drawn out and fixed there by the same causes as in "Nature's Lady," of whom great Wordsworth wrote :

"The stars of midnight shall be dear  
To her; and she shall lean her ear  
In many a secret place  
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,  
And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face.  
And vital feelings of delight  
Shall rear her form to stately height,  
Her virgin-bosom swell."

WORDSWORTH, *LINC.*

Let those who will, trace such results to the "fortuitous concurrence of atoms," or some such incredible absurdity, we will call it the work of a God who Himself delights in beauty, and would train us to do the same.

And as we walk the glorious fields of this our Eden, we will allow ourselves to see in and through all its fair or its terrible, its beauteous or its severe scenes and pictures, looks, or reflections of looks, of a living God, our Father. Our atheists deny it; our orphan-spirits believe that they have no Father, that *we* are the highest beings now existing, or that ever did exist; that the Universe has crowned itself in us, and become for the first time self-conscious in men! So indeed, if no PERSON is outside of us, there can be no *Expression* in Nature, for by "expression," we mean that which *conveys* thought or feeling from one Spirit to another. But in what I have now written I have assumed that there is a Spirit—a living God external to us all and to Nature, not,—Heaven forbid it!—"unknowable;" and that He is verily expressing His mind artistically through the scenery of the world. So may we ever walk this our "Paradise Regained," not as if alone in it; but as listening for His voice, "walking with us amongst the trees of the garden," and live in that spirit of sonship, which He has brought into the world and

given us a right to, Who taught us to read a present Father's mind in lilies of the field, in fowls of the air, in every creature that lives, in all the innumerable parables of His Creation. "How delightful," says one to whose teaching many of us owe very much,\* "the contemplation of the world in this sense is to one who has been taught that he is a child of God, our poet Cowper tells us, in those lines of his *Winter Morning Walk* :—

"His are the mountains," and the valleys His  
And the resplendent rivers, his to enjoy  
With a property that none can feel;  
But who, with filial confidence inspired,  
Can lit to Heaven an unassuming eye,  
And smiling say,—My Father made them all!"

Further on he quotes, among others, the following beautiful lines from the same poem, which will form a fit conclusion to this, my poor plea for the spiritual expressiveness of Nature and for the revelation which it contains of its Divine Author—"Then," says Cowper,—when we awake to faith in God,—

"Then we are free; then liberty like day  
Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from Heaven  
Fires all the faculties with glorious joy;  
A voice is heard that mortal ears hear not  
Till Thou hast touched them: 'tis the voice of song,  
A loud Hosanna sent from all Thy works,  
Which he that hears it with a shout repeats,  
And adds his rapture to the general praise.  
In that blest moment, Nature throwing wide  
Her veil opaque, discloses with a smile  
The Author of her beauties, who, retired  
Behind His own creation, works unseen  
By the impure, and hears His power denied.  
Thou art the source and centre of all minds;  
Their only point of rest, eternal Word!  
From Thee departing, they are lost and roam  
At random, without honour, hope, or peace.  
From Thee is all that soothes the life of man,  
His high endeavour and his glad success,  
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.  
But O thou bounteous Giver of all good,  
Thou art of all Thy gifts Thyself the Crown!  
Give what Thou canst, without Thee we are poor;  
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away."

COWPER'S *Winter Morning Walk*, &c.

W. H. LYTTELTON.

\* Mr. Maurice, in one of his most suggestive, and perhaps his simplest, exegetical work, *The Epistles of St. John*, p. 123.

## "A-GROWING AND A-BLOWING."

FLOWERS! pretty flowers! Ah, who will buy?

You'll find no fairer in all the town!

Look at them, under God's tulip sky,

Just as the sun is a-going down:

I've carried and cried through the weary day,

Now, poor flowers, we must go our way.

Flowers! pretty flowers, when I held you first

The new sun spread like an op'ning rose,

My buds they greeted him too and burst,

And now themselves and the day must close;

But to-morrow God's sun will arise and spread,

When all my blossoms are lying dead.

Flowers! pretty flowers! All kinds of flowers!

All blowing and growing for such as you!

I've carried them close these a-many hours,

These roses white and these violets blue:

But they're never meant to be housed with me,

Such beautiful things to smell and see.

Flowers! pretty flowers! red, white, and blue,

Sweet lady, you wonder they still should shine

Ah, in the morning God lends His dew,

And in the evening I give them mine:

A tear it can help a deal, they say,

To freshen them up through the weary day.





Flowers! pretty flowers! but lady, such—

For the sake of the God that has strewed your way—  
You should take, poor flowers, from an unclean touch  
And lay them on bosom as pure as they;  
For all that is fair and is fine to see  
Was never meant for the like of me.

Flowers! pretty flowers! so sweet to smell,  
I ain't a-going to cry you more;  
I know that the good God He does well,  
And He has an eye to his weak and poor:

And I think He'll mind on me by-and-by,  
When He leans his face from his tulip sky.

Flowers! pretty flowers! do you grow there, too,  
Up there, where God's garden green is set?  
Perhaps in yon pale forget-me-not blue  
He'll spare me a little garden yet;  
May-be He'll give me his flowers to cry,  
His beautiful flowers that will not die.

C. C. FRASER-TYTTLER.

## LONDON LANDSCAPE.

"I HAVE often amused myself with thinking how different a place London is to different people. They whose narrow minds are contracted to the consideration of some one particular pursuit view it only through that medium. A politician thinks of it merely as the seat of Government in its different departments; a grazier, as a vast market for cattle; a mercantile man, as a place where a prodigious deal of business is done upon 'Change; a dramatic enthusiast, as the grand scene of theatrical entertainments; a man of pleasure, as an assemblage of taverns, &c., &c.; but the intellectual man is struck with it as comprehending the whole of human life in all its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible."

So wrote Boswell, and had he possessed a keen sense of the picturesque, or been in any way a dabbler with brushes and colours, he would have added a clause respecting artists, and the way in which this class of the community would be struck by the aspect of London from a pictorial point of view. To them he might have said it affords a vast field on which to exercise their powers, not only as a school where every emotion of which the human breast is susceptible may be studied, but as a mine of wealth for that section of the brethren of the brush that deals with the objective rather than with subjective beauties—for those whose habit it is to portray the ever-varying effects pervading earth, air, and water, and who are called "landscape painters."

In the days, however, of the celebrated biographer your artist did not excite great attention: he did not, with some few honourable exceptions, count for much in general society, and to this, in some degree, may be attributed the omission by Boswell of all reference to the way in which London would represent itself to him. A hundred years ago, landscape painting, although cultivated by some few gifted men, did not excite the same popular and universal interest that it has since done. There were no water-colour exhibitions, and the facilities for travelling being so limited, but little stimulus was given even to a thought of the pursuit. Sketching from nature was not then looked upon as a necessary part of every liberal "curriculum" for education. Young ladies and gentlemen did not rush off to this or that accomplished professor of drawing for "lessons" at a guinea an hour, in the weak-minded and preposterous hope

of being taught to make pictures, like puddings, by receipt. Boswell could scarcely, therefore, have been expected, fond as he was of the town, to have added to the catalogue of its attractions the fact that it was one of the finest spots in which the sketcher from nature could take up his quarters, and he would have been as much surprised to hear it as, doubtless, will be many of the aforesaid young ladies and gentlemen in the present year of grace.

To them, and to all those who have been bitten by the "*cacœthes pingendi*," as it may be called, and who have been stimulated to a sort of superficial pursuit of and love for art, merely by the exhibition of clever water-colour drawings, or by the desire to bring home a portfolio of sketches from every excursion made at home or abroad, and who think that sketching from nature is only to be practised in fine weather and in beautiful scenery, the announcement may, indeed, appear startling. To tell such fair-weather painters that London, with all its bustle, noise, smoke, mud, and dirt, is a magnificent place, in a picturesque sense, "to go to," as the artists would say, is probably to tell them what they will not believe; but no one will gainsay the fact who regards art as a noble and difficult pursuit, and "not," as Mr. Ruskin says, "merely as a mode of graceful recreation or a new resource for times of rest." No one who goes through the world with his eyes open, and is on the look-out for beauty, be it where it may, and is sensible to the charms of form, light and shade, and colour, can traverse the mighty Babylon without constantly being struck by its landscape-like capabilities. Such an observer, who, being an artist, must likewise be an intellectual man, will probably find the outward attractions of the scene rendered more impressive under some aspects by the inner consciousness that "'London' comprehends the whole of human life in all its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible." He who would see that which constitutes London's exclusive beauty should follow the great highway of the Thames, or take his stand upon its now grandly solid banks, or climb the well-known "shot-tower" by Waterloo Bridge, to survey thence the city, which is the very core of a great country, the heart, as it were, from which all pulsations ebb and flow, and each extremity of the empire draws its life-blood. Such a prospect as this can



but impress the spectator, be he who he may. There is food for thought for the man who looks on London from the neighbourhood of the Thames, be he painter or poet, patriot or philosopher. It is, however, with the first of these that we have to do; but he is little worthy of the painter's craft who is not poet, patriot, and philosopher too.

Assuredly, the landscape owes, as we have said, not a little of its impressiveness to the fact that it is to a great extent artificial—the work of man's hand. The sky and river are of God's making; but all else is the result of human labour, guided and governed by his providence. Note these myriad housetops, these spires, steeples, and towers; these palaces, prisons, theatres, churches, streets, and reflect upon their intimate connection with millions of human lives. Human effort called them into existence; since then they have formed the arena within which is acted the great drama of life. Each building, each roof-tree, has a dozen tales to tell—endless tales, repeating themselves, of joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, of high endeavours, great aims, strong passions, bitter disappointment, and death. Even now, as you gaze, the pageant is in progress. The painter seizes on the lines of beauty, the lights and shadows of the picture before him; but he cannot employ his pencil upon it without deeply pondering upon that which is unseen in its endless perspective. He needs no lame-legged Asmodeus to shift the roofs and lay bare the secrets of each house. There is nothing new under the sun. What people did last year, and the year before, and so back to remotest antiquity, they are doing now—now, as he studies delightedly the external appearance of this vast human ant-heap, the home of busy millions.

“They whose narrow minds are contracted to the consideration of some one particular pursuit view it only through that medium;” but the artist is not one of these, as we have endeavoured to hint, and as Boswell would have been fain to confess had he thought of mentioning him. Even now, while he sits down to make his sketch, or take his notes of transient and varying effects of sun-gleam or cloud-shadows, the influence of all that London is must be upon him—he must feel the story which he has to tell—he must be conscious of all the stage business and directions, or the scene which he is about to realise for the background of the drama will but feebly represent the London landscape.

Watch him, therefore; but more than ever watch the subject-matter with which he is

about to deal. There is nothing monotonous in this brick-built, artificial landscape; nature has bent the will and hand of man to her object, and has compelled him, in his search after the useful, to furnish her unconsciously with the materials for stage effects on the grandest scale. In gratitude to man for that which he has contributed to the exhibition, she pours over all the rich halo of atmospheric effect. Even in this she does not disdain his further aid. Catching up and collecting the smoke that rises from innumerable hearths and furnaces, the homes of human industry and human habitation, she twists it into usefulness, mellowing with it the harsh distance, softening the crude, uninteresting outlines, and toning down the brightness of the sun's disc, till it hangs behind the misty curtain like a blood-red, fiery ball which threatens all the heavens with conflagration. At all hours and in all aspects there is plenty of work for the painter here. The subjects are endless, and they have been multiplied a thousandfold by the originators of the Thames Embankment. For this grand granite wall serves more than its ostensible purpose—the utilisation of the river reaches. It is more than a footway stolen from the treacherous mud; it supplies the stand-point whence the marvellous effects upon the river may be observed at leisure. No longer has the sketcher to emulate the mudlarks who dredge for halfpence beneath the slime. Secure upon the embankment, he can linger by the hour while the yellowing river runs by with rapid stream, and the shadows iter and deeper, and the scene shifts as he gazes. Mark the bridges: this one with graceful, airy span; that grotesque, but massive, with granite buttresses, that seem to seer at the puny efforts of the headstrong current. Mark the Houses of Parliament, Somerset House, and the Temple, as the heavy rain-clouds pass away, leaving the western sky illumined with the opal tints of such a sunset as that which flows behind the “Fighting Temeraire” of Turner; transfer to paper, if you can, their splendid outlines, confessing that there are “things of beauty” in poor, tame, old London not dreamed of hitherto in your philosophy. For the sketcher, indeed, there is a mine of wealth about the Thames; but he who digs must have courage to face the incisive “chaff” of the street cads, and must bear to be jostled by crowds of curious, wondering citizens. Upon either shore, Middlesex or Surrey, there are countless studies: here, great barges, with broad yellow or tan-dried sails, and old jetties; there,

forlorn wharves, disused cranes, rotten posts, floating baulks of timber lashed together, like impromptu rafts, with near or distant peeps of tower and spire; whilst St. Paul's is for ever rearing its stately dome in odd and various, but always picturesque and grand, combinations.

Below bridge there is no decline of interest, but rather the reverse for the painter, for the shipping now forms an additional attraction. The interminable forest of masts, in itself a sight to be witnessed at no other port in the world, and rising from craft of infinite variety, swarming in from every quarter of the globe, mingles in such glorious harmony with the other features of the scene, as to give inspiration to the dullest tyro in the art. Unsavoury Billingsgate, unromantic blocks of warehouses, stores, new and old, alongside of crazy water-side cabins with bulging windows, dock entrances, sluice-gates, and the host of commonplace adjuncts to the picture, all become quite paintable, looked at with the proper spirit, and treated at the right hour, and under the right effect, by a skilful hand. Then, again, the Tower of London, with all its old historical associations, will not pass unnoticed by the sketcher, disfigured though much of its *entourage* may be by the exigencies of commerce. Many other less important, but not less picturesque, items will come into view as we float down "the silent highway," until the domes of Greenwich Hospital, crowned by the woody knolls of the Park, bring us into the broadening reaches of the Woolwich, Plumstead, and Essex marshes. Here still there is no cessation of available stuff, altered though it be somewhat in character. Now the long stretches of mud-banks, greasy and desolate, staked through and through with blackening piles, have yet a certain beauty of their own—a beauty intensified when the rime of a white frost silvers the great beams of timber that lie about like amphibious monsters, partly on shore, partly in the dull still water; while through the cold mists of a winter's morning loom mighty ships, coming up with the tide, in full sail, or following submissively, as a blind man does his dog, their busy, barking, consequential steam-tugs.

Hardy and athletic, however, must be our limner who would gather in a harvest from such localities and under such effects. But not the less fruitful is the district, because it may be difficult to reach and to study in. Such men as Turner, Stanfield, Duncan, and the rest, have given sufficient proof of this, and their prowess has been often exercised to its best advantage. All about these wind-

ings of the Thames, and "Against Wind and Tide, off Tilbury Fort," they have striven to extract gold from mud and ooze. Queen Elizabeth's primitive fortification, perhaps, is beyond the limit of our "London Landscape" proper; but, having touched it, we will put about, and range our cockney stream within a compass more easily got at, encumbered as we are by sketch-book and camp-stool.

Ascending, then, from Westminster, let us think what might be done, and what has been done, with Lambeth Palace, Chelsea Hospital, Cheyne Walk, the old church and bridge, and so, working up the stream and looking back, that distant views of the great city may enter into our collection of London landscapes, of which the foregrounds, though still of shore, and post, and barge, are yet of a character less wild and desolate than those obtained at the other extremity of the watery way.

Tempted to press against the current by the sun, which rising through the indigenous haze, casts a touch of the magician's light upon the earth and sky, gilding with brightness the high lights and scattering rosy streaks among the quivering reflections, we pass Putney, reaching Richmond—and even, perhaps, palatial Windsor itself—without in spirit going much beyond the London radius. Or, if we do for a moment, shall we not find our excuse (while treating of London landscape) in the exquisite beauty of the banks wooded to the water's edge, in the drooping boughs that sweep the surface with their foliage?—in the quaint, old-fashioned, river-side residences, built out upon picturesque timbers, and the rustic inn that speaks of comfort and good ale?

Verily! But grateful as are the sights and sounds of the rural suburbs into which we have strayed, it must be remembered that soft green grass, jewelled with daisies, tall trees, now garbed in graceful foliage, now stretching gaunt bare arms to the pitiless winter sky, as if appealing for the lives of the remnant of their offspring the last few withered, yellow, unlovely leaves, are to be found in the very centre of our great wilderness of brick and mortar. Return we, therefore, to the smoke and noise, only to escape again from it by one stride as it were, by plunging from the bustle of Oxford Street or Piccadilly into the recesses of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. Will any landscape-painter then deny that he has under his hand sufficient material out of which to fabricate rural woodland scenes, which, for marked character, could not be excelled had



he wandered into the depths of Sherwood? Our parks—the mere existence of which in the midst of the capital of the world is not less remarkable than that of the mythical toad entombed alive in the stratified rocks of the past—present a most conspicuous feature in London landscape, and, in addition to their indigenous beauty, give an opportunity for combining sylvan with architectural details, most noteworthy and valuable. The way in which the tall, or the stunted and gnarled elms mingle with each other, or with peeps of minster, or of palace tower, antique gables, buttresses, tall chimneys, spires, cupolas, and high roofs, is highly characteristic and original, the over-bronzed tone of the foliage, and the subdued green which the smoky atmosphere lends to them, in no way militating against their pictorial utility, but rather aiding it. Effects at sundown, twilight, or moonlight, observable in those of the metropolitan districts where herbage and trees abound, oftentimes vie in suggestiveness and mysterious grandeur with anything that has been seen on canvas. Even the artificial waters at such times assume a value to the painter, reflection-wise and otherwise, equal to that which he can get from mountain tarn or rural river. Sightings are to be seen by the Serpentine, and by the lake in St. James's Park, sufficient to occupy the artist's attention constantly and to the end of his days.

If they are passed, or missed, or only half-observed, or undervalued, it can be only because familiarity has deadened the appreciative sense; and we know that constant proximity to and residence amongst beautiful objects, leads often to a depreciation of their worth. But the sketcher from nature, artist or amateur, who has, from time to time, gone forth far a-field, it may be, in search of subjects on which to exercise his skill, must perpetually have experienced the difficulty of knowing precisely where to halt. Perpetually must he have come to the end of his day, only to find the paper of his sketching-block as blank as when he started, simply on account of the ever-alluring idea, that by going a little farther he would light upon something more to his taste. Points of interest and studies—serving, perhaps, his every purpose—will have been passed and left behind in the pursuit of that will-o'-the-wisp ideal which he sees in his mind's eye, and which, enticing him off the solid ground of tangible and available facts, lands him in the quagmire of unreality or insipid monotony.

There is scarcely any detail necessary to

the production of a certain class of landscapes which cannot be studied in and about the neighbourhood of most large towns; and it is proverbially admitted that, for a certain class of English beauty, the suburbs and situation of London are hard to beat. Take all the high land round about it, with the shelving slopes which constitute the valley of the Thames, and those which trend away to the more open country; remember the green lanes and pleasant patches of common, wood, and water on every side; remember Hampstead Heath, Highgate, Muswell Hill, Hornsey, and the flatter ground by Edmon-ton and Tottenham; do not forget the rural, wooded, little valley through which the river Lea creeps slowly on, and

*"Stirred with gentle pulses of the oar,  
Waves all its lazy lilies,"—*

nor be unmindful of the more eastern district of Epping and Hainault. Crossing the Thames, note well the capabilities of Shooter's Hill, Woolwich Common, Eltham, Blackheath, and, above all, Greenwich Park, which, with its avenues of chestnut-trees, Scotch firs, and precipitous, turf-clad hillocks, supplies, with the distant peeps of city and suburb, exhaustless compositions, in which the artist may revel for a lifetime. Take all these points, and bearing southwards and westwards, observe such spots as Dulwich, Sydenham, Norwood, Croydon, Tooting, Wimbledon, Harrow, Willesden, Neasdon, and the rest of the well-known metropolitan neighbourhoods; take all these, we repeat, into consideration, and then say (cockney villas and the general inroads of brick and mortar notwithstanding) whether London and its surroundings do not yield a wealth of landscape peculiarly their own. The busiest thoroughfares themselves, even, under some aspects, and treated with a strong feeling for light and shade and colour, rather than for rigid accuracy of form and clear-cut outlines,—ay, and at the most crowded time of day, too—have, to our knowledge, been rendered on paper in a David Cox-like, blotty manner, with so much power, as to set any sketcher longing "to go to London" for the pursuance of his darling occupation. From shop-windows, at points of vantage-ground, obtainable at angles in corner-houses all along the great highways, Cornhill, Cheapside, St. Paul's Churchyard, Ludgate, Fleet Street, Strand, Whitehall, Westminster, Pall Mall, Piccadilly, &c., peeps have been got, having in them elements of "the rarest picturesque." Omnibuses, Hansom cabs, and our unpromising civilian garb, have been made, and

may be made subservient to the requirements of art, and most fitly to illustrate the life inseparable from London landscape. Saying nothing of a thousand by-ways and quaint nooks, opened out by demolitions, deserted churches, old inn-yards, out-of-the-way courts and alleys, old corners with dingy trees and bits of scrubby herbage, intermixed with antique gables, relics of cloisters, &c., &c., which, by diligent searching, are still discoverable, and which are worth the looking for by the sketcher who cares for such material, it will surely be conceded that a painter will do well "to go to London," in the artistic sense of the expression, at least once during his career, to give it a place amongst the other picturesque towns which have attracted him. Doubtless it requires its own peculiar treatment. It would be undesirable, except in some few instances, to give prominence to many architectural forms and details; minute reproductions such as the artist would strive for in the old Italian or Spanish cities, of course, would not be thought of; nay, the utmost use of the indigenous atmosphere must be made to hide and subdue much that is hideous and unseemly; and as the brilliant skies of Florence, so essentially one of its characteristics, there readily illumine all that is most valuable, so the murky gloom prevalent in the English metropolis conceals or modifies what is *not* wanted, and could not be dispensed with without loss of truth.

As a good portrait painter strives to portray the leading sentiment or character of his sitter, "to give," as it has been aptly put, "an expression which shall exhibit the entire and enduring character, not the casual predominance of any one temporary feeling," so no one would think of representing London under the clear and smokeless atmosphere of Italy (supposing even transient moments of such an abnormal beauty to exist), any more than they would Venice under leaden clouds or yellow fog.

The skies of London and Venice are both right in their place, and are in keeping with the buildings they overhang. They are equally treatable on canvas or paper; and if the Adriatic has, in the eyes of the artist, prior claims to those of the Thames, there is

still no reason why these latter should be overlooked entirely, and it is, after all, mainly in the neighbourhood of the Thames, if not actually on its banks, that the "London" landscape-painter should look for his most telling themes. Charles Dickens, in "No Thoroughfare," describes a rotten, broken-down old landing-place under the name of "Break-neck Stairs," as a "slimy little causeway which had dropped into the river by a slow process of suicide, and two or three stumps of piles and a rusty iron mooring-ring were all that remained of the departed break-neck glories." Further on he says:—"Through three-fourths of its rising tides the dirty, indecorous drab of a river would come solitarily oozing and lapping at the rusty ring, as if it had heard of the Doge and the Adriatic, and wanted to be married to the great conservator of its filthiness, the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor!" Notwithstanding this highly humorous and satirically truthful description of much that is characteristic of the metropolitan windings of the stream, and unpromising as it sounds pictorially, we could point to a host of clever pictures dealing entirely with such materials. Some of the works (many of which must be fresh in the memory of all visitors to exhibitions) of David Roberts, R.A., James Holland, Whistler, Beverley, Hemy, Dawson, Boyce, and Arthur Severn have been admirable examples of what may be done with "the dirty, indecorous drab of a river." The last-named artist, especially, has made good capital out of it. His treatment of London landscape is earning much reputation for him, and his many views from and of the Embankment, and notably one from the "Shot Tower," will not be easily forgotten. Indeed, most of our artists who, like himself, deal with river and with city scenes, always show to quite as much advantage on the Thames as upon the Tiber, the Arno, the Rhine, the Danube, or the Lagunes of Venice.

Pause, therefore, all ye dabblers, artists or amateurs, who have not yet tried your hands on "London landscape," and before you decide that it is necessary to rush off north, south, east, or west in search of subjects, be quite sure that the very things you want do not lie close under your hand.

W. W. FENN.





## THE MEMORABLE MORNING AT SEDAN.

ON Friday morning, the 2nd of September, 1870, one of the bed-rooms of the Hôtel du Lion d'Or in Doncherry contained, besides a quantity of other useless furniture, my companion and myself. I arose from the heap of window-curtains and a sack of oats, that had constituted my bed, with a sense of heroism. On the previous evening we had not only managed to get some food, where swarms of hungry Uhlans turned away in despair, but we had outwitted a host of rivals, gained possession of a candle, carried the bed-room by strategy and a hand-to-hand conflict with the waiter, and stood a siege of several hours with an amount of courage of which I had not hitherto known myself possessed. From eleven o'clock at night till three in the morning, the rickety stairs had creaked at regular intervals of ten minutes under the heavy boots of some cavalry officer, the passage had resounded with the clinking of swords and spurs, and fist upon fist had pounded away at each of the six bedroom doors, until it pleased the occupant to make himself heard by a "Donnerwetter."

The rising sun had given us peace and a few hours of restless sleep. The previous day had been so full of events, and so exciting, that I lived through it again in my dream; and when the noise of the provision-train passing under the window aroused me from my sleep, I could for some time scarcely determine whether the fierce battle which I had witnessed was a mere phantom or a terrible reality. By degrees the truth dawned upon me. I remembered how we had heard on the previous morning, at Vandresse, that the king and the whole of the staff had departed, at a gallop, and that the enemy's position was being attacked since daybreak—how, after pushing on towards the sound of artillery, we suddenly saw the valley of the Meuze lying at our feet, covered with dense masses of men, the river winding through meadows and villages from which thick columns of smoke arose, with a town in the distance, and beyond it the blaze of some immense conflagration—how, intent upon watching the scene, the hours had flown by, and as we walked along the ridge of the hills that run parallel to the river, the battle could be seen extending right away along the valley as far as the eye could reach—how long lines of infantry, glittering in the broiling sunshine, with bayonets and spiked helmets, drew, like steel-clad snakes, along the edges of the

sombre wood—how the artillery tore up the steep incline of hills, and bright swarms of cavalry dashed forward amidst clouds of dust—how, as the day wore on, the straight line of battle drew itself more into a circle, with Sedan for centre, and as the sun sank lower the terrific sound of artillery became weaker, reviving at times with a sudden burst as of thunder, until, as dusk fell, it ceased altogether—how the road to which we had descended became crowded with troops, panting from very exhaustion, and blackened with dust and perspiration—how an endless train of waggons appeared as out of the earth, and moved slowly onward, while small detachments of cavalry dashed along the roads in all directions—how, as the moon rose with brilliancy, the surrounding hills and the valley became lit up by a hundred camp fires, in front of which the dark and distant figures of soldiers appeared to glide about like goblins, while the eastern sky assumed a blood-red tint from the flames of Bazeille—how, in the lovely summer evening, the sultry air was filled with the indistinct murmur of great crowds, a vague clattering of arms, neighing of horses, and here and there a solitary bullock complaining to the moon, and between these sounds the solemn strains of military bands and the mighty chorus of a whole army sending a "Nun danket alle Gott" to heaven.

I need not here describe that narrow bridge of Doncherry, illuminated by the intense and dazzling light of a single lamp, and the two opposed currents of provision-waggons, blocking up each other in the darkness, and defying the sagacity of a whole regiment of gendarmes. Or the half-deserted town, each house of which contained a floating number of strange visitors, armed to the teeth, ransacking cupboards and emptying cellars in search of food, and demonstrating with marvellous agility how doors may be opened without keys and bottles without corkscrews. Nor need I detail the appearance of the Golden Lion, with the windows and doors wide open, the lamps flaring in the draught, and a bevy of generals in the kitchen-parlour making a hearty meal of potatoes, bacon, and black bread, at the end of which the great Bismarck came in, to find the potatoes all gone, and the stock of provisions reduced to a rasher of bacon and a bottle of champagne. We were glad enough to obtain our room, and dared not linger to hear how the chan-

cellor explained to the assembled chiefs the doings of the day.

It was half-past five when the sun, and the noise, and the knowledge that another eventful day had begun, roused me from my bed. I opened the window and looked out. Part of the market-place had been converted into a camp. It was covered with straw, horses were picketed against the houses, and Uhlans were sleeping in the sun, or cleaning their arms. The irrepressible provision-train was still moving slowly onward through the town, to where the 4th Cavalry division and the 5th and 11th Army Corps lay encamped in the plain. Opposite to us was the house temporarily occupied by Count Bismarck. Although we had left him the night before at his potations, he was already hard at work, for several horses, amongst which we noticed two unmistakably French in appearance, were being held at the door. By the time we had somewhat arranged our toilet, three German officers had come out, mounted hurriedly, and started in different directions. As we entered the public room below, an officer of gendarmes rode past the window, followed by a French officer of high rank and his orderly. Five times the Herr Lieutenant returned, begging the officer to have a moment's patience, and forthwith disappearing amongst the train, from the midst of which we could hear him showering his gutturals right and left upon the dull drivers, who persisted in blocking up the narrow bridge. At last there was a passage, the French officer smiled, lifted his *kepi*, and trotted off with his orderly. I had time enough to admire his soldier-like bearing, the grave and intelligent expression of his sun-burnt features, the simple elegance of his uniform, and the beauty of his horse. At the moment of leaving, his eyes met mine, and I was struck with their expression of manly sorrow, that silent heart-felt grief that is seen in the clouded forehead and the compressed lips. His eyes seemed to say, "We have done what we could, but it is all over."

The gendarme officer, of course, was immediately set upon and subjected to a searching cross-examination, to which, considering that he had not been on duty more than ten minutes, he answered with marvellous volubility. According to his account the officer was General de Wimpffen, the commandant of Sedan, who had come to Bismarck to surrender the keys of the city; but it was objected by some one that De Wimpffen was a much bigger and older man, and that a commandant was not likely to go

to a civil officer for a purely military purpose. Besides, somebody else knew quite positively that Sedan had been surrendered the previous night, that the German troops were already in the town, that Napoleon had surrendered at six in the afternoon, had accepted King William's invitation to dinner, and was by this time on his way to St. Helena. An artillery colonel, whose portly form, wrapped in a table-cloth, was stretched full length on a distant billiard-table, here assured the company that he had seen with his own eyes—assisted, I suppose, by one of Sam Weller's telescopes—how Napoleon had come up to King William on foot, and offered his sword, which the king had broken on his knee and cast on the ground, ordering his prisoner to be led away. A mysterious voice from below the said table corroborated this information, but added the trifling correction that the individual in question was not Napoleon, as the emperor had managed to escape into Belgium with a faithful few, and was on his way to Paris. Everybody knew, or contradicted, or invented something; everybody had seen everything with his own eyes; amongst which chaos of conflicting rumours we found it extremely difficult to pick out these grains of fact, that the officer who had just passed us was a French general of the emperor's staff, that he had that morning come with a letter, and had returned to Sedan without one.

It was half-past six when we rode out of Doncherry and turned eastward, with the intention of going into Sedan, or at least obtaining a more minute view of the battlefield. The morning was lovely. The view from the road into the valley, bordered on one side by the Meuze, and on the other by the sombre pine-woods of the Ardennes, was matchless. The trees still sparkled with the dew, the meadows were alive with a hundred thousand soldiers, and the reflection of the sun upon so much steel and iron, incessantly in motion, and intermixed with every variety of colour, produced an effect which a painter alone could reproduce.

The distance from Doncherry to Sedan is three miles, the road almost straight, so that we could not mistake it: but to make security double sure, we asked several cavalry detachments that passed us, but invariably met with the same result. All knew the road to Sedan, but beyond that there was complete ignorance. Each man knew his duty, and nothing more. Whether Sedan was open, or shut, or blown up, was to him *ganz egal*, and it was perfectly immaterial to him what



had happened or was going to happen to Napoleon. They had won the battle; that was given out in last night's *corps-befehl*; and he had to patrol the road to Mezières, beyond that *gar nichts*.

We had proceeded about a mile, and just lit our pipes, when three open carriages, drawn by two horses each, passed us at a slow trot. In the first carriage there were four French officers, in the second two, the third being occupied by two grooms and some portmanteaus. An officer on horse-back brought up the rear. This procession did not at the moment attract our particular attention for we knew that a great number of French officers had been made prisoners on the previous day, and were being conveyed to the rear. I noticed, however, that the occupier of the seat of honour in the first carriage was a small stout man, with a pale, careworn face, grey moustaches and imperial, and I remarked at the time to my companion, that I had never seen a more melancholy party, as nobody seemed to speak, and there was a penal-servitude-for-life expression on each face. It was not until I saw the sun-burnt features of the officer on horse-back that my attention was fully aroused. There was no mistaking the glance of his eye. It seemed to say more than ever, "It is all over." His very horse followed the carriages with drooping head.

We both exclaimed "Napoleon! that was him in the first carriage;" and as we turned round to follow, we saw that the silent procession had drawn up by the road-side, and that the emperor was in the act of alighting, assisted by one of his generals. In the few moments that elapsed before we could bring our horses to a place of safety, the whole party had alighted. I know not whether this place had been previously arranged, but I am certain that, had his wishes been consulted, Napoleon would have chosen a less conspicuous and more comfortable place of meeting. About ten yards from the road, up the slope of the hill, a gravel path led to a sort of terrace, upon which a block of three labourers' cottages had been built. The space from the front door to the edge of the grass-covered slope cannot have been broader than ten feet; the houses were of brick, two stories high, with a pitiable attempt at clean curtains, and a stray flower-pot on the sills. The internal accommodation was to all appearances equally deficient, for while Napoleon walked up the gravel path, and to the back of the buildings, one of the generals called a male individual, who had hitherto

looked at the whole scene with his hands in his pockets, and bade him bring out some chairs. The man kept his hands in his pockets, and jogged off to the farthest house, the door of which was round the corner. It was some time before he reappeared with his wife, each carrying a common chair of the woodenest description, which were placed in front of the window.

Napoleon had in the meantime emerged from the back of the house. His military overcoat was thrown open, showing part of his general's uniform, his kepi was pressed over his eyes, his hands were in his pockets, his head was down. His spirit seemed to have infected his generals, for they all looked gloomy and careworn, and very little was said between them as they stood for a moment in a group. Presently the emperor walked towards the chairs and seated himself on one, the other was purposely left vacant; the generals remained on the left side of the block of houses, and finding that the owners could only furnish another chair, threw themselves down on the grassy slope fronting the road. The single chair was taken by the oldest-looking general, who seemed to walk with some difficulty, and was pointed out to me as the Duke de Moskowa.

My companion having, in the meantime, reconnoitred the road, we executed a dexterous movement upon the enemy's left, stormed a breach in the hedge that lined the road, and after some resistance gained possession of the potato-field, where, squatting behind the hedge, we found ourselves, though unseen, within ten yards of the group of generals. At this moment I looked at my watch and noted the time as twenty minutes past seven. The report of what was going on seemed already to have spread, for the road and the meadow beyond it became gradually alive with spectators. There were as yet too few of them to assume that open defiance of all courteous sympathy, that usually characterizes polite society. Glasses and telescopes were already fixed upon the illustrious captive, but, like so many masked batteries, they lurked behind carriages, trees, and hedges; an appearance of decency was as yet kept up; because the officers and soldiers, passing on duty, had no time to stay, and the five civilians who were present were connected with the press. This healthy tone of public opinion, however, was not to last long.

The emperor could not have been seated more than five minutes when there was a clatter of hoofs on the road. A cuirassier



THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON AND COUNT BISMARCK.



officer in undress uniform came galloping up from Doncherry, attended by a single orderly. He jumped to the ground before his horse had stopped, and walked up the gravel path with a quick energetic step. It was Bismarck. I do not think the French generals recognised him, for they did not alter their position, and merely raised their kepis in return to his salute. The emperor, on the other hand, rose, and his impassive face assumed a look of interest. The chancellor, on approaching, lifted his cap; the emperor, doing the same, motioned with the other hand to the vacant chair, upon which, having re-covered, the chancellor slowly seated himself. I have read more than one account of this interview, which represents Bismarck as approaching the emperor bareheaded. Such is not the case. He merely lifted his cap; it was the action of a moment, and the manner in which it was done gave me the impression that he did it for mere formality's sake. But it cannot be denied that it meant more than a mere military salute, because a German officer never salutes by uncovering, whereas a French officer, even a general, seldom returns a salute except by lifting his kepi.

The conversation lasted about twenty minutes, and was carried on almost wholly by Bismarck. The emperor threw in an occasional question or remark. As he spoke, or even while he listened, his face lost a good deal of that dejected look that it had previously worn, and at times a slight, but weary smile parted his lips. The German count, on the other hand, argued his point with great energy, and the thick yellow moustache worked up and down without intermission. More than once we fancied we could distinguish his voice slightly elevated, as he emphasised his words by bringing his forefinger down upon the palm of the hand, but with the noise of passing carriages and orderlies it was impossible to catch a single word. During the first two or three minutes of the interview we were greatly amused by seeing the male individual who owned the chairs standing coolly by the emperor's side, still with his hands in his pocket, his cap stuck on the back of his head, and listening to the conversation with an amount of easy impudence that must have excited the admiration of the chancellor himself. One of the Prussian gendarmes, who had arrived in the meantime, went round at the back of the house, and having fixed his powerful grip upon the neck of the audience, withdrew him gently from our eyes; whereupon his neigh-

bour of the centre house, not to be outdone, opened the windows of his "first-floor front," and looked down upon the scene. Chairs had in the meantime been found for the Emperor's suite; they had lit cigarettes and talked amongst each other in a low tone. Then Bismarck rose, lifted his cap once more and bowed to the Emperor. The generals, probably aware by this time that the simply-clad officer was of greater importance than they had supposed, followed his example.

It was now near eight o'clock. The stir and bustle in the road had greatly increased. The provision-train had again made its appearance, and was moving slowly towards Doncherry. Immediately below us in the road a group of officers was forming, amongst whom I recognised the Duke of Coburg-Gotha, the young Prince of Hohenzollern, and several other members of the *Zweite Staffel*. As Bismarck came down the gravel path and into their midst they shook him heartily by the hand, and questioned him eagerly as to what was about to be done. But the count was evidently not very well informed, for he could tell their Durchlaughts nothing but that he was going off to his Majesty; and having mounted his splendid charger, galloped off towards Doncherry. When Bismarck had left, the French generals carried their chairs to where their chief was seated, and formed a group beside and behind him. From that moment to this I have never ceased to marvel why they persisted in sitting upon a natural stage with the hot sun pouring down, and within view of every one who could manage to gain the road, whereas surely one of the rooms in the house would have afforded them some protection alike both from the heat and the brazen though excusable curiosity. A more unpleasantly conspicuous position could scarcely be imagined. Notwithstanding the frantic endeavours of the gendarmes, the roads in front of the house became continually blocked up. I have already said that the emperor's carriages were drawn up at the foot of the slope, the provision-train was passing on the other side, and the carriages in which the Durchlaughts and small fry of German dukedom continued to arrive, filled up the intervening space. Durchlaughts' coachmen grinned at gendarmes, and stopped in the middle of the road to have a look. Drivers of provision-waggons also grinned at gendarmes, and somehow the horses became unmanageable, or refused to go until they also had a look. Happy he who had a field-glass. There was no getting behind trees now. The instrument was screwed up to the

exact focus, and aimed at the illustrious prisoner with fatal precision. Ever and anon some dull Westphalian or Bavarian would cry out quite loudly, "Where is he, where is this Napoleon?" and my own ears caught the exclamation, *Wo is denn dat Luder* from the lips of a Bavarian artilleryman.

The group of officers in the road had in the meantime become very large, many of them squatting in the ditch, and leaning for shade against the hedge. There were at least a dozen generals, and more than two dozen staff colonels and lieutenant-colonels, besides the *Durchlauchs*, *Herzogen*, and *Hoheiten*. The total number cannot have been less than fifty or sixty; and as they were all in full field-uniform, the white cuirassiers, the light-blue lancers, red hussars, green *Jägers*, and dark-blue infantry formed a very interesting and picturesque group. A good deal of the usual bowing and scraping was dispensed with, and men who had on the previous day stood their ground in the fierce hour of battle, embraced each other warmly and spoke of the success of the day. It may be imagined that the spirits of the company ran very high; the merriment was incessant. At times after a burst of laughter the voices would sink somewhat, as though each remembered that he was in the presence of the conquered; but as the incidents of battle, so fresh in the memory of each, were discussed, and the death or wounds of friends were communicated, even that was at times forgotten.

It was, I think, General von Podbielski, the Royal Quartermaster-General, who first disengaged himself from this group immediately after Bismarck's departure, and joined the French officers. He was presented to the emperor, and entered into conversation with one of the generals, whom I understood to be General de Wimpffen, the commandant of Sedan. Gradually he was joined by other high staff-officers, some of whom were also presented to Napoleon, and who, after conversing for some time with their captive colleagues, rejoined their comrades in the road, others coming up to replace them. At about half-past eight the gendarmes became unusually demonstrative in their endeavours to make room, and presently a travelling carriage drove up, and the tall, thin, slightly stooping form of Count Moltke alighted. After a few minutes' conversation with the *Durchlauchs*, who must be spoken to civilly, the strategist slowly walked—I had almost said dragged himself—up the slope, and was in his turn presented to the victim of his

wiles. It was, I believe, the first, perhaps the only time, that these two men met face to face. The ceremony was merely formal; not many words were said on either side; but I noticed the emperor's eyes being fixed for one instant with an intense earnestness upon the wrinkled face, the firm, thin, thoughtful mouth of the chief of the staff. He then turned away, lit a cigarette, and paced slowly up and down a narrow strip of potato-field which extended to the right of the houses, while Moltke joined in the conversation with the rest.

About this time a murmur ran from mouth to mouth that the king was coming. Everybody became highly expectant; the least sound in the road attracted attention; every shout was converted into a cheer. At last, after half an hour's tedious waiting, there was a cry, "He comes!" and, indeed, a squadron of life cuirassiers was seen advancing from Doncherry. The road being at the time blocked up, the gendarmes threw themselves into various apoplectic attitudes to make room for his Majesty. The *Durchlauchs* and *Hoheiten* jumped up out of the ditch, and the group in front of the houses somehow straightened their backs in anticipation of a royal visit.

Napoleon, who had by this time resumed his seat, remained impassive and grave as ever. His eye alone wandered restlessly from figure to figure, and he muttered a few words to the general sitting behind him. The road having been cleared, the squadron came rattling along with as much sound of steel upon steel and iron upon stone as though no flesh and blood were there. They slowly rode up the gravel path, leaving the houses on the left, and dismounting in the fields at the back. The king was evidently a delusion, and everybody, after having waited for some moments in vain, resumed the conversation. The emperor alone remained silent; and I could see his face darkening and assuming what may be called a scowl when, after some preliminary shouting at the back, two whacking big *Schleswiger* cuirassiers stepped forward with drawn swords, and were placed one on each side of the houses. There was an impatient stroke of the moustache in more than one of the French generals as they noticed this, but there stood the giants, as motionless and stolid as statues, scarcely moving their eyelids, and with the eyes staring into the distant clouds, emblems of the Teuton as he will be painted in the future, doing duty at the banks of his Rhine. There could now be no doubt that the em-



peror was a prisoner. Hitherto we had been very dubious, because he and all his generals still wore their swords; but the posting of the sentries settled the question, for had they been guards of honour they would have saluted Napoleon, which they did not do.

It was nearly a quarter to ten when Bismarck came galloping up once more, this time in full uniform, with steel helmet, white leather trousers, and high boots, but with the interim coat and gilt buttons. The group of officers in front of the house which he joined had now swelled to some twenty, and we could not at that moment see Napoleon. I believe he went inside the house for a few minutes, but very shortly afterwards I saw him and General Reille in conversation with Bismarck and Moltke, some five or six paces from the others. After the lapse of at most ten minutes, Bismarck turned round and said a few words to a Prussian colonel, who immediately ran down to the carriages and ordered them to be prepared for his Majesty. The group opened, and Napoleon, followed by Bismarck, Moltke, and Reille, walked down and took their seats in the first carriage, the rest following in order. The cuirassiers had also mounted, and came down into the road. Half of them were told off in front of the carriages and half behind, swords were drawn, and in a few minutes the procession had been withdrawn from our eyes by clouds of dust in the direction of Sedan.

We followed as well as we could, but as everybody else did the same, the road became so blocked up that we were forcibly reminded of the periodical scenes on the road to Epsom. We arrived at last at a point where the Mezières-Sedan road is crossed by the road to Vandresse and Vouzières, and at this spot not all the discipline of the Germans could prevent a scene of the most inextricable confusion, scarcely visible through the dust-laden atmosphere. With some difficulty we gained the road that turns to the north, having been informed that the carriages had driven to the Chateau Bellevue, the castle-like turrets of which could be seen through the foliage of the surrounding park. The Chateau, small in dimensions, but exquisite in its simple elegance, fronted the road, and commanded a splendid view of Sedan and the surrounding hills. The country between the Chateau and the town,

very little more than a mile in straight line, consisted of meadows, potato and corn fields. The carriages of the emperor's household, in the heights of varnish and gilding, each team of splendid horses with their coroneted harness, the jockeys and servants in gorgeous livery, with all the belongings of State, not exclusive even of an Imperial baker and barber, were drawn up on the grass somewhat to the south of the Chateau. Immediately in front on the road stood the half troop of cuirassiers in a straight line, and beyond them a company of Bavarians. More towards the town several batteries were drawn up in a long row, the guns ready loaded, the muzzles turned towards Sedan, and the gunners standing at ease by their guns. Wherever the eye roamed there was artillery drawing in a vast circle round the city, in which the exhausted French troops were packed together like herrings, while the fields and hills and woods as far as the eye could reach, swarmed with the armed men of Germany.

At this sight the emperor must have given up all thought of struggling against the hard terms of capitulation. He had been shown into the left of the two glass-covered wings that connected the centre of the Chateau with the flanking turrets, and we could see the whole group standing at the windows and looking at Sedan in the distance and this mass of artillery ready to destroy it utterly at the bidding of the conqueror. When some ten minutes afterwards we had managed to gain an entrance into the park and get to the back of the Chateau, we saw Napoleon seated at the head of a table, the generals standing round him, he alone being covered. A map was on the table, and De Wimpffen was evidently explaining the position.

Presently there was a mighty cheer, and a sound of carriages. The soldiers presented arms, and the Prussian king, followed by his son and staff, entered the Chateau and went to the right glass-wing. The interview took place in the centre room, and cannot have lasted longer than fifteen minutes. At the end of that time the future emperor drove away to the battle-field, and the late emperor remained behind a prisoner of war, having been stripped in one day of all his greatness, and having lost in a few hours, but for ever, the magnificent *prestige* of his name.

J. B. DE LIEFDE.

## MARIA S. RYE.

WITHOUT the slightest wish to interfere in the vexed questions respecting the political rights of women, and the advantages or disadvantages to be derived from their taking an active part in the administration of public affairs, we are still of opinion that the value of their personal services in philanthropic movements is greatly underrated by the community at large. In works of this description women certainly show as much ability as men, and in carrying out any scheme they have, after mature deliberation, determined on, they generally show a far greater amount of perseverance, courage, and energy. It would far exceed our limits to give even a condensed list of our leading female good Samaritans, and on the present occasion we will content ourselves with a short account of the labours of one among them—the amiable lady whose name heads this short article.

Although at present the name of Miss Rye is principally connected with the movement or the emigration of what are graphically called our ‘gutterchildren,’ several years before she took up that movement, her time and energies were usefully employed in the furtherance of good works, especially those bearing in the welfare of her own sex. When only sixteen years of age she was a most useful teacher in the Sunday Schools and other parochial institutions attached to Christ Church, Chelsea. She afterwards succeeded Miss Mary Howitt as secretary to the association for obtaining the Act of Parliament known as Sir Erskine Perry’s Married Women’s Property Bill. She then edited for some years the *Englishwoman’s Journal*. She also became an active member in the Women’s Employment Society, and other female enterprises; but, disapproving of the women’s political rights movement, which then began to be entertained by many of the members, she separated from the society, and determined to organize, single-handed, a new source of employment for women—law copying; and for that purpose, after having made herself mistress of the business, she secured an office in Portugal Street, Chancery Lane. Although considerable success attended the movement—many of the most celebrated solicitors’ firms having consented to patronise it—the number of applicants for employment far exceeded the amount of work the office was capable of affording. In some manner to alleviate the disappointment thus caused, especially among the young lady applicants

of good education, Miss Rye, in conjunction with her friend Miss Jane Lewin, determined to find for them some other employment congenial to their habits and education; and, after a little consideration, having raised the sum of £750, they applied it to assist governesses to emigrate to Australia; first securing, in the principal colonial cities, the services of ladies willing to take them under their protection on their landing. In the history of this movement, which was a decided success, a fact is noticeable which well merits publication, tending, as it does, to prove the strict integrity of the average class of English educated women.

The plan adopted by Miss Rye and Miss Lewin in assisting the governesses to emigrate, was simply as follows:—The applicants were requested to raise from their friends as much money as they conveniently could, the surplus being contributed from the £750 capital in the hands of the promoters, trusting to the integrity of the applicants to reimburse them the advance. It is now ten years since this system of Miss Rye and Miss Lewin came into operation, and one hundred and fifty governesses have been assisted to emigrate, all of whom have found occupation in the colonies. Of the £750 advanced to them in different sums as loans, there remains a deficiency in the original capital of only £50, and the greater portion of that is accounted for in the cost of postage, stationery, and incidental office expenses.

From the success attending the governesses’ emigration movement, Miss Rye determined to extend it to female emigration in general. For this purpose she relinquished the law copying business to her friend Miss Jane Lewin; and then, having raised sufficient funds, she took charge of a number of female emigrants, of the class of domestic servants, to New Zealand. These being comfortably established, she visited some of the principal towns in Australia, for the purpose of forming committees to take under their protection the young women whom she sent out from England; and she then returned to the mother country. It would occupy too much space to go further into the details of Miss Rye’s female emigration movement. Suffice it to say that from its commencement to the present moment she has been the means of finding respectable employment for no fewer than fifteen hundred women. Miss Rye having been attacked by some press writers at home



on the description of emigrants she sent out, they occasionally not being of a thoroughly respectable class, defended herself in a most satisfactory manner. She clearly proved that in those comparatively few cases in which her *protégées*, on their arrival in the colonies, had misconducted themselves, she had, in every instance, been deceived by a false character for respectability given of them by ladies who possibly may have thought that falsehoods perpetrated in a cause of the kind were more than absolved by the motive which instigated them—that of assisting a fallen woman to obtain respectable employment. But even with this drawback, the women assisted by Miss Rye to emigrate to Australia have, in the situations found for them, maintained an integrity and honourable reputation fully equal to that of the best class of female servants in the metropolis.

Miss Rye, possibly annoyed at the opposition offered her, appears, with the exception of a short journey with female emigrants to Canada, to have abstained for some months from any public philanthropic operations. During the time, however, she by no means remained idle, but occupied herself with making many researches into the condition of the children of the poor population of the metropolis, especially those now known as "gutter children." Among these, she found that bad as was the condition of the boys, that of the girls was immeasurably worse. Being to a great extent hidden from the eye of the public, their condition was less known to the philanthropist. In fact, of all God's creatures, none seem to be more cruelly or unjustly treated than these poor children. Few think, when they notice the swarms of ragged urchins crowding our streets and offering cheap newspapers, lucifer matches, and other small wares for sale, each running the risk of breaking his neck or being run over in the streets many times in the day, that for each of these poor boys there is at least one poor girl, still more ragged and far less joyous, concealed in some wretched hovel, possibly tending children still more helpless than herself, or, what is worse, left uncared for and uninstructed to acquire any habit of thought, no matter how degraded, and too frequently witnessing scenes of the most revolting description. Yet, while the boys are to a certain extent cared for and invited into ragged-schools and other benevolent establishments, the case of the poor girls seems to be passed over with utter indifference. The condition of these children excited strong sympathy in the mind

of Miss Rye, and she determined if possible to do something for the amelioration of their unhappy lot; but how to begin her mission was a difficult problem indeed to solve.

While still in doubt when and how to commence her new labour, Miss Rye's attention was called to a newspaper advertisement, which stated that on a certain evening the Rev. Mr. Van Meter, a Baptist missionary from Ohio, would lecture in the St. James's Hall on the condition of the destitute female orphans in New York whose fathers had perished in the late terrible civil war, and the steps which had been taken for their protection. Miss Rye naturally imagined she might obtain from the lecturer some useful hints relative to the best plan she could adopt to carry out efficiently her newly self-imposed task. Nor was she disappointed in the result. In his lecture Mr. Van Meter graphically described the lamentable condition of vast numbers of these poor children, living from hand to mouth on the casual charity of the humane. When their appetite for food was satisfied, they would herd together in the worst localities till hunger again drove them forth, the timidity which at first characterized them, and which induced them to hide from the eye of day, gradually diminishing as time passed on, while an objectionable indifference to the public gaze began rapidly to supply its place. Mr. Van Meter, shocked at the deplorable condition of these poor children, determined to attempt something for their relief. He at last resolved to establish a home where those girls who were orphans or deserted could be sheltered till means could be adopted to find them respectable protection and occupation. To do this funds were required, and he made an appeal to the benevolent in New York. His appeal, like most others made to the sympathies of the American people when the intentions of the promoter are good and practical, was liberally responded to.

Having now funds at his command, Mr. Van Meter hired a house, and in it he established what he called the Little Wanderers' Home. Here these girls, after having gone through a salutary course of ablution, were decently dressed and broken of some of their street Arab propensities. After giving them some slight instruction, both literary and industrial, he established an agency in the Far West, through which he found for them homes in the houses of different farmers, who readily took the poor little creatures under their protection. At the time of his lecture he had, he said, already found shelter

in different respectable families for more than two thousand poor children, who had formerly led a life little more civilised than that of young savages.

Mr. Van Meter's lecture had a powerful effect on the mind of Miss Rye, and she determined, if on investigation she found the plan he had adopted to work as satisfactorily as he had described, and that his adventures had not been related in too glowing colours, to take him as her model. But, before absolutely deciding, she resolved to test by her own experience whether it would be possible to organize with safety a scheme of the kind for the English "gutter children." About the date of the lecture she had been requested to take charge of a party of female emigrants to Canada. She now determined to accept the offer, and while in the Dominion not only to assure herself of the efficiency of Mr. Van Meter's system, but, in case she found it all he had described, to carry it out with some of the "gutter children" in England. Arrived in Canada, and, after having found employment for the emigrants under her charge, she visited Chicago and different places in the West to inquire into the condition of the children whom Mr. Van Meter had taken under his protection. The result was a most satisfactory one, not a single objectionable feature presenting itself in the system adopted by him, though her investigation was made with the closest scrutiny.

Miss Rye having determined to carry out her project, left the States for Canada, and there inquired of those with whom she was intimate, whether they thought an immigration of these destitute poor children would be objected to by the Canadian population. The answers she received were of the most encouraging description. Not only was she assured that an enterprise of the kind would not be objected to by the population at large, but by many it would be accepted with satisfaction. Nor was this intended as a mere courteous common-place reply to Miss Rye's question, for, without exception, all to whom she addressed it volunteered to assist her by every means in their power in finding the children on their arrival shelter and employment in respectable families.

Miss Rye now returned to England with the intention of putting her scheme into practice. Although it was at first received with considerable suspicion, there were not only many who encouraged her to proceed, but others went so far as to testify their approbation by assisting her with pecuniary means to

carry out her project. Of course, the first thing necessary was to secure a temporary home for the children on their arrival, and she immediately returned to Canada for that purpose. Her good friends there now assisted her to find a fit and proper locality for the Children's Home; and, after some little difficulty they succeeded. A building formerly used as a prison, and capable of holding a hundred children, together with a piece of land of some acres surrounding it, were bought. Workmen were placed in the building, not only to change its present aspect, but to put it into such an efficient state of repair as would fit it for the reception of the children on their arrival. After the furniture had been purchased and placed in the building, it was given into the charge of a custodian, and Miss Rye returned to England, this time to commence active operations.

Although there was, unfortunately, no lack of material as far as gutter children were concerned for Miss Rye to commence operations with, the other requisite—the pecuniary means—to carry it out effectively were still wanting. Notwithstanding that many of her friends had promised to assist her with money, and were perfectly ready to perform the promises they had made, still the aggregate sum subscribed was by no means equal to the amount required to carry out the project in a satisfactory manner. Miss Rye had calculated that her first batch of little emigrants should, if possible, number not less than one hundred; and the money placed at her disposal was hardly sufficient to cover the expenditure necessary for passage and outfit of half the number. At last a powerful friend came to her assistance, and very possibly to his kind agency no slight portion of the success which has attended the movement is to be attributed. The gentleman alluded to is William Rathbone, Esq., M.P. for Liverpool. He not only encouraged Miss Rye to proceed when her project appeared to all but herself likely to turn out a failure, but he took a personal interest in the matter. He applied on her behalf to the managers of the Kirkdale Industrial School at Liverpool, and advised them to entertain the question, pointing out to them the advantage which would accrue to the children should Miss Rye be able, as he had no doubt she would, to find situations for them in respectable families in Canada, and to the rate-payers as well, by diminishing the amount of their rates. He went further, and by way of rendering the sum necessary to be paid by the managers of the school for the emigration of the girls as little onerous as



possible, he liberally proposed to contribute from his own pocket half the amount necessary for the passage money and outfit of fifty children. The school managers accepted the offer, and fifty girls were placed under Miss Rye's care.

After a few weeks' delay all was in readiness for Miss Rye's departure; and, accompanied by her friend and gratuitous assistant, Miss Geraldine Allaway, a pretty girl of twenty with the brains of a woman of fifty, she left Liverpool with her band of little pilgrims, averaging from seven to twelve years of age, for the *New World*, where they arrived in safety, not a single sinister incident occurring to any one of them during the whole voyage. In fact, we may state, and on Miss Rye's own authority, that as soon as the object of her mission was known nothing could exceed the kindness, courtesy, and attention she received from the captain, passengers, officers, and crew of the ship, all of whom seemed to vie with each other which should show her party the greatest attention. On landing she experienced the same kindness from all, and at last she had the satisfaction of arriving safely at her destination in Niagara.

On the 1st December, 1869, the Home was formally and ceremoniously opened. There were present, Mr. Pasford, the mayor of Niagara; Mr. Tidbert Ball, the magistrate of the county, who, from the first moment Miss Rye mentioned the subject to him, on her previous visit to Canada, not only encouraged her to proceed, but who has since, through his personal instrumentality, found homes for no fewer than twenty little emigrants; Judge Lauder, of St. Catherine's, Ontario; the Rev. Dr. Macmurray, rector of Niagara; the Rev. E. Campell, minister of the Presbyterian Church of Niagara; the Rev. Mr. Burchall, rector of the Presbyterian Church at St. Catherine's; the Rev. Mr. Holland, a clergyman of the Church of England; and many others. The meeting was opened with prayer, and afterwards the children were introduced to the visitors. All expressed themselves highly satisfied with the appearance and manners of the girls, and promised to do everything in their power to assist in finding homes for them. A few days afterwards, through the kind agency of the above-named gentlemen and others, homes in respectable families were found for many of the elder girls, and more than one of the younger were adopted by married couples without children. In fact, so smoothly did things progress, and so numerous became

the applications from persons of respectability, to take these children into their houses, as to prove that in a short time they would all be provided for.

Miss Rye, justly holding that it would be better to keep the supply of little emigrants equal to the demand, left her friend Miss Allaway in charge of the Home and returned to England to collect new recruits. On arriving at Liverpool, she gave a detailed account of her mission to the managers of the industrial schools; and so pleased were they with her statements, that without hesitation they promised to place under her protection, when she again returned to Canada, as many children as they had on their books, who were eligible for the purpose. The managers went still further, and, unlike the former occasion, when one-half the expense was borne by a private individual, they this time agreed to pay nine pounds for each child, that being the cost of the passage and outfit. Miss Rye thankfully accepted the offer; and it may here be stated, that since that date the managers of the Kirkdale Schools have placed under her charge two other parties of little pilgrims.

Miss Rye now returned to London, where she was introduced to the Guardians of the Poor of St. George's, Hanover Square; who, after listening to, and well considering her plans, determined on following the example of the managers of the Kirkdale Industrial Schools. They placed under her protection twenty children; and with these, and another party contributed from Wolverhampton, she again returned to Canada. On arriving at Niagara, Miss Rye received the most pleasing reports of the conduct of the children who had been placed out in different families. But what, perhaps, pleased her more than all was, that ten per cent. of the whole number, and these the youngest and most helpless, had been adopted by childless married couples, while the others were employed as helps. Of these latter, three had quitted their situations and returned to the Home. Two of these however had since been provided with situations; while the other, a girl of twelve, still remained in the house. Miss Rye questioned her on her reason for quitting her situation, and her answer may strike the reader as, if not of great originality, possibly one which has never been given in England—"They gave her so often turkey for dinner that she got sick of it." As, in spite of Miss Rye's close cross-examination, she could obtain from the girl no other reason for quitting her situation, she gave her a sound lecture

on her behaviour, and then told her that, although she would now find another home for her, if she did not keep it, or at least quit it with some better excuse than the last, she should feel inclined to take her back to England with her, when there would be but little danger of her meeting with any cause of the kind to displease her. Whether the girl was convinced by Miss Rye's arguments, or whether on consideration she came to a better state of mind, it would be difficult to determine; suffice it to say, that another situation was found for her, which she has kept, and where she gives perfect satisfaction.

To return to Miss Rye's second batch of emigrants. The whole party were soon provided for as helps in respectable families, or adopted; with the exception of one, of very tender years, and possibly of not very prepossessing appearance. Miss Rye found her in tears one morning, and on inquiring the cause, was told by the child that she was afraid no one would "bopt" her. She was in error, however, for, before Miss Rye had quitted the colony to return to England, a very respectable childless woman had "bopted" the little creature as her own.

Having found situations for her second batch of emigrants, Miss Rye now returned to England, bringing with her not only satisfactory proofs of the perfect working of her system, but a number of letters from the children whom, on her former journey, she had provided with situations, narrating their adventures in the colony, and the kind treatment they experienced from the families with whom they were placed. Some of these letters, which, if our space would allow us, we would willingly quote from, are models of quaint composition. Nor must it be imagined that these letters were of the same style, and written under the same sort of supervision, as the letters from children at school in England announcing the approach of the holidays. They were, on the contrary, written by the girls, now perfectly at liberty, and explaining candidly their thoughts and opinions. Of these letters there is not one which does not speak in terms of high satisfaction of the kindness shown the writers in the colony. Another fact well worthy of notice connected with these letters, should be mentioned. They were most of them addressed to the matrons of the pauper schools in England in which the children had resided, and the spontaneous terms of affection in which they were couched may be taken as a strong proof of the attention and kindness shown to these poor little

creatures in well-regulated pauper schools, however strongly the public mind may be biassed to a contrary opinion.

Miss Rye, on her arrival in England, began to prove the truth of the old French proverb, that "Nothing succeeds like success." Many of those who, when she first applied for assistance, treated the idea with so much coldness as would have chilled any courage less ardent than her own, now became her warmest friends. Many Boards of Guardians of the Poor, who, when she first applied, regarded her application with suspicion almost amounting to discourtesy, now gave her their full confidence. Nor were the guardians to be blamed for their preliminary caution. To have delivered over to a comparative stranger a number of helpless, parentless girls confided to their care, would, if the movement had proved a failure, have entailed on them a fearful burst of popular indignation. Now all was changed. Not only have the two parishes of St. George's, Hanover Square, and Wolverhampton, which after Liverpool first placed confidence in her, continued it to the present day, but several others have applied to her to take charge of some of their pauper girls. For her next journey she has received from the parishes of Bristol no fewer than twenty children; while Reading, Cheltenham, Chichester, Fareham, and other towns, have promised her their support. Up to the present time, Miss Rye, in her endeavours to carry out this movement, has crossed the Atlantic as many as twelve times, and has succeeded in finding respectable homes and occupation for five hundred girls in the colony. Those who are acquainted with the frequent unsatisfactory results of the pauper training of girls in England, will appreciate the excellence of Miss Rye's theory and labours. Excellent as the treatment and moral training of the children in the district and parish schools in England may be, the pauper stain remains upon them after they have quitted them, and too frequently it is never thoroughly eradicated, depriving them of a great portion of that self-respect necessary to make them honourable members of society. In the New World, however, that objection does not exist. To a considerable extent separated from each other, and under the charge of respectable employers, the pauper taint soon vanishes, thus opening for them a far brighter career than the one which would, most probably, have awaited them had they remained in England.

WILLIAM GILBERT.



## FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF FRANCE AND ITALY.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

## VIII.

## ROME.

*MAY 1st.*—This morning, I wandered for the thousandth time through some of the narrow intricacies of Rome, stepping here and there into a church. I do not know the name of the first one, nor had it anything that in Rome could be called remarkable; though, till I came here, I was not aware that any such churches existed. A marble pavement, in variegated compartments; a series of shrines and chapels round the whole floor, each with its own adornment of sculpture and pictures, its own altar, with tall wax tapers before it, some of which were burning; a great picture over the high altar; the whole interior of the church ranged round with pillars and pilasters, and lined, every inch of it, with rich yellow marble; finally, a frescoed ceiling over the nave and transepts, and a dome rising high above the central part, and filled with frescoes, wrought to such perspective illusion that the edges seem to project into the air. Two or three persons are kneeling at separate shrines; there are several wooden confessionals placed against the walls, at one of which kneels a lady, confessing to a priest who sits within; the tapers are lighted at the high altar, and at one of the shrines; an attendant is scrubbing the marble pavement with a broom and water—a process, I should think, seldom practised in Roman churches. By-and-by, the lady finishes her confession, kisses the priest's hand, and sits down in one of the chairs which are placed about the floor; while the priest, in a black robe, with a short, white, loose jacket over his shoulders, disappears, by a side door, out of the church. I, likewise, finding nothing attractive in the pictures, take my departure. Protestantism needs a new apostle, to convert it into something positive.

I now found my way to the Piazza Navona. It is to me the most interesting Piazza in Rome; a large, oblong space surrounded with tall, shabby houses, among which there are none that seem to be palaces. The sun falls broadly over the area of the Piazza, and shows the fountains in it;—one, a large basin with great sea-monsters, probably of Bernini's inventions, squirting very small streams of water into it; another of the fountains I do not at all remember; but the central one is

an immense basin, over which is reared an old Egyptian obelisk, elevated on a rock, which is cleft into four arches. Monstrous devices in marble, I know not of what purpose, are clambering about the cloven rock, or burrowing beneath it; but one and all of them are superfluous and impertinent; the only essential thing being the abundant supply of water in the fountain. The whole Piazza Navona is usually the scene of more business than seems to be transacted anywhere else in Rome; in some parts of it, rusty iron is offered for sale, locks and keys, old tools, and all such rubbish; in other parts, vegetables, comprising, at this season, green peas, onions, cauliflower, radishes, artichokes, and others with which I have never made acquaintance; also, stalls or wheelbarrows, containing apples, chestnuts (the meats dried and taken out of the shells), green almonds in their husks, and squash-seeds salted and dried in an oven—apparently a favourite delicacy of the Romans. There are also lemons and oranges; stalls of fish, mostly about the size of smelts, taken from the Tiber; cigars of various qualities, the best at a baioccho and a half apiece; bread in loaves, or in small rings, a great many of which are strung together on a long stick, and thus carried round for sale. Women and men sit with these things for sale, or carry them about in trays or on boards, on their heads, crying them with shrill and hard voices. There is a shabby crowd and much babble; very little picturesqueness of costume or figure, however; the chief exceptions being, here and there, an old white-bearded beggar. A few of the men have the peasant costume; a short jacket, and breeches of light blue cloth, and white stockings—the ugliest dress I ever saw. The women go bareheaded, and seem fond of scarlet and other bright colours, but are homely and clumsy in form. The Piazza is dingy in its general aspect, and very dirty, being strewn with straw, vegetable-tops, and the rubbish of a week's marketing; but there is more life in it than one sees elsewhere in Rome.

On one side of the Piazza is the church of St. Agnes, traditionally said to stand on the site of the house where that holy maiden was exposed to infamy by the Roman soldiers, and where her modesty and innocence were

saved by miracle. I went into the church, and found it very splendid with rich marble columns, all as brilliant as if just built; a frescoed dome above; beneath, a range of chapels all round the church, ornamented not with pictures, but bas-reliefs, the figures of which almost step and struggle out of the marble. They did not seem very admirable as works of art, none of them explaining themselves, or attracting me long enough to study out their meaning; but as part of the architecture of the church they had a good effect. Out of the busy square two or three persons had stepped into this bright and calm seclusion, to pray and be devout for a little while; and between sunrise and sunset of the bustling market-day, many, doubtless, snatch a moment to refresh their souls.

In the Pantheon (to-day) it was pleasant, looking up to the circular opening, to see the clouds flitting across it, sometimes covering it quite over, then permitting a glimpse of sky, then showing all the circle of sunny blue. Then would come the ragged edge of a cloud, brightened throughout with sunshine, passing and changing quickly—not that the divine smile was not always the same, but continually variable through the medium of earthly influences. The great, slanting beam of sunshine was visible all the way down to the pavement, falling upon motes of dust or a thin smoke of incense, imperceptible in the shadow. Insects were playing to and fro in the beam, high up toward the opening. There is a wonderful charm in the naturalness of all this; and one might fancy a swarm of cherubs, coming down through the opening, and sporting in the broad ray, to gladden the faith of worshippers on the pavement beneath; or angels bearing prayers upward, or bringing down responses to them, visible with dim brightness as they pass through the pathway of heaven's radiance, even the many hues of their wings discernible by a trusting eye; though, as they pass into the shadow, they vanish like the motes. So the sunbeam would represent those rays of divine intelligence, which enable us to see wonders, and to know that they are natural things.

Consider the effect of light and shade in a church, when the windows are open and darkened with curtains that are occasionally lifted by a breeze, letting in the sunshine, which whitens a carved tombstone on the pavement of the church—disclosing, perhaps, the letters of the name and inscription, a death's head, a crosier, or other emblem: then the curtain falls, and the bright spot vanishes.

*May 8th.*—This morning my wife and I went to breakfast with Mrs. William Story at the Barberini Palace, expecting to meet Mrs. Jameson, who has been in Rome for a month or two. We had a very pleasant breakfast; but Mrs. Jameson was not present on account of indisposition, and the only other guests were Mrs. A—— and Miss H——, two sensible American ladies. Mrs. Story, however, received a note from Mrs. Jameson, asking her to bring us to see her at her lodgings; so, in the course of the afternoon she called for us, and took us thither in her carriage. Mrs. Jameson lives on the first piano of an old Palazzo on the Via di Ripetta, nearly opposite the ferry-way across the Tiber, and affording a pleasant view of the yellow river, and the green banks and fields on the other side. I had expected to see an elderly lady, but not quite so venerable a one as Mrs. Jameson proved to be; a rather short, round, and massive personage, of benign and agreeable aspect, with a sort of black skull-cap on her head, beneath which appeared her hair, which seemed once to have been fair, and was now almost white. I should take her to be about seventy years old. She began to talk to us with affectionate familiarity, and was particularly kind in her manifestations towards myself, who, on my part, was equally gracious towards her. In truth, I have found great pleasure and profit in her works, and was glad to hear her say that she liked mine. We talked about art, and she showed us a picture leaning up against the wall of the room; a quaint, old Byzantine painting, with a gilded background, and two stiff figures (our Saviour and St. Catherine) standing shyly at a sacred distance from one another, and going through the marriage ceremony. There was a great deal of expression in their faces and figures; and the spectator feels, moreover, that the artist must have been a devout man; an impression which we seldom receive from modern pictures, however awfully holy the subject, or however consecrated the place they hang in. Mrs. Jameson seems to be familiar with Italy, its people and life, as well as with its picture galleries. She is said to be rather irascible in her temper; but nothing could be sweeter than her voice, her look, and all her manifestations, to-day. When we were coming away, she clasped my hand in both of hers, and again expressed the pleasure of having seen me, and her gratitude to me for calling on her; nor did I refrain from responding Amen to these effusions.

Taking leave of Mrs. Jameson, we drove through the city, and out of the Lateran



gate; first, however, waiting a long while at Monaldini's book-store, in the Piazza di Spagna, for Mr. Story, whom we finally took up in the street, after losing nearly an hour.

Just two miles beyond the gate is a space on the green Campagna, where, for some time past, excavations have been in progress, which, thus far, have resulted in the discovery of several tombs, and the old, buried, and almost forgotten church, or basilica, of San Stefano. It is a beautiful spot, that of the excavations, with the Alban hills in the distance, and some heavy, sun-lighted clouds hanging above, or recumbent at length upon them, and behind the city and its mighty dome. The excavations are an object of great interest both to the Romans and to strangers, and there were many carriages, and a great many visitors viewing the progress of the works, which are carried forward with greater energy than anything else I have seen attempted at Rome. A short time ago, the ground in the vicinity was a green surface, level, except here and there a little hillock, or scarcely perceptible swell; the tomb of Cecilia Metella showing itself a mile or two distant, and other rugged ruins of great tombs rising on the plain. Now the whole site of the basilica is uncovered, and they have dug into the depths of several tombs, bringing to light precious marbles, pillars, a statue, and elaborately wrought sarcophagi: and if they were to dig into almost any other inequality that frets the surface of the Campagna, I suppose the result might be the same. You cannot dig six feet downward anywhere into the soil—deep enough to hollow out a grave—without finding some precious relic of the past; only they lose somewhat of their value, when you think that you can almost spurn them out of the ground with your foot. It is a very wonderful arrangement of Providence, that these things should have been preserved for a long series of coming generations by that accumulation of dust and soil and grass and trees and houses over them, which will keep them safe, and cause their reappearance above ground to be gradual, so that the rest of the world's life-time may have for one of its enjoyments the uncovering of old Rome.

The tombs were accessible by long flights of steps, going steeply downward; and they were thronged with so many visitors, that we had to wait some little time for our own turn. In the first into which we descended, we found two tombs side by side, with only a partition wall between them; the outer tomb being, as is supposed, a burial-place con-

structed by the early Christians; while the adjoined and minor one was a work of pagan Rome, about the second century after Christ. The former was much less interesting than the latter. It contained some large sarcophagi, with sculpture upon them of rather heathenish aspect; and in the centre of the front of each sarcophagus was a bust in bas-relief, the features of which had never been wrought, but were left almost blank, with only the faintest indications of a nose, for instance. It is supposed that sarcophagi were kept in hand by the sculptors, and were bought ready-made, and that it was customary to work out the portrait of the deceased upon the blank face in the centre; but when there was a necessity for sudden burial—as may have been the case in the present instance—this was dispensed with.

The inner tomb was found without any earth in it, just as it had been left when the last old Roman was buried there; and it being only a week or two since it was opened, there was very little intervention of persons—though much of time—between the departure of the friends of the dead and our own visit. It is a square room, with a mosaic pavement, and is six or seven paces in length and breadth, and as much in height to the vaulted roof. The roof and upper walls are beautifully ornamented with frescoes, which were very bright when first discovered, but have rapidly faded since the admission of the air; though the graceful and joyous designs—flowers and fruits and figures—are still perfectly discernible. The room must have been anything but sad and funereal; on the contrary, as cheerful a saloon, and as brilliant, if lighted up, as one could desire to feast in. It contained several marble sarcophagi, covering, indeed, almost the whole floor, and each of them as much as three or four feet in length, and two much longer. The longer ones I did not particularly examine, and they seemed comparatively plain: but the smaller sarcophagi were covered with the most delicately wrought and beautiful bas-reliefs that I ever beheld; a throng of glad and lovely shapes in marble, clustering thickly and chasing one another round the sides of these old stone coffins. The work was as perfect as when the sculptor gave it his last touch; and if he had wrought it to be placed in a frequented hall, to be seen and admired by continual crowds, as long as the marble should endure, he could not have chiselled with better skill and care, though his work was to be shut up in the depths of a tomb for ever. This seems to me the strangest thing in the

world, the most alien from modern sympathies. If they had built their tombs above ground, one could understand the arrangement better; but no sooner had they adorned them so richly, and finished them with such exquisite productions of art, than they annihilated them with darkness. It was an attempt, no doubt, to render the physical aspect of death cheerful; but there was no good sense in it.

We went down also into another tomb close by, the walls of which were ornamented with medallions in stucco. These works presented a numerous series of graceful designs, wrought with the hand in the short space (Mr. Story said it could not have been more than five or ten minutes) while the wet plaster remained capable of being moulded; and it was marvellous to think of the fertility of the artist's fancy, and the rapidity and accuracy with which he must have given substantial existence to his ideas. These too—all of them such adornments as would have suited a festal hall—were made to be buried forthwith in eternal darkness. I saw and handled, in this tomb, a great thigh-bone, and measured it with my own; it was one of many such relics of the guests who were laid to sleep in these rich chambers. The sarcophagi, that served them for coffins, could not now be put to a more appropriate use than as wine-coolers in a modern dining-room; and it would heighten the enjoyment of a festival to look at them.

We would gladly have stayed much longer; but it was drawing towards sunset, and the evening, though bright, was unusually cool; so we drove home; and on the way Mr. Story told us of the horrible practices of the modern Romans with their dead—how they place them in the church, where, at midnight, they are stripped of their last rag of funeral attire, put into the rudest wooden coffins, and thrown into a trench—a half a mile, for instance, of promiscuous corpses. This is the fate of all, except those whose friends choose to pay an exorbitant sum to have them buried under the pavement of a church. The Italians have an excessive dread of corpses, and never meddle with those of their nearest and dearest relatives. They have a horror of death too, especially of sudden death, and most particularly of apoplexy; and no wonder, as it gives no time for the last rites of the Church, and so exposes them to a fearful risk of perdition for ever. On the whole, the ancient practice was, perhaps, the preferable one; but Nature has made it very difficult for us to do anything pleasant and

satisfactory with a dead body. God knows best; but I wish He had so ordered it that our mortal bodies, when we have done with them, might vanish out of sight and sense, like bubbles. A person of delicacy hates to think of leaving such a burden as his decaying mortality to the disposal of his friends; but, I say again, how delightful it would be, and how helpful towards our faith in a blessed futurity, if the dying could disappear like vanishing bubbles, leaving, perhaps, a sweet fragrance diffused for a minute or two, throughout the death-chamber. This would be the odour of sanctity! And if sometimes, the evaporation of a sinful soul should leave an odour not so delightful, a breeze through the open windows would soon waft it quite away.

Apropos of the various methods of disposing of dead bodies, William Story recalled a newspaper paragraph respecting a ring, with a stone of a new species in it, which a widower was observed to wear upon his finger. Being questioned as to what the gem was, he answered "It is my wife." He had procured her body to be chemically resolved into this stone. I think I could make a story on this idea; the ring should be one of the widower's bridal gifts to a second wife; and, of course, it should have wondrous and terrible qualities, symbolising all that disturbs the quiet of a second marriage—on the husband's part, remorse for his inconstancy, and the constant comparison between the dead wife of his youth, now idealised, and the grosser reality which he had now adopted into her place. While, on the new wife's finger, it should give pressures, shooting pangs into her heart, jealousies of the past, and all such miserable emotions.

By-the-bye, the tombs which we looked at and entered, may have been originally above ground, like that of Cecilia Metella, and a hundred others along the Appian Way; though, even in this case, the beautiful chambers must have been shut up in darkness. Had there been windows, letting in the light upon the rich frescoes and exquisite sculptures, there would have been a satisfaction in thinking of the existence of so much visual beauty, though no eye had the privilege to see it. But darkness, to objects of sight, is annihilation, as long as the darkness lasts.

*May 9th.*—Mrs. Jamieson called this forenoon to ask us to go to see her this evening. . . . I had to receive her alone, devolving part of the burden on Miss Shepard and the three children, all of whom I introduced to her notice. Finding that I had not



been farther beyond the walls of Rome than the tomb of Cecilia Metella, she invited me to take a drive of a few miles with her this afternoon. . . . The poor lady seemed to be very lame; and I am sure I was grateful to her for having taken the trouble to climb up the seventy steps of our staircase, and felt pain at seeing her go down them again. It looks fearfully like the gout, the affection being apparently in one foot. Her hands, by the way, are white, and must once have been—perhaps now are—beautiful. She must have been a perfectly pretty woman in her day—a blue or grey-eyed, fair-haired beauty. I think that her hair is not white, but only flaxen in the extreme.

At half-past four, according to appointment, I arrived at her lodgings, and had not long to wait before her little one-horse carriage drove up to the door, and we set out, rambling along the Via Scrofa, and through the densest part of the city, past the theatre of Marcellus, and thence along beneath the Palatine Hill, and by the Baths of Caracalla, through the gates of San Sebastiano. After emerging from the gate, we soon came to the little church of "*Dominè, quo vadis?*" standing on the spot where St. Peter is said to have seen a vision of our Saviour bearing his cross. Mrs. Jameson proposed to alight; and, going in, we saw a cast from Michel Angelo's statue of the Saviour; and not far from the threshold of the church (yet perhaps in the centre of the edifice, which is extremely small) a circular stone is placed, a little raised above the pavement, and surrounded by a low wooden railing. Pointing to this stone, Mrs. Jameson showed me the prints of two feet, side by side, impressed into its surface, as if a person had stopped short while pursuing his way to Rome. These, she informed me, were supposed to be the miraculous prints of the Saviour's feet; but on looking into "*Murray*" I am mortified to find that they are merely facsimiles of the original impressions, which are treasured up among the relics of the neighbouring basilica of St. Sebastiano. The marks of sculpture seemed to me, indeed, very evident in these prints, nor did they indicate such beautiful feet as should have belonged to the bearer of the best of glad tidings.

Hence we drove on a little way farther, and came to the basilica of San Sebastiano, where also we alighted, and, leaning on my arm, Mrs. Jameson went in. It is a stately and noble interior, with a spacious, unincumbered nave, and a flat ceiling frescoed and gilded. In a chapel at the left of the entrance is the

tomb of St. Sebastian—a sarcophagus containing his remains, raised on high before the altar, and beneath it a recumbent statue of the saint pierced with gilded arrows. The sculpture is of the school of Bernini—done after the design of Bernini himself, Mrs. Jameson said, and is more agreeable, and in better taste than most of his works. We walked round the basilica, glancing at the pictures in the various chapels, none of which seemed to be of remarkable merit, although Mrs. Jameson pronounced rather a favourable verdict on one of St. Francis. She says that she can read a picture like the page of a book; in fact, without perhaps assuming more taste and judgment than really belong to her, it was impossible not to perceive that she gave her companion no credit for knowing one single, simplest thing about art. Nor, on the whole, do I think she underrated me; the only mystery is, how she came to be so well aware of my ignorance on artistical points.

In the basilica the Franciscan monks were arranging benches on the floor of the nave, and some peasant children and grown people besides were assembling, probably to undergo an examination in the Catechism; and we hastened to depart, lest our presence should interfere with their arrangements. At the door a monk met us, and asked for a contribution in aid of his church, or some other religious purpose. Boys, as we drove on, ran stoutly along by the side of the chaise, begging as often as they could find breath, but were constrained finally to give up the pursuit. The great ragged bulks of the tombs along the Appian Way now hove in sight, one with a farm-house on its summit, and all of them preposterously huge and massive. At a distance, across the green Campagna, on our left, the Claudian aqueduct strode away over miles of space, and doubtless reached even to that circumference of blue hills, which stand afar off, girdling Rome about. The tomb of Cecilia Metella came in sight a long while before we reached it, with the warm buff hue of its travertine, and the grey battle-mented wall, which the Gaetanis erected on the top of its circular summit six hundred years ago. After passing it we saw an interminable line of tombs on both sides of the way, each of which might, for aught I knew, have been as massive as that of Cecilia Metella, and some perhaps still more monstrously gigantic, though now dilapidated and much reduced in size. Mrs. Jameson had an engagement to dinner at half-past six; so that we could go but a little farther along this

most interesting road, the borders of which are strewn with broken marbles, fragments of capitals, and nameless rubbish that once was beautiful. Methinks the Appian Way should be the only entrance to Rome—through an avenue of tombs.

The day had been cloudy, chill, and windy, but was now grown calmer and more genial, and brightened by a very pleasant sunshine, though great dark clouds were still lumbering up the sky. We drove homeward, looking at the distant dome of St. Peter's, and talking of many things—painting, sculpture, America, England, spiritualism, and whatever else came up. She is a very sensible old lady, and sees a great deal of truth; a good woman too, taking elevated views of matters; but I doubt whether she has the highest and finest perceptions in the world. At any rate, she pronounced a good judgment on the American sculptors now in Rome, condemning them in the mass, as men with no high aims, no worthy conception of the purposes of their art, and desecrating marble by the things they wrought in it. William Story, I presume, is not to be included in this censure, as she had spoken highly of his sculptural faculty in our previous conversation. On my part, I suggested that the English sculptors were little or nothing better than our own, to which she acceded generally; but said that Gibson had produced works equal to the antique, which I did not dispute, but still questioned whether the world needed Gibson, or was any the better for him. We had a great dispute about the propriety of adopting the costume of the day in modern sculpture; and I contended that either the art ought to be given up (which possibly would be the best course), or else should be used for idealising the man of the day to himself; and that, as Nature makes us sensible of the fact when men and women are graceful, beautiful, and noble through whatever costume they wear, so it ought to be the test of a sculptor's genius that he should do the same. Mrs. Jameson decidedly objected to buttons, breeches, and all other items of modern costume; and, indeed, they do degrade the marble, and make high sculpture utterly impossible. Then let the art perish, as one that the world has done with, as it has done with many other beautiful things that belonged to an earlier time.

It was long past the hour of Mrs. Jameson's dinner engagement when we drove up to her door in the Via Ripetta. I bade her farewell with much good feeling on my own side,

and, I hope, on hers; excusing myself, however, from keeping the previous engagement to spend the evening with her, for, in point of fact, we had mutually had enough of one another for the time being.

*May 12th.*—To-day we have been to the Villa Albani, to which we had a ticket of admission through the agency of Mr. Cass, the American Minister. We set out between ten and eleven o'clock, and walked through the Via Felice, the Piazza Barberini, and a long, heavy, dusty range of streets beyond, to the Porta Salara, whence the road extends, white and sunny, between two high, blank walls, to the gate of the villa, which is at no great distance. We were admitted by a girl, and went first to the casino, along an aisle of overshadowing trees, the branches of which met above our heads. In the portico of the casino, which extends along its whole front, there are many busts and statues, and, among them, one of Julius Cæsar, representing him at an earlier period of life than others which I have seen. His aspect is not particularly impressive; there is a lack of chin, though not so much as in the older statues and busts. Within the edifice there is a large hall, not so brilliant, perhaps, with frescoes and gilding as those at the Villa Borghese, but lined with the most beautiful variety of marbles. But, in fact, each new splendour of this sort outshines the last, and unless we could pass from one to another, all in the same suite, we cannot remember them well enough to compare the Borghese with the Albani, the effect being more on the fancy than on the intellect. I do not recall any of the sculptures, except a colossal bas-relief of Antinous, crowned with flowers, and holding flowers in his hand, which was found in the ruins of Hadrian's villa. This is said to be the finest relic of antiquity next to the Apollo and the Laocoon; but I could not feel it to be so, partly, I suppose, because the features of Antinous do not seem to me beautiful in themselves, and that heavy, downward look is repeated till I am more weary of it than of anything else in sculpture. We went upstairs and down-stairs, and saw a good many beautiful things, but none perhaps of the very best and beautifullest; and second-rate statues, with the corroded surface of old marble that has been dozens of centuries under the ground, depress the spirits of the beholder. The bas-relief of Antinous has at least the merit of being almost as white and fresh, and quite as smooth, as if it had never been buried and dug up again. The real treasures of this villa, to the number of



nearly three hundred, were removed to Paris by Napoleon, and, except the Antinous, not one of them ever came back.

There are some pictures in one or two of the rooms, and among them I recollect one by Perugino, in which is a St. Michael, very devout and very beautiful; indeed, the whole picture (which is in compartments, representing the three principal points of the Saviour's history) impresses the beholder as being painted devoutly and earnestly by a religious man. In one of the rooms there is a small bronze Apollo, supposed by Winkelmann to be an original of Praxiteles; but I could not make myself in the least sensible of its merit. The rest of the things in the casino I shall pass over, as also those in the coffee-house—an edifice which stands an hundred yards or more from the casino, with an ornamental garden, laid out in walks and flower-plats between. The coffee-house has a semicircular sweep of porch, with a good many statues and busts beneath it, chiefly of distinguished Romans. In this building, as in the casino, there are curious mosaics, large vases of rare marble, and many other things worth long pauses of admiration; but I think that we were all happier when we had done with the works of art, and were at leisure to ramble about the grounds. The Villa Albani itself is an edifice separate from both the coffee-house and casino, and is not opened to strangers. It rises, palace-like, in the midst of the garden, and, it is to be hoped, has some possibility of comfort amidst its splendours. Comfort, however, would be thrown away upon it; for besides that the site shares the curse that has fallen upon every pleasant place in the vicinity of Rome, it really has no occupant except the servants who take care of it. The Count of Castelbarco, its present proprietor, resides at Milan. The grounds are laid out in the old fashion of straight paths, with borders of box, which form hedges of great height and density, and as even as a brick-wall at the top and sides. There are also alleys, forming

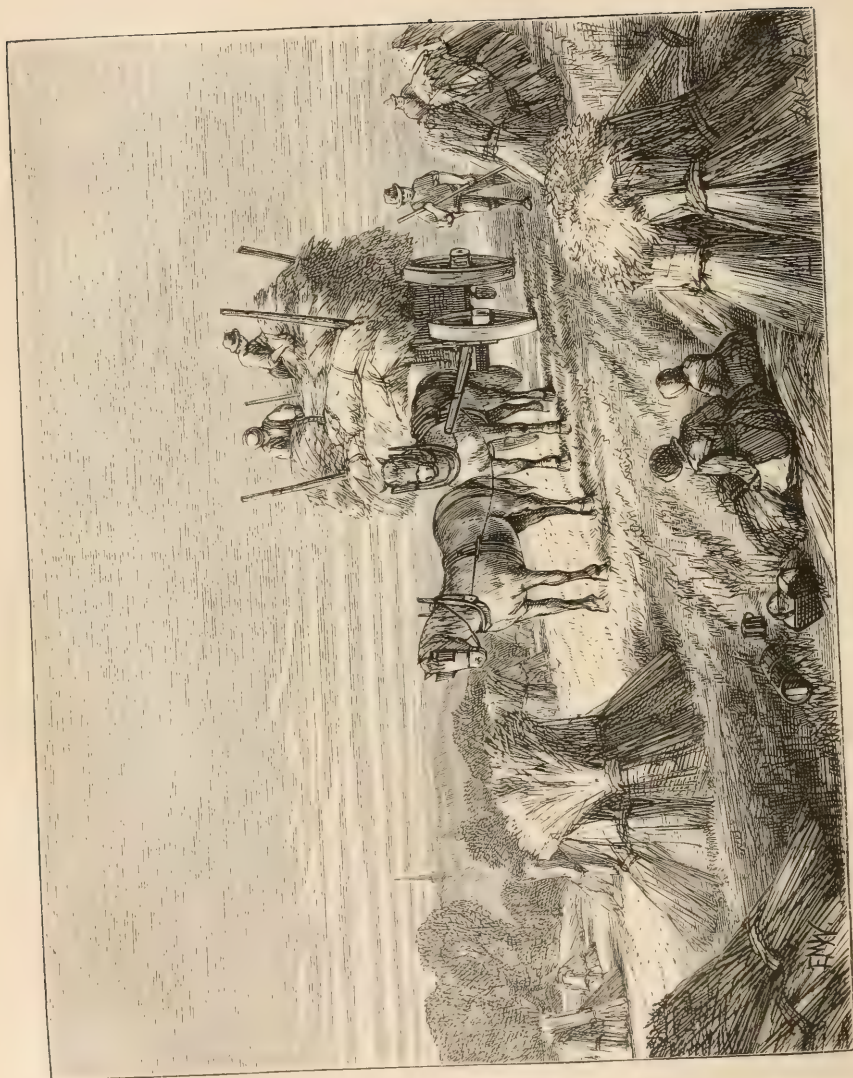
long vistas between the trunks, and beneath the boughs of oaks, ilexes, and olives; and there are shrubberies and tangled wildernesses of palm, cactus, rhododendron, and I know not what; and a profusion of roses that bloom and wither, with nobody to pluck and few to look at them. They climb about the sculpture of fountains, rear themselves against pillars and porticos, run brimming over the walls, and strew the paths with their falling leaves. We stole a few, and feel that we have wronged our consciences in not stealing more. In one part of the grounds we saw a field actually ablaze with scarlet poppies. There are great lagunas; fountains presided over by naiads, who squirt their little jets into basins; sunny lawns; a temple, so artificially ruined, that we half believed it a veritable antique; and, at its base, a reservoir of water, in which stone swans seemed positively to float; groves of cypress; balustrades, and broad flights of stone stairs, descending to lower levels of the garden; beauty, peace, sunshine, and antique repose on every side; and, far in the distance, the blue hills that encircle the Campagna of Rome. The day was very fine for our purpose, cheerful, but not too bright, and tempered by a breeze that seemed even a little too cool when we sat long in the shade. We enjoyed it till three o'clock. . . .

At the Capitol there is a sarcophagus with a most beautiful bas-relief of the discovery of Achilles by Ulysses, in which there is even an expression of mirth on the faces of many of the spectators. And to-day, at the Albani, a sarcophagus was ornamented with the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis. Death strides behind every man, to be sure, at more or less distance, and, sooner or later, enters upon any event of his life, so that, in this point of view, they might each and all serve for bas-relief on a sarcophagus; but the Romans seem to have treated Death as lightly and playfully as they could, and tried to cover his dart with flowers, because they hated it so much.







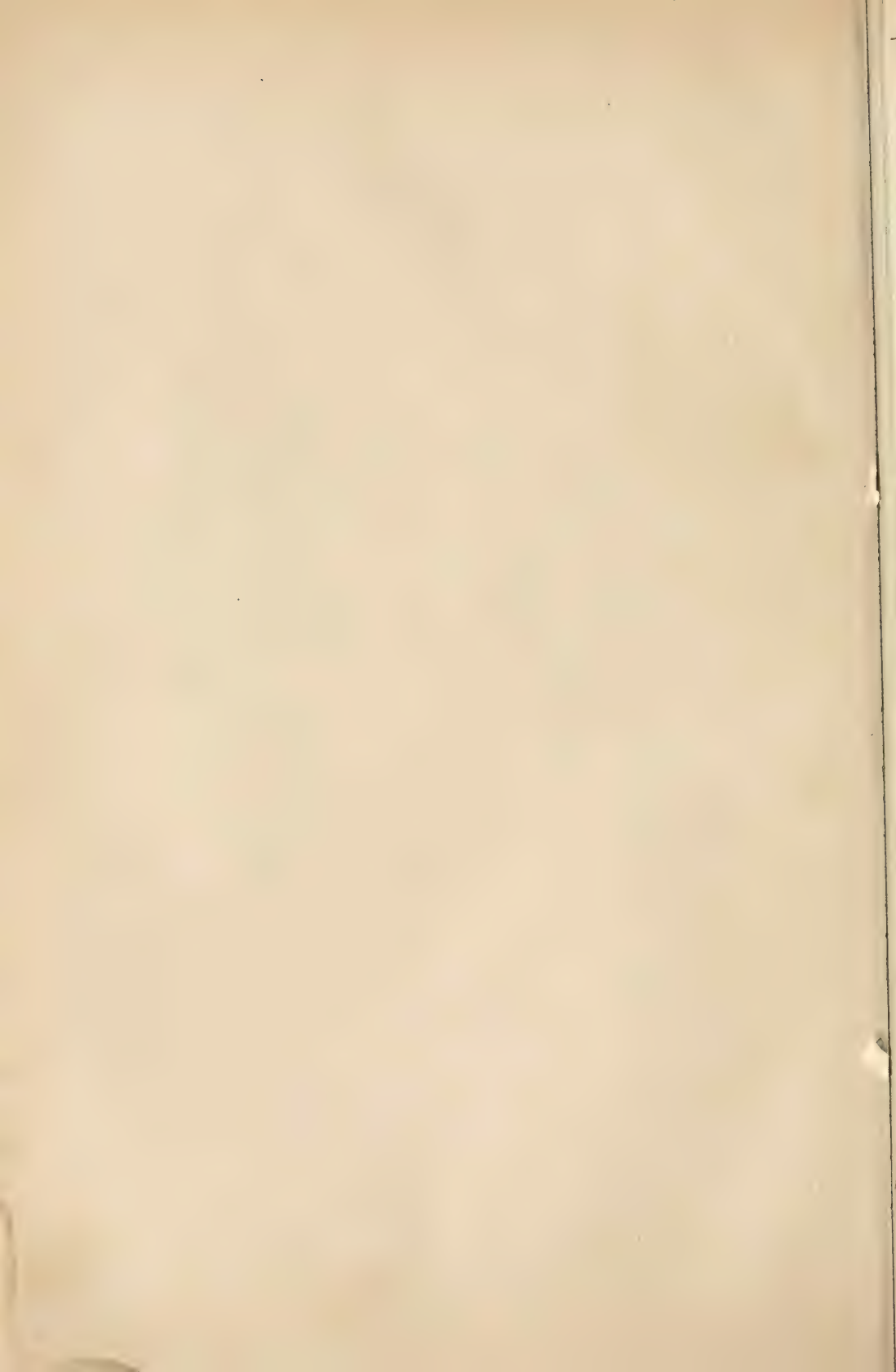


"IN THE HARVEST FIELD."



THE SYLVESTRES





## THE HIGH MILLS.

BY KATHERINE SAUNDERS, AUTHOR OF "GIDEON'S ROCK."

## CHAPTER XVIII.



**B**EFORE it was light the next morning Bardsley was disturbed by his granddaughter being brought to his cell.

She had been locked in for the night with three drunken and riotous women, who towards morning had quarrelled so violently that Polly had been frightened, and had wakened

the gaoler by her entreaties to be let out; he, not knowing where else to put her, and remembering Bardsley was alone, had brought her to him.

Polly was much too weary to be capable of showing her gratitude for the change in any other way than falling into a peaceful sleep.

When this had lasted about two hours Bardsley began to have little fits of coughing, to walk about and stumble, as if he wished to waken her without seeming even to himself to do so purposely.

It was necessary that Polly should begin without loss of time to receive her instructions as to how she must behave when they should be taken before the magistrate, how she must swear to having suddenly lost her sight at such a time and in such a place, and how she must guide her statement according as the evidence for and against them should go. Perhaps she would have to swear to having lost her sight before in one or more of those towns which might send witnesses against her, and consequently swear to having recovered it again as many times as might be necessary.

Bardsley had during his sleepless night thought out all Polly's lesson with much diligence, and was impatient to teach it to her before they were disturbed.

He had never felt himself so much to blame before, as he did for having been so carried away by the repeated successes of Polly's street scene as to venture it here, so near to the High Mills, which formed the real aim of his and Polly's pilgrimage, whereon they had found their daily bread in this

fearful manner. The story that he had come to tell the miller of Lamberhurst would assuredly have to remain untold if Polly and he were to be proved guilty in this town. There would have to be months, or, likely enough, years of waiting, until the case should be forgotten—and perhaps it might never be forgotten in such a place as this. He felt, on considering all these things, that his hopes and the future he had pictured for Polly must indeed be ruined unless his own cunning and good luck should bring them safely out of the dangers into which his hardihood and Polly's "fit" of yesterday had thrown them.

But if Polly would learn her lesson well, if she would but wake free from all the excitement and confusion that had seized her yesterday, Bardsley believed he could so manage their case that, however much might be suspected, nothing could be actually proved against them. It was the old man's besetting fault to put too much faith in his own wits and the gullibility of the world; and sharp experiences of its dangers had not in the least degree tended to cure him of this fault.

The straw on which Polly lay was spread upon the stone floor, and on this Bardsley at last sat down beside her, to wait for her awakening, and gently to hasten it by passing his hand over her face and hair.

He had not done so many times when his fingers began to tremble. He withdrew them, and sat with his head bent and his face darkening.

It was not that the coldness of Polly's cheek had made his heart misgive him for her health's sake; he knew by her gentle breathing, and the moisture on her brow, she was recovering from the shock of yesterday, as she had recovered from so many similar shocks before. It was, that his fingers had gone to her face as, but for his blindness, his eyes would have done, full of the question—Would it all be well with Polly when she should wake? Would she perjure herself this time meekly and obediently as she had done before? He had asked this as he touched her, and had taken a chilling answer from her face. He had seemed to feel something like severity in the cold and still repose of the eyelids and the mouth—something that made him fancy Polly had not wholly returned to her usual meek and dependent



spirit—that she had things in her mind, in her dreams, strange to him and against him.

Again he touched the mouth he had fed so long with the wages of his blindness and beggary, and again it seemed strange to him and chilled him. Its perfection felt to him like the seal of truth upon it—cold, firm, unbreakable. Bardsley was imaginative and superstitious, but he thought this had nothing to do with his fears concerning Polly. He thought, with his usual self-conceit, that he had the power of feeling expression, and that Polly's face was expressing some thought or dream injurious to him.

He got up and moved to and fro in the cell with confused and unsteady feet, but in less than a minute came again to where his grandchild lay, and crouching down beside her, his hands clutching each other tremblingly, he uttered her name in a voice hoarse with superstitious fear.

"Polly!"

She woke, and rose up on her elbow.

To see Polly's awakening on this or almost any morning was to guess at what was generally regarded as another misfortune in her almost as great as her blindness, but which was perhaps the chief blessing with which the child had been endowed.

Polly had not nearly an ordinary share of sense. It was as if her Creator, considering into what evil and unclean company her mind would fall, had mercifully kept it as a bud never to expand; closed tightly to all cankerous things and baleful airs, so that day after day it might be steeped in mire which should fall from it, leaving it unsullied and pure at heart; for with Polly it was very seldom that anything sank deep or rankled. She scarcely had even memory to trouble her. Sleep would generally banish from her any day's sorrow, and leave her spirit fresh and bright as a blade of grass which the drop of dew all night upgathered on its point has fallen from in the morning and left glistening.

There were times when it seemed, as by some magic touch, to open for a little while and be penetrated by a mysterious vague sense of the misery by which it was surrounded. It was one of these unwonted fits that had seized it yesterday and filled Polly's cry—begun in hypocrisy—with such true and bitter anguish.

When Bardsley called her, she woke at once as innocently and brightly as anything on earth might wake, rising towards him, smiling, and stretching her little hand, the substitute for her blind eyes, to his face.

He could know nothing of how sweet her

pretty, rich-fringed eyes were, or how the sunshine glorified her hair, claiming it—all abased and trailed on prison stones though it was—as one of the shining treasures of the morning and the spring; but her waking and her touch comforted him greatly.

"I'm glad you've slep' well, Polly," he said, trying to maintain a dignified composure of countenance under her attentive fingers as he sat down at her side, and laid his hand on her shoulder. "I'm very glad, indeed; for there ain't nothing like sleep to shake a person together agen, when they've shook themselves to pieces, as you did yesterday—both your own self and me, Polly. *I ain't slep' at all, now, all night—not a wink; it warn't in me; but I'm truly glad as you could, Polly—truly glad.*"

And Bardsley sighed with a sort of philosophical resignation, as if adding mentally, "So is it ever in this world—the innocent must suffer for the guilty."

His voice and his words brought all the bitter truth at once into Polly's mind. With it came also one of those strange, brief flashes of inner sight which allowed her to see herself and her life.

Her morning freshness and cheerfulness were gone. Horror and self-pity came over her, her eyes filled with tears, and she threw herself face downwards on the straw and began a dreary wailing, which moved Bardsley with impatience and irritation.

"Oh well, if that's to be it, Polly," he said in a voice sternly contemptuous, "I must let things go as they will. It's no good one strivin' and strainin' while t'other lays down and howls. Now I tell you once for all, Polly, if this goes wrong with us, as you seem set on letting it, I'm done for. I could ha' wished to see you better provided for, afore I meets your poor father, but my efforts for you, Polly, is come to a end, if the worst comes to the worst on this occasion. I'm an old man, Polly, which on account o' the energy I puts out for your sake you're apt to forget; but age is age, and can't stand a blow like this."

Here Bardsley tried the effect of a little smothered but very audible sobbing himself.

Polly's wailing ceased; the weary, downcast little form drew itself up and nestled at his side. The hem of Polly's wretched gown was applied with gentle vigour to Bardsley's eyes—an attention as unpleasant to him as it was unnecessary, but which he bore with Christian fortitude, and rewarded Polly for by receiving her somewhat stiffly in the arm against which she leaned.

"I don't want to scold you, Polly. I'm

well aware as you're not strong, and can't reckon on your mind in the right place and the right time, and it ain't for *my* sake but your own hintirely as I could wish for you to break off this sort o' childish way you has of roaring out over a bit o' trouble which, as I've told you often, is a thing as we're all born to, and as runs in your own family most perticklerly. I ain't bin able, it's true, to give you such a edgercation as you'd a had if you'd stayed at the place I moved the world to get you inter; but I do take credit to myself, Polly, for trying to keep you well up in one lesson as I've learnt by harder ways than I've tried to learn it to you—a lesson, Polly, as the teachin' of is much neglected in all circles—and that is, the *accepting* of trouble as a *fact*, as a thing you must expect to meet anywheres and everywheres, as certainly as a party you might 'appen to owe a small sum to—as take the case of the ketch-'em-alive-O man I borrowed sixpence of last June, where could I turn a corner without finding myself stuck to his fly-papers? But I expected him, Polly, and dodged him as I'd have you expect and dodge trouble, which is as real and sticky as fly-papers, and, no doubt, set by a judicious providence as knows it wouldn't do for us to be all in the sugar-basin at once."

Polly listened meekly, thankful to hear the old man fall into his habitual preaching tone to which she was so well used. But Bardsley, at the first pause he made, became aware of how he had been wasting the few precious moments which remained for him to teach Polly her part in the day's performance.

He erected himself with as much dignity as he could in his lowly position on the floor, and assumed a brisker tone.

"But what I was goin' to say to you, Polly, is, as it's of the most wital importance as you shud rec'lect to-day, you are no longer a child, but a growed-up young woman with responsibilities, with more responsibilities—some desirable, others not—than most young women of your age."

Polly sighed. She knew that it boded no good to her when Bardsley began to speak of her responsibilities—knew well it was a token that some unpleasant task was about to be assigned to her.

Bardsley began at once to make known to Polly what he had so carefully considered as best for her to do and say. He restrained his usual volubility, and managed to convey his thoughts and wishes, or commands, very simply and clearly to Polly, so that she could not fail to understand him.

When he had finished he did not feel any surprise at finding her silent and motionless for some minutes, for he knew that Polly often hesitated to speak too quickly, for fear he should charge her—as he often did, and justly—with answering from her quick heart without having received the sense of what he had said into her slow mind at all.

He waited patiently.

At last the thought of how many minutes must have passed since the ceasing of his own voice, troubled him suddenly. The doubts he had felt, the strange fear he had had when he touched her face, as she slept, returned to him all at once as the strangeness of her silence came over him like a bitter chill.

Why, he wondered, did he hesitate to speak to her, to stretch his arm towards her? He could not tell, but he did hesitate till the silence lengthened painfully.

At last he moved his arm, and found that she had gone away from his side. Then a cry with anger in it as well as fear broke from him.

"Polly, why don't yer answer me?"

Straining his ears as he half sat, half lay with his face stretched forward, he heard her quick, excited breathing.

"Answer me, Polly," he cried less angrily, more beseechingly. "Tell me as you'll do what I said you must do. Answer me."

From the corner towards which a vague instinct had caused him to turn his face Polly's voice came at last, low, so low he could but just hear it, and heavily burdened with misery—

"I can't do it, daddy. I can't swear as I seed the light."

The voice seemed to creep tremblingly along the prison floor, so that he knew Polly was cast down in great distress in that corner to which she had taken herself.

"Who is it," he asked hoarsely, "a-speakin' to me like that? It's never Polly?"

"I can't swear as I seed the light; it is me as ses it, daddy."

"It is!" cried Bardsley, quivering on his elbow, and speaking in a voice of solemn anger. "Then what evil speret is a-temptin' of you to speak and to be'ave like this, Polly, in return for all I've done for yer?"

Polly was silent. She could not tell him what spirit it was. She could not understand herself, and was still less able to describe to him these moments of mental and spiritual seeing; when she beheld her wretched little life with such passionate consternation, counting up her miseries, and making moan



over herself as some opium-dulled mother, free for a few moments from her stupor, might wail over her starving and ill-used babe.

Polly was not moaning now; her tears were falling fast and silently on the thin little arms that pillowed her face as she lay cast down upon the stones.

"Come, Polly," said Bardsley in a conciliatory but intensely anxious voice, "you've got one of your crazy fits on—throw it off, Polly, throw it off."

It was one of Polly's trials to have these times of terrible sanity called madness—for Bardsley never thought them anything else, though often during them she wailed out some bitter truth to him.

The only answer that she could make now was a repetition of the cry—

"Daddy, I can't swear as I seed the light."

"So," said Bardsley, after remaining some time in angry silence, "Polly is a-goin' to ruin her old grandfather, is she? And for a whim—a fit o' nonsense?"

"No; it's 'cos I can't, daddy—I can't swear as I seed the light."

"And why can't yer, you unnatural, wicked gal? Why can't yer? Don't roar; but answer me why can't yer?"

"'Cos I'se afraid as God a'mighty won't never again let me see if I do—if I swears I 'as when I 'asn't."

By the burning of Polly's cheeks in uttering this it might have been a most shameful confession. It required no little bravery on her part to utter it; for she knew it would bring Bardsley's ridicule upon her, as indeed it did, promptly and bitterly, in a laugh and an oath together.

At this she sobbed aloud.

"'Nough o' that row, now!" cried Bardsley sternly. "I see wot it is—it's that confounded school nonsense a workin' in yer 'ead. Now, Polly, is it possible as you can't yet bring yer mind to understand wot I've told yer so many times as to the subjec' of the same religion not being conformable to all speres o' life? Now, I arst yer to put it to yerself like a sensible gal, Polly. Take the case of a—a—a statement of a fact as isn't a fact. Well, now, do you mean to say on yer honour, Polly, it's the same thing whether it's done ter save a person from ruin, or whether it's done by a fine lady in her drarin'-room 'earin' a double knock at the door, and reflectin' she ain't got her best cap on, or fancyin' she got a glimpse out o' winder of an old gown as she gave seven year ago to a poor relation as may ha' come

down thinkin' it's time the bounty was renoosed? Now, I arst yer, Polly, do you think it's the same?"

As Polly at the best of times was incapable of argument, she did not attempt any answer to this perplexing question.

"Depend on it, Polly," continued Bardsley, "God a'mighty 'ud a great deal rayther you'd save your old grandfather from ruin than be a-puffin' up yer 'eart with religion at such a ilconvenient time as this. I'd always have yer say yer prayers, Polly, and believe in a Providence above as wisits awful retribution on all as furgits the blind, or in anyways worrits 'em, and as 's something to look to when all else fails. But fur people in our station to be expectin' to keep to a religion which I've heered is as much or more than them in the 'ighest circles can live up to, why it's rank presumption, Polly, and nothink else."

If continuing in the same determination might be called presumption, Polly remained presumptuous still, for Bardsley had no sooner ceased speaking than she again put forth her feeble, drawling, but obstinate cry—

"I can't swear as I seed the light!"

"Then don't!" shouted Bardsley fiercely. "Ruin yerself and ruin me, you——"

And he launched at Polly such a selection of epithets as none but one brought up like herself, with very free and liberal ideas of language, could hear without horror. Even with these ideas Polly was much shocked and shaken; for it is certain that the accepting a vocabulary as being right and proper, and the having its hardest words hurled at oneself, are two very different things. A more piteous lamentation arose from her corner, and Bardsley's fierce abuse smouldered down to a low and ominous muttering.

Suddenly he got up and felt his way to the corner where Polly was.

"Polly," he said, holding his rage in strong control as he stood over her, "as nothing else can turn you from this wicked state o' mind, I shall be compelled to tell yer what I didn't wish to say nothing about to yer yet, but now I can't 'elp myself; so set up and stop this howling, and I'll tell yer what I have brought yer down to this —— place for."

Polly sat up.

"Are you a-listenin'?" asked Bardsley sharply.

"Yes, daddy."

He paused for some time, leaning his shoulder against the wall.

"I 'spose you ain't guessed at all wot I did come down here for, Polly?"

"No," answered Polly with a sigh, which

seemed to express a heartfelt opinion that, whatever the journey was for, it had been a great mistake.

"Well, I've come after that scamp," said Bardsley, "that's wot I've come after, Polly."

He bent his head, endeavouring to detect by breath or movement any effect his words might have had on Polly.

An unnatural stillness was over the little form at his feet. Whether it denoted surprise, consternation, pleasure, or indifference Bardsley could not tell.

"Did you hear me, Polly?" he asked. "Do you understand where we're a-goin' when we git out of here?"

"Jigh Mills," answered Polly in a weary voice that might have come from one thrice her age.

"Exactly so," said Bardsley.

He waited then for something more from Polly, but she remained silent.

He was clearing his throat preparatory to giving her more information concerning the purport of their journey, when he felt Polly's hands flung on his feet, and heard her voice choked with sobs, crying—

"Don't, don't, don't, daddy! Don't go there; don't go there, and I'll swear I seed the light; only don't go there, don't go there."

Bardsley drew back a step.

"Polly," he said sternly, "I don't know you: there's nothink of you left but whims."

He was agitated, and spoke only to hide his agitation. He *did* know her at that moment as well as he knew himself. He understood, much too well for his peace of mind, the kind of struggle that was making her writhe at his feet.

He knew that every instinct of self-respect or honour which her hard life had left in her would be moved to strong and bitter rebellion against the threatened visit to the Mills—and he knew how much too simple she was to perceive that, remaining true to her purpose of not swearing that she had recovered her sight, was the surest way of preventing this visit.

But though for a little while Bardsley was moved by this simplicity in her, he did not scruple to take cruel advantage of it, as it was for this very thing that he had made what would appear to be so unwise a revelation to Polly.

"Very well, Polly," he said, crouching down and patting her shoulder, "then that's our bargain, eh? You swears us out o' this like a brave good lass as you are, and has yer own way ever after."

Polly submitted to his conciliatory pats like a lifeless creature. She was so strange

that he judged it best to say nothing for several moments.

He had no pangs of conscience in thus cheating one whom it was so very easy to cheat, but reasoned with himself that weak things like Polly were not to be managed at all without such stratagems.

What was she doing, he wondered, with her face down against the stones, so silent and so still? Taking leave, perhaps, of that far-away, strange thing she called the light, which she thought she must no more hope to see after this day when her lips were to swear falsely concerning it.

"Innercint little fool," thought Bardsley, sending up his ragged coat-cuff to do his eyes a necessary service, "as if—if there *was* anythink to pay for this sort o' thing—Providence wouldn't send in the bill ter *me*; and a long un it 'ud be—Lord 'elp me!"

While he was waiting and listening for Polly to move, he heard the sound of keys rattling and bolts being drawn in the direction of the front of the building. Apparently some doors were opened, for immediately afterwards the sound of a fine organ penetrated to the cell where they were.

Bardsley knew it was the old organist practising in the church on the other side of the narrow street in which the prison stood. He and Polly had been humbly admiring listeners to this early performance every morning since their arrival at Bulver's Bay. Indeed, the old man had found it rather a profitable kind of amusement, for the organist was only too happy to buy a pennyworth a day of such profound and ecstatic admiration as the blind man's face and waving hands testified, while Polly drooped and wept with childish memories, or lifted up her face sweet and smiling with a renewal of childish hopes, and Jowler outside in the churchyard stood first on one tombstone and then another in sculptural attitudes, trying to see in at the windows, wondering what was going on, and having a gnawing suspicion of breakfast.

When Bardsley heard the grand sound coming as the angel came to Peter, calmly triumphant over bars and bolts and all prison fastnesses, he growled a curse upon the white-haired player, for he knew it would disturb Polly again with thoughts of her babyish school-days.

He was not wrong. In a minute she lifted her face from the stones. She rose to her elbow—to her knee—to her feet, pausing to listen between each movement.

She stood listening, her arms crossed, a hand laid on each shoulder, hugging the



memory of that little pure white cape of the blind-school uniform, which might have kept the wilful heart as pure, had she not cast it off so wantonly.

Bardsley knew, felt fully how excited she was growing, and expected each instant she would cry out to him and give him more trouble.

She did cry out, in mingled passion, misery, and triumph, but not to him.

"O our Father!" cried Polly, "Our Father 'chart'n 'eaven! I won't swear as I seed the light!"

At that moment Bardsley heard the rattling of keys close outside the door, and voices, from which he made out that the gaoler had brought himself into trouble by placing them together.

The door was presently opened, and then the glory of the angel that had come to Polly's succour rushed in and filled the cell.

Bardsley leapt to his feet, blaspheming and stretching out his arms, more in impotent desire to wrestle with those sweet and powerful sounds for possession of Polly's tender spirit, than to offer any resistance to the men who had come to take her weary form away from him for but an hour or two.

Another moment and the door was closed again, and a lonely mass of rags lay heaving on the prison floor.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

ONE evening, about a week after their visit to Bulver's Bay, Michael shut up the mill early, whistled to Keeper, and went some miles along the Tidhurst road to meet and walk home with Ma'r S'one, whom he expected to be returning about this time.

The old man had been sent off to Tidhurst cattle fair early that morning, greatly over-burdened and saddened by the charge of a fine hog of fourteen stone, which, in consequence of a suspicion of measles, Mrs. Grist had desired to have sold immediately, and at its fullest price.

He appeared to be greatly surprised and touched by Michael's attention in coming to meet him and relieving him of some heavy farm implements which he had had to purchase at Tidhurst and carry home.

As they walked along together, Ma'r S'one's repeated sighs and solemn shakes of the head led Michael to fear that he and his errand had met with the very worst of bad luck, and that he had real cause for being alarmed at meeting Mrs. Grist. He forebore questioning him, feeling sure it would not be many minutes before the old

man would confide his trouble to him. Without seeming to loiter for him he suited his strong step to Ma'r S'one's uncertain, plodding trot.

"Stopped at th' aarf-way 's' aarft moon, Ma'r Michael," he began presently, evidently finding walking and talking at once a great labour, and more than his breath could manage without much trouble.

"Ah," said Michael, well knowing that Ma'r S'one alluded to the old half-way house between Lamberhurst and Tidhurst, where the coaches used to stop before the railway came to Bulver's Bay. "Well, you're no bad judge, Mr. Ma'r S'one. Old Piggot's ale's the best in Southdownshire. When I go by every Wednesday I have a glass regularly."

"Ay, ay, I thart ye did," said Ma'r S'one, with a little sudden, sprightly mischief in his eye and voice. "I thart ye did, Ma'r Michael."

"You thought I did? Why, how in the world should you know?" asked Michael.

"I wur round there with your maister in the waggon o' Friday mornin'," answered Ma'r S'one, shaking his head slyly; "and Fleetfoot he drared up grandly at th' aarf-way—grandly, he did."

While Michael wondered for some minutes why Ambray had not spoken to him concerning Fleetfoot's revelation, Ma'r S'one relapsed into his former sadness—the sighing and the shaking of the head recommenced.

"Yees," he began again after a little while, "I stopped at th' aarf-way 's' aarfternoon."

"Ah, by-the-by, so you said," answered Michael encouragingly.

"'Arry Piggot carled me in, and there were a chaap there a-read'n' out the noospaper. O they be arful, they papers—arful."

"What was the matter this afternoon?" inquired Michael.

Ma'r S'one sighed heavily, and answered in a trembling voice—

"T'wur 'bout that poor blind cretur'."

"Who! The girl we saw on Tuesday?"

"Ay; they've give 'em six weeks ave it, Ma'r Michael."

"Six weeks of it!" repeated Michael. "Have they now? Well, I suppose that old rascal deserves it. I suppose they both deserve it—don't you think so yourself, Mr. Ma'r S'one?"

Michael spoke quickly, and while his thoughts were far away from what he said. He had not paused to think whether old Bardsley and his grandchild deserved their sentence, or whether it was an unjust one.

His only feeling on hearing Ma'r S'one's news had been one of glad relief. For six weeks he need not be expecting any disclosures to Ambray concerning George. He had seen a two-days' old paper at the Team every day since their arrest, and had searched in it vainly for any news of the blind impostors.

Six weeks! Who could tell whether by the end of such a time that might not be known at the High Mills which would render the worst Bardsley could have to say stingless and trivial?

They had walked on for nearly ten minutes in silence, and Michael had forgotten the question he had asked Ma'r S'one, when he was startled by the old man saying,

"You never arst me 'bout th'og, Ma'r Michael."

"No; but I've been wondering all the way what luck you've had, Mr. Ma'r S'one."

"Arful—arful," groaned Ma'r S'one. "Arful luck!"

Michael uttered an exclamation of sympathy and condolence.

"But what did you get for him then?" he asked.

Ma'r S'one looked up as one aghast, and answered in a choking voice—

"Just what missus said—two pound eighteen and fourpence—Ma'r Michael."

"What? four and twopence a stone! Well done!" cried Michael.

"Ah," said Ma'r S'one with much difficulty and catching of breath, "but you shud a see th' old chaap as baught it, Ma'r Michael,—arl bent, an' gray and saarft in th'ead he wur, and grinny-at-nothing like, and aarf a score older 'an me, Ma'r Michael, he telled me esself."

Michael tried to comfort him by assuring him he had acted but as any one else would have done, but his words had no power to remove the old man's conviction that he deserved imprisonment far more than Polly Bardsley.

Michael parted from Ma'r S'one at Buckholt Farmhouse.

He was carrying his purchase down the yard for him, and had nearly passed the front door before he noticed that Mrs. Grist was standing there.

No sooner did Ma'r S'one also become aware of this fact, than he made a nervous attempt to possess himself of what Michael was carrying for him.

Mrs. Grist, however, had already seen them, and Ma'r S'one was soon shaking at the sound of her voice, and looking helplessly at Michael.

"Well, Ma'r S'one," she called out, "I shud ha' thart you hadn't so much to do to fatigue you but what you could a ca'ied your own little harrants from Tidhurst without having a passel o' men to bring 'em home for you."

Mrs. Grist invariably spoke of Michael as plural, often to his perplexity, causing him to look round to see who might without his knowledge be accompanying him. He had grown used to it by this time, and gave her a civil "Good evening" as he put down Ma'r S'one's little errands, which consisted of two new pitchforks and a heavy horse-collar.

"I tell you what, Ma'r S'one," cried Mrs. Grist, without deigning to notice Michael's respectful salutation, "when you're out for your own pleasure you go into what company you like—I'm not going to look after you at your age—not I; but when you're on business o' mine, you'll please to keep yourself to yourself, so let that be a understood thing, or you and me will farl out."

"Yes, missis," answered Ma'r S'one in a great tremble, and signing to Michael by imploring jerks of his elbow to go and leave him.

"And I shud like to know how much longer you *are* going to stand there," she continued almost in the same breath, "without a word o' 'pology for bein' so late, an' they caarves left without bite nor sup this nine hour. It's a deal o' use me keepin' a elderly man as wants constant physicking and pampering—o' purpose to be responsible and stiddy, to feed the animals, and he behaving just for arl the world like a giddy lad. Do you hear me, Ma'r S'one, or do you intend to stand there sett'n' me at defiance arl night?"

The "physicking" to which Mrs. Grist alluded had been the administration by her of a black draught on one occasion, about a year ago, when Ma'r S'one, from the effects of overwork, had been unable to rise in the morning; the "pampering" had been the swallowing of a little gruel the next day, when he was too sick to take anything else.

The idea of setting any one at defiance was so terrible to Ma'r S'one that he shook like an aspen as he protested, in a voice full of distress—

"I wur goin' to 'polergize 'bout bein' so laate, missis, but you was tellin' me 'bout th' caarves. I wur laate because I gits along so slow; and 'Arry carled me in th' aari-way just ter arst me how you was."

Ma'r S'one did tell small untruths sometimes for "peace and quiet." And this was one, as Michael knew by the faint flush that came over his hard little cheek.



"But I 'polergize humbly, missis," he added. "And I——"

"When you've done these parltrey s'cuses, Ma'r S'one," interrupted Mrs. Grist sharply, "I shall be glad if you'll please to recollect I'm waiting arl this time to hear about the business you was sent on."

Ma'r S'one, after much fumbling, drew the purse from his bosom, and with a guilty glance at Michael, gave its contents into Mrs. Grist's fat hand.

Her face expressed so much satisfaction

that Ma'r S'one began to feel a little consoled for all his misgivings of conscience.

"Come, that's arl right," she said, putting the money into her pocket; but the next instant her eye and voice were as sharp as before, when she looked at Ma'r S'one and observed—

"But you know this is just a proof o' what I'm arlways sayin', Ma'r S'one, as you *can* do much more 'an you chooses to do."

Even Ma'r S'one's patient spirit was stung by the injustice of this remark.

"I does arl as lays i' my power, missis——"



Page 585.

"There, don't argue at me, Ma'r S'one," cried Mrs. Grist; "I wouldn't ha' that if you was as old as 'Thuseler. Come now, I shall be glad if you'll get th' yard cleared o' your friends. You know it's a thing as I never allow no one; a pack o' strangers on the premises arter dark, speshly from London."

Michael, who had had reasons of his own for waiting, came forward at this, and pretending not to have heard any of the doubtful allusions to himself, inquired if he could take any message to the High Mills for her.

As Mrs. Grist also feigned deafness, and

turned her back upon him, Michael went up the yard with Ma'r S'one, who let him out at the gates with many expressions of humble gratitude for his company. He also apologised to him for having tried to hasten his departure.

"But you see I didn't want fur to aggrawate missis." He explained—"She's arful haard to-night, but it's best not to aggrawate, but to do arl we can fur peace and quiet."

And as Michael turned away he heard the old man murmuring to himself—

"'Cline our 'erts to keep this la!"

## CHAPTER XX.

THE spring continued fine. The children came up in troops to the mill-field to look after their floral types, the daisies. The beauty of Michael's new world increased around him with such soft but marvellous speed, that often when he came in the morning to look out at the mill window, he would, after his first glance at the earth, push back his cap, murmuring aloud some word of wonder, and throwing upward, as if straight into God's eyes, a smile of irrepressible lowly, but full-hearted congratulation, as intensely real as that with which some humble workman in a great sculptor's studio might turn to his master after beholding a night's progress of the inspired hand.

Michael loved the summer, and throve in it so well that it was now only the sorrow of those amongst whom he lived that kept alive his own.

As it was now known that George's pictures had not been accepted,—if they had been sent,—and as he still did not come or write, every day which passed seemed to increase the probability that ties stronger than those of home were holding him. For this reason Michael knew that Ambray and Nora regarded these sweet summer days only as lovely thieves stealing wealth from their treasure-house of hope.

Nora little dreamed who knew her best in those days of outward sweetness and inward bitterness,—whose honest eyes watched her from afar when she walked in her aunt's garden, or stood trying to interest herself in seeing the hops tied to the sticks,—whose thoughts followed her at evening up to the old drawing-room,—whose ears listened to the music to which she tuned the sorrows of her heart there in the twilight, when the cows were lowing to Ma'r S'one as he softly shut door after door in the yard, and tottered gratefully to his bed in the stable, a little and yet a little more weary each day than the last.

One evening when Ambray was alone in the mill, and Michael was returning from a journey with Fleetfoot, he suddenly saw passing by the smithy two figures, which he felt certain could belong to none but Bardsley and his grand-daughter.

Long before he came into the village they had disappeared.

Michael stopped at the smithy, and called the old smith out to look at one of Fleetfoot's shoes which he had put on that morn-

ing. The smith saw nothing wrong with it, and disagreed with Michael as to the necessity of doing his work over again.

Michael, however, insisted in a voice and manner almost menacing, and turned away up the White Lane, leaving the waggon standing there, and the smithy loungers staring after him open-mouthed.

## CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN Michael reached the top of the White Lane, and the mill-field lay level before him, he saw nothing of the two figures.

They must have gone into the mill.

Michael set off running and burst in at the mill door, breathless and with a tiger-like fire in his great eyes.

First he saw Ambray, who stood with folded arms looking towards the door, as if he had heard his hurried steps and watched for him.

He turned to look in that direction which Ambray fronted, and then he saw Bardsley standing with his hat in his hand and Polly leaning at his side looking giddy and scared with the noise of the mill.

They were considerably thinner, paler, and more ragged than when he had last seen them. In that hurried and excited glance it seemed to him that Bardsley's face showed less cunning and satire, more bitterness and desperation than formerly.

"You are in a hurry, Michael," said Ambray, with a look and tone of peculiar meaning, of which Michael could understand nothing, and at which he could only wonder vaguely.

He attempted no reply, but returned Ambray's look, quite incapable of hiding his great excitement from him.

"Here are some friends of yours, you see," Ambray said, still looking at him with the same searching expression.

"Friends of mine?" echoed Michael with a laugh, scarcely knowing what he was saying.

Bardsley showed the same kind of interest in listening to and considering over Michael's voice as he had done on the occasion of his former visit to the mill. Now, as then, he seemed to feel he was mistaken in thinking he had heard it before.

Michael too watched as he had watched then for the effect his voice would have upon the blind man. And this time he thought, as he had thought before, it was not remembered by him.

Seeing this, he was but the more amazed



at the thought of Ambray's evident suspicion of him in connection with Bardsley.

All possible conjectures passed through his mind startlingly and rapidly. Was Bardsley cheating him? Had he recognised him from the first? Did he know the secret of George Ambray's absence, and inquire after him only to mislead Michael as to the purpose of his visit?

"Well," said Ambray, turning to Bardsley, "and I am to understand, then, that until this man came in your way you were prosperous and comfortable?"

"We was so, sir," replied Bardsley; "the talk and envy of neighbours. Our means was not large, certainly; but neither was our wants, sir. I would have had you see this child in those days, sir."

"Let the girl sit down," said Ambray, himself touching her shoulders, and guiding her to a low bin. "She looks bad enough now," he added.

"So I am told, sir," answered Bardsley; "the truth is, sir, her spirit is broke by these ewents as I have told you of. In them days of which I was troubling of you with some account of it, was often remarked to me what a pictur' of 'ealth she were, and what a pictur' it was to see her, gay as e'er sighted on earth, sir, a-sitting at the door platting away at her baskets and a-singin' to the bird over her 'ead—as they say ud look down out of it's cage all in a heap and sulky at bein' outdone in it's own pertickler line of hart, which I have observed, sir, is a thing tryin' to the feelings of most on us, and to many as is of a 'igher moral tone than birds. But I detain you too long, sir, over these recklections of 'appier days."

"Yes, yes, be quick," said Ambray; "you were telling me, before the door opened just now, that some of your neighbours blamed you for all this."

"They did, sir," replied Bardsley; "they blamed me for havin' allowed his wisits; but I am a simple old man, sir, of a trustin' nature, and for seemin' honesty and straight-forradness of character I never met one like him. I shud 'a trusted him to the last, sir. Ah, you see, sir," sighed Bardsley, drawing his sleeve across his eyes, and speaking in a voice broken with sobs, "it's so easy to deceive the blind."

"The villain!" cried the simple old miller, trembling with rage and turning his back on Michael.

"Yes, sir," whined Bardsley, proud of this stroke of success, "it is so very easy to deceive the blind and 'elpless."

"Easy to who, to what kind o' man is it easy?" asked Ambray, looking at Michael with eyes full of angry scorn. "Tell me who this scoundrel is, and what I have to do with him, that you come to me with this tale—that's all I want to know."

Bardsley hesitated.

"I—I feel for you, sir," he stammered; "it will be a shock to you, sir. You mustn't be too hard on him, sir."

"Who is he, I ask you, and what have I to do with him?" repeated Ambray with stern impatience.

Bardsley appeared to be seriously disturbed by the task before him. His face grew flushed, his eyeballs rolled, and his fingers worked nervously.

"Indeed, sir," he said, "I feel for you—I do, sir, with all my heart—in making known, sir, that this young man is your—is no other, sir, than your—"

"What now?" cried Ambray, for Michael had seized the beggar by his coat-collar, and was holding him off and looking into his master's face with a gaze that puzzled and amazed him.

"Your—your servant, he means," cried Michael, in a voice so deep and thick Ambray scarcely recognised it.

There was one in the mill who did, however, for no sooner had Michael spoken than Bardsley became too excited even to remember the indignity he had received.

"Ha!" he shouted, throwing his hands upon Michael's shoulders. "Now I know the voice!"

"Then mind it," muttered Michael close in his ear. "As you value the life I saved, a word more now and you shall repent it."

He turned towards Ambray, with eyes that had never looked more true—more full of devotion and courage.

"You have found me out, master," he said, scarcely above his breath. "Isn't that enough? Have I any right to ask you to leave me alone to satisfy this man. If I have I would."

Ambray gave him a look in which there was almost as much disappointment as contempt, and went out, closing the door violently after him.

"What lies are these you have come here with?" demanded Michael.

Bardsley was shaking himself, pulling up his collar, and gradually recovering from the effects of Michael's somewhat rough handling.

"You saved my life," he answered, "otherwise I might offer objections to the term."

You saved my life, which is a haction as ought to ha' won you universal gratitude and respect, consequently I will *not* offer objections to your havin' seen fit to come between me and George Ambray's father, as I've come from London on purpose to see. I will only ask you *why* you did it?"

When the old miller had gone out, Michael's overwrought excitement had left him suddenly, and the consequences of what he had done oppressed him like a nightmare.

After his first half-frantic question to Bardsley, he had turned dizzy and gone to lean against the steps.

Glancing at Bardsley as this question, with all its suspense and fear, forced itself upon him, he saw what he had not before noticed, that the old man was very far from sober.

His grand-daughter, a picture of weariness and stupor, had fallen asleep where Ambray had seated her.

Bardsley was standing, sulky and perplexed, evidently waiting with no slight misgiving some explanation of Michael's conduct.

"So here is a second time," said Michael suddenly, "that I've saved your precious life for you."

"Eh?" cried Bardsley, lifting up his face in much alarm.

"Well," answered Michael, "I can tell you it would have been about as much as your life was worth to have let that old man know that the rascal you had been telling him of was his son. I wouldn't answer for what might have happened if I hadn't been here to stop you."

"I've always heerd as this old miller is a just and a honourable man," asserted Bardsley, "as wouldn't see the blind and 'elpless imposed on."

"He's one who wouldn't condemn his only son on the evidence of those who he's seen making imposition a business," said Michael quietly.

"Do you mean he wouldn't believe me?" cried Bardsley, clenching his fists. "If it's proofs and witnesses you want, I could overrun your parish with 'em any day."

"Then why do you come here without any—with nothing but your tongue to tell your tale with?"

"Because I was driv' by misfortchins to come as I could. But trust me, young man, I'll make this place ring with his name afore I've done with him. Friend as yer are of his, I tell you that."

"How do you know I'm a friend of his?"

"Wasn't you with him that night? Wasn't your cry, 'Hold, George! hold!' my sen-

tence o' life, as I may say? Ha! I knowed your voice from the first, though I couldn't, so to say, lay my finger on where I'd heard it before—not till you pitched me agin the wall just now, and calls to the miller, 'Your servant!' in just the voice as you said, 'Hold, George! hold!' Then I knowed yer."

Michael had become very pale while Bardsley was speaking, and had more than once started as if passionately to silence him.

For a moment or two he remained without saying anything, his eyes fixed steadily on the beggar's face. After this he rose from leaning against the steps, and approaching Bardsley with folded arms, said—

"Now, what was it you were saying to my master before I came in?"

"It's a weakness o' mine," answered Bardsley, "to like to know a person's right to ask such a question as that."

"Haven't I a right to ask it as George Ambray's friend?"

"If you are George Ambray's friend, friend enough to give yer a right to ask such a question, you are friend enough for him to have told you all about my affair with him without my doing it."

"Then I should be all the better able to know if your account of it is true."

"Then I shan't repeat it," cried Bardsley impatiently. "I didn't come here to dispute—I ain't got my case ready to dispute. I came here t' appeal, not to dispute—though I'll do as much as you like o' that when I has things ready."

"Now, Bardsley," said Michael, laying his hand on his shoulder, "let me give you a bit of advice."

"It's a thing as don't generally agree with my digestion," replied the old man, trying sulkily to jerk the hand from his shoulder.

"But you'll find that this will, and I give it to you, Bardsley, as well out of consideration for your affliction, and"—looking round at Polly—"hers, as for *him*. I mean George Ambray. You are right, I *am* his friend, and I would like to do the best I can for him now that he is—not here to receive you and defend himself. My advice is, say no more to Ambray. Tell me the whole truth, prove it to me, and I will do the best that can be done as to making you amends if amends are due to you. What good can Ambray do you? He has barely enough to live upon, any one here will tell you that. I have the means of giving you some help if I see that you ought to have it."

Bardsley considered for some time, rubbing his hand over his face.



"Look here," he said, with decision: "I shan't tell you to-night what I'll do, except as I'll promise you to do nothing one way or another till you come to me at the Bay, that's to say, if you'll come to-morrow some time before evening."

"Why not tell me now? you know my time is not my own," said Michael.

"Well, if you must know why," answered Bardsley, "I should prefer as my head was a little clearer than I find it at present, owing to having had to let Polly rest rather oftener than usual on our way up here."

"At least let me know what you told Ambray," said Michael; "it didn't take you very long to tell it to him."

Bardsley was obstinate. He could not trust his head to tell anything that was to be disputed, he informed Michael.

"Arst for me at the Barge Aground,"

directed Bardsley, "and I will leave 'em acquainted with my whereabouts."

It was about half-an-hour later when Ambray returned home from the mill.

Michael, when he came in, was sitting at the table bending over a letter for home which he had been writing by snatches for the last week. He looked up in patient expectation of the storm that was to burst.

The gaunt old miller had a look of triumph in his face, as well as sadness and contempt—the triumph of a man vain of his judgment who finds a favourite prophecy fulfilled.

Michael returned his look with great gentle eyes, full of resignation and courage.

Instead of closing the door after him, the miller stood holding it open.

"Come," he said to Michael, pointing out. "March! I'll have no scoundrels here."

## IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

GLORY to Him who bids the field

Its blessing to our toil to yield,  
Who giveth much, who giveth more,  
Till store and basket runneth o'er;  
Thus, ere the golden skies grow dim,  
Come, let us sing our Harvest hymn.

His finger on the land doth lay  
Its beauty, stretching far away:  
His breath doth fill the opal skies  
With grandeur dread to mortal eyes;  
He gives man harvest from the wild,  
And drops the daisies for the child.

But oh, how shall we dare draw near?  
Such power is veiled in mists of fear.  
What can we be to One who fills  
The awful silence of the hills,  
Who knows the secrets of the sea,  
The wild beasts in the forests free?

But, Lord, we know Thee otherwise—  
A slighted man, with loving eyes,  
Toiling along with weary feet  
Such paths as these among the wheat:  
Come from the light of Heaven's throne  
To call no home on earth Thine own.

O Lord, Thou givest bounteous spoil  
To the poor measure of our toil,  
For our few grey dank sowing days  
The glow of August's evening blaze.  
And what can we give for the pain  
With which Thou sowed immortal grain?

Nothing—for all we have is Thine,  
Who need'st not corn, nor oil, nor wine;  
Nothing—unless Thou make us meet  
To follow Thee through tares and wheat,  
And from the storm of wrath and sin  
To help Thee bring Thy harvest in.

ISABELLA FVIE MAYO.



## JERSEY NOTES.

IN the noble sweep of St. Aubin's Bay, with its green, wooded background white-dotted with villas and cottages, and golden-spangled with the blazing glass of vineries, lies a slim schooner-yacht, dressed from bowsprit to taff-rail with many-coloured bunting that looks like a rainbow hung out to dry in the rich sunlight and soft air—doubly welcome after the skies like a smudged slate, and the viciously nipping east winds which for weeks have been the rule on the other side of the Channel. The schooner is the flag-ship of a regatta, but there is not wind enough to move the competing craft, and they rise and fall idly on the sunny water, drooping their snowy wings like lazy swans. Our steamer paddles past them into the pea-green harbour, and at last, after much shouting, rattling of the steam-windlass, and heaving, splashing, and hauling of ropes, is warped alongside the landing-place. Although the end of the pier on the other side of the harbour is thronged with people watching the non-racing racers, our side of the harbour is almost covered with carts, two-horsed cabs, hotel omnibuses and touts, dock-labourers, licensed porters in brass-badged blue jackets, and loungers native and foreign. The Jersey mail-boat is a minnow amongst the American, West Indian, African, and Peninsular and Oriental mail-Tritons of Southampton Docks, but her arrival is the event of the day at St. Helier's. English, French, and nasal Jersey French, that sounds like the scolding of sea-birds, are banded to and fro between the ship and shore. The adult islanders, both male and female, have a reddish-brown, dried-up, kippered-herring-like look; but a fresh-caught herring would be a better simile for the good-looking Jersey girls, gaily dressed *à la Française*; and the round-eyed Jersey toddlers seem to be as plump as sucking-pigs—and as fond of dirt. The hotel-touts kidnap passengers in the most audacious style—pooh-poohing the hotels which they have been recommended to patronise, or making them believe that the "Union" is only a synonyme for the "British," that the "Marine" and "Minors" are identical, or that if "Stone's Royal" is mentioned, either the "Royal Yacht Club" or the "Imperial" is really meant. Whichever he may be taken to, however, the stranger is likely to find comfortable accommodation at a reasonable rate. As an illustration of the cheapness of the Channel Islands, I will give the carte of

a Jersey hotel dinner provided for only two guests at a cost of half-a-crown per head: soup, fish, roast beef, roast goose, new potatoes, asparagus, tapioca pudding, gooseberry tart, bread, cheese, butter, and salad. Wines, however, in spite of their cheapness at Jersey shops, owing to the island's exemption from all Custom duties except a very trifling one on every import, mysteriously enough, are as dear at Jersey as at London hotels. Spirits throughout the island are unfortunately cheap, a small glass of Cognac only costing three Jersey halfpence (twenty-six of which go to the English shilling), and milk-punch being sold at a penny and twopence the tumblerful. Tobacco sells in Jersey for about a quarter of the price smokers in England have to pay for it; the kind of people who in England would be poisoning the air with the stench of a foul shag-burning pipe or "penny Pickwick," perfume the air in Jersey with the fragrance of very respectable cigars. Tea and sugar, milk, eggs, fruit, vegetables, fish, poultry, are all much cheaper in Jersey than in England. The normal price of meat is eight or nine Jersey pence for the Jersey pound, which nearly equals eighteen ounces avoirdupois. Elevenpence a pound "prime parts" is the rate which rules at present, and it is considered such a "famine-price" that it has caused a considerable importation of Australian tinned beef and mutton into the island. Besides meat, vegetables, fruit, flowers, eggs, and butter wrapt up in the leaves of the cow-cabbage, from whose ten-feet high stems the famous Channel Island "cabbage-stump" walking-sticks are made, caps, hats, and stockings are sold in the well-frequented St. Helier's markets. Jersey and London papers are also sold there, an English penny paper a day old costing three halfpence. A good many of the vendors are tan-faced old women, in white caps with turned-in lappets, that give their wearers the look of long-horn oxen. Trimly dressed ladies are not above marketing for themselves in Jersey. Sometimes with, often without a servant, they come into St. Helier's by omnibus or rail, or in their own traps, with natty-looking capacious baskets. It is amusing to note the unsophisticated way in which these, when filled, are left for them at the St. Helier's railway "terminus." A man or boy brings a laden basket into the refreshment-room, and leaves it unguarded on a chair or table,



without a word to anybody. "Has a basket been sent for me?" a lady will inquire of the bar-attendants. "No, ma'am," they answer confidently, when they have glanced for the first time at the addresses on the baskets in the room; and though the bar has often been left with no one behind it, the inquirer is quite satisfied. Following the curve of the bay, Jersey's one railway runs from St. Helier's to St. Aubin's. It makes one think of a toy-railway, and the Jersey people are as proud of it as a child of a new plaything. It has only been opened a few months, wonder-stricken passengers may still frequently be met with on it half nervously taking their first railway ride. Loungers assemble to see the trains start and come in, and travellers on the tiny line—which is only four miles long—are seen off by numerous parties of kissing and hand-shaking friends. A journey to St. Helier's is described as "going up to town." There is a funny little barrier before the pigeon-hole of the tiny booking-office there, and the hobbydehoy ticket-clerk, flustered by rushes of half-a-dozen, insists with London severity on being approached *en queue*. Four and a half—i.e., a boy—is, if I remember rightly, the complete total of the line's porter-staff, of which the metropolitan terminus appropriates three. It is funny to see how civilly anxious they are to find something to do, and how fond of employing them some of the passengers are. A young lady will hunt up a porter to carry a reticule across the platform to her carriage, and the man, when found, will pounce upon the tiny burden, beaming all over with delight. A corded box the Jersey railway porters almost quarrel for, and they will insist on taking carpet-bags from their owners' custody and carrying them to the guard's van, inquiring at the same time as pompously as if their line ran from New York to San Francisco, "What station, sir? Going through, sir?" There is a feverish emphasis in the energy with which they shout "Any more going on?" which shows they are troubled with doubts as to their *raison d'être*. On Saturday nights and holidays it is sometimes necessary to put an extra carriage on, and then the porters rush about in a perfect frenzy of activity. There are two guards in the employ of the company, one of whom wears a straw hat and light waistcoat and trousers, but he makes up for this eccentricity in costume by even exceeding his fully uniformed fellow-guard, although a painfully conscientious official, in the energetic performance of his duties. He opens the car-

riage doors to shout in "First Tower!" "Millbrook!" "Beaumont!" when the train pulls up at those stations; he thunders "All tickets ready—get your tickets ready," when the train has passed Beaumont, as if he had about ten thousand to collect between Beaumont and St. Aubin's; and rushes along the railed smoking-stands outside the carriages like a rocket, and zigzags through the carriages like a cracker, in his hot haste to complete his task. The trains, as a rule, running only once an hour from either end, there is something very funny in Strawhat's parched-pea performances. It is amusing, too, to see passengers hurrying up to stations, breathless, half an hour before (as they must know) the train starts. Some of them appear to have very vague ideas of the nature of railway travelling. An old lady at St. Helier's gets into a train which is afterwards backed farther into the station. "But St. Aubin's lies *that* way," cries the old lady, nodding her head forward. "How *do* they manage it? Dear me, what a very wonderful invention these railways are!" There are two locomotives as well as two guards—snug-looking locomotives, with glazed compartments for the engine-drivers and stokers. One is named "Duke of Normandy," and the other "Ha Ro"—Ro standing for Rollo, the Conqueror's father.\* The termini at St. Aubin's and St. Helier's seem to have taken the St. Pancras station for their model, their arched roofs springing from the platforms; at least they are as much like the St. Pancras station as a baby shrimp is like an overgrown cray-fish. One platform at St. Aubin's has been turned into a café; in a gallery above the buffet a band plays in the evening, and the worthy islanders wander about the lamplit, plant-decorated station, and boast to one another of, as they think it, their unrivalled Palace of Delight. The refreshment room at Beaumont is a striped marquee on the platform, wherein sits a fair hermitess, chiefly busy in the early part of the day in reading a green-backed novel. This Beaumont station is considered the *ne plus ultra* of magnitude by a little fellow-passenger whose travels have not as yet extended to either of the termini of the little line. "Longer than the Beaumont platform!" she exclaims incredulously, when told of the dimensions of the Waterloo terminus. "It *can't* be!" The extreme length of Jersey from east to west is about eleven miles, its greatest breadth from

\* "A curious appeal, in which the aggrieved person calls out 'Ha! Ro!' is still occasionally made in the Channel Islands, and is clearly traceable to this chieftain. It is made in some cases of trespass."—ANSTED.

north to south between five and six miles, and these being the greatest distances with which they are familiar, the Jersey people have very droll notions about distance. A stranger who walks twenty miles a day—for pleasure, too!—they pretty plainly regard as a possibly dangerous lunatic. A hale, comfortably dressed, well-shod, clean-shaven and clean-shirted man, who is quite sober, comes up to me one day just outside St. Helier's, and begs for a penny towards his fare to St. Ouen's. He has lost his purse—so help him God, he has not a halfpenny left, and he has all that way to go! The distance is rather less than six miles, but he whines as if he were a disappointed, impecunious immigrant longing to get back from Australia to England. He seems quite to forget that if he would only stir those big lazy legs of his, they would carry him to his journey's end in an hour and a half.

The medley of French and English is the first thing that strikes a stranger in St. Helier's. French names and English names over the shop-doors; *Avis* and their translations into English "Notices" side-by-side; work-people, who a minute ago were talking inharmonious English, the next minute talking harsh French. Parisian French, or as near an approach to it as is possible under unfavourable circumstances, is commonly taught in Jersey; but educated Jersey people take a half-humorous pride in dropping ever and anon into their insularly-modified Norman *patois*, and in "enjoying" it when an attempt is made to print it phonetically.

The St. Helier's people have a weakness for bells. Bells jingle on the harness of the "Robin Hood" omnibus horses; here a bellman is announcing the day on which a steamer is to start, and there an old man in a coal-cart is tinkling a bell as he cries, or rather croaks, his goods, just as if he were selling muffins. Policemen are "conspicuous by their absence" from the streets, and when a quarrel takes place, the litigants set to, and fight it out, with a security from any other "punishment" than that which they may mutually inflict, that would delight the heart of a pugilistic schoolboy. Drink-selling places, of various grades, and tobacconists' shops are almost as plentiful as policemen are scarce in St. Helier's. The specialties of its shop-windows are "Souvenirs de Jersey," in the shapes of shell boxes, and bellows, and card-board-mounted wreaths of seaweed, encircling Jerseylandscapes; rich-looking Jersey-crochet cuffs and collars; Jersey *eau de cologne*, in all kinds of bottles, from a black wine-

bottle, down to delicate little glass boots that would fit no foot but Cinderella's; and sheaves of cabbage-stump walking-sticks. In front of the shop-windows lounge jolly-looking yacht-sailors, in blue guernseys and red caps, and spooney-looking excursionists with red faces, very proud of the "puggerees" they bought five minutes after they landed, under an impression, apparently, that Jersey must be "somewhere in the tropics." Here and there, in a street corner, a white capped old woman sits beside her stall, tranquilly spooning up her soup from the little bowl she holds between her knees. There is a Charing Cross in St. Helier's, and another quarter which bears the odd title of Rouge Bouillon. Jersey is looked down upon, socially, by Guernsey, on the ground that the latter island is more "aristocratic" than the former. Half-pay officers, of both services, constitute, I believe, a considerable portion of the "aristocratic" society of both islands.

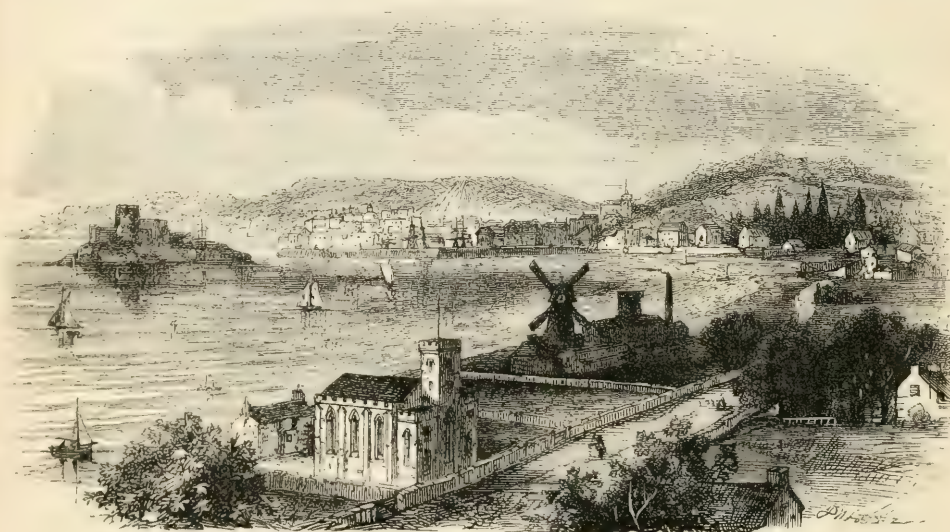
St. Helier's does not put its best foot foremost. With the exception of tiny yachts, and steamers with raking, cream-coloured funnels "turned up with crock," the craft in St. Helier's Harbour have not a "smart" look. They are rusty, fusty, gritty brigs, out of which perspiring, piebald men are whipping coals, battered Newfoundland dried-cod barques, and such-like. In the wall of the quay alongside which they lie gape huge black fireplaces for pitch cauldrons. In spite of the salt breeze from the blue outside sea, one's nose cannot help recognising the cloacinal odour of bilge-water and multitudinous other nastinesses, which always characterizes places in which merchant-craft congregate. The buildings near the harbour have the usual dingy, dusty harbour-side look; and sneaking, greasy loafers, and bold-eyed, loathsome women and girls, may be seen round St. Helier's Harbour as well as in Ratcliff Highway. I have been told that in St. Helier's Hospital, which stands hard by the granite Gaul, there are as frightfully, most mournfully, disgusting cases of youthful depravity as could be found anywhere in any large city. But St. Helier's improves as you go into it. There are quiet little streets, almost every house in which hangs out its "Furnished" or "Unfurnished" card. There are well-paved business streets, with plate-glass windows, and cabstands, along which runs the familiar "Here you are, sir!" And in the neighbourhood of piecrust, fashionable St. Mark's church, the handsome Imperial Hotel, and the high-planted Victoria College, peering above trees



through which wind walks that give wide prospects over sea and land, there are some pretty tree-shaded houses in terraces, and, detached, some of ripe old brick and stone, and others as smart as vividly green Venetian shutters and fresh-painted, cream-coloured stucco can make them.

The core of St. Helier's is the Royal Square, in which the Court House stands. On a house in a street leading out of it is inscribed, "Here Pierson fell." Major Pierson is Jersey's greatest modern hero. When the French landed in the island in 1781, it was chiefly through his valour that they were defeated, but he lost his life in the battle which ended in the killing or capture of every Frenchman. An enemy would find it hard

work to land at St. Helier's now. On the east of the harbour there is a lofty range of red granite cliffs capped with green mounds. They look peaceful enough, but they would belch forth destruction on a hostile fleet. The green mounds form almost impregnable Fort Regent, begun at the beginning of the present century, but only finished in our own time. At the foot of the cliffs on which the fort is planted—cliffs out of every cranny in which gush the red or white umbels of a large noble-looking wild flower which the islanders call "Spanish lilac"—stands a granite obelisk erected in memory of Captain Harvey and his crew, who, when the steamer *Normandy* was wrecked, gave up her boats to the passengers, and quietly went down in



St. Aubin's Bay, Jersey.

the sinking ship. Dotted here and there along the exposed shores of Jersey there are weather-stained old round towers, pierced for small cannon and musketry. Their doors are too high up to be entered without a ladder, which, when they were manned, used to be drawn up after the last man had entered. Their occupation, in two senses, is gone now. Elizabeth Castle has also become obsolete. It stands on a rock-surrounded piece of rising ground in St. Aubin's Bay, which at high water is an island. At half-tide a causeway, a mile long, connects it with the shore. This causeway, however, being made of ankle-wrenching pebbles, I should advise those who wish to visit the castle to tramp to it, in spite of their sloppiness, along the sands; and if they mean to scramble round the jagged jumble of rocks that encircles the castle, I

should advise them further to put on boots of extra stoutness, or they may have to hobble back to shore with both soles and upper leathers cut through, and giving glimpses of blood-sodden socks. These rocks are rich in rock-pools, velvet-buttoned with big sea-anemones, and collectors of marine curiosities, with their trousers rolled up to their hips, paddle and pry and pounce about the rocks like long-legged shore-birds. The castle takes its name from the queen in whose reign it was built, on the site of an old abbey. Jersey prides itself on its loyalty, and Elizabeth Castle held out stoutly for King against Commonwealth during the Stuart troubles. In the Court House a silver-gilt mace, which Charles II. gave to the Bailiff and Jurats of the island, in recognition of Jersey's attachment to his family, is religiously preserved

and proudly shown. On a green-carpeted detached rock beyond the castle stands a repaired ruin, said to have been the hermitage of St. Helerius, the patron-saint of the parish church of St. Helier's, a corruption of the saint's name.

On the other side of St. Aubin's Bay, almost exactly opposite to bustling St. Helier's, stands the deliciously dreamy old town of St. Aubin's—once the capital of Jersey, and ambitious, in its sleepy way, of becoming so again (see p. 600). By road the distance is four miles, but at low water a much shorter cut can be made across the sands. The only objection to this is, that one has every now and then to walk on one's heels to cross three or four little streams, which gurgle out of stone tunnels on the shore, and then spread out, fan-like, and gradually dribble away to sea. On the moist sands boys and men are raking



St. Brelade's Bay, Jersey.

up sea-weed and loading horse and donkey-carts with it. Mottled green crabs are sprawling over heaps of stone covered with slimy sea-grass. The dry sands are fringed and littered with blocks of glittering variegated granite. Jersey militia-men, in shakos, red tunics, and white trousers, are drilling on the dry sands. (Every able-bodied Jerseyman between the ages of sixteen and sixty-five can be called upon to serve in his island's army.) More fortunate than a company of regulars, passed just before, who, from lack of instrumental music, were marching to the tune of "John Brown's Soul is Marching on," sung at the top pitch of their voices, these militia-men have both a brass and a drum-and-fife band. Presently the bands strike up, and the militia-men file off the sands; the shakos and red tunics, perhaps, not "set-up" quite so symmetrically as a martinet would wish, but the white trousers swinging in a regular unison highly creditable

to non-regular soldiers. The martial music dies away in the distance, and the deserted



Cape Grace, Jersey.

sands, dimpled with tiny holes, tempt one to lie down and have a basking smoke. The sugar-like sand is spotted with currant-like flies, which, as they rise, low-flying swallows capture. The greenish-blue sea, only rippled where it meets the moist marge of the beach, far away, is coming in with musically lazy wash. A high and dry stranded yawl drowsily awaits its coming. The sepia-coloured tower of St. Aubin's castle, with its flag hanging limply down the staff, is not yet cut off from the land. The fishing-boats in St. Aubin's Harbour still lie upon their sides, inclining their masts at all kinds of angles. Beyond rises high, heathery, furzy Noirmont Point, with a martello-tower, like a rhinoceros's horn upon its sea-meeting tip. The cuckoo, which is ubiquitous in early summer time in Jersey, calls out of the bay's green background every second minute.

The rattle of a piano in a distant villa, the bark of a distant dog and the answer it pro-



Mount Orgueil, Jersey.

vokes from a still more distant dog, and the voices of the few far-off people on the beach



and walking along the bow-shaped shore-road, can all be distinctly heard, but they do not disturb—they rather heighten—the dreamy stillness of the sunny sands.

There is very little more stir in St. Aubin's town than on its sands. Its old houses, of red and grey granite mixed with brick, seem to be nodding in a sleep that has lasted for hundreds of years. Even its newer houses have caught the infection of drowsiness, as one person is set gaping by seeing another gape. Scarcely a single person is to be seen in the streets, and the unoccupied little market-place looks as if it were haunted by the ghosts of market-women sitting by invisible stalls heaped with intangible butter and eggs, cabbages and cucumbers. A cavernous, small-paned, little grocer's shop announces itself in dim characters, most incongruously, as Charing Cross House. In the steep, narrow lane known as the Bulwark, there is a house that would have delighted Hawthorne's heart. The rickety wooden gates of the forecourt stand open night and day. The forecourt is filled with a jungle of lilac, elder, white rose bushes, and honeysuckles, out of which shoot little sycamores and a myrtle tree a dozen feet high. From ground to gable-top the old house is smothered in ivy and red-and-purple-blossomed fuchsia. Stone steps, here and there worn almost as slippery as glass, lead up to a raised garden at the side: a jumble of periwinkle, potatoes, onions, cabbages, lettuces, gooseberry and currant bushes, and apple trees. Under the tree which droops over the red-wildflower-tufted old garden wall on the side of the lane stands, by way of summer-house, an ancient unpainted wooden chair, whose less sturdy maker must be mouldering into churchyard dust. An untenanted dog-kennel, buttoned with funguses, is stowed away with its rusty chain in an opposite corner. Under the double sweep of rough creeper-bowered stone steps, that gives access to the front door, opens a cavernous little door on a level with the darksome lower regions of the house. The upper are not much lighter, in spite of the whitewash on their wooden walls and beamed ceilings. The floor of one room is the ceiling of the room beneath it; the dark, shallow, crooked wooden stairs are uncarpeted; and, therefore, any one moving in any part of the house can be heard all over it; and at night the venerable wood-work, which must have felt the footfalls of many a generation, creaks like a ship at sea, whilst the ivy grinds and taps eerily at the tiny-paned, deep-seated windows, and the

chimney board bellies like a sail. The furniture is in keeping with the house: multitudinous dark chests of drawers and clothes-presses; old-fashioned mirrors in carved oval frames adorned with dim gilding and bleached or tarnished paint; French views of the Prodigal Son, in a blue coat, yellow knee-breeches, and a curled wig, about to ride away into the far country and riotous living on the horse which his father's groom holds ready for him; revelling with his mistresses; and being driven away by them to herd swine,—one mistress brandishing a broom, and the other a pitchfork—when his money has run out, &c. Windows are never fastened in this old St. Aubin's house, and its door bolts are bits of wood about the size and shape of a bar of soap. I do not know that any romantic story is told of it—history and legend are about equally scarce in Jersey—but I feel sure that if Hawthorne had spent a week in it, it would have suggested to him a tale as interesting as "The House of the Seven Gables."

*La Solitude* is a frequent name for villas in Jersey. If Jersey were only as near London as the Isle of Dogs, I should like to have a *Solitude* somewhere on the shores of St. Brelade's Bay (see p. 601). "The prettiest bay in all Jersey for its size," says the ancient, purple-cheeked Hebe of one of its little inns; and to my taste she is right. It has good sands, and yet it has grand rock scenery close by, if not actually in it, extending to the Corbières, a jagged cluster of rocks on which crowded cormorants croak, linked at low tide to the land by a Giants' Causeway of granite. There is a heathery wildness in the hills around St. Brelade's Bay; the wanderer over them can be as lonely as he pleases—unnoticed by any one except, perhaps, a distant dog, which begins to bark at him half a mile off. Still there is nothing dreary in its surroundings. There are not many houses around it, but there are enough to keep it from looking desolate, and not enough to spoil it. The eye can take in the little bay as a whole, and, so focussed, it looks snugly picturesque. The sea at high water laps against the very wall of the tree-shaded, green, crowded churchyard. On the opposite side of the pretty lane that winds past it, there is a supplementary cemetery dotted with two or three gravestones, on which lichen has had time to imprint its fantastically eccentric circles; and a modern white one, marked with a black cross and R. I. P., erected in memory of the crew, buried beneath, of the French vessel *Cultivateur*, wrecked in St. Ouen's Bay. The grey

and brown towerless church, with its ivy-clad gable, dates from the twelfth century; but hard by stands a Fisherman's Chapel still older. In a square niche by the door of the church there is a slit for the money of the charitable; but a modern metal poor-box, which, were it not for the charity-prompting Bible texts painted on it, would look like a cross between a London drinking-fountain and a pillar letter-box, has been let into the old churchyard wall. Past other old walls, some of them very tumble-down old walls, mottled with orange lichen, and veined and patched with velvety moss; past ditches overflowing with forget-me-not, and damp places smelling of wild garlic; up broken ground plumed with furze and heath and fern, spangled with golden "shoes and stockings," and dotted with outcropping grey and dark-gingerbread-coloured rock; and along picturesquely untidy cart-tracks, on whose bank-sides nod foxgloves white and red; and between tiny patches of green corn spotted with blue cornflowers and scarlet poppies. The cornrake cries in the corn; a chorus of larks rings over all. On some of the field-walls hangs shaggy grey-green moss; others are only kept from falling by embracing ivy and bramble. A square foot of weather-stained, lichen, mossed, ferned, ivy-clad wild-flowered, briar-braced Channel Islands stone wall would occupy a Pre-Raphaelite painter for a year. Laburnums rain down golden showers into the Danae-laps of mal-lows. Tethered goats crop the heathery herbage of the hills. The cruciform pale-yellow flowers of rheumatically bony, lanky cabbage-stalks peer over cottage-garden walls covered with stonecrop. The front gardens are full of roses, stocks, foxgloves, and snapdragons. A pigmy antirrhinum grows wild on the gapped hedgebanks, and a saxifrage which looks like London Pride. Butterflies—white, brimstone, blue, and black-spotted brown—are fluttering over spicy-scented white and white-and-pink dwarf convolvuluses. Stonechats are chattering in the furze, out of May-bordered little meadows, gorgeous with golden buttercups and red clover, magpies fly up before the mowers, and dart off over breezy heights, sunny hollows, terraced gardens, green, deep-down pastures, with roads and stone walls winding round them, and granite so crumbled that it can be dug like gravel.

Between St. Brelade's Bay and St. Ouen's there is a curious tract of land called the Quenvais. It is a part of the high table-land of Jersey which the drifting sea-sand has an-

nexed. For some three hundred years the fertile farms which once flourished there have been buried. The sand, however, is not quite barren. Besides furze and heather, it bears myriads of dwarf rosebushes, with the most exquisitely scented single white flowers. On the brink of this fragrant wilderness, in an almost unfenced field which the sand has not quite appropriated, a team of three miserable horses, in frayed straw collars, are drawing a cumbrous machine (possibly meant for a plough) which is guided by a pantaloons-like old man, whilst a stalwart middle-aged man in straw hat and blue jacket walks beside the horses, scolding them in French and English alternately. Blue is the favourite wear of the Jersey farming-people—blue shirts and blue jackets, blue jumpers and blue blouses. In a neighbouring meadow a big man is leisurely leading a little horse (Jersey people do not seem to kill themselves with hard work) to a fresh feeding-place, whilst his little girl toddles after him, shouting "Pappa! pappa!" to call his attention to a lonely fishing-smack off tiny Petit Port. Goats, horses, sheep, cows, are all tethered in Jersey. It is a necessary precaution; since where there are fences, they are generally of the most slovenly description, and the unhewn stone gate-piers of the fields often have no gate, or only a bar or a chain to serve for one. The pretty, light little cows, that have to be milked three times a day to get rid of their seven or eight gallons, follow their mistresses like dogs, as they walk along, in the unfasting Jersey style, to drive in the tether-pegs in fresh places with huge mallets, but the Jersey cows are shy in the presence of a stranger. They lift their eland-like heads to *meo* at him nervously when he suddenly comes upon them in lonely places, and in more frequented spots they leave off grazing as soon as he comes in sight, gravely watch him until he comes up to them, and then gravely turn their heads to watch him out of sight.

"You not belong to the island," says a dried-up little fisherman, who has been asked the way to St. Peter's. "Yes, it is ver pretty little island, and ver quiet," and then, having given his directions, he dives down through a gap in a wall towards the lonely beach of wide-sweeping St. Ouen's Bay, whose only safe anchorage is round a tower-topped little rock, half-a-mile from the shore, called La Rocca.

Over a common on which more dwarf wild white roses grow, and mauve wild vetches, and then into a maze of Jersey lanes. The fisherman could not very definitely direct in English,



his querist's French was rusty, and the result has been mutual bewilderment. But to lose one's self in Jersey lanes is no punishment. I really think that there must be hundreds of miles of those in-and-outing narrow thoroughfares (which, however, sometimes lead to nowhere), overarched by tiny trees, hedged with honeysuckle, dog-roses, and hawthorn, and banked with grass, fern, forget-me-not, bird's-eye, daisies, buttercups, wild hyacinths, primroses, orchids, sorrel, plantain, clover, ragged robin, and antirrhinums. These lanes run into one another like London courts, but, oh, how different are the sights and scents! The Jersey lanes, says a guide-book, were originally made "to puzzle pirates or bewilder an enemy." Most harmless strayers into them, lured on and on by their uncloying loveliness, get sorely puzzled and bewildered.

A snowy drift of mayblossom litters the road and lanes. In tiny farm-yards the old, milked thatch-tops of vanished ricks rest on the stone props, in readiness to shelter another harvest's corn, meanwhile sheltering clucking poultry. Here a woman in a white, or rusty-black, or stone-coloured sun-bonnet, that comes half down her back, is picking gooseberries almost as big as greengages; and there an old man, in a black-ribboned straw-hat, with a willow basket on his arm, is poking about in the oxeyes, ragweed, and nightshade and elder-bushes of a green little orchard's hedge for hen's eggs; and yonder, men and women are working together in a potato-field, digging up the potatoes, and packing them in round baskets—stopping now and then to have a joke with the stray militia-men, who come along the lanes singly on foot, piping like bullfinches, or lazily nodding in couples and sociable silence in jolting little carts. The road from St. Peter's to St. Ouen's is lined with four rows of dwarf oaks. Off it stands the St. Ouen's *Seignior*, or Manor House. A copper beech shimmers near the grey Tudor gateway. Over a broken-down ivy-clad green wall one sees ancient, cracked farm buildings, and a deep meadow, bounded by a high, buttressed wall covered with moss, ivy, and bushes, above which rise the globe-topped gables of the Manor House. Within it there is a picture of Philip de Carteret, lord of the manor in the time of Henry VII., on horseback. On the shore of St. Ouen's Bay there is a freshwater lagoon, and in this lake Philip de Carteret was fishing when a party of French pounced down upon him. He leaped on his horse and galloped off, but he would have been captured, had not his horse leaped clean across one of the

Jersey lanes, dying just when it had cleared the further hedge. St. Ouen's Bay is bounded on the north by L'Etac, a towering grey, lichened, detached rock that frowns across the treacherous blue water, studded with hidden rocks, at the jagged Corbières. Heather and pale sea-pinks grow profusely on the rocky, grassy land behind. It is littered with green, grey, and yellow blocks of granite; greenish-brown pools sulk at the bottom of deserted quarries; heaps of cut furze and turf are dotted over the breezy waste; a modern inn, that looks strangely trim in so wild a scene, basks like a cat just above the sands, on which lie lazy lobster-pots and a few resting fishing-boats. Grosnez is the next landmark aimed at, but too short a cut is taken, and the Rambler hits the shore again too far to the east. An old man in a blue jumper watches him with cowlike, calmly contemptuous eyes as he flounders through the cliff-side fern and furze up to the dry stone wall at which the old man has halted. A headland is in sight close by. The old man is asked whether it is Grosnez. "Je ne parle Anglais," he answers, with lazy pride. "Non, Plemont," he responds, with additional contempt, when the question has been put to him in French; and then he heavily turns upon his heel and plods on across his field. An idiot who doesn't know Plemont from Grosnez is beneath his further notice.

One of the many-seated, gaily-painted, gray-teamed Jersey excursion-cars has turned out its heavy load of passengers at the Plemont inn. A few couples are wandering about flirting: most of the male passengers, however, have taken off their coats, and, instead of enjoying the scenery, are deep in a furious game of skittles. The water is too high to give admission to the Plemont caves at present, and so leaving the Grève au Lançon the Rambler starts for Grève de Lecq. At first up and down the sea-side gorges, up to the knees in thick furze, stumbling over out-cropping granite, and startling white and grey and dusky sea birds. Most picturesque are those green folds between the rugged granite cliffs, with their clear little runnels tinkling down through fern, furze, heather, seapinks, wild parsley, forget-me-not, daisies, buttercups, primroses, dog-violets, ivy, and hemlock, whose blossom flecks the vistaed sea like foam. A triangle of blue sky, and blue sea dotted with dark rocks, and fringed with the filmy white cliffs of France, fills up the mouth of every gorge. In spite of their picturesqueness, however, it is no joke to

struggle up and down those furzy gorges on a blazing summer day, and therefore the whilom toiler through them becomes recumbent, cools himself by listening to the ubiquitous cuckoo's call, refreshes himself with a smoke, and then strikes up for a road. A road at last is found, but the few passers along it have a queer habit of telling a stranger to turn to the right when he ought to turn to the left, and so some time is lost before he hits on the sloping, richly tree-shaded and ferny lane that leads to the Grève de Lecq. It is a pretty, but, I think, overrated sandy cove, with a white-washed round tower, a flag-staffed, overtopping hill, a comfortable hotel, and a public-house in which militiamen, whose faces are as red as their coats, are boorishly boozing. Farther to the east is the steep-walled Crabbé fiord, and to the west rise the sea-ruffling rocks which, I suppose, are called the Paternosters, because they have made many an almost despairing fisherman say his prayers. Still farther to the north-east, between Sorel and Rondnez Points, spreads, or rather tosses, La Houle, a little bay whose waters are never still.

When I get back to Plemont the man who keeps the cockneyfied white "Picnic-room" perched on the brink of the Grève au Lançon—so called from the tasty sand-eels found in it—takes my coin, and passes me over the wooden bridge he has had made to give easier access to the beach. A little waterfall gives me a shower bath when I enter the nearest cave. Wire ropes hang down the cliff side in readiness for the rescue of any one who, ignorant of the capricious suddenness with which the tide rises there, may linger too long upon the rock-walled sands. The caves have jaggedly groined roofs of grey, and red, and green. Blocks of rock that look like petrified sea-lions couch sentry at their mouths. Outside there is a jumble of pool-pitted, amorphous rocks, out of which springs a jagged obelisk. In the recesses of the caves there is a flooring of sea-rounded stones, white, brown, and green, and here and there a great piece of pudding-stone like a huge half nutmeg.

Seen from the Plemont Caves, the extremity of Cape Grosnez (see p. 601) has a ludicrous resemblance, from one point of view, to a parson seated in church above his clerk; from another, it looks like a long-robed queen holding a levee of the waves. When Grosnez is reached, the sea-fowl that haunt its inlets are flying home to roost, and the sun is sinking in the shimmering, golden-spangled sea, out of which rise ghost-like on the north-

west Sark, Herm, Jethou, and Guernsey, and on the north-east the hazy coast of France. Scarcely has the sun ceased to gild the ruined arch which stands upon Grosnez before the moon begins to silver it. Back in the uncertain light, as the bird flies, over the dreary district known as Les Landes. Furze and heather tuft the peaty soil—dry now, but a bog, most likely, in wet weather; a draining ditch runs through it; it is strewn with blocks of granite, and gapped with ugly hollows like huge, jagged decayed teeth. Over dry stone walls that tumble down as one clammers over them; between patches of corn and potatoes; and out at last on a high road, along which children, who have had a school-treat, are marching, shrilly hurrahing and lustily singing "God save the Queen!" Charles II. lived for a short time at Millbrook. On his birthday and restoration-day I start for another Jersey residence of his, Mont Orgueil Castle (see p. 601), "said" to have been built by Julius Caesar. It is Whit-Monday as well as the 29th of May, and the St. Helier's Terminus hangs out flags and oak-boughs. Up the pleasant, tree-shaded road, with ivy-clad grey walls, that leads past Government House to St. Saviour's Church. A sentry marches backwards and forwards in front of Government House gate, sniffing enviously the fragrance of roast beef which issues from the Guard House. Past cruciform St. Saviour's Church, standing time-mellowed in the midst of its gravestones, old and new, begirt with verdure that makes *Jers-cy*—Grass Island—seem a more appropriate derivation of the island's name than *Cesarea*, and looking down on the picturesquely-wooded Val des Vaux. On to Hougue Bie or Prince's Tower, a tree-surrounded modern tower planted on an ancient tumulus, covered with a jungle of fuchsias and hydrangeas. The tower is built of the materials of an old chapel which once stood upon the mound. Legend thus accounts for the making of the mound. A fiery serpent devastated Jersey. A knight went forth and slew it, but his squire slew him when he was asleep, and then returning to the knight's wife boasted that *he* had killed the monster, and told her that her husband had prayed her with his last breath to take *him* for her second husband. She did so, but the truth was revealed to her in a dream. The squire in turn was put to death, and the twice-widowed raised Hougue Bie to the memory of her first husband.

In the bar of the little inn adjoining the tower grins M. du Chailla's pet gorilla, stuffed. It spent its last days with its master at the little inn. A lad takes me up



to the top of the tower, from which almost the whole of Jersey can be seen, including all its parish churches except one. It looks like an emerald let into a flawed sapphire; the blue sea, dotted with dark rocks and fringed with the filmy coast of France. I tell my cicerone that he ought to hoist the flag, because it is King Charles's Day. *Maugre* Jersey's reputation for loyalty, he seems never to have heard of King Charles before, but, fancying that fault is being found with him, he runs up the red ensign with amusingly anxious haste.

On again, past a soldier reelingly and roysteringly, and a fisherman gravely drunk; his glazed eyes are fixed, he is speechless, ineffable solemnity starches his poppy-coloured face, he plants his feet as if each time he lifted a leg he was about to lay down an indisputable law. Past, also, an alcoholically excited militia-man, who is disputing on the rights of man. "But if you made all men equal to-day, they would be unequal to-morrow," remarks the man in mufti, with whom he is disputing. "Non, non," answers the militia-man, giving Burleigh nods, "not if we practeesed raight econ-omee. You will have deescu-see-ongs, of which there is no proof." Past a dingy white pony, which looks as if it slept on a dust-heap, somnolently drawing a chapped cart, in which two dusty, rusty old women, and three ditto children are jabbering. Past guelder-roses, elders, honeysuckle, chestnuts, oaks, beeches, silver-birches, red, grey, and yellow cottages and farmhouses built just as dwellings were built at the time of the Conquest; tethered horses eating down young corn, and orchards, in one of which the trees shoot almost horizontally from the terraced soil; and down, and up to the green-garbed granite rock, on which grey and green ivy-patched Mont Orgueil Castle stands, picturesquely towering above the prosy row of white, yellow, red, and slate-coloured houses that lines the quay of Gorey Harbour.

As soon as a stranger has entered his name in the warder's book, he is free to wander over the castle. Potatoes, onions, beans, peas, and mallows grow on the slopes inside, and tethered goats are cropping their grass. Grass veins the stone platforms for the guns. A whitewasher, who is getting the castle into habitable condition for troops, takes me in charge and shows me the old "Roman" well, the darksome hole which was once the Jersey gaol, the chapel store and chapel, with its effigy of the Virgin Mother, King Charles's room and bartisan

looking out over the murmuring, spangled sea at St. Germain shimmering through gauzy haze, and Prynn's cell—a dark damp dungeon with a little recess on one side which might serve for either oratory or water-closet. Through the grated hole in the cell one can see Gorey Harbour, very much the same as it was when Prynn wrote—

"Mont Orgueil Castle is a lofty pile,  
Within the eastern part of Jersey isle,  
Seated upon a rock, full large and high,  
Close by the sea-shore, next to Normandie,  
Near to a sandy bay, where boats do ride,  
Within a peere, safe from both winds and tide."

The "sandy-bay" is Grouville Bay, backed with martello-tower-dotted sandhills, a green-turfed fort, and a yellow-flagged common, which is the Jersey race course—the races being advertised about two months before they take place. St. Clement's Bay, studded with a few islets, and, at low tide, with innumerable rocks covered with sea-weed, which affords a rich harvest of manure in the *vraic* season, is the next bay, to the south-west; and next to that comes marshy Greve d'Azette, with a great stone in a field behind, around which the Jersey witches are said to assemble to keep their Sabbath.

To the north of Mont Orgueil is the tiny rocky bay of Anne Port, guarded by a martello-tower. In a field behind, whose green corn a pair of tethered grey cart horses are eating down, stands a grey cromlech. Approached by a tiny avenue and forecourt of granite stones, a twenty-ton granite block rests on nine granite props. Flint weapons, earthenware, and dwarfish skeletons in stone coffins have been found under this cromlech. In curious contrast to the old grey relic whose history can only be guessed at, stands a modern white telegraph-post on the very tumulus, with its wire humming in the wind like a swarm of bees. Along the seashore dry seaweed is piled up in cones that look like wigwams, and boats hidden in green recesses between fishermen's cottages peep out slyly at the boats on the beach, as if they were hiding in order to shirk work next tide.

From Verclut Point a horn-like breakwater runs out, marking the northern end of St. Catherine's Bay. The little lanes which come down to the shore-road that winds round the bay are well worth turning up. Following one I come upon a pretty little bit of scenery of the kind which it is the fashion to call "idyllic." Two old red and yellow, ruinous, roofless nightshade-plumed cottages, in a green hollow overflowing with white and red hawthorn, whose perfume blends with the purer

fragrance of a bean-field in blossom hard by ; and on the other side of the dipping lane, a tiny sloping sunny piece of carelessly kept pasture, on which half-a-dozen toddlers are rolling and pelting their brown and spotted tethered goats with buttercups, pulling their beards, and making them play "bobcherry" for temptingly proffered and then suddenly retracted handfuls of daisy-spotted grass.

A very few more of these desultory Jersey notes now are necessary to complete the circle of the island.

Up to the left of the pretty, mill-turning Millbrook—to St. Lawrence's, where a sundried old pedlar, carrying old umbrellas, and new pocket-handkerchiefs and cotton gown-pieces, is followed by a little crowd of curiously staring little girls—to St. John's, where the "Royal Blue" excursion-van, crammed with excursionists, has just pulled up in front of an inn, greatly to the disgust of the landlord of the opposite and opposition inn, whose house is bare of customers until I go in to get a glass of ale. "The gentleman ain't an *excursionist*," says Boniface to his daughter behind the bar, emphasising the word as if he wished people to think that *he* thought the car-passengers (whose custom he nevertheless covets) a very nasty kind of big black beetle. The pleasantly-smiling daughter is so glad to secure a customer for her father in face of that flaunting four-horsed car which is emptying its load into the house over the way, that she becomes flustered in her arithmetic. When I have had my glass of ale, she wants to give me threepence in exchange for a *vingt-centimes* piece ; and becomes almost angry when I venture to point out that I do not wish to receive 3*d.* as a reward for having spent 2*d.* in her father's hostelry. At last, after a conference with her father, she dimly makes out that twenty centimes must be the fifth of a franc, and, still grudgingly, allows me to give back my superfluous coppers.

To the right from St. John's Church, past quarries of pink syenite, whose quarrymen stop work to look at a strange passer-by just like their co-insular cows, and whose carelessly-fenced hollows suggest ideas of nocturnal neck-breaking. The Spanish-eyed

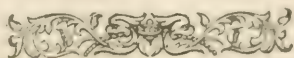
landlady of their hushed hostelry, which has lost, or has not got, its licence, suggests to the thirsty traveller who has disturbed her midday nap, as the only beverages law allows her to supply, the queer alternatives of cider and soda-water. Over peaty, fizzy waste, on which stand targets pock-pitted by militia marksmen, down to the pebbled beaches of reef-ribbed Bonne Nuit and Giffard's Bays. A few fishing-boats are riding at anchor in Bonne Nuit Bay ; the sunlit blue sea outside is flecked with the sails of a tiny and most lonely-looking fore-and-aft schooner that goes up and down like a cork, but, otherwise, seems to be almost as motionless as a

"Painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean."

Across country, up and down hills, and through lanes whose primitive gate-posts grind round in granite sockets, to Bouley Bay—a bow of blue water two miles across, walled in with high reddish-brown cliffs, and headlands capped with green grass. On the horizon gleams the coast of France, and between rise the desolate Dirouilles, with their ruined chapel and scanty spots of verdure. At the foot of a green valley sleeps beside its pretty little bay the little fishing village of Rozel, with dismantled barracks, appropriated now to picnics instead of parades. The civil old woman who acts as waitress of the inn at which I get my tea, answers with an interrogative "Please?" when she is addressed in English ; she can only speak a few words of it, but she is very fond of airing these. "You mus' peek vat you please," she says, pointing to the bushes of flowers in her garden ; and when I am departing with my posy I hear a "Hi!" and the old lady pants up to me with a great handful of "lunong plant," as she pronounces lemon-plant, to add to it. Across the shady Douet de la Mer, round the speckled pudding-stone beach of Saie Harbour, over the neck of projecting La Coupe, and down to pebbly little Fliquet Bay, where the blue of the sea and the green of the shore almost touch.

My little tour of the island is thus completed on paper. I wish it had to begin again to-morrow, in fact.

RICHARD ROWE.





## TRUCK.

PROMINENT amongst the matters to which the attention of the House of Commons will be directed, so soon as Parliament has recovered from the state of collapse by which this session has been distinguished, stands the truck system. This system has already occupied no small share of the solicitude of the legislature. At intervals during the last four hundred years, Acts of Parliament, of various degrees of stringency, have been passed against the prevalent custom of paying labourers in kind instead of in money; and, although in the course of time, the action of Parliament, together with the growth of a spirit of greater independence amongst the labourers themselves, have divested truck of some of its grosser features, yet recent investigations have shown that much still remains to be done. The history of the Truck Acts, indeed, inevitably suggests the Horatian maxim—

*"Quid leges sine moribus vanæ proficiunt."*

But truck, notwithstanding that it has struck its roots so deeply into the social life of industrial England, does not appear to be an indigenous product of the United Kingdom. Its origin takes us back to the middle of the fifteenth century, when the wars of the Roses had disorganized society and prostrated trade. The country was inundated with foreign manufactures, corn was imported in such quantities that the first restrictive corn-law was passed, and large numbers of foreign merchants appeared in London. It was about this time that truck was introduced, the first statute against it being the 4 Edward IV. c. 1, 1465 A.D. This act, aimed at the trucking of the clothmakers, many of whom "have been driven to take a great part of their wages in pins, girdles, and other unprofitable wares . . . and also have delivered to them wools to be wrought by very excessive weight, whereby they have been discouraged of such labour," imposed a penalty on the masters equal to three times the wages of the labourer. The law remained unaltered, with the exception of two special acts for the drapers, cottoners, and frizers of Shrewsbury, till the early part of the eighteenth century, when by successive enactments the penalties of the act of Edward IV. were mitigated. Truck, in consequence, spread rapidly, and occasioned such distress and tumult amongst the operatives of the manufacturing districts, that in 1725, another and sterner act against the system was

passed. The truck masters, however, not only succeeded in evading this statute, but actually carried, in 1750, a measure which practically relaxed its stringency. Soon, however, fresh disturbances amongst the miners and other artisans affected by the system, showed the necessity for more vigorous action. Fresh bills were introduced and carried. Ultimately these were all repealed by the 1 and 2 William IV. c. 37, the present Truck Act, which was introduced by Mr. Littleton, the member for Staffordshire, and passed, by the way, in the teeth of the strenuous opposition of Mr. Hume.

It is, we fear, abundantly manifest that the legislation of four hundred years has practically failed. The successive reports of the inspectors of mines and factories, and the special report of Mr. Tremenhare, in 1852, have been prolific of proofs of the existence of the system, and of suggestions for the improvement of the law. And now another commission has reported, and another Home Secretary has promised further legislation. We will endeavour to lay before our readers a brief sketch of the facts elicited, and recommendations made, by this latest commission. The investigation into the subject has evidently been thorough, and presents us with a picture of society which is at once an anachronism and an abuse.

Understanding, then, by the truck system, an arrangement by which the workman is practically forced to take a certain proportion of his wages in the shape of commodities obtainable only at a shop which is under his master's control, we find that there are two modes in which the compulsion is applied. Either the artisan's wages are paid at intervals of such a length as to oblige him to apply for advances, which advances are made on the understanding that the bulk, if not the whole, of the money shall be spent at the shop; or, the dealing at his master's shop is made the condition of the labourer's being employed at all. The former arrangement characterizes the iron and coal trades of South Wales, South Staffordshire, and the West of Scotland; the latter, which is the coarsest form of truck, prevails only in those districts where the labouring classes are in a depressed state, as, for example, among the nailmakers of Dudley and the neighbourhood. In the first-named localities, wages are paid at intervals of from four to even twelve weeks, the pay-days being more fre-

quent and regular, as a rule, with the great employers of labour than with small concerns. Between the "pays" the men receive stated advances, called "draws," which are generally given once a fortnight. It is tacitly understood that the men who can subsist on the monthly "pays" and fortnightly "draws," are free to expend their earnings as they please. Such men—naturally the most provident of their class—are in no way affected by the truck system.

But a very large number of men, in some districts the majority of those employed, find these terms insufficient for their needs. Not only the improvident and the drunken, but the men who have large or sickly families to support, require more frequent advances than are afforded by the fortnightly "draws." It is these men who are the support of the truck system, and it is these intermediate advances which are, we shall see, practically made in commodities. With the view, however, of disguising the transaction so as to evade the provisions of the Truck Act, cash is actually handed to the "advance"-man, as he is called, but under such arrangements that it is at once carried to and spent at the shop. The details of these arrangements differ somewhat in different trades, but a description of the course adopted by the Ebbw Vale Company will serve substantially for all. The applicant for an advance obtains from his "gaffer," or overman, a note of the amount which may safely be allowed upon his earnings. This he carries to the shop and orders goods, the value of the order being marked on his pass-book by the shopman. The marked pass-book is next taken to the pay-clerk, whose office is under the same roof as the shop, and who hands the man the actual cash, with which he returns to the shop and pays for the goods he has ordered. In the Ebbw Vale Company a proportion of the advance, averaging about fifteen per cent. of the whole, is allowed to be retained in money, but this is by no means universally the case. Some firms, both in Wales and Scotland, appear to permit no cash whatever to be kept by the workman; but if the goods ordered do not amount to the total of the advance, papers, called "lines," are brought into operation. These lines are, in fact, acknowledgments that the shop is indebted to the holder for the amount specified therein.

Great precautions are taken to prevent the "advance"-man from walking away with his money and spending it at other places than at the store. The man who does so is considered to have violated the condition upon

which the advance was made, and is stigmatized as a "sloper" or "backslider." "Black" lists, in which the names of the defaulters are recorded, are prepared by the pay-clerks and storekeepers, who act in concert with one another. For his first offence the sloper is probably reprimanded by his gaffer, and if that does not suffice, his subsequent applications for advances are refused. Threats of dismissal are next employed, and dismissal itself is the ultimate punishment of backsliders. In Scotland, indeed, the coercion would appear to be carried to a greater extent than in Wales, and to display one feature peculiarly objectionable. Influence is exerted not only to ensure the men's resorting to the shop to spend their advances, but also to induce them to ask for advances more frequently, so as to bring more custom to the shop. They are told that when it is necessary to reduce the staff those men will be selected to remain who have spent most at the store. The evidence shows that this is frequently no idle threat.

In the case of men who are new comers, however, the tyranny of the truck system, and its intimate connection with the practice of long "pays," are most distinctly seen. On this point the evidence of Thomas Price, a Welsh collier, is instructive. He went to work for the — colliery a fortnight before Christmas, 1869. Finding that the pay-day was distant twelve weeks, he, in the third week of his employ, applied to the paymaster for an advance in cash, "as he was dealing at a private shop." This was refused, and Price was told to go to the company's shop and book the goods. This he did, ordering 13s. worth of goods, and receiving 3s. in cash. Subsequently he was promised by the overman a draw of 25s. to enable him to pay his rent; but when he applied at the office the "draw," or cash payment, was reduced to 10s., the remaining 15s. being at his disposal in the shape of commodities. Price, being pressed for his rent, appealed to the manager. For this conduct he was threatened with dismissal, but his agitation seems to have been so far successful that he is allowed to become one of about six favoured men who are paid weekly draws in cash. But the fact remains that Price was practically compelled to resort to the company's shop against his will, and there receive his wages in kind, or be content to wait for them for an utterly unreasonable length of time.

A characteristic feature of the truck system in Wales is the "turn-book" day. When the pay month, or period for which the pay is



calculated, is completed, a few days, called "lie-days," are allowed to elapse before the actual pay-day arrives. One of these lie-days is set apart as "turn-book day;" and on that day the shop will grant advances not only against the balance of the pay which has really accrued, but also against the pay of the ensuing month. The shop is naturally besieged with customers. It is well known that for that day at least the accommodation there will be inadequate to the strain upon it, and that late-comers will have to wait for hours to be served. No effort, therefore, is spared to obtain early places. Hours before the shop is opened, women and children may be seen flocking thither, in spite of frost and snow; and then, huddled together for warmth, they crowd round the doors, with no shelter from the weather, and no light, save the glow of the neighbouring furnaces. The women, in groups, complain of the shop's prices and goods, the girls and children sing ballads; and so the night passes, and at length the shop is opened, and there is one general crush for the orders.

It is, however, in the nail trade of Warwickshire, Worcester, and Staffordshire, that truck exists in its coarsest and most degrading form. A large proportion of the trade is in the hands of middlemen, called "foggers,"—those who truck being known as "pettifoggers,"—each of whom employs a certain number of nailmakers. On the Saturday night or Monday morning the nailmaker obtains from his employer the bundles of metal which are to be made into nails during the week, and carries them home to be wrought, his wife and children assisting him in the work, which is carried on in the little smithy attached to the hovel in which he lives. Having finished his tale of nails, he carries it to the fogger's office, and it is there weighed. A note of the amount earned is then handed to him. This note the nailmaker takes to the shop, which is kept by the fogger himself, or his wife or child, and with it settles for the goods he has had during the week, the balance, if any, being paid in cash.

The compulsion to which the nailmaker is subjected leaves him no choice whatever. The Welsh collier, who can subsist without advances, is, as we have seen, a free man, but the Staffordshire nailer has no such advantage. None of his wages reach him but through the shop. If he is sparing in his orders for goods, so as to increase the cash due to him, he is reprimanded; if he disregards his "duty," as the pettifogger calls it,

altogether, and refrains from visiting the shop, he finds no metal ready for him on the following Monday morning. But he has a worse grievance yet. Where, as is often the case, the "fogger" keeps a public-house, the truck system is so worked as to foster drunkenness. When the nailer goes for his metal, he is kept waiting for days before it is delivered out, so that he may be in effect forced to spend his time at the fogger's tavern. The fogger actually gains by the delay. He takes care to employ twice as many men as could produce the week's supply of nails, supposing they were permitted to work continuously, and so reaps the benefit of what they consume at his public-house during their enforced idleness.

Truck, presenting similar features to that existing in the nail trade, is found in those branches of the hosiery trade of Nottinghamshire which are in the hands of middlemen. In the watchmaking trade of Prescott, however, we discover a new and unique kind of truck. The usual truck in provisions, indeed, is carried on, the coercion exercised being similar to that among the nailers—viz., the certainty of being discharged from work if the shop be discarded; but there is also a truck in watches and jewellery. In bad times, when work is slack, a workman goes to his employer, and is told that he can get no work unless he is content to take a watch at a given figure, the price of which is to be stopped in instalments from his wages. He takes the watch, is debited with the value put upon it by the employer, and sells or pawns it for whatever it will bring. His loss is of course considerable. In the evidence we read of a watch, charged to the workman at £6 10s., being pledged for 30s., and the pawn-ticket sold for 10s.; of a musical clock, worked out for £18, ultimately bartered by the owner for £4 10s. worth of cloth. On the whole, it seems that if a man loses only fifty per cent. he is thought to have done well, for, as a rule, he cannot hope to sell except to pawnbrokers and pedlars.

We have thus adverted to the trades in which truck has been developed into anything like a system. But we have by no means exhausted the list of industries into which truck, in a more or less disguised form, penetrates. The same evil exists amongst the lacemakers and bootbinders of Buckinghamshire, the glovers of Hampshire, the chair-makers of High Wycombe, and the wood and coppice dealers of Berkshire. Indeed, as a general rule, it may be said that wherever a trade falls into the hands of

middlemen of small capital, the temptation to add to the legitimate profits of the business by trucking the wages of the employes is so considerable that the plan is certain of adoption in a considerable number of instances.

Turning now to the effects produced by the truck system, we note that it practically abolishes the use of money in the district where it prevails. In South Wales many of the advance-men never see money from year to year. Even in cases where an execution has to be met, it is discharged in shop-notes. And in Scotland the very subscriptions which the men set on foot to assist one another in times of distress or bereavement, are considerably reduced in value because of the loss on the "lines," or "notes," of which they chiefly consist. In fact, the "lines" and "notes," and even the goods themselves, become a kind of circulating medium. In some localities the tradesmen discount these "lines" as a matter of course. A shoemaker at Blaina thought that "sometimes the shop-notes he received might have passed through two or three hands. He might receive them from a greengrocer and pass them on to a baker. He had received notes many a time from shoemakers for leather. They had received them from the workmen." Again, we find women, in urgent need of cash, going round to their neighbours, and ascertaining what quantities of groceries or draperies they will purchase, then obtaining the specified articles at the store, and re-selling them at a loss. Drink is frequently obtained in a similar manner. The chief circulating medium, however, is tobacco. A publican at Ebbw Vale stated that he was in the habit constantly of receiving tobacco, which he afterwards resold to the company's shop. During the fortnight immediately preceding the sitting of the Commission he had taken two hundred quarters. Tobacco sold at the shop at 1s. 4d. he would give from 10d. to 1s. for, according to the state of his stock. But it would appear that the company regarded the packets simply as media of exchange, for they would give the same price for old and worthless packets as for new ones, both being re-issued to the men at the same value. The packets, in fact, pass from hand to hand, unopened. At Cwmbran are two large works, at one of which weekly pays are given; at the other, the truck system is in vogue. The men connected with the former are flush of money, and purchase for sixpence tobacco which the truck men employed in the latter have bought at 8d., and have bartered to the publican, whose house both classes of men frequent.

The profits of the stores are, of course, considerable. Indeed, the owners of these shops are free from nearly all the disadvantages to which ordinary retail trade is liable. The conditions under which they buy tend to economise capital, while the terms on which they sell ensure steady custom, and entirely prevent bad debts. Thus the investment is a perfectly safe one. The company's shop, supported by the credit of a large company, purchases goods by bills at two months, and practically is enabled to provide for these bills before they are due out of the wages of its men. Mr. Pattison, one of the Royal Commissioners on Friendly Societies, puts the case thus. Suppose the leaseholder of ironworks to have one-third of his capital locked up in his plant, the remaining two-thirds would, if there were no truck, be required for wages. But if the truck-system be introduced, one half of this wages-fund will be supplied in the shape of goods by the shop, which, with its constant "turnover," requires hardly any capital to carry it on. In effect, therefore, the leaseholder invests only two-thirds of the capital he would otherwise have employed, and if he makes 15 per cent. profit at his shop, realises  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on his actual capital, even if the works themselves pay no dividend whatever. It follows that in the case of a bankrupt or failing business, the shop would be of the greatest assistance, would be, as one witness expressed it, "coinage to it." And it is an ascertained fact that in smaller concerns the shop had so far floated the works that when the former ceased the latter stopped also.

The operation of the truck system obviously puts the masters who do not adopt it at a great disadvantage when compared with those who do. In the nail-trade, the ~~trucker~~ undersells the cash-paying master in the market, and treats with contempt the price list arranged by the masters in the trade. In order to hold his own, the ready-money master is driven, instead of only employing single hands, to have recourse to the middlemen and his stock. Thus even government contracts pass indirectly into the hands of the truck masters. The government rivets have for years been made at a place where there is a "truck shop as you enter the gangway." And in the hosiery trade the trucking middlemen undersell the cash-paying masters, and have hitherto succeeded in resisting all the efforts which some of the largest employers of labour have made to suppress truck.

It might be supposed that the exceptionally



favourable conditions under which the truck shops are conducted would prove of service to the men by diminishing the cost and improving the quality of the commodities sold. That these advantages should follow was, doubtless, the intention of the founders of the system; that they are actually realised, is frequently insisted on by its supporters now. Even if this were the case, the system, as a whole, would still stand condemned. For at its best, truck is the ideal of the benevolent slave-owner, who is content to provide his bondmen with food, clothing, and habitation, and, perchance, education and opinions too, provided they will forego the luxury of personal choice and the right of individual action. But obviously the success of the system would depend upon a rare combination of qualities in the person conducting it, while its failure would be produced by the prevailing dispositions of human nature. Mr. Babbage has well pointed out that the temptation to the truck master, in periods of depression, to reduce in effect the wages he pays by increasing the prices of the articles offered at his shop without altering the nominal rates of payment, is too great to be withstood. The charges so frequently alleged against these shops of high prices and bad qualities are reiterated, in the evidence before us, by a "cloud of witnesses." That these charges are true would be expected by any one who recalls the constitution of the shops. Their managers are, of course, the holders of a monopoly, and as such are liable to all the temptations with which monopolies are fraught. They are shielded from the wholesome test of competition. There is no guarantee that they will follow the market prices, or will take care to provide goods of high quality and in sufficient abundance to ensure a choice. Even the comparison with the outside shop does not really determine the fairness of the company's charges, or the quality of its goods. For the constant tendency of a system which gives one establishment a monopoly is to drive the better class of retail tradesmen away, and attract only those of an inferior kind which can neither offer better goods nor smaller prices. "Thus," says Mr. Pattison, "the company's shop tends to draw up to its level the surrounding prices." And that this is actually the case seems abundantly proved. In respect of the quality of the articles supplied, the larger shops in Wales, such as those of the Rhymney and Ebbw Vale Companies, and of Mr. Hiley and Mr. Brogden, appear to be beyond reproach; but even

these are open to complaint on the score of prices. They are, however, examples of shops conducted with exceptional fairness. It is the shops of the smaller proprietors, or those managed, not by the employer himself, but by a lessee, which are chiefly obnoxious to the charges of bad quality and exorbitant price. True, even the worst shops appear to have improved since 1830. We no longer meet with the "flour like chocolate," or with the "bread which resembled black-pudding," and could be removed with a spoon like treacle," which Mr. Littleton described in introducing the present Truck Act; but, throughout the testimony of the Welsh and Scotch witnesses, there is a general chorus of murmurs against dusty tea, oily and hairy butter, sandy sugar, and "grubby" flour. In one store, "the gaffers get the pick of the goods, and those who are 'bound' to the store get the worst of them;" in another, "sugar worth 6*d.* is sold 8*d.*," and flour "is 8*d.* a bushel dearer than in the outside shops;" in a third, short measures are complained of, and "they pitch your goods to you, as if you were a dog;" while in nearly all, the farthings are not allowed for.

In a material point of view, then, the truck system is decidedly profitable to the masters and unprofitable to the men. Its moral effects are none the less marked. The company's shop, with its concomitants of compulsory custom and uncivil service, supported by prying pay clerks and inquisitorial gaffers, spreads around it an atmosphere of subservience and timidity. Hence the remarkable fact, that trades' unions and truck never exist together. The two agencies are absolutely antagonistic to one another. The truck system, it must be remembered, does not affect the most influential workmen, for they will rather put up with the inconvenience of lengthened pays than submit to a system which compromises their independence. On the other hand, the improvident and unfortunate men who form the principal support of truck, have neither the capacity nor the energy to organize a union. The fact that the mischief of truck, though keenly felt and bitterly complained of, seldom led to strikes, may be similarly explained. None of the outward expressions of a working-man's self-reliance, namely, the co-operative store, the friendly or building society, or the trades' union, are found to flourish in the neighbourhood of truck. To this prevalent want of independence amongst the Welsh colliers may be attributed the fact that their wages are generally lower than in the similar

trades in the North of England where trades' unions thrive and truck is unknown.

It must not, however, be supposed that the supporters of the truck system do not advance any arguments in its favour other than that it is profitable to the employers. As we have already pointed out, truck is indissolubly linked with the system of long pays. Long pays necessitate truck, and truck in turn perpetuates long pays. With weekly payments, the truck shops would have to be closed for want of customers. "When we abandoned monthly pays," observes Mr. Gryce, of the Patent Nut and Bolt Company, near Newport, "we also abandoned our shops. We considered that the one system fell with the other." Accordingly the opponents of truck are the advocates of weekly pays. In the North of England weekly pays form a part of the programme of the trades' unions. Now, it is argued by the defenders of the truck system that short pays foster, while the company's shop represses, drunkenness and improvidence. The workman's wife, it is said, can, by means of truck, obtain all the necessities of her family, the cost of which would otherwise be squandered by the husband at the beershop. Even with monthly or quarterly pays, the pay-day is always set apart for a debauch, and to increase the number of pays would be simply to increase the facilities for intoxication. Further, it is alleged that shorter pays are chiefly demanded by the idle and intemperate men, for whom they would be especially disastrous. Such are the grounds on which long pays and truck are advocated. Fortunately the Commissioners have scheduled the evidence on this point in such a manner that one can see at a glance the position held by each witness, and estimate in how far his testimony was affected by his professional traditions. It appears that the opinion that short pays encouraged drinking, is subscribed to only by witnesses from works with pays longer than one week; while witnesses from works with weekly pays, and witnesses unconnected with any works, entertain a precisely opposite view. We are not surprised that men should wish to vindicate the plan they are accustomed to, but it seems to us that the opponents of short pays not only misapprehend the influences which promote temperance and thrift, but introduce into the relations of master and man an element of a dangerous character. For if a master may argue that, because short pays lead to frequent drunkenness, he will pay but seldom, why may he not also argue that, as,

in some instances, high wages afford ample facilities for excess, he will give but low wages. If the master may introduce paternal considerations into the conditions under which his men are remunerated, why not into the amount of that remuneration itself? The latter is obviously inadmissible, and the former must be regarded with suspicion, especially where, as in the present case, what is alleged to be good for the morals of the employed is unquestionably good for the pockets of the employers. We say *alleged*, because we agree with the Commissioners that the balance of testimony is in favour of short pays, even on moral grounds. The abstinence that has no better foundation than temporary want of money, impels rather to ingenious methods of supplying that want, or to a compensating debauch hereafter when money is obtained, than to the formation of habits of genuine sobriety. Thus, if the shop trucks in beer, the drunkard gets it there; if not, he purchases tobacco at a ruinous rate, and barter it at the beershop. Many men, again, systematically dissipate their "pays," or periodical balances of cash, at the tavern, their excuse being, that the wife can have recourse to the "draws" or advances. And, be it remembered, the wives are amongst the bitterest opponents of the truck system; which would hardly be the case, if truck and long pays really insured the temperance of the husbands. Not only do the women feel keenly the crowding and the delay, the rough usage and incivility, the limited choice and forced sales of the truck shop, but they rebel at a system under which they can never thoroughly learn the value of money, because they are never familiarised with the use of it. The aim should be to make pay day so regular and frequent an occurrence, as to deprive it of that pernicious prominence which makes all but the best men desire to celebrate it with a drunken debauch. The man who gets several pounds at the end of a month or six weeks, is so excited at the possession of such wealth, that he spends probably two or three days in drinking his cash down to its accustomed level: the man who is paid weekly treats the payment as an ordinary affair, and does not signalise it with a drunken carouse. It is worthy of note, that this very question was fully investigated by the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Railway Labourers (1846), who were at that time, to a great extent, the victims of truck. It was then abundantly proved, on the testimony of the largest contractors, that the discontinuance of monthly payments,



and the substitution of weekly payments in money, and not in truck, had been followed by the happiest results.

In trades, therefore, where truck depends upon long pays, the true remedy is not to augment the stringency of the law, but to introduce weekly pays. For the Commissioners justly observe that "increased penal provisions in the coal and iron trades, if unaccompanied by short pays, would result probably in fresh forms of evasion; and the worst form of evasion would be developed, which consists in the interposition between the truck master and the law of a lessee by whom the shop is worked." The point to be determined is, the practicability of enforcing weekly pays. Some "lie-days," or days during which wages are kept in hand after they are due, must of course be allowed for measuring the work. On the whole, the Commissioners conclude that the retention of a margin of ten per cent. on the gross estimated wages, and a maximum of seven lie-days, would meet the fair demands of the employer, a new comer being entitled at the end of his first week to receive the amount of his earnings within twenty or thirty per cent. Weekly payments on these terms would practically abolish the "shop," while yet giving the employer ample time to make the necessary measurements.

If, however, we wish to study the operation of the truck system to perfection, we must turn our attention to a part of the United Kingdom better known to the sportsman and the fowler than to the social reformer—the Shetland isles. There King Truck rules with unquestioned sway, his subjects being from their very childhood hopelessly enmeshed in his toils. The life of the natives of these islands, as portrayed in the evidence laid before the Commission, reads like that of some half-savage community in the Pacific, where the inhabitants are simply the slaves of their chiefs, and where the use of money is unknown. We are not sure, indeed, whether the existence of the savage does not afford more scope for hope, than the truck system allows the Shetlander. The islands contain a population of thirty-one thousand inhabitants, and the staple industries are knitting, farming, and fishing; the men being employed in the fishing, the women as knitters, and (during the absence of their husbands and sons) as farm labourers. The knitting is done almost exclusively by hand, spindles being very rare; the farming, too, is performed by spade labour, save where a few large proprietors may have introduced the plough.

The members of each family are united in their several occupations. The hosiery merchants employ all the females of a particular family, while all the males are engaged to the same fish-curer or whaling-merchant. The hosiery or knitting trade is thus managed: he knitter receives wool from the hosiery merchant to make up into articles of apparel, at a nominal price in cash. When her goods are made she takes them to the merchant, who pays her, not in cash, nor even as a rule in the common necessities of life—such as tea, sugar, or soap—but in fancy goods, as dresses, flowers, ribbons, &c. These she has no choice but to take, for, should she refuse, she would get no further orders from the merchant. Further, in the country districts, the merchant is probably the landlord of the knitter, and any attempt on her part to seek a better market for her wares than that which his shop afforded, would be punished by a notice to quit. To such an extent is this compulsion carried, that in one instance, mentioned by Mr. John Walker—who has made most praiseworthy efforts to exterminate the system—a merchant who had given an I O U to one of his regular knitters for the balance due to her after she had taken a quantity of goods, absolutely refused to give worsted in exchange for his own I O U, because the article for which the worsted was required had been ordered by some other person than himself. But this is not all. With each knitter, whether adult or not, a separate account is opened in the ledger of the merchant, and everything needed must be obtained on credit. Till this account is cleared off, the hapless knitter is hopelessly bound or "thirled" to the merchant. The success of the latter, indeed, depends on his being able to accumulate such an amount of bad debts about him as will "thirl" the whole of the families in his neighbourhood. Hence the system of opening individual as distinct from family accounts. The girl or boy of twelve, just able to knit, opens his own account, and makes his first appearance at church in clothes obtained on credit. Then he thinks himself—poor soul—independent, despises father and mother, and becomes the willing thrall of the merchant. He receives no copy of his account, and exercises no check upon his master, but works on, year after year, trucked by the same merchant from boyhood to manhood, from manhood to old age, till the very coffin he is buried in is obtained on credit by his widow or child. Meanwhile, his exertions have proved sufficiently lucrative to his master.

"The worsted of a shawl," Mr. Walker tells us, "which sells at about 30s., is worth from 2s. to 3s. They nominally give the workers 9s. for working it, but if they get it in goods, that will be about 4s." In other words, the merchant, for an expenditure of 7s., receives 25s. to 30s., a profit of over £300 per cent. ! After this we are not surprised to find that the knitting business is so profitable, that every little shopkeeper tries it.

The fishery of Shetland is regulated in a mode substantially similar, and results in the fisherman becoming practically the serf of one employer for his whole lifetime. There are two branches of the fishery trade—the home fishery, which begins in May and ends in August, and the whale and cod fisheries. Both branches are managed in many cases by factors or middlemen, who hire the small farms or "pendicles" of the proprietors, and sub-let them at a profit to the fishermen. Each middleman, or each proprietor—if he conducts the business himself—keeps a store, and it is understood that he will select those fishermen who deal at his store, or rent his "pendicle." In the home-fishery, the master opens an account with every man and boy, and debits each crew of six with the cost of the boat and lines. The price of these forms, in fact, a first mortgage upon their accruing wages. No specific terms, however, are agreed upon, but, during the absence of the boats, the fishermen's wives can obtain tea and sugar and meal, and clothing, from the store. When the fishery season is over and the men have returned, there is still no settlement, until the merchant has sold his fish. Their remuneration, therefore, depends entirely on his profits, and he is thus secured against loss. They, on the other hand, if the season be bad, become hopelessly in debt to the employer, and so bound to fish for him the next season. Indeed, as in the hosiery trade, so in the fishery, the "thirling" begins with the boy, and is never subsequently thrown off. The "beach boy" opens his account to draw his coat for church, and becomes established on the books. His account is found to be overdrawn at the end of the season, and he is "thirled" for the succeeding one, and so on, year after year.

In short, in Shetland truck contaminates every branch of trade, and every kind of produce. The fishermen who wish to join the Greenland whale trade must apply to an agent at Lerwick, who is always a shopkeeper, and who makes the custom of his shop the condition of the hiring. And it seems from a report of Mr. Hamilton, the Accountant of

the Board of Trade, that the agent manages to delay the settlement with the man until the latter is in his debt to a larger amount than the wages he has earned. Debt is, in fact, the condition of living, in Shetland. Eggs and butter, and horned cattle and ponies, are produced on the "pendicles," and there is an export trade in sillocks and oil, and there are kelp shores which are lucrative, but all alike are trucked.

The system, as might be expected, paralyses effort, and promotes pauperism. The inhabitants can never learn the value of money, for they never see it. A fisherman with a healthy and working family will make a nominal annual income of £60 or £70. Yet this very man, if he chance to become possessed of £1 or £2 at the end of the season, conceals his unaccustomed treasure like a guilty secret, lest the possession of it should damage his position with the truck masters. Trades, of course, do not improve. Many of the hosiery goods are ill-wrought and old-fashioned. The farming is wretched. Except on some property where Mr. Walker has given leases, and so insisted on improved modes of tillage, rotation of crops is unknown. Grain is grown till the soil can bear it no longer, when the ground is left fallow for a year, or, more ruinous still, virgin soil is brought from the neighbouring hills or common land to enrich the "pendicles," the women carrying it on their backs, knitting as they walk. Bereft of any stimulus to exertion, the population resign themselves to their fate, and make no effort to seek a fairer fortune elsewhere. Both in town and country they crowd into unwholesome dwellings, consisting frequently of nothing but cellars. In Lerwick there are seven hundred holdings, such as rooms or cellars, and in each of these there will be an average of four individuals. There is in consequence much disease, accompanied, in unfavourable seasons—for the truck system, of course, prevent the possibility of saving against the rainy day—with destitution. The poor-rates are high, and the out-door relief, until recently, grossly mismanaged. The very paupers used to be "trucked," the inspectors being shopkeepers, who gave the paupers their relief in kind, or handed it to a merchant, who claimed it on the strength of a "line," which he had received from the pauper in acknowledgment of debt.

We have already referred to the fact that the truck system, wherever it exists, inspires amongst the men affected by it a feeling of timidity and subservience which is itself a



great safeguard of the system, because it deters sufferers from appealing to the law. In Shetland, this feeling exists to such an extent as to render it very difficult to induce the inhabitants to accept leases even on favourable terms. They are, in fact, afraid both of their masters and of themselves, and, rather than complain, will express their satisfaction with existing arrangements. Hence it follows that even if the Truck Act were extended to the Shetland fisheries, it would be a dead letter unless its execution were entrusted to an independent authority. The truth is, that even in England and Scotland the duty of prosecution is not one which a workman can fairly be expected to undertake, with the certainty of losing his employment, and no small probability of being unfavourably considered by other persons interested. As Mr. Frederic Harrison observes, "the existence of truck implies a degree of helplessness in the workmen which pre-supposes them to be incapable of any independent action to enforce the law." The Sheriff of Renfrewshire also considers "the main defect in the Act to consist in the want of a public prosecutor." The Commissioners accordingly recommend that the institution of prosecutions should be entrusted to some public officer,—in Scotland to the Procurator-Fiscal,—and that the penalties, hitherto absurdly inadequate, should be increased, without power of mitigation, to a fine of £50 and costs or imprisonment for a first offence; a second violation of the law to be punished by temporary disqualification for offices of

public trust. At the same time they consider "that a system of inspection, at least in the districts where truck is of a more petty kind, would be even more effectual, because more constant and general in operation, than merely penal provisions." Further, they suggest some verbal alterations in the Act with the view of preventing collusive payments, and of bringing within its scope some artisans hitherto excluded.

There can, we think, be little doubt that the recommendations of the Commissioners exhaust all the Legislature can do to repress truck. Indeed, so far as the compulsory adoption of weekly pays is concerned, it may well be a question whether Parliament, in so deciding, is not overstepping the due limits of its authority. But the course of recent legislation has largely extended the area of State intervention; and the interference proposed could be justified on the same grounds as those on which the present Truck Act was defended against the assaults of Mr. Hume, viz., the inability of the labourer to make a fair contract for himself. We should certainly prefer to see weekly pays established by the exertions of the labourers themselves, than by Act of Parliament. But the independence and union necessary to achieve that result imply an amount of education which the present generation of artisans had little opportunity of acquiring. The State, therefore, in protecting them now, does but atone for its own neglect of that agency which would have enabled them to protect themselves.

ALFRED S. HARVEY.

## WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

MAY, 1871.

NOT by the home he loved so well beneath the church's shade,  
With flowers to deck the grassy mound, may HERSCHEL's grave be made;  
For England claims the illustrious dead with sorrow and with pride,  
To lay him close by Newton's tomb;—now sleep they side by side.

The purpose of his youth fulfill'd, his life-long service past,  
Now full of honour and of years, God gives him rest at last.  
Now the freed spirit wings its way to Truth's eternal height,  
Where the glad presence of the Lord reveals the Light of Light.

Ye who have loved him most on earth, whom still he loves in heaven,  
What rainbow hues are on your grief, what joy in sadness given!  
Ye know with what true childlike faith he, through the Saviour's grace,  
Learnt through all Nature's wondrous laws the Hand Divine to trace.

While men pervert God's noblest gifts in strange unnatural strife,  
And boast their knowledge and their power, and scorn the word of life;  
Science and learning led *his* mind in reverent awe above,  
To him the voices of the stars proclaim'd their Maker's love.

H. H.

## THE SYLVESTRES.

BY M. DE BETHAM-EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "KITTY," "DR. JACOB," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.—GHENILDA'S REIGN.



HE first morning in April saw Carew's bachelor quarters changed as if by magic. So complete was the domestic invasion to which he had subjected himself, that not a corner of the house could now be called his own.

At first it had seemed as if room could not possibly be found to accommodate such an important personage as the two-year-old lord and his retinue, but after innumerable battles between Carew's housekeeper and his lordship's nurses and nursery-maids, the matter was settled. Poor Carew begged that everything else might be left to take care of itself, so long as the children (for he acknowledged the existence of the little girl also) had what they wanted, and put up with all kinds of inconveniences serenely. As for Ghenilda, she would not have minded sleeping in carpetless rooms, eating off earthenware, foregoing lace on her pillows, and submitting to other hardships, but she had very exalted ideas of what was necessary for the well-being of her boy. His baby sister was a pretty plaything, and would be sure to turn out good and insignificant, but her brother was already somebody of consideration, and what would he not be in a few years? By every mail long letters went to Japan, filled with details of little Micheldever's sayings and doings. Nothing that he said or did could be unimportant, his mother thought. "When our boy is a man, what a happy woman I shall be!" she wrote to her husband, feeling quite happy then! The first morning after her arrival, she took possession of the library, begged Carew to give up all notion of writing poetry, or otherwise employing himself during

her stay, and then having seated herself before the fire, poured forth a volley of questions:—

"What is this man like whom Ingaretha means to marry? When will the wedding take place? Where will they live? I am dying with impatience to know all about it."

"I must take one question at a time," answered Carew, never looking up from his desk. He was carefully going through his Italian sketches, pencil in hand. "What did you first want to know, my dear?"

"Is the man Ingaretha means to marry handsome?"

"Beautiful. Just that and nothing more."

"Oh!" cried Ghenilda, growing very animated. "Then, of course, she is very much in love with him?"

"Of course."

"I should like to be exactly in her position," Ghenilda said, adding, with a blush of compunction, "if it were not for the boy."

"My dear child, you were in love with Micheldever three or four years ago. Is not once enough?"

"But our love-making was a very prosaic affair! Could anything have been more prosaic? I have never had a touch of romance in my life, never."

And the happy little lady sighed.

"Don't envy poor Miss Meadowcourt," Carew said; "I fear she will not be very happy."

"Why should she be unhappy? There are plenty of things women value a thousand times more than jewels and fine clothes. If it were not for my boy, I would just as soon be poor as rich. I am sure the happiest people in the world are those who live in semi-detached villas upon three hundred a year."

"Who put that notion into your head?" Carew asked, smiling.

"No one. I have reasoned it out for myself. We have everything in such lumps that one gets sick of it,—too many indolent, flattering servants; too much travelling, too much eating, too much running about in London, too much staying at home in the country. But tell me why is Ingaretha sure to be unhappy? I am sorry she did not marry you, Carew."

"And I am sorry too."

Then he told her as much as he knew of René. Ghenilda was enchanted. She had



never before heard so romantic a story. She felt sure Ingaretha would be happy. She would do her utmost to make things easy and pleasant to her. After all, Ingaretha lived out of the world—there was no world at St. Beowulf's Bury—and any marriage she might make in no degree affected society in general. This was consolatory. Carew let his sister chatter till she was tired, and then suggested that it might be as well to say all this over again to Ingaretha, adding—

"For I leave her in your hands entirely now, and you must be like a sister to her."

"Unlike a sister, you mean," Ghenilda answered. "Almost all the sisters I have ever known detested each other."

"Be an angel then."

"Poor Carew!" Ghenilda said caressingly. "How good and unselfish you are in this wicked and selfish world!"

Carew made his escape, and after a long consultation held by Ghenilda with nursery authorities, it was settled that the little boy might safely venture as far as the abbey, and of course nothing could be more important than the dress and good looks of that small potentate, and though infinite pains were bestowed on his toilette, the admiring mother was by no means satisfied that he looked his best. "I am half sorry I did not let him wear his violet tunic after all," she said on the way. "This dress makes him look too much of a baby."

Ingaretha was in the terrace when the carriage drove up, and Ghenilda for a moment forgot the violet tunic, so lost was she in admiration of the queenly creature who advanced to welcome her.

Ingaretha had a grand maternal way with children that fascinated them more than all the chirping and cooing in the world. She bent forward and without hesitation took the boy in her strong arms, who never questioned her right to do so, falling in love with her at once. She kissed him, smiled at him, and bore him stately into the dining-room, where luncheon was ready.

"Oh, if I were but tall and strong, and golden-haired like her," thought Ghenilda, grown suddenly out of patience with her own *mignon* beauty. "She carries the boy as if he were a feather, and at six-and-twenty has a complexion as fresh as his! I do envy Ingaretha her health, her stature, her strength, most of all, her hair."

Ingaretha was drawing a comparison in her own mind just then, but of a very different kind. Here was a happy wife, a proud mother, a good, true, simple woman, whose life

had been no problem, but so plain from the beginning that all who ran could read. Her ideals, her duties, her sympathies, might be circumscribed, but they were substantial and fixed. The hell of doubt, the forlorn struggles in the dark, the blind striving after the highest guidance, which were her own portion, Ghenilda would never know, and how God-sent, how enviable, seemed such ignorance!

When the child was gone, Ghenilda went up to her friend, and threw her arms about her with school-girlish effusion.

"My poor, ill-used child," she said, "how can we be good enough to you?"

"I don't complain of being ill-used, but ill-judged," Ingaretha answered. "I feel sure, if once the people who set themselves as judges over me would take the trouble to ascertain my real motives, they would think differently. It is inconsequence, not harshness, I complain of."

"What can you expect?" Ghenilda said consolingly. "Two-thirds of one's friends and neighbours are geese, as far as I can discover."

"And it is not pleasant to have the whole flock at one's heels, hissing and screeching," Ingaretha said.

"I suppose not. But, for my own part, I would rather be on unpleasant terms with stupid people. I would indeed."

"You forget that I want to help them. When I speak of friends and neighbours, I include those whom I am in duty bound to look after—I mean the poor."

Ghenilda made a pretty little gesture of dismay.

"Have you come to that? I thought that goodness to the poor was what we all take to when we are old women, by way of doing penance for our sins."

"By being good to the poor I don't mean giving away coats and flannel petticoats," Ingaretha said impatiently; "but something quite different. I hate playing the Lady Bountiful. I hate the subservience that so-called charity implies. Why should we not help the poor as we help each other? that is to say, by living in sympathy with them, and by holding before them the highest ideals we can attain to?" With increased spirit she added: "Charity—I use the word in its material and vulgar sense—has had a fair trial in the world, and what has it done?—I want sympathy to have its turn."

"Oh dear!" Ghenilda said, suppressing a yawn. "What a dreadfully serious world we live in nowadays! Last year I heard of nothing in London but Repression of Men-

dicants and Rights of Labour, Rights of Labour and Repression of Mendicants, from morning till night. But I can't feel interested in the working classes. I can't indeed, Ingaretha. Harry says the time is coming when lords and ladies will have to black their own boots and cook their own dinner. I should go without, though I wouldn't mind making the boy's pudding. But I think it is a comfortable world. Why disturb it?"

Ingaretha smiled and was silent. Ghenilda suddenly dropped on her knees before her, took her hand, and said coaxingly—

"I am dying to see a portrait of somebody. May I?"

"I have only a crayon sketch Mr. Carew made in Italy five years ago—not quite good, but very clever. You shall see that."

She fetched the portrait, a slight, suggestive, highly poetic sketch of her *protégé* at the age of twenty-two, and placed it, sighing, in Ghenilda's hand. The two looked at it together. Features, expression, proportion, were superlatively beautiful.

Ghenilda looked long and said nothing. What was there to say? But her eyes softened, and a sweet serious expression stole over her face as she silently contemplated the picture. Ingaretha, understanding the look and the silence, kissed her on the brow.

As might be expected, this little incident paved the way for a confidential talk, which lasted till Ghenilda suddenly started up aghast.

"Oh!" she cried self-reproachfully, "how naughty I am! What will nurse say at keeping Harry out so late? Dear Ingaretha, let me go at once."

#### CHAPTER XL.—INGARETHA AS INQUISITOR.

ALL this time Euphrosyne was distracted by an inward conflict. Aglaë's position at Pilgrim's Hatch was becoming daily more and more anomalous. She might at any time be discovered and recalled by her abandoned husband, or she might remain indefinitely under their roof, increasing the difficulties of her new friends a hundredfold. If they betrayed her secret, they were guilty of treachery; if they kept it, of fraud. There was certainly no sin to be laid at the door of the husband that could warrant such conduct on the wife's part. Nevertheless, she seemed to drift farther and farther from the world she had left behind, without any apparent consciousness of thereby incurring moral responsibility.

"I know that I am wicked," she would say when tenderly upbraided by Euphrosyne,

"but my mother is alone to blame for having given me such bad instincts. I am not of myself a perverted creature. It is impossible for women to be good who are born of bad mothers."

Such speeches would make Euphrosyne shiver and turn pale to the lips, but she did not cease her remonstrances. She had a twofold reason for persuading the young wife to return home and seek reconciliation—firstly, because she held it to be her duty; and secondly, because she foresaw danger if she stayed.

This free and easy life of theirs was childishly simple and pure, but not without temptations to a dissatisfied and inexperienced nature like that of Aglaë. She was ever on the alert for more sympathy and more affection than the circumstances could warrant, and never tired of pouring out her troubles to Maddio and the brothers Carrington. They were brought together both in the hours of toil and recreation. Passionately fond of music, dancing, and any other amusement, she sang, danced, and played in their company. What if she should fall in love with any one of these men? True, Maddio was old enough to be her father, but in heart he was fresh as a boy, and prone to indulge in romantic sentiment. Maddio, moreover, though kept from sin by native goodness and innocence, acted up to no code of laws, human or divine, and might at any moment commit some culpable though not ill-meaning indiscretion. Oh! if Aglaë would take warning, and save herself from what would be a crowning shame and sorrow to them all!

The poor woman wasted herself to a shadow with secret misgivings and self-reproach; and none saw how she suffered, except Ingaretha. Again and again, she entreated her to speak out, but in vain. Euphrosyne would ever parry the loving thrusts, and declare that she had no especial reasons for concern.

"But you know, dearest child," she would say, smiling plaintively, "that I am not like my husband, able to send cares to the four winds always."

Ingaretha spoke to Monsieur Sylvestre, but as well expect the bluebottle that has alighted on some curate's nose to understand the Ten Commandments he is reading as Monsieur Sylvestre to admit the existence of any unseen evil in this pleasant world.

"My wife is over-anxious—that is all," he said lightly. "Have we not in our possession all the blessings intellectual man can desire—freedom, friends, the happy consciousness



of a destiny fulfilled? No harm can happen to us—except to leave them for ever.”

At last, Ingaretha lost patience, and one morning, when she found herself alone with her old friend, gave free utterance to what was passing in her mind.

“My dear Madame Sylvestre,” she said, “do be frank with me. You do not eat—I am sure you do not sleep, and you are growing thinner every day. It is Aglaë! Aglaë alone who is making you miserable; I know it without a word.”

“I naturally feel great inquietude about the dear child’s future.”

“Do you really love her?” Ingaretha asked sharply. To her, Aglaë had ever seemed cold and unattractive.

“Young, friendless, and unhappy, could any one help being drawn towards her?”

“I am not drawn towards her, I confess,” Ingaretha answered. “It sounds a little hard to say so. But it seems to me that her friendlessness and unhappiness are of her own making.”

“She had a bad mother,” Euphrosyne said with bitter emphasis.

“It is impossible to believe that she does not exaggerate her grievances, seeing her discontent here, although overwhelmed with kindness.” Ingaretha went on, still warm and indignant, “If she were as wretched as she represents herself to be, would she sing, dance, and coquet upon every opportunity? I mistrust alike her sorrow and her penitence.”

Euphrosyne looked pained and unconvinced. It was rarely she contradicted Ingaretha in anything, but though silent, as usual, to-day, her face broke through the rule and betokened opposition.

“Oh! let her go home,” Ingaretha added, in a voice of entreaty. “She has duties there; here she hinders others from doing theirs. Do not be angry with me. I feel soon she will work mischief if she stays.”

Still Euphrosyne said nothing. Ingaretha took her hand and put her arm around her neck.

“Who is this stranger that she should make you so unhappy? Let me be a daughter to you instead, since I love you a thousand times better than she does.”

“Oh!” said Euphrosyne, trying to steady her voice and master the mysterious agitation that possessed her. “I do not deserve to be loved either by her or by you. You would never guess how unworthy I am,” tears began to flow as she added, kissing the girl’s hand meekly. “If I could love you a little less, I could confide to you a little more, but affec-

tion makes us very proud. I cannot humble myself to the dust before you.”

“Why should you humble yourself to the dust before any one?” Ingaretha said, returning that penitent kiss by a dozen full of grateful affection, and adding half playfully, “If any of us are fit company for the saints, it is you, and you only.”

Euphrosyne shook her head mournfully.

“I have willed to live nobly,” she answered, “but, alas! my spiritual conceptions have ever been imaged in clay; so victoriously has flesh warred against spirit since my youth upwards until now. Before me moved always a golden vision—the far-off, the ideal, the divine, and when I reached it and embraced it, all that was godlike had vanished, the gross and earthly alone remaining behind. God knows how I have struggled with myself. Yet it has been always so.”

Her cheeks had turned from deathly white to fever red, her eyes were unnaturally lustrous, her voice strange, her brow covered with perspiration. Ingaretha felt a sudden pang of apprehension. Was her old friend’s sensitive nature wrought upon by domestic difficulties to a pitch of insanity? How to account otherwise for this agony of doubt and introspection, out of keeping as it seemed with the occasion? “Which of us can say that we have wrought out our ideals into a perfect life?” she said. “If you have not satisfied yourself, think of those you have helped and encouraged. I, for one, without you should have lost my way many and many a time.”

“No, oh no; you must not say that. Seek wisdom, sweet one, rather from those who have walked in a lowly path of duty without stumbling, than those who have kept their eyes fixed on the stars, whilst treading forbidden ways. None have sinned more grievously than I.”

“Thus each of us say in our secret hearts,” Ingaretha said in a sorrowful voice.

“Ah, you do not know all!”

“You could not tell me anything that would make me love you less, or more. Of whom else could one say that?”

Euphrosyne shook her head.

“I am such a coward, or I would speak out,” she said, with a look of unspeakable misery in her face. “But I dare not, I dare not, though I am killing myself with silence. I love you too dearly to make you unhappy on account of my evil-doings.”

And saying that she embraced her as passionately as if for the last time in life, and left the room.

For several days after this interview Madame Sylvestre used to steal away from the others, and shutting herself in her bed-room, write assiduously. Her sanctuary invaded, pencil and paper were hidden away, slyly as the beloved romance of some nursery novelist, and a week slipped by ere her task was done. Then an untidy little manuscript, composed of a dozen blank sheets of letters, and fastened together by a piece of darning wool, was one day thrust in Ingaretha's pockets by deft hands.

This manuscript was a letter, and on the outer leaf was written in large characters—*Keep my secret.*

#### CHAPTER XLI.—A CONFESSION.

I DO not know, I cannot guess, how you will receive this communication from me. If, as I have a right to expect, your respect vanishes and your love grows cold, suffer not my husband to perceive the change. This is all the mercy I ask at your hands, and I am unworthy to ask even that little. Oh! my beautiful, my beloved Ingaretha, would to God I had never been rejoiced at your loveliness, and solaced with your affection! then I should not have known what it is to have consorted with angels and be thrust from their company into the bottomless pit. So greatly I suffer in this self-abasement, that I think it is the helplessness of those dear ones around me only, for which I shall henceforth live. How easy it were to die when life reproaches you, not sorrowfully but in anger, with mocking fingers on its lips! Dearest child, picture me thirty years ago as of your own age, but already a wife and mother, widow of a man double my years, and mother of children over whose future I was to have no more control than the *mère de lait* whom they had loved twice as well as myself in their infancy. Figure to yourself such a position, and you need not ask whether I was happy. I had inherited from my father, a man of rare gifts but some eccentricities, all kinds of qualities that warred against the life to which marriage condemned me—love of learning, habits of inquiry, passionate enthusiasm for reform, and craving after new ideas, whether in religion, in politics, or in art. My intellect, of its own accord, burst the bonds of spiritual despotism, in other words, the Romish Church,—had found itself, like a child's kite, tossed this way and that, wafted ever and anon a little way towards the supreme light, but invariably borne downwards, sometimes rent with agonized effort, at others soiled

with earth-stained tears. A Frenchwoman, the descendant of noble-spirited men and women, who had laid down their lives in the cause of liberty, no wonder that the era of their martyrdom, the French Revolution, was constantly in my thoughts. I envied the destiny that had been so dear to them, and the privilege they had enjoyed of making the last sacrifice for humanity. "Is this to live?" I cried in the bitterness of my isolated self-condemnation; bearer of a name I do not honour, mother of children I am forbidden to rear, head of a household in which I count as a cipher! It seemed to me a death in life for which the grave would have been a kindly exchange. In such terror of my heresies had my husband stood, that, according to his will, my little girls were to be kept in the convent till they should be eighteen; and though he could not prevent them from being with me in their holidays, he had provided a counteraction against such evil influences in the presence of an elder sister, who was bound over to stay with us. I cannot blame her for having made me suffer, seeing the differences of opinion that existed between us.

The monotonous years dragged to a close, I know not how, and suddenly stopped. My heart beat fast once more. The morning sun was pleasant. The roses in our garden seemed glorious things. I found myself singing in the dreary, old château, like an escaped bird. For the first time, I had seen him who is now my husband. O Ingaretha! I am old now, and that day seems no more to belong to my life than an exalted vision, a golden dream! Yet it was mine, mine, mine!

Summer had come in my beautiful, beloved France. Our chestnut alleys thrilled with the full-throated songs of nightingale and thrush; our orchards were rosy with apple-blossoms; our little fountain sparkled merrily in the sunshine; the village children, dressed in white and crowned with garlands, kept the festival of Ascension. I was left alone in the château with an old servant.

Idling over some needlework out of doors, I was suddenly aroused by the sound of a man's voice, the most musical I had ever heard, and, looking up, saw a superb figure standing before me, gracious, statuesque, beautiful beyond dreams. Bare-headed he stood on the threshold of my little summer-house, sunshine on his brow, eyes, and beard; never were youth and intellectual beauty and love typified in a nobler image! By a few words the



stranger put me at my ease. He then presented a letter of introduction. I begged him to be seated, and forthwith he told his errand.

He was by profession a teacher of mathematics, he said, and wished to settle down at V—— for the present, if circumstances so favoured him that he could there fairly earn his bread. I promised to do my best to help him; he thanked me, and went away.

I became one of his pupils, throwing heart and soul into a study for which my mental characteristics peculiarly fitted me; and from that time life became new and wonderful. It was not his plan to teach isolated facts. He saw a divine unity of plan running alike through the world of nature and of science—Nature's interpretations—and to express and elucidate this unity, he brought together myriads of experiences and deductions, which, in his hands, became fused into the light of universal truth. Marvellous were the stores of knowledge he had gained, more marvellous still his power of assimilating it and appropriating it to others. His love of humankind was second only to his thirst after spiritual perfection; and, swayed alternately by motives of a vehement benevolence and dreamy abstraction, he was one day a moralist, the next a visionary.

I had been in the habit of seeing him for about a month, when he poured out to me his social views and his belief in the approaching material and moral regeneration of mankind by means of the modern Social Reformers. For the first time I found myself in the company of an ardent disciple of Fourier, that great original thinker, who saw in the glorification of labour and of pleasure, the associated home or phalanstery, the future happiness of the human race. In glowing words, the systems of St. Simon, Robert Owen, and other socialist dreamers were described to me, till I felt lost in the contemplation of the universal paradise into which they were about to turn the world. I looked around me; I studied history; I was appalled by the selfishness that not even Christianity, nor civilisation, nor the French Revolution had eradicated from the rich, the refined, and the happy. Could I believe that such a state of things—misery, toil, ignorance, on the one side, self-indulgence, ease, and intellectual freedom, on the other—was destined to be perpetual? I believed, rather, in the goodness of God and of man, and said, No. The prison-walls of my

soul crumbled away. All around became vast, luminous, melodic. I realised at last what I had hitherto striven after darkly, the rich capacity of individual life. Even I, a woman, was no worthless or ignoble creature, but a link not to be spared in the chain of universal being, a power for good or evil among my fellows, an entity designed for some special purpose by the great Creator. I felt as if all my sex must be glorified in the divine conviction that now possessed me. What the greatest of the ancient philosophers had denied us, what the apostles of Christianity ignored, what mediæval reformers and modern revolutionary leaders doubted or despised, these latter-day prophets, these so-called Socialists, acknowledge, without stint or spare, namely, the dignity of women. They alone, of all would-be conquerors and iconoclasts, hurled to the ground the hideous dictum that Might is Right, and willed to govern the world by moral instead of physical force. Could I choose but accept such teaching joyfully? I, who had been treated as a cipher, a child, a slave in my husband's house?

And when one day he who had been alike my teacher, prophet, and friend, who had transformed existence from a weary and useless burden into a precious and fruitful usufruct, and filled the future with a thousand happy expectancies, said with trembling lips and eyes brimful of tears—"I love you. Go with me to the Far West, and let us work together in the cause of humanity"—ah! you who are also given to generous womanly impulses, will know how my heart leaped at the thought of sharing the ambition of such a man! All other love, all other duty seemed dead within me. By the old I had been cast out and despised, by the new I was exalted and enlarged. I saw nothing behind me but monotony, neglect, and insignificance; before me rose height upon height of intellectual and spiritual effort, which by his side I felt strong enough to climb.

Could I condemn myself to nothingness when such a career lay before me? Could I separate myself from one so beautiful, so good, so enthusiastic, the only being in the world to whom I was linked by the supreme ties of soul-reaching sympathy? That I loved him, and that my love for him has been the one passion of my life, I need not say to you.

For days I wrestled with myself. My children had been allowed to love me scantily: but I was their mother. My husband had distrusted me; but I was once his wife and bore his name. My home had never

grown sweet and familiar, but it was the home which he had given me. A thousand times I said to myself that I would stay and carry my secret to the grave. He, however, was not to be easily won over to such renunciation. Openly as became a man and a lover he spoke out to my kinsfolk, and of course spoke in vain. It came to this—I had to choose between my children and my lover.

Looking back upon that time, Ingaretha, I marvel at my decision. I cannot conceive of any woman so deciding against her home, her ancestral faith, and her children. It is true that the first had been estranged from me, the second I had long before voluntarily discarded, the last was not as yet endeared. It is, moreover, true that I could only see a very trifling good to be gained by this supreme self-sacrifice required of me, whilst plenary acceptance involved devotion to the whole human race, and, as I could but believe, the completed happiness of one who seemed to me noblest of noble men. But I reasoned wrong in this—radically, irretrievably wrong. To diverge from the plain path of duty is to incur an incalculable responsibility—I do not say always for evil or for nought—nay, it may even be in the end for good, but how rarely! We cannot be quite sure that the supreme crisis by which a grand soul is so misled and mastered as to will what seems, but is not, good, bears always evil results. To him who is conquered by his own passions, no matter how elevating and magnanimous, the secret retribution is without doubt bitter, but the prescribed good struggled after may have been attained. The world stands by, unedified and unbelieving.

Think of my children, Ingaretha, and pity me. Can I believe now that my love might not have helped those motherless, fatherless little ones—that my life, however sad and narrow, might not have been good and pitiful in their eyes? God had made me a mother of women-children, and I could pause deliberating where my proper duty and highest destiny lay.

Well, I went away with him, and his love proved a sweeter and better thing than I had rapturously dreamed. We lived no common life, indulged in no mean aspirations, consorted with no gross or uncongenial natures. How glorious existence seemed to me in those early years of second marriage, second birth! I—who had been heretofore wrapped in the commiseration of my own dreary undeveloped self—now became the companion and equal of experienced, enthusiastic men, of high-spirited and courageous women. In the far

West we joined an ardent little community of Fourierists, and with them for some years lived harmoniously. Our manner of life was simple but laborious, pleasure-loving, pure. Every one toiled and span, but every one reaped and enjoyed. On festivals, which came often, we had music and dancing in gaily-garlanded halls. The children, like Bacchanals, sported about us, their little brows decked with chaplets and flowers in their hands. The old joined in their pastime. It seemed, indeed, as if the dream of a golden age had come true. And we had our religious holidays also, on which occasions old and young, rich and poor, marched in solemn procession to our Temple, where we consecrated Birth, Love, and Death, and there celebrated the Jubilee of Seed-time and Harvest with joyous canticles.

But this idyllic existence was not without shadows. Is it impossible for the lofty dreamer, in clothing his aspirations with substantial form, to eliminate every particle of material dross? Alas! my experience says yes. I have dwelt in daily communings with idealists and reformers; I have worked side by side with those whose sole aim it was to spiritualise and enlarge their fellow-men; I have seen this generous fervour kindle divine emotions, stifle unworthy instincts, throw a halo around simple souls. Yet in none has the outward realisation of inward ideals been complete and unsullied by earthly contact. Alas that I should have to confess thus much to you!

The little association was broken up, and we returned to Europe, then in the throes of a universal revolution. We stayed in Paris during the terrible years following 'Forty-eight. The *coup d'état* saw our friends and fellow-workers outlawed, incarcerated, massacred. My husband was one of the 'Déportés,' and his place of exile was Africa. What we suffered in the unhealthy plain of La Maison Carrée I cannot now recall without a shudder. The water was poisonous, the air freighted with miasma, the people hostile, and the land a wilderness. We escaped, marvellously enough, with our lives, and after some years were allowed to change our place of abode. In the plain of the Sig a few scattered followers rallied round the standard of Fourier, and again an associated family, or phalanstery, was formed, my husband being always the leading spirit. He was adored as if he had been a god. At that who can wonder?

And all this time no looked-for retribution had come upon me. Pestilence, pillage,



burnings, and famine were hard to bear, but they befell the innocent as well as the guilty—good, true, long-suffering mothers, as well as her who had forsaken her fatherless little ones. Fever and famine spared me. The earthquake destroyed me not. I moved like one wearing a charmed life, and his love was so sweet that I never prayed to die. For his sake I was content to live and remember, were life and memory to last a hundred years. But at last, and in most unlooked-for fashion, has my punishment come. How can I tell you the truth? How can I keep silence? Think a little, Ingaretha. Guess the sequel of this sorrowful story.

You have lately chidden me for undue concern in the welfare of the young stranger whose coming has caused us all so much embarrassment and anxiety. Something of her history is already known to you. Add to it the early portion of my own, and pity us both, love me still a little if you can. For the faults of this poor child, her mother—your poor broken-hearted Euphrosyne—alone is responsible. Do not utterly reject her. My tears blot the page. I can only add, on my knees, Forgive, forgive.

EUPHROSYNÉ.

#### CHAPTER XLII.—CONFLICTS.

INGARETHA honoured Euphrosyne above every living soul. The girl's expansive nature had found in her old friend that complete and rounded sympathy which no other friendship, not even René's, had as yet yielded. Where Euphrosyne loved, she loved passionately, and Ingaretha was among her dearest. Difference of years, of position, of nationality, had not stood in the way of as sweet and high-souled a friendship as ever knit two good women. To Euphrosyne, Ingaretha seemed the loveliest and most lovable of human things. To Ingaretha, Euphrosyne was a model of wisdom, resignation, dignity. The brightness and freshness of the one were a constant refreshment and delight; the tenderness and elevation of the other, a constant solace and admonition. Both were striving from day to day to mould their lives into noble shape. Both lived as much in the inner spiritual world of aspiration and endeavour as in the palpable world of fact and reality.

And what a blow was this! Unforeseen, irrevocable, never to be forgotten whilst the sun rose and set, for poor Ingaretha!

She sat with the letter in her hand, not knowing how the time passed, hoping, yet dreading to be disturbed, longing for some excuse, even some physical pain that might give her reason to wail and wring her hands,

and walk up and down the room distractedly. But she could not do this. She must go about her daily work, dry-eyed, calm-browed, with measured footstep, and tell no one of the hell of doubt in which her spirit dwelt.

"Oh, if René were but here!" escaped her lips, and then on a sudden she turned red and white, and trembled in every limb.

What if he too had his secret? And Monsieur Sylvestre? And Maddio? None of all these had held so high a place in her affections as Euphrosyne. None had been so childishly revered, so lovingly and entirely leaned on, so adored on bended knee. Euphrosyne fallen from her high pinnacle, could these weaker ones hold their place?

She thrust off the unworthy suspicion, and tried to reason away her abhorrence of Euphrosyne's life-secret. After all, she was a woman, and being herself a woman she could afford to judge her gently, and forgive until the seventieth time seven. The others might have committed lesser crimes than she, but what were their temptations in comparison with her own? They could not have suffered as she had suffered, struggled as she had struggled, yielded on the same ground that she had yielded. Her sin towards her children was irredeemable; but had not society sinned irredeemably towards Euphrosyne? How many women would have done graver harm without such apparent cause for self-reproach? Thus much might be said in justification of one who did not seek to justify herself; her life had been no whited sepulchre. What she had done amiss, had been done openly, to be judged both of God and man. But repeat as she might that oft-banded phrase, 'more sinned against than sinning,' Ingaretha could not find rest or comfort. The friend of her bosom was fallen from her high estate, never, never to be so high set up any more. Impulsive and devoted as she was, Ingaretha was too clear-minded not to take in at a glance the height, and breadth, and depth of this woman's wrong-doing, and though full of love and compassion, she could not straightway throw herself in her arms, saying, 'All is with us as before.'

Over our poor Ingaretha's soul brooded a darkness she could not dispel. Seeing how grievously the shortcomings of those to whom she was indifferent had troubled her, how she had lately vexed herself about the little-mindedness, and malice, and animosity of her so-called friends and neighbours, it was no wonder that a downright piece of wrong-doing in one she honoured and adored should torment her almost beyond endurance.

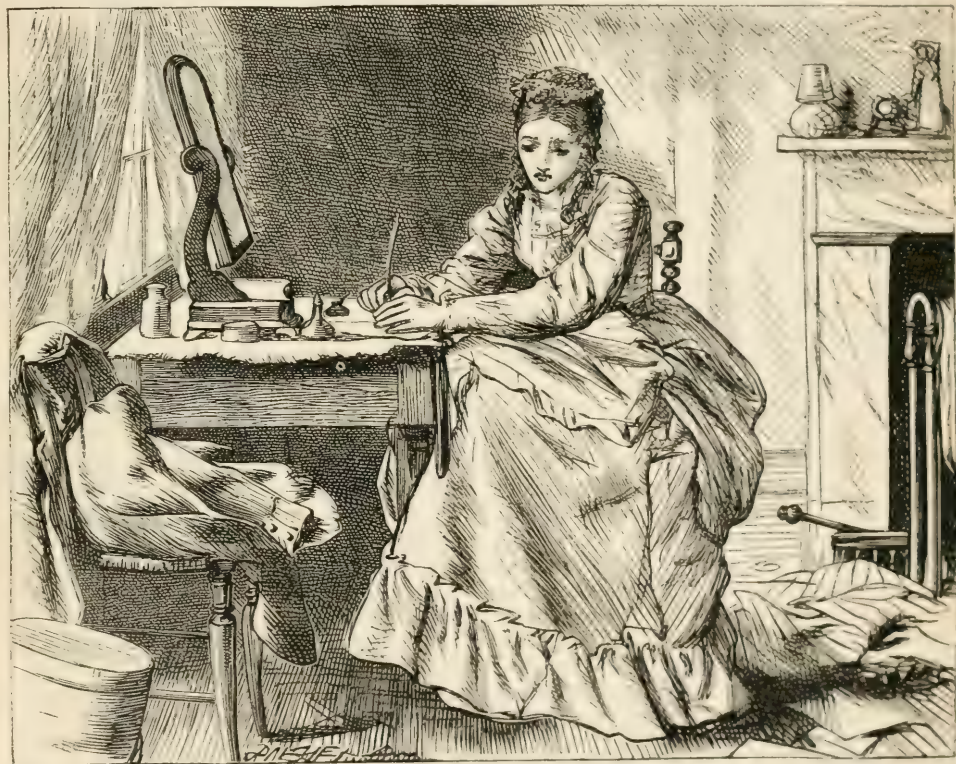
"I will expect nothing from any one henceforth," she said to herself with extreme bitterness; "nothing, nothing, nothing. Who is proof against temptation? Who is true to his highest instincts? Who is entirely good and true and noble? If not Euphrosyne, then none in all the world."

She wept abundantly. Sadder tears she had never shed.

At last her passion was spent, and she reproached herself only.

"What am I, that I should judge her?"

she cried: "I, who have had fine opportunities, and yet have lived no noble life. Ought I not rather to fall on her neck and embrace her, confessing my own faults, my own backslidings, my own littlenesses? I have believed in myself too much; taking for granted that what I willed to do was invariably well done, I have set myself above those who were content to act up to a simpler code of duty. I have tried to do more than others; and yet if I died to-morrow, would go to God empty-handed."



Page 601.

Thus, half praying, half meditating, she passed a long hour of retrospection. Then she wrote a little pencilled note to Euphrosyne, which ran as follows:—

"What am I, that I should judge you? I will keep your secret as long as I live; but let us never talk of it. Yours ever,

"INGARETHA."

That was all. Euphrosyne would know that her friend remained her friend still. To say that she did not suffer in the other's self-abasement would have been to slander the name of friendship. Time could heal Inga-

retha's wound, but time itself could not eradicate the scar.

When the two met for the first time, it was Ingaretha whose voice faltered, whose cheek changed colour, whose hands trembled. Self-controlled, and almost cold in her pride of humiliation, Euphrosyne was fain to draw back from the proffered hand, to withhold the expected kiss; but Ingaretha, with sudden emotion, put her arms around her and kissed her fervently on the lips. Then, others being present, each took refuge in self-imposed calm, and after the first meeting was over, the rest seemed easy.



But Ingaretha had learned one obvious lesson from Euphrosyne's life that she would never forget. Day and night she kept applying to her own case the moral of her friend's story; and it was a long time before she could clearly see her way through the mazes of doubt and difficulty with which she was beset.

How could she so order her future life as to subserve it to one guiding principle of right? To dash blindly at generous deeds without weighing their ethical importance, was but to follow Euphrosyne's example, that is to say, to do evil that good might come; or at least, like the dog in the immortal fable, to throw away a small substantial good, for a large but shadowy resemblance of it.

Clearly her duty lay in this dull English village, among these slangy, fox-hunting gentlemen, and insipid, novel-reading ladies; among these ignorant, beer-besotted ploughmen, and drudging, unjoyful housewives. Here she had a position, a career, a standpoint, unsatisfactorily as she might occupy the first, imperfectly as she might fulfil the second, slowly as she might advance from the last, the good to be accomplished and the evil to be combated, were defined.

And there was, moreover, this to be said about her home-life. She had a tradition to keep up, a wonderful anchor to unsteady souls! Her opinions, actions, ambitions, were not only of importance in the world's eyes on her own account, but on account of those who had gone before her—ancestors and ancestresses—who had been high-spirited, hard-working men and women. She could not console herself by the universal sophism that such and such a line of conduct would be admissible because of her own insignificance; as if any one's conduct were insignificant.

How she worked out her life-problem, mattered, most of all, to herself, having a personal affection for those of her name who had done well before her, because of inherited responsibility. Being her father's daughter, she was bound to live worthily for his sake.

Amid perplexing thought upon thought, broke, with sudden flash, a ray of conviction. What Eastern travel had failed to teach her, and the happy South, and other many-coloured experiences, she should surely learn in the New World. Her mind turned with joyful leap towards America. There, humanity, with loins girded like a young athlete, was setting to work to build up a new and

equitable society. Could she do better, could René do better, than journey thither and profit by the teachings of the younger and happier country? Many of the social problems, over which they were puzzled, had there found pacific solution—education of the people, emancipation of the workingmen, a free church, and so on. Such a step would surely be the most fitting apprenticeship to the guild of social reformers they proposed to enter. They might learn little, and be wanting in moral and intellectual power to apply that little, but they would at least have gone to the best school before pretending to teach others.

On René's willingness to accede to any wishes of her own, Ingaretha knew she might confidently reckon. His love for her was no calm affection, bond-servant of the intellect and the will, but the over-mastering passion of a reckless nature, that owned neither kingship nor statute. Contemplating such a passion, she might well feel alternately proud, joyful, and afraid.

#### CHAPTER XLIII.—DÉSILLUSIONNÉ.

WHAT should she do with her child? asked the unhappy mother a hundred times a day. The expected solace for which she had sacrificed so much had not come. Ingaretha was in her secret, still cold and implacable, held aloof from Aglaë. She could forgive her own sins and shortcomings, but she could not take the victim of both to her heart. Euphrosyne was at a loss to understand this hardness in one of Ingaretha's large nature. She forgot that if youth is twice as generous as age, it is also twice as hard. And she lost sight of the fact that was ever present in Ingaretha's mind, namely, the amount of suffering Aglaë's failing in duty towards others had caused herself. "Let Aglaë go," said Ingaretha. But Euphrosyne hesitated.

At last matters were brought to an unexpected crisis by the departure of the brothers Carrington. It happened in the small hours, and with the usual circumstances attending a nocturnal flight. They had lent Monsieur Sylvestre money, but they had borrowed more. They had paid some of his debts, but had incurred greater ones. They had helped to till his fields, but they had also helped to waste his substance.

The news fell like a thunderbolt one morning when the accustomed chairs at the breakfast table were empty. Maddio refusing to believe that two such pleasant gentlemen could decamp after this fashion, searched their rooms and returned to the search again

and again. But, to use a homely local phrase, 'neither feather nor bone were to be seen of them;' they had gone, taking their worldly possessions, and something over and above, no one knew whither. Monsieur Sylvestre breakfasted calmly; dropping a consolatory word now and then to his crest-fallen companions. Aglaë wept copiously, recalling the pleasant talks, the toils lightened by companionship, the evening recreations gone for ever. Euphrosyne's heart sank within her as she contemplated the havoc in their prospects made by this piece of unparalleled treachery; Maddio never once raised his eyes from his plate.

"Be not cast down, my children," Monsieur Sylvestre cried cheerily. "It is not ourselves upon whom obloquy is cast—an abundant consolation for larger disasters. Had we done amiss, I would cry out in a twinkling, 'On with your sackcloth, down on your knees, sprinkle your ashes.' But we have done our best for these misguided brethren. Let that memory comfort the innocent, and lead the guilty to better things."

Aglaë was inconsolable. She refused to help in the dairy since there was no longer a chivalrous fellow-worker to beguile the labour with song and jest. Dominoes lost their attraction. Vainly might Maddio solicit her hand for the waltz, or her aid in the poultry-yard and kitchen-garden. She was sullen, reserved, almost vindictive. Euphrosyne saw that now if ever the Gordian knot might be cut, and her mental tortures and terrors allayed for ever. Aglaë was ready to go. Every day added to her present *ennui*. Every day lessened her past animosities. Again and again she began penitent little notes to her husband, which stopped midway, and were never despatched. At last Euphrosyne spoke to Monsieur Sylvestre. Would he say the word, without which Aglaë would never find moral courage to depart? It was clearly his duty, she reasoned, and who could tell how long they might have shelter to offer her? The last piece of treachery had incurred losses they would not easily get over. Their friend Ingaretha would soon be thousands of miles away, and unable to protect them. They were in duty bound to reduce their expenses to the minimum, seeing that she was their only benefactor. Thus reasoned Euphrosyne, the ever practical, ever well-intentioned. But as well talk to the winds and waves as preach expediency to Monsieur Sylvestre.

"Heavens, dear wife," cried the philosopher, out of breath with impatience, "thou talkest like one of the prattling children of unreason!

That this dear child has other claims upon her I do not deny. But there is an elective affinity in duties as well as in affections, and with admirable perception indeed has the great Fourier seized and applied both truths. Were it not for this happy interposition, humanity would ever blindly sway between two motives. Instinct kicks the beam, and humanity is saved. 'Who are our relations?' says Fourier. Not primarily those who being descended from a common progenitor chancewise bear our name. Rather those with whom we are linked by spiritual kinship, whose ideas claim common parentage with our own, no matter how divergent may be our material ancestries.' This child recognises in us her instinctive, if not her natural protectors. Be it far from us to repel such generous advances, worth more in this mercenary world than treasures of silver and gold."

"But she has a husband, dear one. Thou forgettest——"

"Bah! does any union which lacks the communion of souls deserve the name of marriage? Let him go to her——North Pole."

"You do not know all," began Euphrosyne, longing for courage to blurt out, "She is my child!"

"Thank Heaven, I do not know all," rejoined Monsieur Sylvestre with a shrug of the shoulders. "Fortunate are those from whom Pandora has withheld the gift of curiosity. I am happy in ignorance of many things. Why should I pry into mysteries which might disturb my tranquillity?"

"True," sighed Euphrosyne heavily, "and yet there are times when I feel overwhelmed with the conviction that we are seeming better than we are."

"How sayest thou so," asked the other almost in anger, "when the direct contrary is the truth? Maddio is looked upon as a fool or a knave by the vulgar. What angel in heaven is purer and better than he? Thou art sadly misjudged by the outer world, because of thy homely apparel, and perhaps too humble mien. What woman in all the kingdom possesses thy contrarious spirit and thy capacious understanding? And as to myself, without undue vanity, I think I may fairly say that I have been morally and intellectually undervalued throughout life. It is always so. The salt of the earth finds favour only in the palates of the spiritual epicurean, namely, the few, in contradistinction to the many, who greedily swallow and grossly digest whatever platitudes and mediocrities are placed before them. Do not too



readily assent to the disparagement of an undiscriminating and often envious world."

Thus a hundred, nay, a thousand times, had Euphrosyne been silenced by this man's eloquence against her better judgment. In clear daylight, her intelligence ever entered upon the impending discussion; midway, it

staggered amid blinding coruscations of wit and flashes of fancy; towards the close, it gave way, dazed, bewildered, mastered by a magic power from which there was no escape.

Again and again the tempted struggled in the meshes, again and again the sophist smiled and had his way.

## HISTORICAL SKETCH OF SOLAR ECLIPSES.

A Public Lecture, delivered in the University of Oxford,

By THE REV. C. PRITCHARD, M.A., F.R.S., SAVILIAN PROFESSOR OF ASTRONOMY.

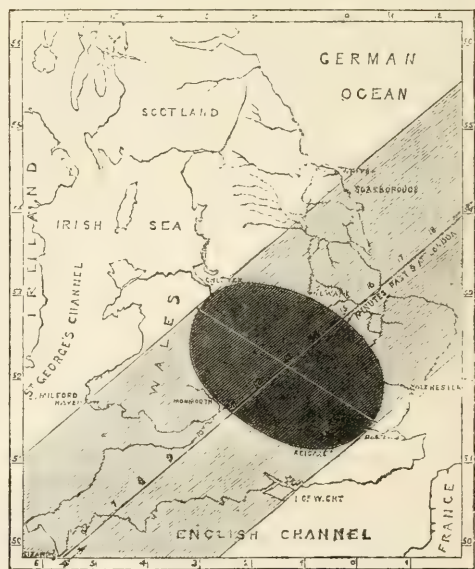
**T**HE subject which I propose to bring before you to-day is *nominally* an outline of the history of certain solar eclipses, with some especial reference to the eclipse of December last. In *reality* it includes a rapid sketch of that wonderful and unexpected revelation of the material constitution of the universe by which, among many other causes, the latter half of this century has been rendered one of the most memorable in the annals of science and of mankind. The truth is that the correlation, the interdependence of the theories of astronomy, of optics, of heat, and of light, is so intimate, that any material advance in any one of them is almost certain to involve an accession to our knowledge in each of the others. Hence it is but one particular instance of this general principle, that a more elaborate and intelligent examination of the phenomena attending a total solar eclipse has at length added many important links to the chain of our knowledge of the material constitution of the stars, and especially of that star which we call the sun, of comets, and of meteoric showers; showing that one and all of them consist, in the main, of the same materials as those which constitute the fabric of the planet on which we live.

Now as a preliminary matter, and for the purpose of simplifying and fixing your thoughts, it will be well for you to bear in mind that owing to the somewhat eccentric or elliptical orbits which the sun and moon appear to describe around us, thus altering their *real* distances and hence their *apparent* dimensions, it may so happen that the moon at one time may appear exactly to fit the sun; at another time to overlap the sun, by reason of her increased proximity to us; or lastly, owing to its increased distance, the moon may seem projected on the sun's face as a black circular patch surrounded by a thin ring of sunlight.

The first eclipse to which I shall call your

attention is the one predicted and observed by the celebrated Halley, the friend of Newton. It occurred on the morning of April 22, 1715, and is the last total eclipse which has been seen in England, and it passed over Oxford.

I have caused Halley's original broad sheet to be photographed from the engraving which he published at the time, and it shall be projected on the screen by means of the lime-



light. Halley's own description is printed, as you see,\* at the bottom of the map; running as follows:—

"The like eclipse having not for many ages been seen in the southern parts of Great Britain, I thought it not improper to give the public an account thereof, that the sudden darkness wherein the stars will be visible about the sun may give no surprise to the people, who would, if unadvertised, be apt to look upon it as ominous, and to interpret it as portending evil to our Sovereign Lord King George and his

\* In the diagram given in the text, the verbal description has been omitted. The original copy (now very rare) is in the possession of the Royal Astronomical Society.

government, which God preserve. Hereby they will see that there is nothing in it more than natural, and no more than the result of the motions of the sun and moon, and how well those are understood will appear by this eclipse.

"According to what has been formally observed, compared with our best tables, we conclude the centre of the moon's shade will be very near the Lizard Point when it is five minutes past nine in London, and that from thence it will in eleven minutes' time traverse the whole kingdom, passing by Bristol, Gloucester, Peterborough, and Boston, near which it will leave the island. On each side of the track, for about seventy-five miles, the sun will be totally darkened, but for a less and less time as you are nearer these limits, which are represented on the scheme passing on the one side near Chester, Leeds, and York, and on the other by Chichester, Gravesend, and Harwich. At London we compute the middle to pass at thirteen minutes past nine, when it is dubious whether the eclipse will be total or no, London being so near the southern limit. The oval figure shows the space the moon's shadow will take up at the time of the middle of the eclipse at London, and the centre of the shadow will pass to the eastward, at the rate of about thirty-five miles per minute.

"Their humble servant,  
"EDMUND HALLEY."

Now I regard this diagram, or scheme, as Halley calls it, as peculiarly instructive, because it gives a sensible representation to the eye of many circumstances appertaining to an eclipse, which otherwise are not so easily understood.

1. You see an example of how exceedingly narrow a space on the earth's surface a total solar eclipse generally covers at the same instant of time—here it is but an oval of one hundred and fifty miles for its greater diameter. For example, while the students at Oxford were enjoying a spectacle which their successors have not seen since, and will certainly not there see again for one hundred and fifty years at least yet to come, even if then;—when, I say, the inhabitants of Oxford were in the darkness of night for some two minutes, the people at Tunbridge Wells peeped over the moon's shoulder and saw a portion of the eastern edge of the sun.

2. You see with what amazing rapidity the moon's shadow sweeps over the surface of the earth. One moment you are in comparative sunlight, then you see a gloom brooding over the western horizon; then a black veil comes careering over the landscape with the swiftness of the wind, and suddenly you are wrapped in darkness. The phenomenon is so appalling that all animated nature is hushed at the mighty rushing of the gloom, and, amidst the unnatural silence, you almost persuade yourself you heard the approach of a thick dark wind.

The question has been asked, When will

the next total solar eclipse be visible in England? In order to ascertain this I applied to Mr. Hind, the able superintendent of the *Nautical Almanack*, and in reply he has sent me a most valuable and highly interesting letter, a part of which, at his desire, I will read to you. He writes as follows:—

"I am happy to be able to give you the date of the next total solar eclipse, though a month or so back I could not have done so, and I am not aware of any one who could. The investigation proved much longer and more troublesome than I had expected, but I hope my results may be depended upon, as I have been particularly careful with the calculations.

"I waded through the first half of the twentieth century, here and there encountering an eclipse which appeared sufficiently suspicious to require accurate computation—none, however, to the purpose. In 1954, on the 30th of June, an eclipse occurs in which the zone of totality just touches the northernmost of the Shetland Islands. At the north extremity of Unst the sun will be covered 2m. 20s., totality beginning at oh. 23m. p.m. Unst not being England, and my object at starting having been to find a total eclipse visible in England, I pushed forwards the calculations, and when on the point of giving up all hope of one in the next century, I found an eclipse on August 11, 1999, which, upon accurate calculations, appears to be the one sought. It will, according to my investigation, be total in parts of Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, and the Isle of Wight. The central line enters upon the earth's surface in the southern part of the Gulf of Mexico, and traversing the Atlantic, meets the English coast at Padstow in Cornwall, passing off again at Torquay, which is the most favourable point for observation in this country. The central line ends in the Bay of Bengal. The northern limit of totality just includes Okehampton, Exeter, Wareham, and Ventnor; the southern limit traverses Redruth and the Eddystone, so running a little south of Start Point. At Torquay totality begins at 10h. 0m. 43s. a.m., local mean time, with the sun at an altitude of 48°, and continues 2m. 4s.; at Plymouth the duration is 1m. 58s."

I will make but one further remark. From the statements you have now heard, and from Halley's scheme, which you now see, you will observe how great is the utility of any record of a total solar eclipse. Given the record of the locality of any ancient eclipse, with an uncertainty of its date within, say three hundred years, and the lunar theory will infallibly settle the date of its occurrence, not within a year, or a month, or a day, but within a minute of time. It is in this way that astronomy is frequently so useful in verifying dates. Take, for one example out of many others, the battle of Salamis. In the spring of the same year in which the battle of Salamis was fought, and to which the date 480 B.C. is usually, but I suspect erroneously, assigned, Herodotus says:—

"With spring the army of the Persians being ready, set out from Sardes, and as it was setting out, the sun, leaving his seat in heaven, was invisible, when there were no clouds in the sky, and instead of

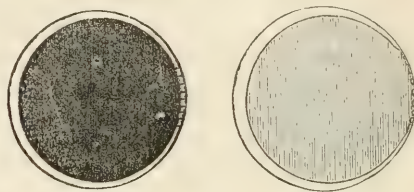


day it became night. Xerxes, who saw this, felt some anxiety, and inquired of the Magi what the appearance portended; they replied that the deity prognosticated to the Greeks the destruction of their cities. When Xerxes heard this he was very joyful, and proceeded on his march."

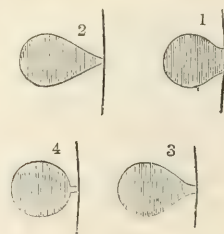
Now in the year 480 B.C., the date usually assigned for the battle of Salamis, there was no eclipse of the sun visible at Sardes; but on February 17, 478 B.C., at ten minutes past 11 A.M., there was an eclipse of the sun, very large indeed, but not absolutely total; *if this be so*, then the date of the battle of Salamis must be lowered by two years. So says the learned and laborious astronomer, Mr. Hind, in the valuable letter I have just read to you. But we must not linger on this branch of our subject, however inviting. I come now to an annular eclipse of the sun observed by the late admirable astronomer, Mr. Baily; for it is with this that the series of modern eclipses begins, wherein each after the other disclosed to us more and more of the constitution of the sun, and, indeed, of the constitution of the great cosmos of the stars.

On May 15, 1836, the late Mr. Baily, at that time one of the Vice-Presidents of the Astronomical Society, observed an annular solar eclipse at Jedburgh, in Scotland. He says he was in expectation of something extraordinary occurring just at the moment of the complete formation of the annulus, *i.e.*, just when the whole of the dark moon had fully and fairly entered on the disc of the larger and bright sun. Nor was he disappointed; for with his powers of vision and of attention thus quickened, he saw, before the completion of the annulus, a row of lucid points like a string of beads, irregular in size and distance from each other, *suddenly* formed round that part of the circumference of the moon that was just about to enter on the sun's disc. These luminous points increased in magnitude, and some of the contiguous ones ran into each other like drops of water. Finally, and here comes the more interesting part of the observation—finally, these dark intervening spaces stretched out into long, black, thick parallel lines joining the limbs of the sun and moon, when all at once these *suddenly* gave way, and left the sun and moon apparently smooth and circular, with the moon then *perceptibly advanced* on the face of the sun. As the dark moon advanced over the sun's disc, and was on the point of touching the advancing limb of the sun, thus destroying the ring of solar light, the same phenomena occurred in a reverse order. Mr. Baily describes these dark lines or threads to have been as plain, as distinct, and as well defined as the open fingers of the human hand

held up to the light; and he observes that there could not have been any doubt as to their form and existence, since they were seen by different observers, at different places and with different telescopes. As represented on the screen, these phenomena will not appear to be striking, but to the philosopher they are replete with interest and are highly suggestive.



On discussing the subject among his brother astronomers, it was remarked that a similar phenomenon presented itself at the transit of Venus, as observed in 1769 by Captain Cook and others. On this occasion, as the black disc of the planet gradually notched the edge of the sun's disc, all seemed going on well. But when somewhat more than half of the planet was on the sun's face, Venus began to lose her rotundity of figure. The planet became more and more pear-shaped, and looked very much like a peg-top touching with its point the edge of the sun's disc. Then suddenly, "as by a flash of lightning," said one observer, the top lost its peg, and Venus was seen suddenly *well advanced* on the sun's edge.



The two phenomena—*i.e.*, the formation of the dark ligaments on the sun at the annular eclipse and the internal contacts of immersion and emersion of Venus—are manifestly the same; but what was the significance or the cause of the phenomenon remained utterly obscure for upwards of thirty years. The subject is to me, and I presume to other persons engaged in solar or terrestrial physics, so interesting, and it is so closely connected with certain most memorable episodes in the progress of science, that I hope you will excuse my dwelling upon it at the cost of the expenditure of two or three minutes of your time, and an equivalent exertion of your patience.

Many of you are aware that the distance of the sun from our earth is best obtained by observations connected with the times of contact and the duration of the transit of Venus over the sun, as observed at stations distant from each other. The distance of the sun, deduced from the transit of Venus, was found not to agree with that distance as much more recently obtained from several other methods of modern refinement. The difference amounted to some two or three millions of miles, and great was the rejoicing and many the taunts which came from the lips and the pens of those who had a natural or non-natural dread of science. "Let astronomy," said they, "come down from her queenly throne. She claims exactness as her special prerogative, and, behold! she has erred in the sun's distance by some millions of miles." The real secret of the difficulty lay in the formation of the black ligatures, and Mr. Stone,\* the Secretary of the Astronomical Society, was the person who, by a happy thought, removed the supposed opprobrium from astronomical science, and demonstrated the real, the minutely exact accordance of the results derived from the transit of Venus with those obtained from the other more recent and more refined methods. He satisfactorily explained the phenomenon of the ligatures, and their full significance. All bright objects, he observed, appear to spread out beyond their actual true dimensions; they are surrounded by a border of diffused light extending beyond their true edges: thus, a bright star viewed in a telescope, assumes the form of a disc surrounded by rings, and the sun and the moon appear larger than they actually are. The *modus operandi*, and the amount of the spurious enlargement of bright objects is fully within the reach of mathematical calculations founded on the theory of the interference of *secondary* waves of light, and has been calculated again and again. Under this point of view, when Venus or any other dark object, such as the large peak of a lunar mountain, approaches the bright limb of the sun, it will encounter first the diffused or irradiated light, as it is improperly called, which forms the spurious edge, and in a curious, but a known and definite way, it will destroy, or rather prevent the formation of a portion of light forming the false edge. Thus there is produced a distorted image of the interposed

object, altering in form as the object advances, until at length the distortion becomes a thin line or ligament extending right across the sun's spurious or irradiation border, at which moment the phenomenon ceases, and the planet appears clean on, or, in fact, suddenly advanced on the sun. In this way it has been shown that both Baily's beads and the ligatures which he observed are optical phenomena caused by lunar mountains advancing across the spurious or irradiation border of the sun. These successive phenomena are represented in the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, of the woodcut above; and, in the case of lunar peaks, on a larger scale, by the woodcut below.



It may here be well, in passing, to give you some notion of the surface of the moon which thus intervenes between us and the sun, intercepting its light. I will exhibit first a half-moon, when you will at once perceive how jagged is the edge over which the sun is shining, and how mountainous is the whole surface. And then I will follow it by a picture of one or two of these mountains on a more enlarged scale. I will merely throw out the conjecture that these mountains, as they are called, or lunar volcanic craters, as they are generally considered, are—I speak by conjecture only—more probably gigantic bubbles which burst, and then became consolidated at last as the moon grew colder, and especially in the intense cold of a lunar night. If you could photograph the surface of Scotch porridge just when the cookery of that article of food is on the point of completion, I think you would admit it was extremely difficult to decide which was the photograph of the moon or which the photograph of the porridge,—I mean when compared even in details.

I now gladly pass to observations which will probably possess a far greater interest for the majority of my audience.

In the year 1842 Mr. Baily and the present Astronomer Royal went to the north of Italy to observe an eclipse, which would there be visible on the 7th of July. Mr. Baily's station

\* Mr. Proctor reminds me that Lalande, long before Mr. Stone, indicated "irradiation" as the cause of the ligatures; but, to Lalande, "irradiation" was little more than a word; Mr. Stone successfully applied the principles of the undulatory theory to the phenomenon.



was at Pavia, and Mr. Airy's on the beautiful hill of the Superga near Turin. Mr. Bailly's account is as follows—of course I must omit many details irrelevant to my present purpose, or too trying to your patience. He says:—

"I at first looked out for the black *lines* which I had seen in 1836, as they would probably precede the string of beads, but I did not see them; the *beads*, however, were distinctly visible. Suddenly I was astounded by a tremendous burst of applause from the streets below, and, *at the same moment*, was electrified at the sight of one of the most brilliant and splendid phenomena that can well be examined. For at that instant the dark body of the moon was suddenly surrounded with a corona, or kind of bright glory, similar in shape and relative magnitude to that which painters draw round the heads of saints, and which by the French is designated the *auréole* . . . I had imagined (erroneously as it seemed) that the corona, as to its brilliant and luminous appearance, would not be greater than that faint crepuscular light which sometimes takes place on a summer's evening. I was therefore somewhat surprised and astonished at the splendid scene which so suddenly burst on my view; it riveted my attention so effectually that I quite lost sight of the ring of beads which, however, were not completely closed when this phenomenon first appeared. The breadth of the corona, measured from the circumference of the moon, was about half the moon's diameter. The light was most dense, indeed I may say quite dense, near the moon. . . . Splendid and astonishing, however, as this remarkable phenomenon really was, and although it could not fail to call forth the admiration and applause of every beholder, yet I must confess that there was, at the same time, something in its singular and wonderful appearance that was appalling, and I can readily imagine that uncivilised nations may occasionally have become alarmed and terrified at such an object.

"But the most remarkable circumstance attending this phenomenon was the *appearance of large protuberances*, apparently emanating from the surface of the moon, but evidently forming a portion of the corona. They had the appearance of mountains of prodigious elevation; if belonging to the sun, some of them must have been from seventy to eighty thousand miles high; their colour was red, tinged with blue or purple—perhaps the colour of the peach blossom would more nearly explain it, or the colour of Alpine snow at sunset. The whole of these three protuberances were visible even to the last moment of total obscuration, and when the first ray of light was admitted from the sun, they vanished with the corona."

Such is the first formal and scientific description of the corona and its protuberances, given to us by an accomplished astronomer some thirty years ago.

In the year 1851 a large body of our most eminent practical astronomers, including Mr. Airy, Mr. Lassell, Mr. Adams, Mr. Carrington, and Mr. Dawes, travelled to Norway, in order, if possible, to determine whether the remarkable coloured protuberances belonged to the sun or to the moon. Such is the exciting nature of the surrounding phenomena, to say nothing of the brevity of their duration, that it is almost impossible to make satisfac-

tory instrumental measures of the sun's surface during the totality. During this eclipse the black ligatures, the coloured beads, the wonderful corona, the rosy protuberances were all again seen and described. Mr. Adams made an important observation. He noticed that as the moon advanced over the sun, a protuberance which was on the westerly side, or following side of the moon, gradually grew larger and larger, until it reached the height of at least eighty thousand miles. Now this is exactly what would take place if the protuberance belonged to the sun, and not to the moon. If it belonged to the sun, and was on the western side of it, then the moon as it advanced would disclose more and more of it; if the protuberance was on the eastern side of the sun, then as the moon advanced it would overlap or cover more and more of it; thus prominences on the eastern side would appear to be the largest at the commencement of totality; as the moon moved from west to east they would appear to grow smaller, while those on the western side would increase in height; and this is just the sort of phenomenon observed by Mr. Adams, only he threw some cautious doubt on the subject by remarking that—"My impression is that the increase of length was greater than can be accounted for by the moon's motion;" he adds, however, "But I cannot feel certain on this point."

It was in the year 1860 that all doubt on this question was set at rest. Mr. De la Rue had acquired great experience in taking photographs of the sun with an instrument of his own devising. Accordingly, at great pecuniary cost to himself, he took his instrument with him to the Spanish Pyrenees, not far from Vittoria, and there he succeeded in making most admirable photographs of the sun, with its appendages, during the progress of the moon over the sun's disc; and on discussing the results of his labours on his return to England, Mr. Adams's scruples or suspicions were entirely removed, and no doubt whatever remained of the solar origin and position of the coloured prominences. He demonstrated also the applicability of photography to the obtaining of astronomical or celestial measurements of the greatest delicacy.

In the year 1860, just after the Eclipse Expedition to Spain, the discoveries of Kirchhoff were published in England, and at once opened out new views and almost unbounded fields of inquiry. A new and most searching instrument was invented, or rather, an old instrument—the same instrument, in fact, as

that which Newton had used so well—was improved and reapplied, and many old and vague results received a new and very definite interpretation. Long before Kirchhoff's time it had been known, and to none so well as to makers of fireworks, that certain different vapours, when sufficiently heated, emitted lights of certain colours: strontian, for instance, gave a crimson colour to a flame, barytes gave a yellow, and copper gave a blue; but Kirchhoff went much further, and he showed experimentally that no two known vapours, when rendered luminous by heat, emitted light of *precisely the same* character; and he went further still, and he showed how light emitted by any substance in the form of a glowing vapour might be so analyzed by passing it through a prism, as infallibly to indicate the particular substance from which that light was emitted. This was a great practical step, and it led at once to the discovery of two or three distinct metals which had never been recognised before as terrestrial elements.

Kirchhoff applied also to a practical purpose another known property of heated vapours. Whatever coloured light they themselves emitted when hot, precisely that same light they would, when interposed, stop or absorb if that light was emitted from another body. Now, a substance that is in the condition of a solid like iron, will, when heated, emit light of every colour and variety sensible to the human eye, and other varieties of light also not cognizable to human vision; hence it followed that if a heated solid, such as a bar of white-hot iron, was viewed through a medium of hot hydrogen, the light which hydrogen itself would emit would now be stopped or absorbed.

Kirchhoff applied these two principles to the examination of sun-light, and he came to the astounding, but inevitable conclusion, that the light of the sun was in the first place emitted from an intensely heated solid or quasi-solid body, and thence came to us on the earth, through an atmosphere consisting of the heated vapours of hydrogen, nitrogen, iron, lime, soda, and other substances—through the vapours, in fact, of all, or most, or many, of the substances which form our earth.

Mr. Huggins—now an honorary doctor of our own University—Mr. Huggins went further still, and, by a series of most delicate experiments, conducted with great ingenuity and enormous labour, succeeded not only in adding greater precision to Kirchhoff's results, but he extended them to the constitution of the stars, and showed that they also,

like the sun, possessed a heated nucleus surrounded by hot vapours of the ordinary terrestrial elements, such as hydrogen and iron and lime. In some nebulae also, and in comets, he detected the presence of the elements of our atmosphere, such as hydrogen, or nitrogen, or carbon.

Results such as these, possessing so wide a generalisation, naturally encouraged astronomers, in the hope that they would be able to ascertain the nature and constitution of those singular flames or coloured prominences which Mr. Baily had first described, and Mr. De la Rue had first demonstrated to be appendages of the sun. Naturally also many attempts were made by artificial means to get a sight of these rosy appendages of the sun at all times and places when the sun is visible, without waiting for the hurry and excitement and brief duration of a solar eclipse. At first these attempts met with no success; this is the usual course of discovery—failure and disappointment at first, and for a long time; but at last the bright and happy thought flashes into the mind thus disciplined and prepared, and then all is clear.

Very many of my audience are no doubt familiar with these great and pregnant discoveries, and with these ingenious methods of investigation; a few, probably, are not: but the continuity of my discourse seemed to me to demand some reference to them; and, to my own mind at least, they are so beautiful, so comprehensive, so replete with logical inference, that the contemplation of them never wearies. I have been at some pains also to strip them of technical terms, substituting for them the thoughts which technical language in general so succinctly expresses.

In 1868—not more than three years ago, so rapid has been the succession of brilliant discoveries, that three years seem almost an age—in 1868 there occurred a total solar eclipse, visible in India, which was predicted to last for the unusual duration of full four minutes. By the English astronomers at home, Lieutenant John Herschel—second son of the illustrious philosopher whose death we still deplore—and Major Tennant were provided with proper instruments, and were commissioned to apply the new method of analysis to the light emitted by the rosy prominences of the sun. Memorably M. Janssen was commissioned by the French Government for the same purpose; and he, fortunately, was provided with a set of prisms of considerably greater efficiency than those supplied to the English observers. The results surpassed the expectation. The solar



prominences were demonstrated to consist mainly of heated hydrogen, intermixed probably with sodium, and with some metal not yet recognised among terrestrial elements.

But much more than this. M. Jannsen, when he saw the bright lines which formed the spectrum of a solar prominence, found them so vivid in colour and distinctness, that he involuntarily said, *Je reverrai ces lignes là* ("I shall see those lines again"); and he did see, them again, in full daylight on the morrow, as he had predicted; and again on the day after. He found in fact, to his great surprise, that the same set of prisms which he had used for the eclipse was so successful in removing or dispersing the atmospheric glare, which hitherto had extinguished or overpowered the feebler lights around the sun, that he had no difficulty henceforward in at once seeing what was going on *in bright daylight* close to its edge. He could now leisurely, without hurry and excitement, examine those same prominences which had hitherto been visible only when the general atmospheric glare was removed by the rare interposition of the moon.

Meanwhile—*i.e.*, not contemporaneously with M. Jannsen in India, but independently and before the publication of M. Jannsen's results—Mr. Lockyer, in London, had succeeded, by the same means, in obtaining precisely the same results. He, too, by passing the light through a set of glass prisms, removed or dispersed the atmospheric glare, and was enabled to examine much that was contiguous to the sun's edge. He too, like M. Jannsen, had seen, and had analysed the solar prominences in broad daylight. Strange to say, the announcement of the two results, the results of the French observer in India and the English observer in London, were communicated to the French Academy on the same day.

But Mr. Lockyer had discovered \* still more. All round the contour of the sun, and just beyond the solar photosphere, he had everywhere found the presence of hydrogen in a state of excessive heat and great tenuity: it seemed to be the lightest vapour among the materials which constitute the sun, and, being the lightest, it seemed to overtop all the others, forming at the summit a rosy-coloured envelope, extending in a sort of corrugated or wavy veil of no great thickness, on the scale of solar dimensions, over and beyond the photosphere of the sun. To this coloured

shell or envelope, or coloured ring, as it seems to be, close to and round the photosphere, he gave the significant name of chromosphere—a word which, so far as propriety of etymology is concerned, may vie with our barbarous "telegram."

But, what was far more unexpected and surprising still, this chromosphere, these upper regions of the sun's atmosphere, seemed at no time quiescent, but, on the contrary, was subject to violent agitations: ever and anon it was upraised into gigantic columns of vapour, glowing with intolerable heat, and extending through fifty, sixty, or eighty thousand miles in height: sometimes these columns of hydrogen would carry up with them, and from below, heavier vapours of iron, and magnesium, and lime; and, on one occasion, he saw unmistakable signs of every element as yet recognised in the sun—*i.e.*, speaking now in technical language, he saw Fraunhofer's spectrum, with its lines reversed from dark to bright; *i.e.*, he saw the light emitted by the glowing solar gases, alone and unabsorbed.

And now let me show you some of the results of Mr. Lockyer's observations, certain pictures of these solar prominences, these vast columns of glowing hydrogen which have been depicted by Mr. Lockyer, or Professor Zöllner, or Respighi. And then let me show you for a moment the colours emitted by hydrogen itself when rendered luminous by heat. And when you have seen pictorial representations of what is going on in the sun at the distance of ninety millions of miles, let me show you what has been observed by Mr. Scrope during an eruption of Vesuvius at the distance of ten miles. M. Respighi observed and delineated the solar storms from day to day with as much regularity as Mr. Main observes and registers the force of the wind at the Radcliffe Observatory.



Now, if Mr. Scrope's delineation of the Vesuvian eruption were placed alongside of

\* The existence of such envelope or 'sierra' had been at least suspected by Leverrier, Grant, Secchi, and others; Mr. Lockyer, in broad daylight, traced its existence round the photosphere.

M. Respighi's delineation of a solar storm, I am quite sure the one would not be distinguishable in form from the other; nor would they, in the main, be distinguishable even in the nature of the erupted matter, *viz.*, metals, and the constituents of water. The main difference would consist in the magnitude and excessive heat of the solar matter.\*

A word or two more upon this subject. Mr. Lockyer has detected velocities of movement in the solar hydrogenous vapours approaching some two hundred miles per second; the velocities of the heavier vapours, such as iron and other metals, must be much greater, as meeting with a smaller resistance; if so, then these iron and mineral vapours would as they moved get beyond the control of the sun's attraction so far, at least, as bringing them back to the sun's surface is concerned, and it seems quite conceivable that some of them might move off in hyperbolic curves, or in very eccentric ellipses, and thus might visit our terrestrial orbit, or our planetary system, or even the remoter stars in the shape of comets or meteoric stones.

The probability of this hypothesis†—for it claims to be no more—the probability of this hypothesis of the origin of some comets at least, and of some meteoric showers, is strengthened by such considerations as the following:—

1. Comets certainly contain some solar elements such as hydrogen and carbon; so also do meteoric stones: they also contain iron and some other metals.

2. Meteoric stones often come into our atmosphere with a velocity exceeding any planetary velocity.

3. Meteoric stones have been shown to contain an extraordinary amount of hydrogen occluded within their substance, and this hydrogen, thus possessing a cosmical origin, has been pumped out of these stones, when such have fallen on our earth.

4. The orbits of some comets coincide with the orbits of some assemblages of meteoric bodies.

5. Groups of comets have been shown to have had a nearly common point in their orbits, consistently with the hypothesis that they are the products of volcanic eruptions from some star.

6. Was the extraordinary and sudden emission of light from the star T Coronæ, the "world on fire," as it has been called—was

that fiery eruption the genesis of a system of comets? Was this the case also with that wonderful temporary star observed by Tycho Brahe?

Now these are confessedly speculations only, speculations though they be of great interest. They are not to be received as the *dogmata* of astronomy. Happily we have no infallible authority in science.

The problem of the solar prominences has thus been, in the main, satisfactorily solved, but there still remained certain phenomena attending a solar eclipse which required much further elucidation. What, for instance, is the significance of that Corona which excited the shouts of the people in the streets of Pavia; sounds which I heard again among the peasants on the heights of the Spanish Pyrenees? Now it was under the hope of obtaining some consistent notion of the nature and origin of this phenomenon that the recent expeditions to Spain, to Sicily, and to Africa were organized in December last. In connection with this expedition many incidents arose which, for us in this place, possess a special interest, but we have no time for their detail: suffice it to say, three photographs were obtained, one by Lord Lindsay, and another by the Americans in Spain, and a third by Mr. Brothers in Sicily. A few spectrum observations also of considerable value were obtained, and among others some by Mr. Abbey, of Wadham College, in this University. I will presently exhibit to you the photographs; but before I do so, I shall endeavour to sum up as briefly as I can what I conceive to be the main results of the expedition itself, so far as they have yet been examined and criticized; but I must add that it is in the light of the future that the full significance of the observations of the past are best understood—a remark, or a canon of interpretation, which it may be well for many of us in this place to apply to other studies besides that of astronomy.

The main results I conceive are as follows:—

1. The quadrangular shape which has so frequently been assigned to the corona is explained\* by the fact that the draughtsmen have unconsciously depicted an object which is in a state of constant change through motion. They naturally commence their drawing on the eastern side, where the corona and the prominences are the first developed; and as this part is in process of being gradually covered over by the advancing moon,

\* The diagram in the text above is that of a solar storm or eruption observed by Mr. Lockyer. The small detached cloud is very remarkable.

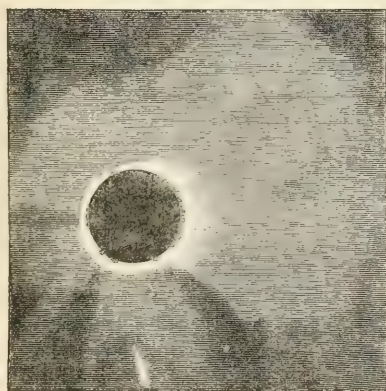
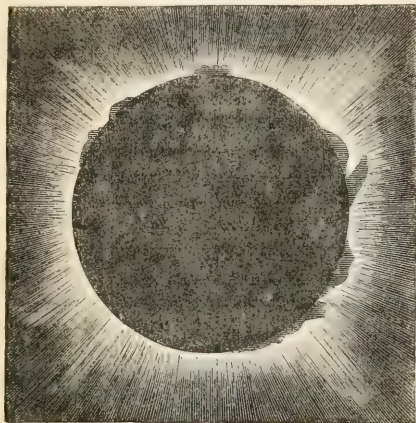
† See a paper on this subject, by Mr. Peacock, in the *Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society* for May, 1871.

\* This explanation, I confess, admits of debate, and is a matter for future observations; to myself it is very plausible.



they finish the drawing with the western side, which, towards the end of the eclipse, has, by uncovering, become the most enlarged. The natural result is, the drawing assumes a somewhat quadrangular form.

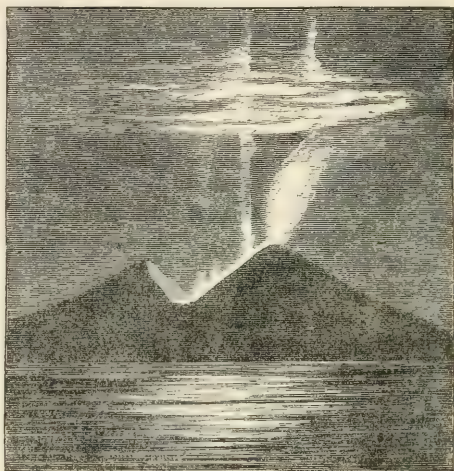
This you will easily see from the photographs yet to be exhibited.\*



2. The corona appears to consist, as many previous observers had already suspected, of two distinct portions. First, a narrow bright and nearly circular ring of nearly uniform brightness, which is formed by the glowing gaseous matters above the sun's photosphere; and then, secondly, there come the far wider and more extended parts, which are probably a mere glare arising from the reflection or scattering of this light by finely divided matter, cosmical dust, in fact, which must be particularly abundant round the sun, say within the intra-mercurial space, but which exists also, though probably in a more sparse

and less aggregated form, between us and the moon.

The effects of such glare we have often seen in the reflection of a great conflagration, or of distant lightning (which we call sheet-lightning), in the sky, and the correlative of which I will show you in another form in a picture of Vesuvius, as drawn by Professor Phillips.



3. That some light proceeding originally from the inner corona, or leucosphere, or chromosphere (these three terms being synonymous?), is reflected and scattered by cosmical dust, is shown by the bright lines which were observed in spectra taken from a portion of the sky at a considerable distance from the sun. Some light also from the chromosphere must have been scattered amongst cosmical dust existing between us and the moon; for faint *bright* lines were seen in the direction of the face of the black moon itself.\*

4. There is some substance existing in the sun, lighter than the lightest of terrestrial elements, that is, lighter than hydrogen.

5. It is very probable that at least one observer momentarily caught a sight of those solar envelopes, which, by absorbing light from the more solid photosphere, give rise to Fraunhofer's dark lines; for it is believed that all these lines were seen at once, bright instead of black, close to the sun's edge.

Mr. Lockyer once also, as we have already observed, had seen this same spectrum of bright lines.

6. The strange but beautiful colouring ob-

\* In the upper figure is a specimen of the quadrangular shape given to the corona in the draughtsman's ideal. The lower figure is that of the corona photographed by Mr. Brothers in Sicily towards the end of the eclipse. The reader will observe the greater development of the corona on the right hand or westerly side.

\* It is suggested that there may be matter enough, cosmical or other, in our own atmosphere capable of scattering the light from the "sierra" or "chromosphere," without recourse to intra-mercurial dust. Professor Young suggests, I believe, that light reflected from any object during a totality would exhibit *bright* lines when analysed.

servable in the clouds and over the surrounding landscape during a total eclipse, probably arises from the exposure of various portions of the chromosphere as they are gradually exposed or covered by the advancing moon.

7. Rifts or gaps were seen in the outer corona, and extending perhaps into the inner corona, which still require explanation. Inasmuch as they appeared to have been seen in precisely the same parts of the corona, both at Cadiz and at Syracuse, which places are distant from each other by eleven hundred miles, and at an interval of forty-five minutes in time, they must have arisen from some cause, unaffected by parallactic displacement; in or near the sun, for instance.

These, I think, are the main inferences to be drawn from the observations made during the expedition of December last, and which, it is deeply to be regretted, could only be made fitfully and by snatches through the intervening clouds. No scientific expedition was ever planned with greater care or skill, or with a more costly elaboration, nor, I may say, under greater difficulties. The results, though far less than might have accrued under happier circumstance, are nevertheless worth all the trouble and expense involved by the prosecution of the attempt.

Thus I have endeavoured to give you a very rapid sketch of the more important discoveries which have been made in astronomical physics—a new science which has sprung up during the last quarter of a century, foreshadowed indeed by the elder Herschel, but called into active existence only towards the close of the career of his son. This science of astronomy has appro-

riated to its use almost all the varied improvements and discoveries brought to light in mathematics, in optics, in mechanics, in heat and light and electricity. Photography now makes its pictures, electricity now carries its messages across the Atlantic, and at last enables the geographer to make a correct map of the globe. With the prism it ascertains the material composition of the visible universe, and then applies itself to measuring the velocity of the stellar motions and of the storms which agitate the atmosphere of the sun. By observations of almost inconceivable delicacy, it detects the existence of vacuities and of denser portions of matter within the earth itself, which no geologist had suspected, or even now can reach. Without its aid, the mighty empires now consolidating in the far West and the South would not exist; for, apart from astronomy, the far West and the South would be inaccessible or unknown. Apart from astronomy, the effective commerce of modern life, the dissemination of the fruits of labour and the lights of genius, springing up in this or that quarter of the globe, would be impossible, and the hope of ultimately linking mankind into one brotherhood of God's children would be abortive. To say nothing of this material aid which the science of astronomy is thus contributing to the civilisation of mankind, and to the knowledge of the works of God in nature, it has helped to excite and to satisfy that irrepressible curiosity with which we are entrusted for the development of some of the nobler portions of our being, and which, if not thus gratified, would only afford a place for the more dangerous passions and proclivities of an unoccupied or ill-balanced mind.

## THE RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF THE LATE WAR.

[This Sermon was first preached on July 17, 1870, being the Sunday following the proclamation of war between France and Germany. It was the Fifth Sunday after Trinity, and the text was taken from the First Lesson of the day; but immediately passing to the 2<sup>d</sup> anthem, which was selected from the forty-sixth Psalm.

On the same Fifth Sunday after Trinity, the 9<sup>th</sup> of July in 1871, the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany being present at the service, it was preached again. There were hardly any alterations, except such as were involved in the change from the future and present to the past tense.]

Israel and the Philistines had put the battle in array, army against army.—1 SAM. xvii. 21.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. He maketh wars to cease in all the earth. The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.—PSA. xlii. 1, 2, 9, 11.

**T**HERE are few thoughts more awful than those which belong to the solemn pause on the eve of a great battle. Such is that which is indicated in the chapter we have just read. "The Philistines stood on a mountain on one side, and Israel stood on a mountain on the other side; and there was a valley between them." "The host was going forth to the fight, and shouted for the battle." "Israel and the Philistines had put the battle in array, army against army." Not

only in the contest of David and Goliath, but in every contest, in every battle which has rent mankind asunder, these words, this awful interval, has recurred. The torrent's swiftness ere it dash below—the winter whirlwind hush'd in firm repose, the lull before the burst of the hurricane, the silence which precedes the earthquake or the volcano, seems to speak to the heart with a still small voice, more moving even than battle, or cataract, or storm, or earthquake, or fire.



My brethren, it may be in the recollection of some here present that on this Sunday last year, when this chapter was last read in our hearing, I took occasion of its striking narrative to express, through the very words which I have just used, the thoughts which were in the minds of all on the eve of that great war which was then just beginning, which is now happily finished. On that day, knowing what thoughts were in the minds of all, fearing, imagining, picturing to ourselves what might be at that very moment enacting in the centre of Europe, it seemed impossible for the preacher not to ask himself what he should say to meet those thoughts halfway. I then ventured to ask, and I would fain think that on this day it is not unsuitable once again to ask, what is the religious aspect of that state of dread suspense in which the nations then stood by, of the thankful relief with which they now look back to the termination of this sudden and terrible convulsion?

There were many thoughts on which we need not here dwell. There were the awful foreshadowings of what might befall the whole civilized world; "men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which were coming on the earth." There were the hopes and prayers which were offered up that it might yet be possible to extinguish, to contract, or to shorten the miseries which seemed to be impending on the nations of Europe.

These, and many like thoughts, were too much connected with earthly strife and earthly counsels, and earthly judgments, to be fitted for this place. What was needed was to find expression for feelings which, at least on this sacred day and in this sacred place, might calm as well as elevate—strengthen as well as enkindle us. And to this end we asked what were the thoughts which filled the minds of the more devout Israelites on that day when the two nations were encamped in battle array; what David said in his inmost heart when he saw the two mighty hosts, and heard the murderous challenge.

Such a hymn or psalm was, in fact, imagined for him in later times, and is found at the end of the Psalter, as the 151st Psalm, in the Greek translation of the Bible. But perhaps we shall best figure to ourselves what David might have said, at any rate, what we might think in like case, if we go forwards in the Jewish history to a later time—from the time of David to the time of Hezekiah—and there read in the Psalter another Psalm, written, evidently, at the time of the invasion of Palestine by the host of Sennacherib—it may be immediately before, it may be immediately

after, the overthrow of his army, but clearly intended to describe the feelings of the Jewish people on the eve of the expected crisis; and perhaps of all other passages of the Bible the most suitable for our thoughts on occasions like this, whether in prospect or in retrospect of the struggles which called it forth. It is the forty-sixth Psalm, written perhaps by Hezekiah, perhaps by Isaiah, certainly in the spirit of both, certainly also (we may say) in the spirit of David himself, amongst whose psalms it is inserted.

I will read it with such explanations and slight changes as may bring out its full meaning:—

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will we not fear, though the earth do quake,

Though the mountains be moved into the heart of the seas,

Though the waters thereof rage and swell, Although the mountains shake at the tempest of the same.

The Eternal, the Lord of Hosts is with us.

The God of Jacob is our tower of strength.

There is a stream, the waters whereof make glad the city of God,

The holy places of the tabernacle of the Most Highest.

God is in the midst of her, she shall not be moved.

God will help her, when the morning dawns.

The nations raged, the kingdoms were moved.

His thunder roared, the earth melted.

The Eternal, the Lord of Hosts is with us.

The God of Jacob is our tower of strength.

Come hither and behold the work of the Eternal, What wonders He hath wrought upon the earth.

He maketh wars to cease in all the world.

He breaketh the bows and snappeth the spears in sunder.

He burneth the chariots of war in the fire.

Be still then, and know that I am God.

I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

The Eternal, the Lord of Hosts is with us.

The God of Jacob is our tower of strength.

Let us see what are the main thoughts contained in this glorious psalm. They are chiefly these:—

1. There is the thought that, though the political convulsions of the world are so terrible that the solid earth seems to reel and shake, there is an immovable refuge, and that is the Eternal God. It is the contrast between the hurried movements of time and the unruffled stillness of eternity. States and nations which seemed, but a few months ago, as deeply rooted and secure as mountains, were tossed into the very heart and vortex of a raging sea of calamity and confusion. The surface of the political waters which seemed as calm as a summer lake, was

roused into the foaming billows of a stormy ocean. But there was then, there is now, there will be always, one object which rises out of these tumults like a lighthouse, like a castle on an island rock, seen from far, unshaken. It is He whose name is Eternal. It is He whose name is "the Lord of Hosts," whose hand guides and controls all the infinite and complicated movements in heaven and in earth, in peace and in war. It is He whose name is the old primeval Father and Friend of the times of patriarchal simplicity no less than of modern civilisation—*Jehovah, the Eternal, the God of Jacob*. It is said that in the shock of an earthquake at night, when houses are falling and trees shaking, and the ground rocking beneath our feet, there is a solemn sense of awe inspired by looking up to the sky above, and seeing that the stars alone remain unmoved by the commotion of the earth. That was the kind of thought suggested to the Psalmist by the shock of Sennacherib's invasion. That is the thought that should be suggested to us by reflections on the commotions of Europe. However exciting, however agitating, those events may be, and have been, they do not, they cannot, alter by one hair's breadth the eternal laws of right and wrong; they do not render less certain for one moment the everlasting goodness and justice of the Supreme Governor of the universe. It is an old and often repeated truth. But it is the very meaning and force of our belief in God. "The Lord sitteth above the water-floods, though the earth be never so unquiet."

2. There is the hope that by the very means of those convulsions, whatever there is of good and true in the world, will be purified, tested, and saved. Those tossing waves, that raging flood, to which the Psalmist compared the approach of Sennacherib, to which we then compared, as we looked forward, to which we may still compare as we look backwards, the headlong torrent of armies and the shock of arms—all this ought to bring out in more striking contrast the calm, still, refreshing stream of just and holy thoughts "that make glad the city of God." "The city of God"—that is, not any earthly city, as was once Jerusalem, but the city of God, built up in many a happy home, in many a holy household, in many a loving heart, in many a pure conscience, torn, distracted, perplexed, but not cast down, not thrown off its balance even by the severest strain—rising to the full emergency of the crisis—receiving even by the terrible suddenness of the trial a power which was never

known before—a quietness and confidence in which is the strongest of all strengths. That forty-sixth Psalm was sung, as it were, by the Israelites on the very eve of the struggle, in the very jaws of death. The dark and dreadful night was to come between. But in the morning dawn deliverance was to come—how and whence they knew not. In that stormy night, in those dark hours, there seemed to be coming over the waves a ghastly and lurid spectre. Not so. "It is He, the Lord of Hosts, the God of Jacob," working in the darker as in the brighter dispensations to purify and strengthen us. "It is He, be not afraid." In such great convulsions trifles find their proper place, selfish pleasures cease to have the same excitement, frivolous controversies are withered up; "the city of God," the city of the Just, the Pure, and the True, remains unmoved. "Lord," asked David on a like occasion, "who shall rest on Thy holy hill, in the holy places of the tabernacle of the Most High?" It is not always he who is most successful, nor always he who is the master of the legions and the thunderer of the nations, but he who walketh uprightly, and doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart, who promiseth to his neighbour and disappointeth him not—whoso doeth these things is a true citizen of the city of God—whoso doeth these things shall never fall. "Who shall dwell," so asks the prophet at the time of Sennacherib's invasion, "who shall dwell with the devouring fire, who shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" that is to say, who shall dwell unscathed amidst the fires and terrors and horrors of unimaginable distress and woe? who shall be pure and gentle in the midst of violence and bloodshed? who shall be able to resist the temptations which war and tumult almost of necessity bring with them? And the answer of the prophet is still true,— "He that walketh righteously and speaketh uprightly," "he shall dwell on high, his place shall be the munitions of rocks."

3. There is the thought, the hope of the ultimate triumph of good, of a higher and more universal peace. Most disheartening, most perplexing, are all such retrogressions in the history of mankind and of Christianity—when the progress, and the knowledge, and the religion of centuries seems to be suddenly overthrown. Yet the Psalmists and the Prophets never abandoned the hope of better things, even in their wild time—how much less we in ours!

Athwart the fears of the last year, that



vision of a distant and universal peace never altogether faded from the hopes of men. And oh ! may that protest of Christian civilisation never be silent. It is the fixed will of the All-good and All-wise that these miseries should be restrained, and should be ended at last—"He maketh wars to cease in all the world—He breaketh the bows and snappeth the spears in sunder—He burneth the war chariots in the fire." That is the mind of God. That is the intention of Providence. All the multiplied artillery, all the complex engines of ancient war as they seemed then—all the thousandfold more complex artillery, and all the thousandfold more dreadful engines of modern destruction, are doomed at last to end. Wonderful monuments as they are of human skill and human genius, mysteriously as they have been interwoven with some of the most stirring passages, with some of the noblest deeds in the history of the human race [wonderfully as this union has been exemplified in the astonishing valour and forethought of that mighty nation, whose victories this time last year were still in the unborn future]; yet of all the great works of men these vast instruments of war have, in every age, been, in their outward form and fashion, the most transitory, the least enduring.

Look at the contrast in the narrative to which I have so often referred—of David's battle with Goliath. Look at the helmet of brass and the coat of mail, and the greaves of brass, and the staff of the spear like a weaver's beam—where are they now? gone, fled, buried never to return—a symbol of the fleeting, temporary interest of war, and all its pomp and circumstance, overwhelming, absorbing, magnificent as it is for the moment. Look, on the other hand, at the never-dying interests of peace and the arts of peace, as exemplified in the shepherd's staff, the poet's harp, the prophet's fire, the statesman's wisdom, as we see them in that fair-haired youth who stood against the Philistine giant, and whose immortal strains have survived every vestige of that once formidable array of martial grandeur.

So we trust it is now.

The green grass, the growing corn, waves again over the bloody fields where the dead lie buried. Let us hope that as Nature thus gently draws her mantle over those gaping wounds and ghastly sights, so the better instincts of civilisation, of Christianity, of that high ambition which seeks to exalt justice, mercy, and truth in the earth, will smooth over the festering enmities and the bitter jealousies of the past,

and bind together the nations in that noble fellowship, that holy rivalry of good works and wise projects which will leave no time or thought for the schemes of passion or revenge.

Once more let us sum up the doctrine of the Psalm in those words repeated at its beginning, middle, and end: "God is our refuge—God is our tower of strength." Not only in great convulsions, but in the more still devotions of Churches, in the yet more intimate devotions of individuals, which again are expanded into the worship of multitudes, have those words been made famous. They were written in the greatest of ancient Christian Churches—the Church of St. Sophia at Constantinople. They were written round the earliest of Russian Churches—the Cathedral of Kieff. Those ancient Christian rulers, those ancient Christian missionaries, felt their force, and wrote them there for the comfort of all future times. And lastly, and chief of all, they were wrought into the hymn composed by Luther, in one of the most anxious moments of his life, in the Castle of Coburg.

"Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott  
Ein gute wehr und wappen;"

or (if I may thus recall the beginning and end as translated by a great English historian):—

"A safe stronghold our God is still,  
A trusty shield and weapon,  
He'll help us clear from all the ill  
That hath us now o'ertaken.  
And though they take our life,  
Goods, children, land, and wife,  
These things shall vanish all,  
The City of God remaineth."

That ancient psalm, first written when the battle was in array, army against army—thus became through Luther the Hymn of the Reformation, when army was set against army in the great spiritual battle of that age—and through the Reformation it became the Hymn of the German people, sung in all times of need, both of nations and of men. In that eve of the war, on which last year these very same words were sounded in your hearing, it was sung, I doubt not, in hundreds of German churches and German homes. Let us join with them in that psalm. We did not then prejudge the strife. We did not venture to predict the future. But we did venture to say, "May God defend the right." We did join with them, as we will join them again, this day, in committing ourselves and them alike, now and always, to a higher Power, which shall, we trust, guide us all through the arduous, perplexing, yet glorious future.

"God is our strength and refuge, a very present help in trouble. The Eternal, the Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our tower of strength." A. P. STANLEY.

## AN UNFINISHED SONG.

"Cantat Deo qui vivit Deo."

YES, he was well-nigh gone, and near his rest.  
 The year could not renew him ; nor the cry  
 Of building nightingales about the nest ;  
 Nor that last freshness of the May-wind's sigh,

That fell before the scents of June, and died  
 Between the full-leaved summer of the trees.  
 All these he knew not, lying open-eyed,  
 Deep in a dream that was : of pain nor ease.



But death not yet. Outside a woman talked—  
 His wife she was—whose clicking needles sped  
 To faded phrases of complaint, that balked  
 My rising words of comfort. Overhead,

A cage that hung amid the jasmine stars  
 Trembled a little, and a blossom dropped.  
 Then notes came pouring through the wicker bars,  
 Climbed half a rapid arc of song, and stopped.



"Is it a thrush?" I asked. "A thrush," she said.  
 "That was Will's tune. Will taught him that before  
 He left the doorway settle for his bed,  
 Sick as you see, and couldn't teach him more.

"He'd bring his Bible here o' nights, would Will,  
 Following the light, and whiles when it was dark  
 And days were warm, he'd sit there whistling still,  
 Teaching the bird. He whistled like a lark."

"Jack! Jack!" A joyous flutter stirred the cage,  
 Shaking the blossoms down. The bird began;  
 The woman turned again to want and wage,  
 And in the inner chamber sighed the man.

How clear the song was! Musing as I heard,  
 I seemed to lose the droning of the wife,  
 In sad comparisons of man and bird,  
 The broken song, the uncompleted life,

That seemed a broken song; and of the two,  
 My thought a moment deemed the bird more blest,  
 That, when the sun shone, sang the notes it knew,  
 Without desire or knowledge of the rest.

Nay, happier man. For him futurity  
 Still hides a hope that this his earthly praise  
 Finds heavenly end, for surely will not He,  
 Solver of all, above his Flower of Days,

Teach him the song that no one living knows?  
 Let the man die, with that half-chant of his,—  
 What Now discovers not, Hereafter shows,  
 And God will surely teach him more than this.

Again the bird. I turned, and passed along;  
 But Time and Death, Eternity and Change,  
 Talked with me ever, and the climbing song  
 Rose in my hearing, beautiful and strange.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF FRANCE AND ITALY.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

### IX.

#### ROME.

MAY 15th.—My wife and I went yesterday to the Sistine Chapel, it being my first visit. It is a room of noble proportions, lofty and long, though divided in the midst by a screen or partition of white marble, which was high enough to break the effect of spacious unity. There are six arched windows on each side of the chapel, throwing down their light from the height of the walls, with as much as twenty feet of space (more, I should think) between them and the floor. The entire walls and ceiling of this stately chapel are covered with paintings in fresco, except the space about ten feet in height from the floor, and that portion was intended to be adorned by tapestries from pictures by Raphael; but the design being prevented by his immature death, the projected tapestries have no better substitute than paper-hangings. The roof, which is flat at top, and coved or vaulted at the sides, is painted in compartments by Michel Angelo, with frescoes representing the whole progress of the world and of mankind, from its first formation by the Almighty till after the flood. On one of the sides of the chapel are pictures by Perugino and other old masters, of subsequent events in sacred history; and the entire wall behind the altar, a vast expanse, from the ceiling to the floor, is taken up with Michel Angelo's summing up of the world's history and destinies in his Last Judgment.

There can be no doubt that, while these frescoes continued in their perfection, there was nothing else to be compared with the

magnificent and solemn beauty of this chapel. Enough of ruined splendour still remains to convince the spectator of all that has departed: but methinks I have seen hardly anything else so forlorn and depressing as it is now, all dusky and dim, even the very lights having passed into shadows, and the shadows into utter blackness; so that it needs a sunshiny day, under the bright Italian heavens, to make the designs perceptible at all. As we sat in the chapel, there were clouds flitting across the sky; when the clouds came, the pictures vanished; when the sunshine broke forth, the figures sadly glimmered into something like visibility—the Almighty moving in chaos—the noble shape of Adam, the beautiful Eve; and, beneath, where the roof curves, the mighty figures of sibyls and prophets, looking as if they were necessarily so gigantic because the thought within them was so massive. In the Last Judgment, the scene of the greater part of the picture lies in the upper sky, the blue of which glows through betwixt the groups of naked figures; and above sits Jesus, not looking in the least like the Saviour of the world, but, with uplifted arm, denouncing eternal misery on those whom He came to save. I fear I am myself among the wicked; for I found myself inevitably taking their part, and asking for at least a little pity, some few regrets, and not such a stern, denunciatory spirit on the part of Him who had thought us worth dying for. Around Him stand grim saints, and, far beneath, people are getting up sleepily out of their graves, not well knowing what is about to

happen; many of them, however, finding themselves clutched by demons before they are half awake. It would be a very terrible picture to one who should really see Jesus, the Saviour, in that inexorable Judge; but it seems to me very undesirable that He should ever be represented in that aspect, when it is so essential to our religion to believe Him infinitely kinder and better towards us than we deserve. At the last day, I presume—that is, in all future days, when we see ourselves as we are—man's only inexorable judge will be himself, and the punishment of his sins will be the perception of them.

In the lower corner of this great picture, at the right of the spectator, is a hideous figure of a damned person, girdled about with a serpent, the folds of which are carelessly knotted between his thighs, so as, at all events, to give no offence to decency. This figure represents a man who suggested to Pope Paul III. that the nudities of the Last Judgment ought to be draped, for which offence Michel Angelo at once consigned him to hell. It shows what a debtor's prison and dungeon of private torment men would make of hell if they had the control of it. As to the nudities, if they were ever more nude than now, I should suppose, in their fresh brilliancy, they might well have startled a not very squeamish eye. The effect, such as it is, of this picture is much injured by the high altar and its canopy, which stands close against the wall, and intercepts a considerable portion of the sprawl of nakedness with which Michel Angelo has filled his sky. However, I am not unwilling to believe, with faith beyond what I can actually see, that the greatest pictorial miracles ever yet achieved have been wrought upon the walls and ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

In the afternoon I went with Mr. Thompson to see what bargain could be made with vetturinos for taking myself and family to Florence. We talked with three or four, and found them asking prices of various enormity, from a hundred and fifty scudi down to little more than ninety; but Mr. Thompson says that they always begin in this way, and will probably come down to somewhere about seventy-five. Mr. Thompson took me into the Via Portoghese, and showed me an old palace, above which rose—not a very customary feature of the architecture of Rome—a tall, battlemented tower. At one angle of the tower we saw a shrine of the Virgin, with a lamp, and all the appendages of those numerous shrines which we see at the street corners and in hundreds of places about the

city. Three or four centuries ago this palace was inhabited by a nobleman who had an only son and a large pet monkey, and one day the monkey caught the infant up and clambered to this lofty turret, and sat there with him in his arms, grinning and chattering like the devil himself. The father was in despair, but was afraid to pursue the monkey lest he should fling down the child from the height of the tower and make his escape. At last he vowed that if the boy were safely restored to him he would build a shrine at the summit of the tower, and cause it to be kept as a sacred place for ever. By-and-by the monkey came down and deposited the child on the ground; the father fulfilled his vow, built the shrine, and made it obligatory on all future possessors of the palace to keep the lamp burning before it. Centuries have passed; the property has changed hands, but still there is the shrine on the giddy top of the tower, far aloft over the street, on the very spot where the monkey sat, and there burns the lamp in memory of the father's vow. This being the tenure by which the estate is held, the extinguishment of that flame might yet turn the present owner out of the palace.

*May 21st.*—Mamma and I went yesterday forenoon to the Spada Palace, which we found among the intricacies of central Rome—a dark and massive old edifice, built around a court, the fronts giving on which are adorned with statues in niches and sculptured ornaments. A woman led us up a staircase, and ushered us into a great, gloomy hall, square and lofty, and wearing a very grey and ancient aspect, its walls being painted in chiaro-oscuro, apparently a great many years ago. The hall was lighted by small windows, high upward from the floor, and admitting only a dusky light. The only furniture or ornament, so far as I recollect, was the colossal statue of Pompey, which stands on its pedestal, at one side, certainly the sternest and severest of figures, and producing the most awful impression on the spectator. Much of the effect, no doubt, is due to the sombre obscurity of the hall, and to the loneliness in which the great, naked statue stands. It is entirely male, except for a cloak that hangs down from the left shoulder; in the left hand, it holds a globe; the right arm is extended. The whole expression is such as the statue might have assumed if, during the tumult of Cæsar's murder, it had stretched forth its marble hand and motioned the conspirators to give over the attack, or to be quiet, now that their



victim had fallen at its feet. On the left leg, about midway above the ankle, there is a dull red stain, said to be Cæsar's blood; but, of course, it is just such a red stain in the marble as may be seen on the statue of Antinous at the Capitol. I could not see any resemblance in the face of the statue to that of the bust of Pompey, shown as such at the Capitol, in which there is not the slightest moral dignity, or sign of intellectual eminence. I am glad to have seen this statue, and glad to remember it in that grey, dim, lofty hall—glad that there were no bright frescoes on the walls, and that the ceiling was wrought with massive beams, and the floor paved with ancient brick.

From this ante-room we passed through several saloons containing pictures, some of which were by eminent artists; the Judith of Guido, a copy of which used to weary me to death, year after year, in the Boston Athenæum, and many portraits of cardinals of the Spada family, and other pictures, by Guido. There were some portraits also of the family, by Titian, some good pictures by Guercino, and many which I should have been glad to examine more at leisure; but, by-and-by, the custode made his appearance, and began to close the shutters, under pretence that the sunshine would injure the paintings,—an effect, I presume, not very likely to follow after two or three centuries of exposure to light, air, and whatever else might hurt them. However, the pictures seemed to be in much better condition and more enjoyable, so far as they had merit, than those in most Roman picture galleries, although the Spada Palace itself has a decayed and impoverished aspect, as if the family had dwindled from its former state and grandeur, and now, perhaps, smuggled itself into some out-of-the-way corner of the old edifice. If such be the case, there is something touching in their still keeping possession of Pompey's statue, which makes their house famous, and the sale of which might give them the means of building it up anew, for surely it is worth the whole sculpture gallery of the Vatican.

In the afternoon Mr. Thompson and I went, for the third or fourth time, to negotiate with vetturinos. So far as I know them they are a very tricky set of people, bent on getting as much as they can, by hook or by crook, out of the unfortunate individual who falls into their hands. We had nearly concluded a bargain with one, a day or two ago, to take or send us to Florence, *viâ* Perugia, in eight days, for a hundred scudi; but he now drew back,

under pretence of having misunderstood the terms, though, in reality, no doubt, he was in hopes of getting a better bargain from somebody else. We made an agreement with another man, whom Mr. Thompson knows and highly recommends, and immediately made it sure and legally binding by exchanging a formal written contract, in which everything is set down, even to milk, butter, bread, eggs, and coffee, which we are to have for breakfast, the vetturino having to pay every expense for himself, his horses, and his passengers, and include it within ninety-five scudi, and five crowns in addition for *buon-mano*. . . .

*May 22nd.*—Yesterday, while we were at dinner, Mr. — called. I never saw him but once before, and that was at the door of our little red cottage in Lenox; he sitting in a waggon with one or two of the Sedgewicks, merely exchanging a greeting with me from under the brim of his straw hat, and driving on. He presented himself now with a long white beard, such as a palmer might have worn as the growth of his long pilgrimages, a brow almost entirely bald, and what hair he has quite hoary; a forehead impending, yet not massive; dark, bushy eyebrows and keen eyes, without much softness in them; a dark and sallow complexion; a slender figure, bent a little with age, but at once alert and infirm. It surprised me to see him so venerable; for, as poets are Apollo's kinsmen, we are inclined to attribute to them his enviable quality of never growing old. There was a weary look in his face, as if he were tired of seeing things and doing things, though with certainly enough still to see and do, if need were. My family gathered about him, and he conversed with great readiness and simplicity about his travels, and whatever other subject came up; telling us that he had been abroad five times, and was now getting a little home-sick, and had no more eagerness for sights, though his "gals" (as he called his daughter and another young lady) dragged him out to see the wonders of Rome again. His manners and whole aspect are very particularly plain, though not affectedly so; but it seems as if, in the decline of life, and the security of his position, he had put off whatever artificial polish he may have heretofore had, and resumed the simpler habits and deportment of his early New England breeding. Not but what you discover, nevertheless, that he is a man of refinement, who has seen the world, and is well aware of his own place in it. He spoke with great pleasure of his recent visit to Spain. I

introduced the subject of Kansas, and methought his face forthwith assumed something of the bitter keenness of the editor of a political newspaper, while speaking of the triumph of the administration over the free-soil opposition. I inquired whether he had seen S——, and he gave a very sad account of him as he appeared at their last meeting, which was in Paris. S——, he thought, had suffered terribly, and would never again be the man he was; he was getting fat; he talked continually of himself, and of trifles concerning himself, and seemed to have no interest for other matters; and Mr. —— feared that the shock upon his nerves had extended to his intellect, and was irremediable. He said that S—— ought to retire from public life, but had no friend true enough to tell him so. This is about as sad as anything can be. I hate to have S—— undergo the fate of a martyr, because he was not naturally of the stuff that martyrs are made of, and it is altogether by mistake that he has thrust himself into the position of one. He was merely, though with excellent abilities, one of the best of fellows, and ought to have lived and died in good fellowship with all the world. —— was not in the least degree excited about this or any other subject. He uttered neither passion nor poetry, but excellent good sense, and accurate information on whatever subject transpired; a very pleasant man to associate with; but rather cold, I should imagine, if one should seek to touch his heart with one's own. He shook hands kindly all round, but not with any warmth of gripe, although the ease of his deportment had put us all on sociable terms with him.

At seven o'clock we went by invitation to take tea with Miss Bremer. After much search and lumbering painfully up two or three staircases in vain, and at last going about in a strange circuit, we found her in a small chamber of a large old building, situated a little way from the brow of the Tarpeian Rock. It was the tiniest and humblest domicile that I have seen in Rome, just large enough to hold her narrow bed, her tea-table, and a table covered with books, photographs of Roman ruins, and some pages written by herself. I wonder whether she be poor. Probably so; for she told us that her expense of living here is only five pauls a day. She welcomed us, however, with the greatest cordiality and ladylike simplicity, making no allusion to the humbleness of her environment (and making us also lose sight of it by the absence of all apology), any more than if she were receiving us in a palace. There

is not a better bred woman, and yet one does not think whether she has any breeding or no. Her little bit of a round table was already spread for us with her blue earthenware tea-cups; and after she had got through an interview with the Swedish minister, and dismissed him with a hearty pressure of his hand between both her own, she gave us our tea, and some bread, and a mouthful of cake.

Meanwhile, as the day declined, there had been the most beautiful view over the Campagna, out of one of her windows; and, from the other, looking towards St. Peter's, the broad gleam of a mildly glorious sunset; not so pompous and magnificent as many that I have seen in America, but softer and sweeter in all its changes. As its lovely hues died slowly away, the half moon shone out brighter and brighter; for there was not a cloud in the sky, and it seemed like the moonlight of my younger days. In the garden beneath her window, verging upon the Tarpeian Rock, there was shrubbery and one large tree, softening the brow of the famous precipice, adown which the old Romans used to fling their traitors, or sometimes, indeed, their patriots.

Miss Bremer talked plentifully in her strange manner, good English enough for a foreigner, but so oddly intonated and accented that it is impossible to be sure of more than one word in ten. Being so little comprehensible, it is very singular how she contrives to make her auditors so perfectly certain, as they are, that she is talking the best sense, and in the kindest spirit. There is no better heart than hers, and not many sounder heads; and a little touch of sentiment comes delightfully in, mixed up with a quick and delicate humour, and the most perfect simplicity. There is also a very pleasant atmosphere of maidenhood about her; we are sensible of a freshness and odour of the morning still in this little withered rose — its recompense for never having been gathered and worn, but only diffusing fragrance on its stem. I forget mainly what we talked about: a good deal about art of course, although that is a subject of which Miss Bremer evidently knows nothing. Once we spoke of fleas: insects that, in Rome, come home to everybody's business and bosom, and are so common and inevitable, that no delicacy is felt about alluding to the sufferings they inflict. Poor little Miss Bremer was tormented with one while turning out our tea. . . . . She talked, among other things, of the winters in Sweden, and said that she liked them, long and severe as they are; and this made



me feel ashamed of dreading the winters of New England, as I did before coming from home, and do now still more after five or six mild English Decembers.

By-and-by two young ladies came in, Miss Bremer's neighbours, it seemed, fresh from a long walk on the Campagna, fresh and weary at the same time. One apparently was German and the other French, and they brought her an offering of flowers, and chatted to her with affectionate vivacity; and, as we were about taking leave, Miss Bremer asked them to accompany her and us on a visit to the edge of the Tarpeian Rock. Before we left the room she took a bunch of roses that were in a vase and gave them to Miss Shepard, who told her that she should make her six sisters happy by giving one to each. Then we went down the intricate stairs, and emerging into the garden, walked round the brow of the hill, which plunges headlong with exceeding abruptness; but, so far as I could see in the moonlight, is no longer quite a precipice. Then we re-entered the house, and went up-stairs and down again, through intricate passages, till we got into the street, which was still peopled with the ragamuffins who infest and burrow in that part of Rome. We returned through an archway, and descended the broad flight of steps into the Piazza of the Capitol; and from the extremity of it, just at the head of the long graded way, where Castor and Pollux and the old milestones stand, we turned to the left, and followed a somewhat winding path, till we came into the court of a palace. This court is bordered by a parapet, leaning over which we saw the sheer precipice of the Tarpeian Rock, about the height of a four-story house.

On the edge of this, before we left the court, Miss Bremer bade us farewell, kissing my wife most affectionately on each cheek, and then turning towards myself she pressed my hand, and we parted, probably never to meet again. God bless her good heart! She is a most amiable little woman, worthy to be the maiden aunt of the whole human race. I suspect, by-the-bye, that she does not like me half so well as I do her; it is my impression that she thinks me unamiable, or that there is something or other not quite right about me. I am sorry if it be so, because such a good, kindly, clear-sighted, and delicate person is very apt to have reason at the bottom of her harsh thoughts, when, in rare cases, she allows them to harbour with her.

To-day, and for some days past, we have been in quest of lodgings for next winter; a weary search, up interminable staircases,

which seduce us upward to no successful result. It is very disheartening not to be able to place the slightest reliance on the integrity of the people we are to deal with; not to believe in any connection between their words and their purposes; to know that they are certainly telling you falsehoods, while you are not in a position to catch hold of the lie, and hold it up in their faces.

This afternoon we called on Mr. and Mrs. — at the Hôtel de l'Europe, but found only the former at home. We had a pleasant visit; but I made no observations of his character save such as I have already sufficiently recorded; and when we had been with him a little while, Mrs. Chapman, the artist's wife, Mr. Terry, and my friend Mr. Thompson, came in. — received them all with the same good degree of cordiality that he did ourselves; not cold, not very warm, not annoyed, not ecstasically delighted; a man, I should suppose, not likely to have ardent individual preferences, though perhaps capable of stern individual dislikes. But I take him, at all events, to be a very upright man, and pursuing a narrow track of integrity; he is a man whom I would never forgive (as I would a thousand other men) for the slightest moral delinquency. I would not be bound to say, however, that he has not the little sin of a fretful and peevish habit; and yet, perhaps, I am a sinner myself for thinking so.

*May 23rd.*—This morning I breakfasted at William Story's, and met there Mr. Bryant, Mr. T. (an English gentleman), Mr. and Mrs. Apthorp, Miss Hosmer, and one or two other ladies. Bryant was very quiet, and made no conversation audible to the general table. Mr. T. talked of English politics and public men; the *Times*, and other newspapers, English clubs, and social habits generally; topics in which I could well enough bear my part of the discussion. After breakfast, and aside from the ladies, he mentioned an illustration of Lord Ellenborough's lack of administrative ability—a proposal seriously made by his lordship in reference to the refractory Sepoys. We had a very pleasant breakfast, and certainly a breakfast is much preferable to a dinner, not merely in the enjoyment while it is passing, but afterwards. I made a good suggestion to Miss Hosmer for the design of a fountain—a lady bursting into tears—water gushing from a thousand pores, in literal translation of the phrase; and to call the statue “Niobe, all tears.” I doubt whether she adopts the idea, but Bernini would have been delighted

with it. I should think the gush of water might be so arranged as to form a beautiful drapery about the figure, swaying and fluttering with every breath of wind, and rearranging itself in the calm; in which case the lady might be said to have "a habit of weeping." Apart with William Story, he and I talked of the unluckiness of Friday, &c., and I like him particularly well.

We have been plagued to-day with our preparations for leaving Rome to-morrow, and especially with verifying the inventory of furniture, before giving up the house to our landlord. He and his daughter have been examining every separate article, down even to the kitchen skewers, I believe, and charging us to the amount of several scudi for cracks and breakages, which very probably existed when we came into possession. It is very uncomfortable to have dealings with such a mean people (though our landlord is German)—mean in their business transactions; mean even in their beggary; for the beggars seldom ask for more than a mezzo bajocco, though they sometimes grumble when you suit your gratuity exactly to their petition.

It is pleasant to record that the Italians have great faith in the honour of the English and Americans, and never hesitate to trust entire strangers, to any reasonable extent, on the strength of their being of the honest Anglo-Saxon race.

This evening U—— and I took a farewell walk in the Pincian Gardens, to see the sunset; and found them crowded with people, promenading and listening to the music of the French band. It was the feast of Whit-Sunday, which probably brought a greater throng than usual abroad.

When the sun went down, we descended into the Piazza del Popolo, and thence into the Via Ripetta, and emerged through a gate to the shore of the Tiber, along which there is a pleasant walk beneath a grove of trees. We traversed it once and back again, looking at the rapid river, which still kept its mud-puddly aspect even in the clear twilight, and beneath the brightening moon. The great bell of St. Peter's tolled with a deep boom,—a grand and solemn sound; the moon gleamed through the branches of the trees above us; and U—— spoke with somewhat alarming fervour of her love for Rome, and regret at leaving it. We shall have done the child no good office in bringing her here, if the rest of her life is to be a dream of this "city of the soul," and an unsatisfied yearning to come back to it. On the other hand, nothing elevating and refining can be really injurious, and so I hope she will always be the better for Rome, even if her life should be spent where there are no pictures, no statues—nothing but the dryness and meagreness of a New England village.

## THE MOTHER AND THE ANGEL

BY A RAILWAY SURFACEMAN.

"I WANT my child," the mother said, as  
through  
The deep sweet air of purple-breathing  
morn  
She rose 'mid clouds of most celestial hue,  
By the soft strength of angels' wings up-  
borne.

Then he who bore her to her heavenly rest  
Drew back the hands that hid her weeping  
eyes,  
And said, "I cannot alter the request  
Of Him whose glory lights the earth and  
skies

"For ere I came, and, as I paused again,  
To hear His omnipresent words, He said,

"Take thou the root, but let the bud remain,  
To perfect into blossom in its stead."

"And so I bear thee, that in our sweet land  
You may be one of our immortal kind,  
With not one task but to reach forth thy hand  
And guide the footsteps of thy child behind."

He ceased, and winging reach'd those realms  
on high,

Whose lustre we half see through stars below,  
And all the light that fills our earthly sky  
Is but a shadow to its mighty glow.

Now whether that the mother in this light  
Stood yearning for her treasure in our hands,  
Or whether God saw fitting, in His might,  
To reunite again the broken bands,





We know not ; but when night had come at  
last,  
And wore to clasp the first embrace of day,  
An angel entered, though the door was fast,  
And all unseen took what we held away.

One took the mother from all earthly claim,  
From out the bounds of life and all its  
harms,  
But still I think 'twas God Himself that came  
And took the child and laid it in her arms.

## THOUGHTS ON THE TEMPTATION OF OUR LORD.

BY THE EDITOR.

## VI.—THE THIRD TEMPTATION.

(Continued from p. 398.)

"All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me."—MATT. iv. 9.

THE essence of this temptation, as we have seen, was *life without God*—the abuse of things, according to the Satanic principle, in the worship and service of self. Satan spoke as the "prince of this world"—not as the actual possessor or ruler of this physical world, which does not bear the impress of his footsteps, nor any trace of his hands in any one thing, or in any law within the limits of a creation as fair, orderly, and perfect as when its Creator pronounced it very good, and the sons of God shouted with joy. The whole earth is now, as ever, full of the glory of the Lord, and of His only! But Satan spoke as the representative and "ruler of the *darkness* of this world," which exists only in the spirit of living persons who love the darkness rather than the light. He spoke as the god of that "world" which is "not of the Father," but originates in the will of the creature; whose principle is self-will, independent of and contrary to the righteous will of God; which, instead of seeking freedom and strength and happiness in God, seeks all without Him; and which, instead of accepting and using all the generous gifts bestowed by righteous love for righteous ends, perverts and abuses them in the service of self, making them minister to the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, thereby making their possessor poor and needy, blind and naked—a miserable prodigal wasting all his substance. The object of Satan was to induce Jesus of Nazareth to accept this kind of life, and to join in the universal idolatry of individualism. He would thus have destroyed Jesus as a true Son, whose life was loving subjection to God his Father; and as a true King, who possessed all things because He thus possessed God in love; and as a true Priest, whose glory was the sacrifice of self, and the doing of his Father's will.

This third temptation—the last grand attack, after long and terrible battles, on the impregnable moral position of the Great King—was a crisis in the warfare which had been going on since creation, and which will continue until Christ come again with complete salvation. And it is deeply interesting—confining ourselves to the con-

test waged by Satan against the kingdom of Christ—to watch his unremitting attempts to destroy every visible sign of that kingdom on earth, to put to death every true and illustrious subject of it, and upon its ruins to rear and establish his own apostate kingdom of idolatry, darkness, and death. His policy has been the same in every age, and can be traced along the whole history of the Church of Christ. Let us glance at some of the leading events in this world-campaign.

No sooner is Adam, holy and spotless, "the son of God," crowned with glory and honour, and made a king, than Satan, the enemy, tempts and dethrones him! The third temptation in Eden was, "Ye shall be as gods." This was an appeal to man, so fearfully and wonderfully made after God's image. The mere thought, or idea, of being as a god could not be conceived of or entertained by any being but one who was made God-like, and whose end was to be like God. The pride of individualism is atheistic, but is nevertheless the perversion of a divine nature. It is a king's son who dares to aspire to the throne—or even to a throne—of an independent kingdom. God's purpose in regard to man was that he should reign as a king for ever and ever, but only by being a priest, and by sharing the spirit of self-sacrifice which God Himself manifested when He "gave His Son," and which the Son manifested when "He offered up Himself." But man sought to obtain the glory in Satan's way, and by what was a lie and a contradiction to his own being. Eve was tempted by the "lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life," for "when she saw"—what? and how?—"that the tree was good for food, and pleasant to the eye, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat," and so the crown fell from his brow! In seeking self he lost himself, and the king became a beggar! The cord of dependence on God, of obedience, love, sonship, was thus snapped between man and the Father—consequently, between man and man as brethren. The light being extinguished which revealed the Father, there was no light to reveal the brother. The



reign of God thus ceasing in the spirit of man, the reign of self and of Satan, the liar and the murderer, began. This was made visible in the murder of Abel by his brother Cain, and was soon so established over the world, that after sixteen centuries one family only was righteous; while all the kingdoms of the world, with its arts and manufactures, its music and poetry, its family and social life, fell down and worshipped Satan, and accordingly was filled with "violence," and all flesh became corrupt, and "the thoughts of man's heart were evil, and only evil continually." God saved the earth from destruction by bringing a flood on the world of the ungodly. So ended Satan's old kingdom before the flood!

Human history proceeds, centuries pass on, mankind increases, and soon we see an attempt on a great scale to form and mould a nationality upon the devil's policy of pride and selfishness. Men wished to make to *themselves* a name, and get for themselves renown, and so they would commence a great capital, and cement society by stone and lime! That scheme becomes Babel—confusion—a *scattering* and not a uniting. But God's purpose was to unite men as subjects of a very different kingdom, whose bonds were to be moral and spiritual, whose life would be faith in Himself; and accordingly at that very time He calls Abram, in whom, in whose descendant, and in the possession of whose spirit, and not by any forms of mere outward unity, all the nations of the earth would be blessed. How marvellously the great kings in this kingdom are preserved, when Satan would cast them down; and how God in providence ever said, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm!" See Noah in the ark; Abram alone among his enemies; Jacob threatened by Esau; Joseph in prison; Moses in the ark of bulrushes—and so on.

Years roll on—the panorama of history moves past us. We see the kingdom of God well-nigh crushed by the power under whose protection it was increasing in numbers and gathering in strength to possess the earth in force. A great attempt is made by Satan to destroy the hopes of the world through his allies the Pharaohs. He will wear the people out, and degrade them by slavery, or massacre them in infancy, and set a very image of himself in proud rebellious self-reliance upon the throne of Egypt. But the Church is brought out of Egypt by a mighty hand, and that event was the greatest in the history of the two kingdoms since creation.

It was a very Marathon and Thermopylæ. What a marvellous, visible struggle was it with plague, pestilence, darkness and death, magic and magicians! Satan seemed to enter into Pharaoh, and to possess him as with demoniac power, and to cry, in the agony of pride or despair, "I will *not* let them go!" But go they shall. The life of the world depends on it. Moses, the type of Christ, in the spirit of his great antitype, despised the kingdoms of this world, and would not worship Satan or his idols. He preferred the reproach of Christ to all the riches of Egypt, and would not have life without God. In the power of faith he led forth the Israelites; crossed the Red Sea, when again ocean waves seemed to baptize the earth with new hope. Then was there sung a song which was an echo from the Rock of Ages, "the Song of Moses and the Lamb," to be sung again when the last enemy is destroyed, "Thy right hand hath become glorious in power. Thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy. *The Lord shall reign for ever and ever!*"

The combat continues. Satan tries to destroy the people in the wilderness by seeking to destroy their faith, and sometimes their lives, by his agents. But for their invisible King, who ever preserves a seed to serve Him, he would have succeeded. They fell before the very temptations which our Lord resisted. They lost faith in God their Father when suffering from hunger, and declared that man did live by bread only. They tempted the Lord at Meribah, saying, "Is He among us or not?" and demanded a sign from Moses. They also fell down and worshipped Satan in abominable idolatries. Here, in following out the analogy between the temptations of Jesus as the Head of the race and also of the Church, I must notice how the third temptation on the Mount is one with the third temptation of the Church in the wilderness, as well as that of man, represented by Adam in Eden. After the day of temptation at Meribah, which was parallel in order of time and in its spirit to the second temptation on the pinnacle of the temple, there followed the great battle between "the Church in the wilderness" and the Amalekites, who represented the kingdoms of "the world." Then it was that Moses ascended the mountain, and overcame the enemy by the prayer of faith, which was analogous to the faith of Christ on the mountain when He refused the offer of the kingdoms of this world. But forty years afterwards there was—according to the

narrative in the Pentateuch—another day of temptation in which Meribah was repeated at Kadesh (Num. xxi. 13). In this repetition of the second temptation, the faith of Moses failed! He confesses the sin—he records its punishment: for he was not permitted to establish God's kingdom in Canaan. Then again he ascends a mountain—but to die!

After "the day of temptation" at the second Meribah, analogous to the second temptation of Jesus on the temple, there followed the idolatry of the golden calf, or the Egyptian bull, Apis—the practical worship of Satan, the *bribe* for doing which was, no doubt, "the lust of the flesh," in connection with this worship, as it is with all idolatrous worship in every land and in all history. Aaron, indeed, in his moral weakness, yet with inner love to God, wished to make a compromise, and to spiritualise it according to its original idea as a symbol of the Creator; and he said, accordingly, "We have a feast of Jehovah to-morrow; let us make to ourselves a calf." But it was nevertheless a falling down and worshipping of Satan—a temptation which was essentially the same as that of Jesus on the Mount, a rejection of the kingdom of God. As there was a repetition of the second temptation at Meribah, so was there a repetition of the third temptation on the occasion when Balaam was asked to curse Israel. He could not, but was compelled rather to acknowledge the coming of God's kingdom when he said, "There shall come a Star out of Jacob and a Sceptre out of Israel," "Out of Jacob shall come he that shall have dominion." But Balaam succeeded nevertheless in causing Israel to sin, and but for the grace of the great King and his love to the world, would have succeeded in destroying the kingdom of Israel by the vile policy of Satan, idolatry, with its bribe of the lust of the flesh through the women of Moab—a policy suggested by the wretched prophet who had light, but not life, and who was slain with the sword, which, in awful and stern but loving righteousness, was unsheathed to punish Israel, and save the kingdom of God from being utterly overthrown by "the world."

But let us proceed with the history of the kingdom of God as represented by Israel. When the people came to the borders of Canaan, and were about to take possession of the land promised centuries before to Abram and his descendants as the place in which the nation was to be trained and the world prepared for the advent of the great King, we trace the same policy of Satan in the

attempt made to terrify the people by the report brought by the spies regarding the number of the idolatrous inhabitants, their great size and strength, and the impregnable character of their cities. But for God's helping hand and overruling providence the attempt would have succeeded. All the tribes united in one great conspiracy to return to Egypt, and to reverse the Exodus. Four men only maintained their faith in God—Caleb, Joshua, Aaron, and Moses—and these four lonely men are surrounded by a fierce multitude determined to stone them to death. What would the history of the world have been had Satan succeeded in extinguishing these four lights—in destroying these four witnesses for the living God, and ending the history of Israel in the heathendom of Egypt? What a crisis that movement was in the contest between light and darkness, truth and falsehood, the righteous God and the god of this world! It was then, when all seemed lost, that God Himself came to the rescue, and His light flashed from the tabernacle—and Moses fell on his face and cried to God to forgive the rebellious people; and his intercessions were heard, and the promise made, even in this the darkest and most hopeless hour in history: "*As surely as I live, my glory shall fill the earth!*" It was God, not man, who uttered these words at such a time! (Num. xiii., xiv.)

What, again, was the history of this kingdom from and during the period it was visibly established in Canaan? What but a constant—alas! too often successful—struggle, through the influence and the power, the threats and the bribes of the kingdoms of the heathen within and around Judea, to alienate the nation from its allegiance to their King, to weaken and destroy them by unbelief, to tempt them by the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life, to become sensual and idolatrous; in one word, to fall down and worship the devil, or perish? How often do we hear him saying, "Who are they among all the gods of these lands that have delivered their land out of my hand, that Jehovah should deliver Jerusalem out of my hand?" How sunk was God's kingdom in the time of the judges—these witnesses for the Invisible King! How Satan triumphed over Saul, and well-nigh destroyed David, simple yet grand in his allegiance; and made sad havoc with Solomon, who, for the kingdoms and their glory, fell down, for a time at least, and worshipped him, until the kingdom was divided, and the devil's worship



set up by ten tribes at Samaria for two hundred and forty years, and the temple of Jerusalem itself was polluted by idolatry and all wickedness!

There were noble testimonies for God ever and anon borne by his representatives—as by Asa, at the battle of Mareshah (2 Chron. xiv. 9—12); Jehoshaphat, at the great battle of Berachah (2 Chron. xx. 1—30). But so desperate did things become in Israel that Elijah cried out, “I only am left!” And at last the kingdom of darkness seems to cover the earth, when the nation is carried back to Satan’s stronghold in Babylon, Jerusalem and the temple destroyed, and the public worship of Jehovah no longer recognised in any kingdom or nation on earth! Satan reigns! In Babylon he renews his old Egyptian policy, and hopes to annihilate the hated people of God. The roaring lion going about seeking whom he may devour will cast Daniel into a lions’ den, and the three young men into the fiery furnace. Nay, he will attempt the grand scheme, through Haman the Agagite, of massacring the whole nation. But in vain. “Fear not, O worm Jacob! thy King is glorious in the midst of thee.” Israel is preserved, for the word of the Lord hath spoken it; and they return to Zion, and the temple is reared.

Centuries pass on. A great King has been promised and long expected, even by the Gentile nations. Daniel had heralded Messiah the Prince, and indicated the day of his coming. That glorious day at last dawns in the fulness of time. Gabriel announces to the meek and lowly virgin that she shall bring forth a Son, who shall be called the Son of the Most High, to whom the Lord his God shall give the throne of his father David, who shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever, and of whose kingdom there shall be no end. Suddenly, to the wonder and alarm of Satan, a multitude of the heavenly host gather round the earth, and sing loud hallelujahs of glory to God in the highest, of peace on earth, and good-will to men, as they proclaim the birth of a Saviour in the city of David. The magi from the East, instructed by the prophecies of their great prime minister Daniel, came, seeking the King, in order to do Him homage. Satan is alarmed, and seeks through Herod and his men of war to kill the child; but the child escapes—grows up, and then there is deep repose. No miracle of power is seen, no sermon as from one having authority is heard. For thus Jesus the King grew up as a tender plant in the mountains of Galilee. But soon the

Baptist’s voice is heard in the wilderness. The nation is roused. John speaks of the coming kingdom. Jesus is baptized. “Behold the Lamb of God!” “This is my beloved Son!” *Immediately* when thus inaugurated into the ministerial office, He is led to be tempted of the devil. The temptation and the victory followed. Then did Jesus manifest in his whole after-life those glorious principles which He witnessed to in his temptation. He was in a wilderness, and had no place where to lay his head, but He never tempted God, but trusted Him as a little child. He showed his power as King by casting out devils, who—as if they had heard from Satan the tidings—confessed that He was the Son of God. The very first sermon which He preached was the fruit of his victory, for as a King He proclaimed deliverance to the captives.

During the last hours of our Lord’s life on earth, Satan was revealed by Him whose eye pierces the darkness which would conceal its “prince.” When our Lord announced, in that great and momentous crisis of human history, that “Satan desired to sift as wheat” those to whom was given the mighty talent of carrying out his purposes in regard to humanity, and that “Satan had entered into the heart of Judas Iscariot,” and when He described that time as “the hour and power of darkness,” He surely spoke in harmony with all we are told of this personal “enemy,” this “wicked one;” and not as if merely personifying the evil principle in man. When therefore the transactions of these hours are seen in the light of this fact of Satan’s presence, and of a blind because wicked spirit of hate and malice, they receive a still deeper meaning than we ordinarily attach to them. For Satan appears to have come upon the awful scene, not so much to tempt as to torment; or, if we dare so speak, not to repeat temptations which he had in despair given up, but rather with the malice of a fiend to turn all in which the Lord had professed his faith, and all that He had refused to be and do, into the bitter irony of hate. For example:—Had He rejoiced in being a Son of God? If so, where, now, were his brethren? Was He not deserted and left alone? Had He then failed in training any to feel and return his love, and to share his love to God? Behold thy “brethren!”—they all forsake thee and fly, and one kisses thee and sells thy life, not for the kingdoms of the world, but for thirty pieces of silver! Canst thou still be a son and brother to those who thus hate thee? Curse them and die! Again, had He in the

wilderness confessed his trust in God and in all his appointments? But now that He is nailed to the cross, the taunt is heard, "He trusted in God! Let Him deliver Him now, seeing He delighted in Him; for He said, I am the Son of God!" On the temple He would not cast Himself down, or seek any "sign" from heaven to strengthen a faith which, he said, needed it not? "Let Him now come down from the cross that we may believe in thee!" Thou wouldst not cast Thyself down in faith, thou canst not come down that others may believe! Had He refused to be made a king in the devil's way, and would He not accept of kingship in God's way only, by being a Son and a Priest? So be it! thou shalt be a King, but the cross shall be thy throne, and the thorns thy crown! Behold the little thou hast won from thy Father, 'Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews!'" But this blessed Jesus overcame every temptation, overcame every taunt by the strength of his faith and the omnipotence of his meekness and love. His love of man and of his enemies survives all their hate, and the perfect Brother offers up the prayer, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" And the love of the perfect Son burns brightly to the last and shines elsewhere when it ceases to shine here in the loud cry, "*Father!* into thy hands I commit my spirit!" "Neither hath He hid his face from Him, but when He cried unto Him He heard!"

Thus did Jesus during his whole life embody in practice and *live out* the principles which He had asserted during his temptation, and which were, until He died, constantly assailed by the enemy of mankind. It was anticipating the grand result that when speaking of his death as drawing all men unto Him (John xii. 20—33), He said with triumphant joy the day before He died, "Now is the judgment of this world, now shall the prince of this world be cast out!"

The cross was followed by the tomb; and probably Satan believed that all was now over with the King, and that He was secure under the power of the heathen guard, and under the power of death. But, O horror! "very early" in the morning of a new and beautiful day in the world's history, the tomb is burst asunder—the Conqueror rises with the glorious greeting to the Universe, "All hail!" He leads captivity captive. He remains forty days on earth speaking the things pertaining to the *kingdom of God*. He ascends blessing the earth. The ear of faith hears the cry, "Open, ye everlasting

gates, that the King of Glory may come in." All power is given to Him in heaven and earth for his Church. He establishes "a kingdom which cannot be moved," and against which "the gates of hell cannot prevail."

The great battle on the Mount between the kingdoms of this world and the kingdom of our Lord is still continued, and all believers are called to share in it. Satan has plied, and does ply still, the same kind of temptations. He has tried to shake the allegiance of the Church in God the Father, by means of outward trials and persecutions. He has tried to tempt from simple trust in God's promises, and to demand signs and lying wonders in answer to the unbelieving question, "Is God among us or not?" He has bribed the Church with earthly power, and riches, and glory, with the idolatry of persons, of symbols, of forms, of organizations, of sacraments, of "religion," without God Himself as all in all!

Whatever be the true interpretation of the Book of Revelation, it is singularly attractive to those uninstructed even in its deeper meaning, as a wonderful picture of this gigantic world-struggle between right and wrong. Amidst the mysteries of clouds and darkness, earthquakes and storms, famines and pestilences—amidst the confusion of hurrying armies and burning cities we hear the clang of loud trumpets, the cries of rage and despair mingling with the shouts of ecstatic victory. Ever and anon we catch glimpses in "the current of the hardy fight" of the respective leaders of the opposing forces. The one is called "Apollyon the Destroyer"—"the angel of the bottomless pit"—"the dragon"—"the old serpent"—"the devil." The other is a glorious Conqueror, who "in righteousness makes war,"—He is "the faithful and true witness for God." His "vesture is dipped in blood." Over that robe of royal purple—the sign, too, of priestly suffering—a name is written, which is "King of Kings and Lord of Lords." Sometimes the tide of battle seems to the eye of the uninformed spectator to rush so strongly against the right, that the wearied cry is heard, "Lord, how long?" "The world follows the beast," and is deceived by his "miracles and lying wonders"—until at last the battle so gains on the side of righteousness, and the enemy is so driven back beyond hopes of rallying, and the devil and his angels so cast down, that, as on the day of Egypt's overthrow, a like jubilee hymn of praise swells to heaven—"Thou art holy, and all nations shall wor



ship Thee; for Thy judgments are manifest. *The kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our God and of his Anointed.*"

"Then cometh the end!" When? The Lord alone knows! But after Satan has done his worst, and the reality of truth and righteousness in man by the grace of God has been proved by every test, and strengthened and confirmed for evermore;—then at last comes the period which is the culminating point of the world's eventful history and the Redeemer's long-anticipated perfect joy, when He shall have put all his enemies under his feet, and begun that universal reign of righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost:—then, as if to connect the latter-day glory with the temptations of the olden time, there appears in the calm heavens from which the clouds of war have passed away and every storm is for ever hushed into unbroken peace, a *high mountain*, from whence we behold with the prophetic seers a vision realised of the kingdom of God on earth, such as may have passed before the eye of the Man of Sorrows when in faith He said, "Get thee behind me, Satan." "And He said unto me, It is done! I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. He who overcometh *shall inherit all things*, and I will be his God, and he shall be my son. And He carried me in the spirit to a great and *high mountain*, and showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God. And I saw no temple therein, for the Lord God Almighty and *the Lamb* are the temple of it. And the nations of those who are saved shall walk in the light of it, and the *kings of the earth* shall bring their glory and their honour into it. And there shall be no curse, but the *throne* of God and of the Lamb shall be in it. *And his servants shall worship Him!*" Glorious and blissful vision!

But would it have been thus if Jesus, for the immediate possession of the kingdoms of the world and their glory, had done honour to their prince—had taken the crown Satan offered, and refused the cup his Father gave? Where now are those earthly kingdoms?—where now the glory which they then, or ever, possessed? Where is the glory of Egypt? It is recorded in her tombs: her idols have fallen, her temples are in ruins! Where is Babylon, once Satan's chief city of crime and splendour? It hath "become heaps" and pools of water, "an astonishment, and a hissing, without an inhabitant!" Where is Greece—learned, artistic, eloquent,

philosophic Greece—where is she? And old Rome, once the mistress of the world, where is she? And where will Rome as she now is be if she falls down as an idolater in order to obtain the kingdoms of the world and their glory? Judea, where is her glory? She is trodden down by hostile oppressors. Her crown is in the dust. All have passed away! Ah! what a mirage, what a lie, was that world which Satan the deceiver and the liar offered when he said, "All these will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me!" "Verily the world passeth away, and the lust thereof, but he who does the will of God abideth for ever!" The kingdom of Satan on earth is doomed to perish, but that kingdom whose glory is the priestly service and worship of the living God, and of Him only, is established in the souls of redeemed men, and "cannot be moved," but must remain during the endless life of its adorable King! "His name shall endure for ever: his name shall be continued as long as the sun: and men shall be blessed in him: all nations shall call him blessed. Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things. And blessed be his glorious name for ever: and let the whole earth be filled with his glory; Amen, and Amen."

Before concluding these thoughts on the Temptation of our Lord, I would suggest a few practical lessons to be learned from the whole narrative.

1. Temptation itself is not evil. Temptation to evil is evil in the tempter, but not necessarily evil to the tempted. Our life here will not be understood if we see it as a period of *probation* only, during which God, as our Judge, is settling between us and Him the one question merely of faith or no faith in Christ by a series of *proofs* applied to our inner and outer life. We must see it also, or much more, as a period of *education*, in which He, as our Father and Teacher, is training and disciplining each of us, as disciples, in a way adapted to our *individual* case. Temptation is thus permitted to play a part, and do its work in this earthly school. Whether it will build up or destroy our character must be determined by the fact of our willingness to be "taught of God," to "learn of Christ," and to be "subject to the Father of our spirits, and live," or to remain in the narrow and false circle of self-confidence, self-dependence, and self-will. Temptation to evil is not, therefore, a waste power in the universe, even when the tempter is the devil. Through the Divine Spirit in the

tempted, it is made an occasion of highest good, though still itself remaining evil, and nothing but evil, in the wicked tempter. Temptation may awaken and quicken in us a deep sense of our own weakness, and thus cast us on God as our only refuge and strength; it may, by its constant recurrence, induce us to *abide* in God, and to feel more and more the necessity of the Holy Spirit abiding in us, and also make the atoning and intercessory work, and loving presence, and watchful care, and personal experience of Jesus, and his victory over Satan, more profoundly precious to our souls. Finally, it may indirectly glorify God in being the occasion of revealing, by means of our faith, obedience, patience, meekness, courage, and perfect peace, the reality and efficacy of the grace of God working in us; and the reality also of his love, which can so attract the heart and fill the spirit as to make us rise above, and reject all the bribes of the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, esteeming them as refuse when compared with life in God. In one word, temptation to evil may but prove fire to separate the dross from the gold, and may, in its results, at once evidence our faith, strengthen our faith, and reward our faith. Accordingly, as Jesus was tempted at the moment when He was declared to be the Son of God, and as His temptation was the occasion of His glorifying God as a Father, so may it be with every son whom He loveth. It is thus that his chastisement will make us "partakers of his holiness;" and though "not for the present joyous but grievous," will "afterwards work out the peaceable fruits of righteousness to those who are exercised thereby." We might therefore address all who are in any way tried by evil: "Brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience. But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing. If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." And again: "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him."

2. Another lesson is taught us by the manner in which our Lord resisted these several temptations. He always appealed to the Word of God. "It is written" was his repeated affirmation. The reverent manner in which our Lord habitually referred to the Old Testament Scriptures cannot fail to convey to us the impression of his having

recognised them as possessing an authority independent of Him, but which He rejoiced to corroborate in the most solemn moments of his life. Whatever errors we may presume to have discovered in them, not a trace of any such discovery appears in the teaching of Christ, nor does He ever speak as if He did not accept them in their integrity, as if they were not in harmony with all his teaching, and sufficient for Him and all his purposes. Among his fullest and most solemn recognitions of the Old Testament was that given *after* his death, and on the great day of his *Resurrection*, when He "opened up the Scriptures" to his disciples while walking along the road to Emmaus, until "their hearts burnt within them." Then it was that, "beginning at *Moses*, and *all the Prophets*, He expounded unto them *in all the Scriptures* the things concerning Himself;" and on *that same evening*, when He told them in an upper room of Jerusalem, as He had often done before—"that all things must be fulfilled which were written in *the law of Moses*, and in *the Prophets*, and in *the Psalms*, concerning Him."

In the same spirit of reverence and faith He also quoted from these Scriptures in that momentous crisis of his life when, entering on his public ministry and full of the Holy Spirit, He was tempted by Satan. These parts convey to us not only the lesson, which many people much need to learn, of reverence for writings which were held in such esteem by "the best and holiest man who ever lived," as all allow our Lord to have been, and by the Divine Son of God who is "the Truth," as Christians believe Him to be; but the special lesson that when tempted we should avail ourselves of "the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God." The more we know ourselves, the more we know the subtle forms in which temptations come—the more shall we see the wisdom of having God's clear command, "Thou shalt not," or his statement of duty, to fall back upon, and on these to take our stand as in an impregnable fortress. This does not imply that we must thus fall back upon mere authority *only*, without seeing its righteousness or its reasonableness. But it is a great strength and blessing to have authority on which we may fall back *first*. The fact that this does not necessarily require any process of argument or reasoning, but is such as a child may act upon, constitutes its safeguard. For it would be often at the moment of temptation a great danger to be obliged to have recourse to mere arguments. When forced to adopt in our defence our



present feelings, or the conclusions of our intellect, or scraps of knowledge from observation and experience, or what seems a clever policy, then indeed we may be soon overthrown by an enemy far more subtle than ourselves. This danger is greatest when sinful desires within are ready to betray us into the hands of the enemy, and are disposed to listen to the guile of his fair and corrupting speeches and false promises; and when faith is weak and the pleasures of sin present, and the consequences of wrong-doing remote. But when, on the other hand, we can shut our ears to every argument, however plausible, and every promise, and every "way of putting" the temptation, however specious, and refuse all further parley, through faith in a clear authoritative declaration of our loving Father who knoweth our frame, and of our wise Teacher who will ever guide us in a path of righteousness, safety, and peace, then shall we be able to say in reply, "*It is written!*"—I ask no more!—"Get thee behind me, Satan!"

But although the teaching of his children by a wise earthly father, or of ourselves by our Father in heaven, *begins* with authority, it does not necessarily end there. Our Teacher, while demanding implicit faith in what He says because He says it, and implicit obedience because He commands it, does not forbid us, but rather invites and commands us to *see the truth of that which is true*—to see with our own consciences the wisdom and righteousness of the Authority which says, "Thou shalt not!" until we are able to reply, not only in the spirit of "blind obedience," "Amen, I *shall* not"—but in the spirit of a loving choice, "Amen, I *will* not." It was thus Christ declared that He did not call his disciples *servants*—who were to obey mere authority—but *friends*, who would obey because sympathizing with the righteousness of the authority—"for the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth; but I have called you friends, for all things that I have heard

of my Father I have made known unto you." Accordingly, while it is our privilege when tempted to fall back with unreserved confidence upon God's Word when it gives us light, by command, by warning, by promise, or by threat, yet it is a higher privilege still to penetrate into the righteous *principle* involved in that authority, so that we should obey not as "servants" only, but also as "friends" who recognise in their conscience *the truth of the truth* which they obey first on the mere authority of the truth-speaker. Oh, how earnest should we be that instead of the shocking irreverence for God's teaching by His Word which abounds, and the gross and shameful ignorance of it which exists among professing Christians, and the bold self-confidence in which many glory, who have but a few sayings or opinions of society to guide them amidst the temptations of the world, we should let the Word of God dwell in us richly in all wisdom, that so we may be furnished unto good works!

"Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God: praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints." Amen!









"THE HIGH MILLS."





"THE SYLVESTRES."





## THE HIGH MILLS.

BY KATHERINE SAUNDERS, AUTHOR OF "GIDEON'S ROCK."

## CHAPTER XXII.



OME," said the miller, seeing that Michael did not move; "take yourself off. If my son was here you would not wait to be told twice. Out with you, you hypocrite!"

Michael sat still, his hands locked on the table before him. He was

too much confused and stunned to be able even to guess as to what kind of disgrace he had taken from George's name to his own. He felt as yet like one fallen from a height—too breathless, too much paralysed to know his own injuries.

The word hypocrite stung him a little; his shoulders heaved rebelliously. He drew a deep breath, and looked at Ambray with heavy and perplexed eyes.

Mrs. Ambray, alarmed on her husband's account by his expression, laid her hands upon Michael in weak command and strong entreaty.

"You've never deceived *me*, Michael Swift," declared the miller in triumphant severity. "I've known you for a different man from what you seemed since the first time you darkened my mill-door. I've suspected something between you and this Bardsley, too, ever since I was told you sent him away without letting me know he had asked for me. Ah, you can't keep these sort of things in the dark *here*, you see; this isn't London."

As Michael drew another hard breath, Mrs. Ambray tremblingly gave his head a push, at the same time commanding that he should not be insolent to his master when he saw him in the heat of passion.

"Who is in a passion?" asked a voice at

the door; and all three turning to look, saw Nora Ambray standing there.

Mrs. Ambray hastened to meet her; Michael went and stood hesitatingly at the foot of the stairs that led from this room straight to his attic. The miller's eyes followed him sternly, avoiding Nora's, which were fixed on her uncle with gentle, smiling accusation, as knowing none other would dare to be in a passion under this roof.

Coughing and trembling, the miller threw himself into the wooden arm-chair by the fireplace.

In doing this his elbow knocked a little slate hanging near the mantelpiece, and made it swing and clatter against the wall.

Ambray turned and looked at it; then resting his elbow on the chair-back, leant his head on his hand and sighed bitterly.

It was on this slate that his debt to Michael had been recorded from the day of his arrival at the High Mills in the second week of March.

He rose and supported himself by leaning against the table near where his niece stood.

"Nora," he said, "I would do almost anything rather than ask you to intercede for me with your Aunt Grist again, but there's no help for it. I must give this man his wages and be rid of him. I can't and won't, while there's life in me, let such a rascal fall into George's very footsteps here—taking his place in this house, at church along with us, and everywhere. No, I will not bear it."

"Why do you stand there, Michael Swift," demanded Mrs. Ambray sharply, "accusing your master by holding your tongue when I dare say you could explain if you liked, and pacify him?"

"Not he!" cried the miller, turning upon Michael defiantly. "Explain! I don't know any explanation a man can offer for cheating and misleading the blind but that he is a worthless wretch that nothing better can be expected from."

Michael at that moment knew none of the inward peace or confidence supposed by some people to be the portion of the falsely-accused. He was, on the contrary, finding himself every instant less and less able to endure with patience or resignation the consequences of his rash impulse. The anxiety with which he waited for the nature of the sin he had claimed as his being made known



to him, was intensely painful. The shame which had already fallen on him was probably twice as hurtful as it would have been to one that deserved to be ashamed, and that was not so utterly unused to such a burden as was Michael, who had led the life of a child and a slave, and had been kept so sinless by his simplicity and his fetters together, that even calumny had forborne touching him.

The most spitefully disposed in his own village would as soon have thought of slandering the babe of a week old, or the white-haired Methuselah of the place, as "honest Michael;" who, of course, being somewhat more sound and purely healthful of mind and heart than most men, was accounted a little "wanting;" and looked after by the village loungers with taps of the forehead and sympathetic winks, especially when he had just parted two furious dogs, or walked out on a Sunday with the plainest girl in Thames Dutton, rather than she should sit alone, and watch her pretty sisters parading their swains before her window.

So Michael's head hung down with as heavy a shame as the greatest sinner's could have done before these three pairs of eyes all looking at him at once, and deciding with deep worldly wisdom that because the cap did not fit him at all, and he carried it with so ill a grace, it must be his.

Suddenly he raised his head and looked at his master as he stood holding the little slate at Nora's elbow, then turning went heavily up the stairs.

They heard him tramping hastily about.

"He is putting up his things, John," observed Mrs. Ambray in alarmed but meek remonstrance.

"What do you say, Nora?" asked the miller, taking no notice of his wife. "You see he takes me at my word, as indeed he had better. Do you think Jane Grist will manage this for me? I believe I would rather cut my hand off than let it touch her money, but I can't keep a scoundrel in my house."

Nora, having received an admonitory twitch of the sleeve from Mrs. Ambray, understood she was not to appear too sanguine on the subject. She therefore averted her eyes with an expression of profound consideration and dubiousness; and when the silence became so long as to be embarrassing, looked up with an affectation of sudden hopefulness, inquiring briskly—

"What's to-day?"

"Thursday," answered the miller, looking at her anxiously; and Nora echoed—

"Thursday?" lifting her brows with a look that seemed to say that of all days in the week Thursday was the most unpropitious one that could have been for obtaining what they wanted.

A firm, light step came down the stairs—unnaturally light and quick, the miller thought, for Michael's; his movements being generally a little ponderous and slow, steady and sure.

His cap hung behind Ambray. He stretched his arm out and got it. Mrs. Ambray silently drew her husband's attention to this. The miller turned and scowled at him.

Michael returned his look with troubled, almost fierce, eyes. A panic was upon him; a wild desire to cast down the idol of this household; and he wished to escape while he yet had strength to control himself.

In turning to Michael, the miller had knocked the slate against him, and it had fallen to the brick-floor.

Michael looked down on it, then put his foot upon it twice, breaking it to pieces.

"Let my wages be forgotten, as my hard service has been," he said, in a voice that made Nora turn and look at him in amazement—it was so full of bitter and despairing solemnity.

"They will not be forgotten. I know where your father lives," answered Ambray. "I shall send your wages there. You deserve them, as you deserve this usage; which you, no doubt, think hard, though I should treat my own son worse if he had acted as you have done."

At this Michael, having his hand upon the latch, turned, his eyes wild with the passion of some desperate reply; and he must have then spoken words which would have cost him a lifelong and bitter regret had it not been for one of the most faint but subtle of influences.

The door of George's room opened out of this. It was open at the moment that Michael lifted the latch of the other door, and as he turned round in his passion a slight breeze blew from it bearing the scent of the flowers with which Mrs. Ambray, after country fashion, daily filled the little fireplace; wondering each morning whether those she placed there might be destined to greet the eyes of him for whom, like disappointed revellers but just arrived in gay robes, and with sweet stores in bosom and satchet to make merry through the summer's day, they were taken in their first freshness of floss and odour, honey and dew, to deck this little temple of vain hope.

They were roses there now, whose breath seemed to proclaim them the rich heirs to all the sweetness of the flowers that had lived and died since the year's beginning; but to Michael, as the breeze brought their odour, it seemed like a sigh of bruised and patient love and hope, reminding him how long the vain watch had been kept there, and might still be kept.

He could not bid the watchers watch no more, and tell them that the tardy feet for which they listened would never reach their threshold, that the voice they longed for could never speak to prove to them how much sweeter is a dear sound heard afresh than one remembered ever so tenderly.

These things Michael could not tell them for reasons he thought good; but he remembered that by refraining from uttering the words that had risen to his lips ere the breeze from this still-sad room had touched them like an angel's finger, he might at least save the watchers from much bitterness.

So his tongue was stayed even while his heart was hot within him, and he left his master's house without another word.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

MICHAEL had decided on walking to Bulver's Bay and spending the night there, that he might lose no time in the morning in seeking Bardsley, and learning the truth, or as much of it as possible, from him.

The sunlight was still lingering among the pine-stems when Michael passed the knoll, and his heavy heart knew a throb of pleasure as he looked at it and remembered that in spite of all that had happened this day, Lamberhurst was still ignorant of how easily the proud wrestler, the hero of this spot, had allowed the world to throw him.

The Long Ridge fields also received from Michael a more peaceful farewell look than they would have done had he yielded to his temptation to make known how grievously the bright runner, whose feet still seemed to him to press and spurn the summer grass, had swerved and slipped.

The evening was breezeless; its lull was without rest; its shade without dew; it seemed still day with all the sun's heat, but without its colour; the blue of the sky was blanched and faint; the sun burned down in pale, fierce fire, leaving no crimson pall to cover the slow hearse. All the mill-sails on the heights were still.

Michael stopped and looked back.

The white mill being nearest to the edge of the hill, he could see it and it only.

The sails had fallen to rest in a position that made them appear like a huge cross.

The instant Michael looked up and saw it, the feeling came over him that this mill and this valley were not to be departed from and borne only in remembrance by him. That with these things, already so familiar, he was to have yet a nearer, deeper acquaintance.

The great grey-white cross prophesied to him: or rather Michael hung his fears upon it and read them freshly from its face, until, as the heat came down between his eyes and it, he could fancy that it grew and spread, darkening half the valley.

He turned away with a deep certainty that one day he must return to suffer here perhaps the worst that he had ever feared since his great sorrow which led him to this place had befallen him.

A skylark darted from the corn close to him and rose, sending up into the heat-misted skies, and letting fall to the heat-blurred earth, a fountain of song, bright as morning, fresh as rain.

Michael, at this voice of gladness starting up out of the silence and languor like a sudden sweet deed from a stagnant life, looked up and laughed, and muttered while his worn upturned eyes danced in light—

"Well said, little silver-pipe! and I believe you too."

What was said, and what believed in, lay between Michael and the speck growing more and more minute against the blanched blue of the evening sky.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

WHEN Michael, early in the morning, called at the Barge Aground, no one there knew where Bardsley was to be met with. On making a second call, an hour later, he heard he had been in for his morning draught, and had left word for Michael to join him on the beach beyond the Fish Market.

Michael, going in that direction, soon saw him in the distance, sitting alone, contemplative, ragged, solitary.

Bardsley knew his step, and listened to its approach, smiling with gratified vanity at the keenness of his ear.

As Michael looked at him, it struck him with some surprise that, as he sat there, his grey beard and rags the playthings of the wind, he appeared less repulsively wicked than pitifully, almost pathetically, insignificant and helpless. Perhaps, Michael thought, it could hardly be otherwise than that any form of evil *should* shrink and appear to diminish and wither here in these grand



front ranks of nature merging into heaven, from which they seem curtained only by excess of light.

Or might it be, Michael wondered, that even the man whom he had thought as unlikely to change his sins as the leopard his spots, had not been able to sit here without receiving inwardly *some* cleansing touches from that spirit of strong, fresh purity that breathes here always, making the sands so fair, and revealing the thousand faint, sweet tints, and tender graining of the pebbles?

"Well, sir," said the blind beggar, as Michael stood still near where he was sitting, "here I am, you see, monarch of all I survey!"

His face, as he uplifted and turned it slowly from side to side while speaking, was not without a certain sadness and grim satire.

Michael looked at him, and was constrained to address him in a manner different from what he intended.

"Bardsley, you are an old man," he said. "You have a child that I suppose you care for—one child? This miller, *he* had——"

He stopped suddenly. Bardsley noticed the stop, and the word at which it was made. He did not, however, choose to let Michael perceive he had done so; but to prevent him from thinking this, altered and finished the sentence for him as if involuntarily.

"Yes, the miller has one child—one son—a very fine young man he is, too. As he's a friend of yours, may I ask where he might be at this present time?"

In his eagerness to come at some idea of how Michael received the question, the blind face was not sufficiently guarded, but showed Michael it was listening intently to the very change of his breathing, to the turn of his foot in the shingle.

Michael stepped back, looked at it hard, and grew pale.

"As I am George Ambray's friend," he said, commanding his voice as well as he could, "you may be sure I am not likely to have much patience to answer your questions about him. I may as well tell you at once that he will not meet you, or have anything to do with you in this affair, except through me. If you ask me why—I say, remember your last meeting."

"Well," said Bardsley after some hesitation, "you was saying about the miller having this one child like as I have Polly. What do you want to make of that? 'Do unto others as I'd be done by,' is that all the tune of it?"

"Whatever I was going to say, I say this

now," answered Michael, "that the nearer I find you keep to the truth in telling me about this affair, the better it will be for you and your poor child. Come, Bardsley, try it for once in your life, try it for her sake."

"What *you'd* call truth would be nothing but repeating word for word what young Ambray's told you, I suppose."

"No," returned Michael, "I can make allowances for both of you. I can see both sides of the story."

"Which is never alike," observed Bardsley, "to any of us, sighted or blind."

He remained for a moment or two silently digging into the beach with his stick. Suddenly he lifted his face towards the other with so savage an expression on it, that Michael began to hope he might be growing truthful.

"No doubt, young man," he said, in a tone of suppressed hatred, "you thought it a fine thing in your friend that he should be so good as to have such a intention for a day or a hour, though it was for a day or a hour only before he lived long enough to grow wiser. *He* marry Polly? Of course the intention alone ought to a' bin grand enough for us; what right had we to expect to see it carried out—or what right had my gal to faint dead in the church? or such as ud knowed her from her birth to cry out agin him? no right, of course—no more 'an you think I have now to come to his father when I'm starving and she's starving, and gets six weeks of it for bein' obligated to beg."

"Well," said Michael, fearful of letting the old man perceive his breathless interest and surprise, "don't waste your time in that way; tell me the simple facts—your side of the story, as you say; and depend upon it, I shall know if you try to deceive me in anything, and make it the worse for you."

"First of all," said Bardsley, "did he dare to breathe a word agin Polly as first he knowed her?"

"I answer nothing till you've told me all."

"Well," continued Bardsley, "at the time these artists first see Polly a-selling flowers and came a-clamouring to me for to let her be a model, I take my oath as the child had more friends in 'igh circles than I can reklect to count. There was all the ladies connected with the blind school she'd bin in as an enfant, and run away from; not as she didn't feel herself a equil with any there, but quite the contrary through feelin's of independence such as always kept her family from risin' as it might otherwise have done. Well, these ladies, at the time I'm speaking of,

had took fresh interest in her, and got her ever so much basket-work and straw plating to do. Others give her different things to do; she was as busy as a bee, and had so many fine friends a-calling on her and bringin' one another to see her, I was forced to give up out-door business and stay at home a purpose to answer their questions, which Polly was not quick at, and didn't used to give satisfaction with. Altogether I was not the only person as declared there hadn't bin so many visitors in our court not since Sally Cole, as you've no doubt seen represented in the travelling wax-works, lay in a trance at number three for seven months, never waking but only once when some gentlemen from the Temperance Society was there, when she expressed a wish to sign the pledge, and fell asleep agen as they put the pen into her hand. But you've read of it in the penny papers, as rose to tuppence on the day she spoke. Polly never rose the papers—*her* case was considered striking—as being a blind person as could work so hard and be so contented; but simple industry and contentment can never, of course, be as taking to the public as the case of a young woman in a trance, as only wakes once in seven months to observe she is going to heaven, and consequently wishes to sign the pledge."

Bardsley paused and rubbed his head with an old handkerchief he found somewhere in the recesses of his hat, blowing contemptuously with his lips, and in other ways expressing his impatience at the depravity of the public taste.

Michael in listening to him found it not at all easy to follow him in his many changes of mood. He would without any kind of warning pass from a bitterly truthful manner to one of grossly affected simplicity, which would in its turn glide almost imperceptibly into a tone of intense sarcasm and mockery.

"However," he went on, "since the young woman I have named retired into the country, havin'—as her mother gave out when a medical inquiry was talked of—a soul above earthly fame,—*since* then, sir, there has certainly bin no case to come up to Polly's. And at this height of our prosperity appears this young man—this gentleman, as I took him for, with his fine airs and speeches. Me and Polly's had up every day for models. Taking from models, I suppose you are aware, is the art, they 'as to study of looking at one person while drarin' another out of their own heads. At least I was led so to judge by the talk of the young gentlemen,

when the one as had been last drarin' us was out of the room, and when they always agreed as there was no likeness either in the case of myself or Polly. The modellin' took pretty well for some time, and when it began to fail in regard to myself, I must own to bein' to blame. I don't deny as I got tired of it. Sitting so long in one position, in the constant dread of being howled at, as if the person taking of you was in the last agonies, if you move a muscle, is apt to bring on crick in the neck, and nervous twitchin's all over. Then, too, the bein' called an old rascal, and charged with ruining a rising young genius, because self-respect has compelled one to sew up a few of one's rags, was more than I could stand in the cause of hart or haypence, so I give it up. Polly, unfortunately, did *not* give it up. She was a favourite in other ways than as a model, as she amused them with her chatter and with singing to 'em. They used to meet—shoals of 'em—at one another's lodgings, a purpose to hear her sing. One day young Ambray takes me by storm, coming down upon me with all manner o' names and abuse about Polly, about me lettin' her be where he had drared her hisself. He used to be took with those fits o' sanctification sometimes; and it's what I used to hate in him more than anything. So did his friend, I found that out. He'd come all over good at once, and turn a nuisance to everybody till the fit was gone. Of course I was obliged to act by what he said, and forbid Polly going nigh any o' the set agin. Well, we were ruined by it. Polly's ladies crossed to the other side the way as they passed our court. You see the sort of meetings there had bin at Ambray's and the others' lodgings had made the evening parties scarce of young gentlemen; consequently Polly was past being forgiven—her poor name was picked to pieces, and ne'er a bit o' straw or basket stuff could the child get to plat it together agin. I don't say as your friend didn't have a life of it. Bein' the only one of the young men as took the affair to heart, and tried to help us as well as he could, he was of course fixed on as the worst; which at that time I am bound to say he was not, except in respect of having first led her amongst 'em. I never see anything like it in my life. The parish rose agin' him. I couldn't but pity him myself at that time. They tried to find out his father's address, that he might be wrote to; but, bless you, my lord had kep' it so close, nobody even knew his father was a miller. He never let his own landlady see



the address on his letters. They wanted to get money from him to send Polly to a school; and here the poor fellow hadn't paid his rent for I don't know how long. I would ha' let him alone with all my heart, then I would. He tried for a week or two to ride over it, and went about as proud and bright as ever; but one day he had to give in—they drove him to a fever. We heard from his landlady as he was very comfortable, two old maiden ladies, with parish interests, having took upon themselves to take their knitting every day and sit beside his bed, and talk to him the whole afternoon, in hopes to bring him to a better mind. Altogether, what with peculiar cooking—as cooking often *is* peculiar when rent is backward—and what with the over-excitement of too much female society and an unusual rush of organs on the street, the poor young man was made *so* comfortable that it was said he wasn't likely ever to leave his bed again in this life. Having but just heard this, judge o' my astonishment when one morning my door opens and I hear a quick, unsteady step come in, and something breathing short and fast, then feel the table shake, and hear Polly cry out, and then hear a voice saying to her, 'My child, we are not likely to make each other happy, God knows; but that these fools may see how good I think you, I will give you as honest a name as ever was, and put an end to their blabbing and make your life as peaceful as I can.' I had just presence of mind enough to go up and tell Traps, a friend o' mine in the bird line, who came down and spoke up to Mr. George, not only giving the consent of the family, meanin' me, as was too much shook by surprise to give it myself, but likewise made himself a comfort to the young man in telling him how everything was to be managed for the wedding to take place as it might be the day after to-morrow. Traps was rather pressing in his offers to go home with him, and never leave him till the day, and he would have done so but that, as he told me, young Ambray give him such a look as he certainly *could* not and *did* not like. No sooner was he out of the house than Traps says to me, 'I hope all may turn out well, Bardsley,' which caused a quarrel, being that sort of observation which, when things *are* to all appearances turning out uncommon well, is lowering to the spirits. It was repeated by Traps more than once through that day and the next. Young Ambray came in for a few minutes on that next day to arrange the time we were to meet and other matters. Traps again was pressing in his offers to

attend him home, and again remarked upon his look as not liking it at all."

Bardsley ceased speaking and sat still a moment, after which he turned with sudden vehemence to Michael, crying,—

"Well! what more do you want? Am I to go into *that* day for you? No. You may fancy it yourself as *he* must 'a done; though he never see it, it must 'a reached him somehow; he couldn't live begone where he might without a-picturing of it to hisself—the church—the crowds in it—the waiting—the riot when the time was past and he had never come—Polly, like a corpse, carried home by Traps—the crowd howling."

Pausing again, the old man's face grew fierce, as if his ears still heard the tumult of that morning confusing him with useless anger and distress. Michael looked at him with pity. Several times he had been near interrupting him by some question that he longed to put, but remembering that it might show the old man his previous ignorance of these events in George's life, had refrained in time.

"Was there," he ventured to ask Bardsley gently some moments after he had ceased speaking, "was there any idea afloat at all among you of what caused him to change at the last?"

"There was some talk," answered Bardsley sullenly, "of a letter from a young lady in the country that his landlady had give him that morning."

"And you never saw him again till——"

"Till you saved my life from him—no, I didn't."

Michael walked slowly to and fro between Bardsley and the sea for a minute or two, then stopped before him. He was thinking why should he not let Bardsley tell the story to George's father after all? Was there anything unforgivable in it to him? As the worst thing in it had apparently been done from devotion to Nora, could the miller hear it without much pity and full forgiveness? Then Michael remembered the question would immediately arise, why had *he* taken upon himself to shelter George? He stood imagining the look, the surprise, the questioning, the suspicion of Ambray, on learning for the first time that Michael Swift, the servant who had come to him as an utter stranger, had known his son. He anticipated all the questions that would be on the miller's lips—why had he concealed from them that he had known him; and then,—*where had he seen George last?*

That thought would have decided Michael, even if it had not been followed by the recollection that the story of the last night on which Bardsley had seen George would necessarily be told by him to the miller so far as Bardsley knew it, and that then the rest would be demanded of himself—how breathlessly he could well imagine.

So Michael told himself that while he still guarded that secret which was between him and the dead, this burden he had taken upon himself yesterday must be borne.

The question now was, how should he satisfy Bardsley sufficiently to keep him from again applying to the miller or endeavouring to discover George?

"Well, Bardsley, you have kept as near the truth as could be expected of *you*," he said, "and I promise you as much shall be done for you as can be, if you leave it to me and trouble George Ambray's father no more."

"I shall see young Ambray himself somehow," declared Bardsley. "He's a-coming into money, and he shall be made to pay for this, first thing."

"You will do nothing of the kind," answered Michael. "You will not see him or get anything from him but what you get through me. You can tell by my having let my master think it was me you meant had ruined you, as you called it, how determined I am in this."

Michael then sat down near him, and again explained to him the uselessness of appealing to Ambray, who had at present no means whatever of helping him. He hinted that George being obliged, for reasons he could not go into now, to keep out of the way, had empowered Michael to act for him in all his affairs as he thought best.

"And if," said Michael, "you pledge your word to come here no more, and to try and lead your grand-daughter into a better way of life, I will take the responsibility, on George Ambray's account, of giving you the means of doing so."

"Hark!" said Bardsley, raising his finger. "Talk o' angels—here she comes."

Michael looked both ways along the beach, but saw no one. Listening, however, he heard Polly's voice behind the cliff, and was not surprised that the artists should have been amused by her singing, which reminded him alternately of rough street-vendors and the sweetest wild birds, London Saturday nights and dewy mornings in the country.

"She's a-singing," explained Bardsley, "so as I shall hear and holler out to let her know where I am. She's a sweet little pipe of her own, ain't she? Hush! keep still, and

let's see if she don't find me out without me moving."

By this time Polly came in sight, with an empty basket on her head. She had ceased singing for a moment, but as she came along towards them she began again, putting her little brown hand to the side of her mouth, that the breeze might not blow her voice from the beach, and prevent its being heard by her grandfather, whom she was seeking. Michael was amused by her little song, as she gave the last line of each verse like a regular street cry:—

"All up and down old London town,  
In many a court and alley,  
All day I cry Come haw, O buy  
My lilies of the valley!"

"Here's wilets too, all wet with doo,  
Fair ladies, for your tilts;  
All up the street they smells so sweet,  
O who will buy my wilets?"

"Here take this lot for half a groat,  
I've got so drenched and cold,  
And never sell'd, for all I've sold,  
A blessed daffodilly!"

"I'll catch it so when home I go  
With ne'er another root'n;  
I'd rayther die than have to cry  
Sweet flow'r-roots for yer gard'n!"

Polly, by the time her song was finished, had gone past them some yards; and the expression of proud glee with which Bardsley waited in his certainty as to her soon perceiving him was dying from his face when she stood still and half turned in troubled, tender bewilderment.

Bardsley heard her; his smile expanded again, and he laid one finger on his lips and held another up warningly to Michael.

The next instant Polly's basket was sent flying, and she sprang towards the old man with a peal of laughter.

"Ah, hah! you old Turk! You was going to cheat me, was you?" she cried, coming down on the beach beside him with a by no means graceful flop. "Here's a pretty hunt I've had for you. And who's this you're a-talkin' to?"

"This is a friend o' Mr. George Ambray's, Polly," answered Bardsley seriously.

Polly became suddenly decorous, and drooping her face against her grandfather, and fingering his buttons as in old days, inquired in a low shy voice—

"It ain't Mr. Brown, daddly, is it, as dared me, standing on a cheer on one toe, with the tambourine?"

"No, Polly, it ain't," replied her grandfather.

"Is it the gentleman as I was a angel with wings on for?" asked Polly dubiously.

"No, nor him neither, Polly."

"Is it him," asked Polly, "as took me with



the doves on my shoulder? Oh, how they scratched!"

"No, guess again," said Bardsley, laughing. Michael had also laughed a little, at which Polly flushed and sprang lightly up, and, standing before him in a charming attitude of recognition, said, shaking her head, and smiling and sighing at once, with the joy and pain of old memories—

"Ah! I remember now! You took me finding Moses in Mrs. Green's back-parlour!"

"No, no," laughed Michael gently, "still wrong, Polly, all wrong."

Polly sat down by her grandfather, after which she said quietly—

"I know him, daddy; he was in the mill last night."

"Right at last," answered Bardsley.

Michael then talked over with him the several ways by which the old man proposed to employ himself and Polly under the advantages now offered. Michael urged another endeavour to get Polly taken back into the blind school, but at the mention of it she so drooped that he had not the heart to go on talking about what might after all prove unmanageable.



Page 659.

Bardsley dwelt with regret on the pity it was Polly's blindness prevented her from enjoying the advantages she might have had as the pupil of Traps's in the bird-painting—a prospect which he appeared unable to think of without emotion.

Nothing was settled when Michael left them, after making an appointment for the next day. He would gladly have got them off to London at once, and so avoid the danger of another meeting with Ambray, but this he could not do till he wrote to his father for money.

When he had walked some little distance along the beach in the direction of the town, Polly came running after him, begging saucily for a sixpence.

As Michael gave it to her he laid his hand on her shoulder, and looking at her eyes glittering at the coin, though they could not see it, said—

"You never saw George Ambray, Polly? You never had your sight when you knew him?"

Polly shook her head. Michael saw that a change had come over her when his name

was mentioned. Her laughing lips became set, her eyelids fell like some dead things, and her eyeballs rolled under them in pain.

Michael was sorry for what he had done; but as he *had* spoken and the change *had* come, it was a sad pleasure to him to talk of George again.

"Then you remember nothing about him but his voice, Polly?" he asked softly. "You do not know what he was like?"

Polly's shoulder rose under his hand; her set lips parted and let out a long shuddering breath, on which faintly and tenderly were borne the words—

"I knowed what he was like."

"How, my poor girl, when you never saw him?"

The shoulder rose again, the long breath came again, murmuring softly and with faint triumph—

"But I ketched him all by ear."

"And you cared for him, Polly, so very, very much?"

At this question the tragic little face only grew paler, remaining motionless as marble.

"Are you very angry with him, Polly, then, for using you so ill?"

The pain all passed out of her face, which was raised to Michael with the smile of one who, having been reminded of many sorrows, is suddenly spoken to of a cherished blessing.

"He never used me ill," said Polly, with quiet, deep exultation. "That's only what *they* think. He know'd what was best. I never thought he used me ill not coming. I hope he's know'd all along as I never did."

"And yet, Polly, they say you fainted in the church."

"I was frightened for him," answered Polly. "They made such a row. I thought they'd hurt him—kill him."

She shuddered, and Michael took his hand quickly from her shoulder, and looked upon the stones with eyes full of bitter gloom.

Then he wished her good-bye abruptly, and left her.

Polly stood for some time in a sort of sorrowful trance, when she suddenly became aware of her sixpence. With a happy little cry, she tossed it up and caught it, and ran towards Bardsley.

"I say!" called Polly, "what'll yer have for dinner? I'm a-going to toss—heads, bacon; tails, herrin's."

"What is it you're a tossing with, Polly?" asked Bardsley, turning round greedily.

On Polly's putting the sixpence in his hand, he smiled.

"A couple o' penny loaves and one save-loy, Polly, must be the bill o' fare to-day," he said, putting it in his pocket; "for the other threepence I intend to use in purchasin' paper, envelope, and stamp. Ink we can borror."

"Whatever for, daddy?" asked Polly, hungry and disappointed.

"To get our scholarly young friend at the Barge to write to Traps to-night for us, Polly," he answered, buttoning up his coat with unusual energy, "events havin' occurred as I require the light of Traps's calm judgment on."

#### CHAPTER XXV.

It had been one of the mournfullest days to the old couple at the High Mills.

Nora had blamed Ambray for destroying, in his violence and folly, the arrangement to which she had had such difficulty in bringing Mrs. Grist to consent.

When the miller asked her if she would have him keep such a character as Bardsley had described Michael's, and as Michael had accepted as his, Nora declared that the man should at least have had time and opportunity allowed him to speak in his own defence—that his truthfulness was in his favour. He would not, she reasoned, have accepted, as he had done, the charges made against him if they were really as heavy as Ambray thought them; and if he had not hoped to clear himself sufficiently for his master still to retain him. She spoke of the honest indignation she had seen in his face and manner from the moment she had come into the cottage; and altogether caused Ambray to regard his own conduct in so bad a light, that he, being one of those persons who no sooner see an unfavourable reflection of themselves than they are seized by a desire to smash the looking-glass, soon ordered her to go with very little more ceremony than he had shown Michael.

Mrs. Ambray, who had taken no part in the quarrel, but in alternately pulling Ambray's tall figure back into his chair from which he kept rising angrily, and in patting and stroking Nora's hands, was thankful when her niece had gone and she had but one temper to manage.

To soothe this one she tried a thousand arts, even descending to a little abuse of Michael; at which Ambray told her to hold her tongue, declaring that however bad the man might be, he *had* behaved well enough to her. Three or four hours she was on her feet attending to his comforts, his cough mix-



ture, which he had made over again half-a-dozen times, his chest plaister, his rheumatic ankle and shoulder, and the innumerable requirements of a selfish man sick in heart and body; for all of which attention, when she at last sat down, aching in every limb, she was rewarded by seeing him drop his grey head in his hands, and hearing him moan into them—

“My God! what have I done to be left alone in the world like this?”

His wife, stung for his sake as well as her own, looked upon him with inexpressible pity and tenderness.

“It’s hard for you that you should feel that, John,” she said; “God knows what I should do if I did.”

Ambray was not so intellectually swinish as to be quite ignorant of the worth of the pearls of affection that were cast so lavishly before him by the most leal old heart that ever beat; but in perceiving them and their value he was only troubled at times by a vague sense of waste, as one might be in using some precious material for a purpose for which the commonest would do as well. He needed in Esther but a nurse and servant—a supplier of common physical wants; his heart was closed obstinately to all affection, hope, or comfort from any source but one; and as from that nothing came, his spirit starved and soured, so that he, in his turn, had nothing to give. A beggar in vain himself, others must needs beg vainly of him. Thus he excused himself to himself for his hardness, and when he saw his wife suffer at it, blamed the cause of his own suffering—George.

Since a morning in George’s second summer when Ambray had watched him from the mill, using both his baby hands and setting his dimpled feet against a ridge to give him strength to tug a scarlet poppy from the corn, his affection for the child and the ambition the act suggested that he should reap a long life’s harvest from his grandfather’s land, had become a passion. At first this had met with but little hope to nourish it, but in time his brother’s early death and the prospect of George’s marriage with Nora had so strengthened it, that it overcame every other feeling; life itself was but a slave to it.

Thus when Ambray on the day following Michael’s departure sat reflecting how this hope, this idol, had been injured by his soreness of temper,—which had first driven away the man whose presence had enabled them to subsist through this weary waiting, and next had hurt and offended George’s be-

trothed herself, it was no wonder that his heart should be sick and full of despair.

His harsh treatment of Michael had been wrung from him by simple and bitter jealousy at God’s having given one man such a son, while he who had staked his all upon his child—who had not retained or wished to retain one hope apart from him—was thus deserted, neglected, defied. Often he had felt inclined to lift his hand and strike Michael when he saw his dark eyes gleaming tenderly over one of old Swift’s short, cold, ill-spelt letters.

For this reason he was but sulkily and dully pleased when at noon a fish-boy brought him a letter from Michael, asking forgiveness for his rough departure and permission to return, and telling him how he was arranging to assist those who had been injured, though not, Michael assured him, so greatly as Bardsley would have had him to believe.

Mrs. Ambray dared not remain in the room for fear her husband should see the relief and thankfulness in her face when, after having asked him what he should do about the letter, he had replied—

“Nothing—and if he comes—he comes.”

So when, after dark, the door opened, and Michael looked hesitatingly in, his great shoulders drawn up, his head bowed, his pardon-begging eyes dazed by the candlelight—a picture of profound and humble contrition, he was not forbidden to enter and seat himself in his old corner.

The next morning, when Mrs. Ambray saw the sails sweeping lazily round in a languid sweet sea-breeze, and Michael white from head to foot, standing on the little terrace and looking across the Buckholt fields, she was obliged to hide behind the bee-hives, that she might have a thankful cry without being scolded for it.

Ambray did not speak to Michael for several days. Life evidently was not to go on at the High Mills even as smoothly as it had done in the earlier part of the summer.

Michael’s father wrote one day to tell him his money was all gone, and on another to tell him that an old blind man had been worrying them with mysterious demands in Michael’s name. At this critical time Michael dared not cease sending the small sum Bardsley had received from him since his and Polly’s return to London. To obtain this money now he was obliged to beg Ambray to allow him to work some hours daily for Mrs. Grist, explaining to him his necessity for doing so. Ambray did not refuse his consent, but was rather glad to

have this thing to taunt Michael with, so that his life—what with overwork, unkindness constant and galling, and the weight of three other persons' troubles—was no easy burden to him. He generally bore these taunts about Polly in silence and gentleness, but once or twice he had been unable to keep himself from turning upon Ambray with an indignant and passionate burst of laughter, which, though abruptly and sternly stopped, none the less had filled the old man with subdued fury.

Dissension seemed to ripen in the valley with the corn that harvest. Ma'r S'one brought rumours of wars from the farm, where it seemed Mrs. Grist was encouraging an unwelcome wooer of Nora's, to her niece's distress and Ambray's rage. There seemed no fear so strong in him as that of Nora breaking her engagement with George. If he heard of any of her friends from the Bay going to see her, he would never rest until he had learnt all he could about them; and Nora seldom had a letter but he would hear of it, and demand of her the writer's name, and sometimes the contents of the letter also.

Michael knew that Nora tried hard to keep patience and peace in her heart through all this, but he often saw her leave the miller's cottage with flushed cheeks and weary eyes, and walk home with a slow and springless step.

He noticed, too, that she began to catch some of the feverish, fresh expectancy that had possessed Ambray of late, and that seemed increasing upon him so that almost every sound made him start and tremble.

One night Michael heard him say to his wife in suppressed excitement—

"Esther, that boy's coming—I feel it—I feel he might come in at any moment."

The next day he told Nora the same thing, and her eyes filled as she looked at him solemnly and answered—

"How strange! I have felt so too."

The only times of rest Michael knew in those days, so full of restlessness and fever, were the evenings when he stole down the white village road, over which the shadows of the thatched cottages lay so softly and still, and leant upon the gate at Buckholt Farm. For it was at these times Nora's voice came out to complete the sweetness of the summer night, of the lake-like fields of heavy harvest dew, the star-jewelled mill-sails—still and moving—and the unseen sea, giving the valley breath with which to tell its odours.

Generally Michael would see Ma'r S'one listening close to the window, his hand behind his ear, his wondering little eyes fixed on his

young mistress as she sang, with all her soul in her face—like a modern St. Cecilia trying to draw down the angel of peace.

Michael loved best to steal away before she rose, because sometimes her sigh, or her look into the night, haunted him too long with its sweet patience and wonder, its foreboding or hope. Neither did he care to hear the invariable and solemn exclamation of Ma'r S'one, as his smock disappeared round the house:—

"The Lord forgive Ma'r's Garge!"

The harvest came.

One morning as they sat at breakfast the first band of reapers went by the window.

Ambray started up, and, going to the door, looked after them with eyes half frenzied.

"My God!" he cried, "is that it? Must I see *this* year's sheaves *lugging each other* over all my father's land without knowing if I shall ever hold my boy again? Oh, if he is not coming, let the harvest rot!"

He stretched his long arms out through the open door, and lifted up his face with a mingling of malediction and prayer fearful to see.

Michael rose, got past him, and went into the mill.

The whole morning he sat at one of the little windows without moving, watching the cottage-door and Anthony, who frequently came out of it, and walked a few yards in the sun, looking now with a quieter gloom at the reapers at their work.

At last, suddenly, and quite before he was aware of his approach, Ambray felt Michael's hand touching his arm.

"Master," he said, breathing as if he had just run from some great distance, instead of Ambray's having seen him sitting quietly in the mill but a minute since. "May I speak to you?"

"Why, what is the matter with you?" asked Ambray with puzzled sternness, stepping back as he looked at him, and noticed that Michael was paler than he ever saw living man look, and that his eyes were at once more resolute and more full of agony than any eyes his own had yet encountered.

There was but one object concerning which Ambray could feel hope or fear—one source to which he could imagine such anguish as he saw here must belong.

"George!" he almost shouted, laying his hands on Michael's shoulders, and looking upon him as if he would devour his news out of his soul before his lips could speak it. "Is it about George?"



"Let me come and tell you," answered Michael. "Let me tell you in the mill."

Half leaning on him, half supporting him to make him move faster, Ambray went with him into the mill.

They stood by the long deal shaft exactly as they stood there when Michael first came, and where he had looked up and nodded as the miller said, "I have a son in London," and had felt that movement to be the greatest crime of which he had in all his life been guilty.

Ambray laid his hand upon the shaft now as he had done that day.

Michael also took hold of it to keep himself from falling.

As their eyes met again Michael saw that Ambray had had time to reason with himself—to think that the news which looked so terrible in Michael's eyes need not necessarily be about his son.

Then, without an instant's pause, the words came with a dull monotony—like a bitter lesson learnt by heart and soul—

"I saved an old man's life from a young man who would have killed him—if I—had not used violence to the young man, who was strong—very strong. I used violence—I killed him—no one knows I did it—no one but you—his—his——"

Michael's voice failed him; he saw that the miller drew himself back, erect and strong—that the hope which had risen in his eyes was determined to die hard.

Michael clung to the shaft like the last wretch left upon a wreck to the swaying mast, and cried—

"Have mercy upon me, master!"

"Unlucky wretch!" murmured Ambray, bewildered, "what have I to do with mercy? You have really done this thing you say you have? You have killed a man? *You?*"

At this moment, the bell attached to the mill-door rang; a flood of light fell on their faces; a girl had come for a small measure of barley-meal.

Michael looked at her, and heard her demand, with a dull, vague wonder; a horror such as, if the dead could feel, they might know at seeing some one waiting a customary service from their hands.

He did not move except to take one hand from the shaft, and stand erect beside it.

Ambray with a strong step went and took a measure and filled it, and poured the barley into the girl's apron; Michael staring at him with suspended breath; appalled by the sight of his calmness, which showed how little of his task was yet done.

He saw that hope, like some hurt, wild creature was stung to fresh strength in him by the shock it had received, and was prepared to defend its fierce, faint life to the last.

When the girl had gone and Ambray had closed the door upon her, he turned to Michael with this look of assurance and defiance in his eyes, and Michael cried out in a voice scarcely louder than a breath, but audible and pain-burdened as the breath about to pass away for ever—

"You must understand me! I must make you understand me! This young man——"

His voice died, and they looked at each other in utter silence.

It seemed that minutes passed in this way before Michael again clung to the shaft as he had done before, and cried—

"Have mercy upon me—it was your son!"

Suddenly, before he well knew how Ambray had approached or taken hold of him, Michael was half running with feet like lead—half being dragged along—past the field of fallen corn towards the cottage.

The next moment he was standing before Mrs. Ambray and Nora, and a voice such as he had never heard, but by which all fears of the past seemed uttered afresh, was shouting over him—

"What have you told me? Repeat it here—before this woman that bore him, and this girl—repeat it!"



## A PEEP AT EMS.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHERE is Ems? The question will doubtless appear very foolish to the reader, assuming as it does on his part a childish ignorance of European geography and of some of the localities best known and nearest to our own doors. But, judging from my own ignorance a few months ago, when I asked myself the same question,—although I fancied I knew Germany better than I did England,—I am bold enough to assume the possible existence of a like ignorance in others regarding the whereabouts of this famous source of so many healing waters. I am less astonished at this, however, when I remember the curious notions which tourists have regarding their own country, arising probably from their attention having been directed in early life chiefly to lands of sacred or classical interest. They are therefore much more familiar with Greece and Rome, “as known to the ancients,” or with the divisions and cities of the twelve tribes of Israel, than with the counties and towns of England or Scotland, not to speak of such an outlying spot in creation as Nassau and its Brunnens. Let me therefore inform all such that Ems is within a few miles, to the south-west, of Coblenz, and is situated on the banks of the river Lahn, which falls into the Rhine at Oberlahnstein. I specially notice this latter place because it is a station at which all the Rhine steamers call, and also a junction between the railway along the right bank of the Rhine and the line up the valley of the Lahn, by Ems and Limburg, on to Wiesbaden and Frankfurt. Ems is thus reached in about an hour, including delays, by railway from Coblenz, or by a beautiful drive past Ehrenbreitstein and through Unterlahnstein.

To those who enter the Continent by Rotterdam, *en route* for the Rhine, I would strongly recommend a short detour through Holland. By this means, not only is the long and intensely stupid voyage up the Rhine to Cologne avoided, but much that is novel and deeply interesting may be seen in a day or two, especially to one who will take as his guide Motley's delightful “History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic,” the cheap edition of which can be easily carried. Every town he passes through will thus crowd his memory with the most stirring incidents in a grand episode of European history. What one forgets is the nearness of these Dutch towns to each other, and the

ease with which they can be reached by railway. Thus Delft, a characteristic specimen of an old Dutch town, is within half-an-hour's drive by rail from Rotterdam. It is the scene of the tragic assassination of the great William of Orange; and his residence, where that foulest of deeds was perpetrated, is still to be seen, with the mark in the plaster made by the bullet which killed him. In Delft may also be seen some old historical houses, such as that of the famous De Witt, and old Dutch churches and tombs, that of Hugo Grotius, or De Groot, being among the most interesting. Twenty minutes more brings the traveller to the Hague, where a few of the best pictures of the Dutch school, including Paul Potter's famous “Bull,” will reward him; and a drive to Scheveningen, and a bathe, with a civilised dinner in some of the fine restaurants overlooking the winding sands and breezy seas, will refresh him. He can also, at the Hague, visit the Museum, with its historical relics; and the old prison, with its torture chambers, and the instruments which were used in the olden times to secure good government and sound theology, and the cells in which some of the noblest of the earth were thus educated. In four hours or so he can pass thence, through Leyden and Haarlem to Amsterdam, where there are a few first-rate specimens of the Dutch masters to be seen. Even should he be pressed for time—as every one seems to be in this period of “advanced thought” and terrific progress—he will nevertheless have seen very easily and cheaply, although rapidly, what will more than justify his detour. The train from Amsterdam conveys him in about eight hours to Cologne. I have more than once visited Holland—as a “Peep” at which, written long ago in *Good Words*, doth testify unto this day to the curious. I renewed my acquaintance with it partly to act as guide to the members of my family who were my travelling companions, but chiefly for the purpose of visiting old and valued friends in Amsterdam. We crossed over to Rotterdam by one of the line of steamers from Leith.\*

\* It may be useful to Scotch readers to know that return tickets are given by those boats for £2, 10s., which enables the tourist to return by Hamburg or Antwerp, as well as Rotterdam. The steamers are powerful and well-built vessels, commanded by kind and long experienced masters. The only return needed in most of them is in the morning, and with every wish to see them become still more popular as passenger-boats, I would earnestly press upon their liberal and energetic owners to give special attention to this depart-



The voyage in ordinary weather is not uninteresting, as the usual course is along the land as far south as the coast of Norfolk, and so near as to afford a good view of its varied features. From leaving the last English light to passing the first on the Dutch coast the distance is about sixty miles. The return voyage is generally made more to the north, when Flamborough Head is the point usually first seen in running for the Frith of Forth.

When at the Hague I made the acquaintance of a clansman, whom I mention here not for the purpose of recording the pleasure which meeting him gave me and the kindness we received from him, but as a bit of traveller's gossip, illustrative of our Highland customs and manners. General Norman Macleod, of the Dutch army, to whom I allude, is the descendant of a family who possessed the small island of Bernera, in the Hebrides, which lies near the Long Island, and whose nearest neighbour to the West is America. It would surprise most Englishmen to know the number of officers which have been contributed by many Highland families having the "blood" and feelings of gentlemen, although possessed of, comparatively speaking, little else—not a few of whom rose to high rank and received high honours. Two of these, knighted for their bravery, have but lately passed away. As a Highland keeper said of one of his terriers, that he "never could get enuech o' fechtin'," so was it with the sons of these old patriarchal families. They betook themselves, accordingly, to foreign service, as the custom was in many well-known families of the Lowland Scotch, such as the Douglasses.\* The Dutch was a favourite service with many Highland gentlemen. The ancestor of my friend the general had entered it upwards of a hundred and fifty years ago, the family having, ever since, had a regular succession of first-born sons each bearing the same name, and occupying high positions in the army or navy of Holland! Yet the Celtic blood has remained so strong, that the general was thoroughly up in his family tree with all its

branches, and had visited Scotland to make the acquaintance of his Highland cousins, with whom he now holds most friendly intercourse. I trust the reader may either kindly pity or pardon this digression, and attribute it to my Celtic proclivities.

Church and school matters in Holland naturally interested me, but I regret to say that, if my information be correct, neither is in a very satisfactory condition. Ultra "Rationalism," as it is most *irrationally* termed, seems to have sunk to zero, and, if possible, to a few degrees below it. I know not whether this be the natural reaction from a hard and stern Calvinistic past, with its Arminian wars, and sundry appliances of tender admonitions by thumb-screws or other iron instrumentalities, or only a strong wave of the great current of unsettling thought, which, passing from France to Germany before the French Revolution, has been breaking up all mere traditionalism ever since, and applying such severe tests to truth as to shake the faith of those who never truly possessed it, but which will ultimately, I believe, be for the benefit of the truth, as revealed in the *whole* Bible, as well as in Jesus Christ. The symptoms, however, of that transition towards a deeper and truer faith, more and more discernible elsewhere, do not, with some exceptions, as yet appear in Holland.

But when I began these jottings I had no intention of peeping into churches or schools, but into more mundane and less scholastic affairs; so let us bid farewell to Holland, and be off to Ems. One remark more before parting. The Dutch are the greatest smokers in the world! For example: in one large first-class omnibus between the Hague and Scheveningen, there were twelve passengers; all were smoking but two, and one of these was the only lady passenger! Even Americans could hardly compete with this.

Ems can be reached in one day from Amsterdam by rail, but we spent the night at Cologne, walking out next morning to a large camp of French prisoners. We saw nothing, however, except rows of wooden huts with the helmets and bayonets of the Prussians on guard gleaming here and there, and everywhere men with red trousers lounging about or smoking—all of which can be as easily imagined as described, while no results of any interest are likely to be produced by either process.

We reached Ems early next day. It is a pretty little town, situated at the bottom of a narrow valley on a strip of alluvial land

ment in all its details. They should take as their models in this respect the Glasgow and Belfast boats. A larger passenger traffic between Scotland and the Continent might, I am persuaded, be developed by this line.

\* I once visited an old church, I forget its name, on the banks of Lake Wener in Sweden, which any traveller, by the route of the Lakes, between Stockholm and Gottenburg, may easily do. In a small side chapel, shut in by rusty railings, are several lead coffins, containing the ashes of Douglasses buried there since the days of Gustavus Adolphus! On the walls are hung their coats of arms with the bloody heart, and in a recess flags taken in war, or which the regiments had carried into battle. In Abo and other old churches in Finland may also be seen handsome monuments erected to the memory of Scotch generals who had served and died in Sweden.

along the river Lahn, with high rounded hills rising from each bank, here and there broken by picturesque rocks, and cleft by innumerable glens, with their slopes in many places ending abruptly in terraced vineyards. The one long street leans on the hill. The only "objects of interest" are numerous large villas on the opposite side of the Lahn; many good hotels; the old yellow mass of the bath-house, with its warm corridor, its Kissell and Kranchen Brunnens; the flash Kursaal near, with its stately painted and columned hall, its reading-rooms and gambling-rooms, beautiful flower gardens, and walks stretching from one end along the river, to a restaurant at the other end, a large open space, shaded with trees, made comfortable by seats, and adorned with innumerable small tables, among which napkin-bearing waiters move, while crowds of people promenade, eat and drink, or listen to the excellent instrumental band which performs every morning and evening. These are among its *Sehensmerkwürdigkeiten!*

I will not indulge in any medical advertisement of the virtue of Ems water. Like most of those mysterious contributions from Nature's laboratory, it professes, I presume, to cure every disease, and no doubt does cure many. But I advise all who seek such remedies to consult an educated physician—and not an old visitor only who "can speak from experience"—but a physician, I say, who either knows himself what is best for his patient, or has the sense to find out from those who do. Let me also advise any one who is sent to mineral waters at home or abroad, again to consult a physician on the spot, and either to abide by his advice or to return home, but in no case to "doctor" himself.

This much I may say of Ems—its climate is generally delightful in May when other places are too cold, but it becomes oppressively hot in the last months of summer.\* Last spring was quite an exceptional season, as we had much rain and cold east winds, which made a fire in the stove necessary to our comfort in the evening.

The hours for drinking the waters are generally in the morning before breakfast and late in the afternoon. At these times the band plays, and helps to sweeten them, and to produce that quiet self-satisfied and self-forgotful

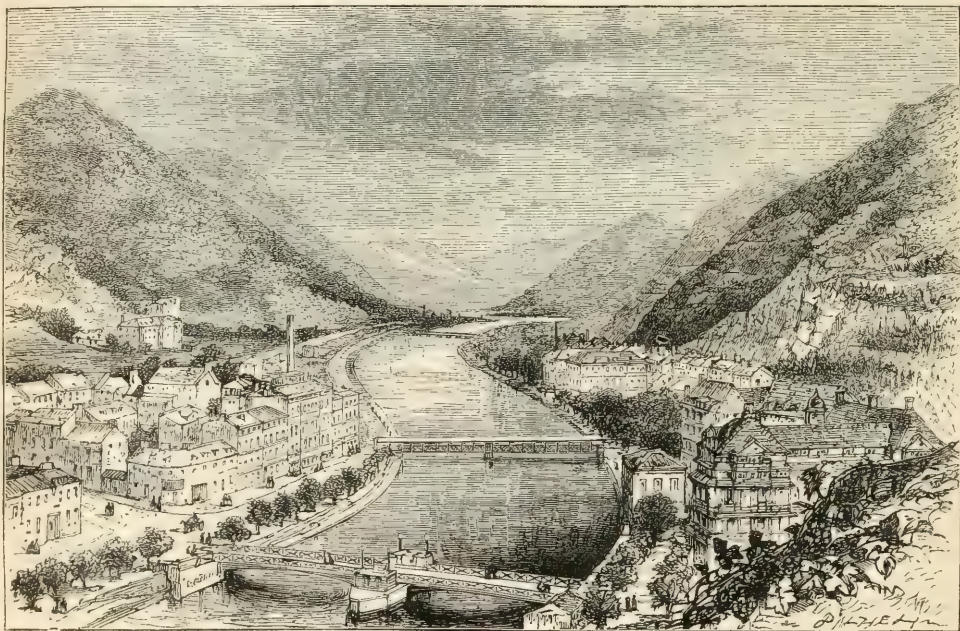
condition of mind which is assumed to be conducive to cure. But I am disposed to think that this same cure, when effectual, is not to be attributed solely or chiefly to the use of the waters, however sanitary they are either in the form of beverage or of bath. "To speak candidly," as people say when they more than suspect themselves of being crotchety or crusty, it is difficult to know why most invalids go abroad for health, which I am persuaded can be found much more easily at home. Can food—the sick man's best medicine—be obtained in any part of the earth so good as at home? Where can we get such beef and mutton to roast? And where can they be roasted as they are at our *open* "sea-coal" fires? Where else can we get such fowls?—such fish—such potatoes? and, as a rule, such bread? If thy health, O sufferer! dependeth on thy food, consider well as for life or death,—which meaneth digestion or indigestion,—where it is to be found ere thou leavest thine island home! "Magnificent is the *table d'hôte!* What a *menu!* Ha!" saith the young continental enthusiast fresh from home for the first time, "how they do those things abroad!" May I ask what things? Are they stringy chickens, fried waxy indigestible potatoes, vegetables drowned in butter or oily sauce, beef from some old cow that has been ploughing the fields, mutton from half-starved sheep, and tasteless perch or pike, or, if within two hundred miles of the sea, turbot perhaps sorely out of season? And the soup? Water coloured red one day, *à la maître d'hôtel*; coloured brown next day, *à la Reine*; or coloured brown the third day with macaroni, and named after the said Mac; and on Sundays and holidays honoured probably by rice, and bits of last day's dinner swimming in it, and named after some great emperor! Then as to climate—I express the opinion with profound humility, and yet with what often accompanies such a confession, unhesitating certainty—that *as a rule* (to which a few exceptions no doubt must be made in winter) there can be found within the rocky shores of this "nice little, tight little island," every variety, dry—yes, reader, *dry* as compared even with Italy though not with Egypt—mild, and bracing too, with beautiful scenery, such as would suit invalids as well and even far better than nine-tenths of continental places, taking everything into account. But on the other hand, there is to be balanced against this the power of fancy, especially in cases where "the nerves" play a part—and

\* In May, before the crowd of visitors arrive for June and July, a good parlour and bedroom may be had *looking to the south* for about 30s. a week; and a single person may board in a hotel for about £2, or even less. There are excellent medical practitioners, whose modest consulting fee is two dollars, or 6s. I would give a gentle hint to patients to avoid consulting the physician when meeting him accidentally, and by way of enjoying an agreeable conversation. Let a consultation hour be appointed, and don't forget the dollars.



where do they not?—with the power also of faith in what is supposed to be the best place and best means of cure; and there is also the freedom from all local worries, although these might possibly be got quit of nearer home; and above all there is what may be termed the health-gossip with fellow-sufferers; the comparing of experiences; the delightful free-trade interchange of every whim, and feeling, and sensation, from the great toe to the small head—with daily expressions of hope or fear without check. “Ha! that is exactly what I felt. Exactly! How very odd! But what is quite peculiar in my case is,” &c. “Oh dear, no! Nothing

peculiar in *that*; for I too,” &c. “Indeed! I thought that I alone,” &c. “Pray did you ever try the A, B, C, and D, remedy?” “No, not *all* of them, but several; but I have consulted Drs. E. F. G. H. and W.” “Well, I have tried them *all*, and dozens more. When in Paris I consulted Dr. M., and when in Berlin Dr. N., and Dr. P. in London, and they are all humbugs. Did you ever try the new system—a most marvellous system—called &c.?” And so people gossip and twaddle—talk nonsense about absurd cures requiring the genius of humbug to invent, or of credulity to believe in. And thus not a few of these water-drinkers indulge in the most



Ems.

healthy pouring out of all their sensations to each other, until each goes to his lodging relieved by the thought that he is not the only sufferer on earth—the only one with something “quite peculiar,”—and that there is yet *hope*—yes, hope, more especially as he is now doing abroad what he might have done much more cheaply at home. For he is re-creating himself by “resting awhile” and by scientific idleness, such as reading a few good novels and taking exercise, by talking agreeable nothings, or obtaining pleasant information, or staring into shop-windows, or exercising self-denial in regard to eating and drinking—a kind of life which would be perfect, except in

the cases of those unfortunates who receive business letters which “must be forwarded,” and to whom kind friends send newspapers, whose “correspondence” or leading articles too often turn the most alkaline waters into acid! How considerate are most of these letters: “Knowing that you are unwell, I regret so much intruding, &c., &c. ; *but*——.” These “*buts*” are the bores of existence, and make many an invalid wander about dry places seeking rest, yet finding none, until his last estate is worse than his first! But again I say, could not all this real or ideal good be found somewhere between Cornwall and Caithness, or Callander?

When a man has trained himself at Ems not

to think, it is interesting, in more ways than one, to watch the gambling-tables. Whether giving one's presence even, without his coin, to such places, demands some explanation



Corner of Dausenau.

or defence from those who, like myself, detest them, I do not know. I don't mean, however, at present to give either. Strange to say that, although I have crossed and recrossed the Channel fifty times, I never saw a gambling-table till last spring. At first I was interested by it. It was a new experience of life, without at least, personal danger, and an interest, or small kind of excitement, not caused by even the desire to stake a dollar,—a temptation which, I know, some people better and wiser than I am, have honestly pleaded guilty to; which must not be overlooked in estimating the danger of even looking on at the game. But it was at first amusing and curious, then wearisome, then painful, and often really shocking, to watch the fools, old and young, male and female, nobles and nobodies, staking and gaining, staking again and losing, staking and losing more, and at last, *as a rule*, losing all they had with them, from a few dollars to much gold. There was nothing worth remembering or describing in the events which passed around these tables. Those who presided at the game—with the exception of the keen-eyed men who occupied high seats overlooking it, and who *seemed* to have a real personal interest in it—all the other officials looked wearied and *blasé*, and utterly indifferent, as if working for day's wages. Many who staked their money appeared to do it as a mere bit of fun. Officers were there, young and old, who had got, probably, a little loot in France, but who did not play deep. There were a few old hands who were intensely grave, with knit and anxious brows, and by no means interesting features.

XII—47

All tried to look calm and unconcerned, whether gaining or losing, though in some cases they could not conceal their annoyance after repeated and large losses. But the whole scene impressed one with a sense of the miserable and degrading love of excitement caused by sheer greed and avariciousness, by the passion of making money by a short cut, without patience, industry, self-denial, and all those virtues which money may reward, yet cannot be weighed against it, more especially when it is consecrated to higher ends than its mere acquisition. It is most satisfactory to know that the Imperial government has made every gambling-table illegal after 1872. The Pope may, however, as "the Vicar of Christ," continue the papal lottery, as I have seen it at Rome presided over by a representative of his holiness. How monstrous is such gambling under such auspices!

Here I may take the liberty, which years and a considerable experience and observation of life may entitle me to, in order to warn any young men who may be among my readers against indulging in play of any kind derived from the love of money. A worse education, and one more calculated to destroy those habits which make the *man*, can hardly be conceived. I have no objection whatever to games which are often condemned,—as I myself may be by many people I respect for presuming to defend them,—such as billiards, or cards, in addition to the dance or song. These, if indulged in by the members of a family at home, as sources of amusement and gentle excitement, without the stimulant of



Corner of Dausenau.

money, may in many cases be a positive advantage, not only as being in themselves innocent and agreeable, but as affording an additional inducement to young men to spend



their evenings pleasantly at home, and so helping to prevent those reactions which are caused by unreasonable restrictions. But let the element of money be once introduced, and an education of a very different kind often begins, which may create those tastes that are incompatible with hard work and healthy enjoyment, but ever crave more and more excitement, and not unfrequently end in idleness and recklessness. Gambling in its lesser forms is not to be trifled with. It may act as a little blood to a young tiger, and develop passions which would otherwise lie dormant. My advice has special reference to those—of whom there are not a few—with weak brains, and weak wills, except on the side of self.

To all this it may be answered that there is little difference between the habits of the gaming-table and the Exchange—that commerce is now but a huge rouge-et-noir—a throw of the dice, in which a fortune or a bankruptcy are the exciting alternatives. This is frightfully true in too many cases. But, as the elegant proverb expresses it, “two blacks don’t make a white;” and it should not be forgotten that, notwithstanding the blacks, who generally attract most attention, especially if among a greater number of whites, but for these whites—who are, in fact, much more numerous than their swarthy neighbours—commerce could not exist. Such whites, too, are well known by the blacks to be men of incorruptible honour and integrity; whose transactions are all based upon facts and probabilities, which make all the chances to be in their favour, like those of the “bank” of the gambling-table, and not against them, like those of the gamblers who play against it. Moreover, these whites act with a sense of responsibility for the use they make of the money employed by them in trade.

There were crowds of Prussian soldiers and officers recruiting their health at Ems. Many were wounded, all were suffering more or less. What struck me most about them was their quiet, respectful, and unassuming manners. I never saw one instance of swagger or vain self-consciousness about them. Very many wore the iron cross—not only the cross given to whole regiments, but *the* one which, like our Victoria Cross, is given to men only who have done deeds of peculiar bravery. The handsome, gentlemanly man who led the band every day wore an iron cross, which he had gained for conducting the band of the Augusta Regiment of Guards into the battle of Gravelotte. I had frequent conversations with several of these

soldiers, and was much pleased with their great intelligence. Every one admitted the bravery and gallantry of the French troops, but as unanimously condemned the ignorance and want of strategy of the officers. I heard a sufficient number of facts, the truth of which was confirmed from several trustworthy sources, which astonished me, as to the want of the rudiments of the most common education on the part of a large proportion—fifteen to seventeen per cent. was hazarded—of the ordinary French officers. “And what,” exclaimed a soldier, “is mere bravery as a reason for a man being made an officer? Brave men are surely common enough. But unless a man is educated—unless we soldiers know that he has studied the art of war—unless we have perfect confidence in our leaders, and know that they never would have been made leaders or commanders unless fit in every respect for such a position—how could we follow them with courage and confidence, and do whatever they were pleased to order? We might fail as soldiers, but we know all would be done by our officers that *could* be done.” It was interesting to hear their sharp criticisms on their own generals—how one saved his men’s lives by strategy, and how another was too reckless in his bravery and determination to “take the bull by the horns, instead of shooting him through the heart, or hemming him into a corner where escape was impossible.” I found the Crown Prince beloved as a man, and respected and trusted as a soldier. But Moltke was their god! By his imperturbable demeanour and perfect calm, he seems to have mesmerised them. “He is always quiet and unmoved as a stone!” was a remark often made. One day I entered a shop to make some small purchase. I was served by a fine, clear, open-eyed man, with a singularly frank and pleasing expression of countenance and a very unassuming manner. He was dressed in the uniform of a Landwehr man, which had evidently seen service. The fingers of one hand were doubled up by a wound. Had he been at the war? I remarked. “Yes.” And had been wounded? “Yes.” Was he married? “Yes;” and his wife and children, he said, with a smile on his lips and a half-tear in his eye, were all alive and well, thank God; and from the next room I could hear their voices. “Listen, how happy they are!” When had he returned? “Last night only! last night, sir, from Paris!” And here he had at once settled down into his old German family ways as if he had never left

home; and he was without pension or reward except the quiet satisfaction of having fought for Fatherland.

I saw the Augusta regiment of Foot Guards enter Ems on its return from Paris. A most hearty reception was given to it—flags flying and cheers filling the air. There was nothing imposing, nothing brilliant or dashing in the look of men or officers. But there was a stalwart strength of body, a sedate, purpose-like look about them; and most of them had faces and beards such as Moritz Retsch loves to sketch as types of the true German race.

It was beneath the Colonnade, which, with its shops, forms one side of that open space I have described as composing the garden of the restaurant, that the famous encounter took place between the old king and Benedetti!—little more than a year ago!—and we are hardly yet alive to the mighty revolution produced by the words of an ignorant and braggart messenger from an ignorant and braggart sovereign. War! but what a war? Under that same Colonnade we heard of the destruction of Paris by those dear friends of humanity—the Communists. “And this,” said an old and highly intelligent friend of mine the other day, “is the last of all those events in the history of France which I can distinctly remember since I wept bitterly on hearing read from the newspaper of the day the account of the execution of Louis XVI. Alas, poor France! I shall not, I fear, live to see her learn wisdom from all this long, varied, and awful teaching by God in his Providence. But I hope and believe it cannot be all in vain, both for France and for Europe.”

Yes, in that Colonnade Benedetti practically proclaimed war. He knew not what he did! On the opposite side of the street, behind the Colonnade, there lived on that same day a fine young fellow, possessor of the Hôtel Zum Goldenen Traube, who was engaged to be married to a young woman worthy of him. Benedetti still lives, but the poor “Wirth” lies buried with tens of thousands more in an unknown grave where he fell, and his young bride also lives, when she would rather have died with him.

As to the Germans becoming a blustering, vain, ambitious, and conquering race like some we could name!—nothing in the future seems to me to be less likely. It is neither their temperament nor their policy. They fought grandly to carry out a long-cherished and passionate idea—German unity. They have done it. They wish no more. They enter

now on a grave and difficult task—internal political consolidation. To this end all their patriotism will be devoted. The very fact of the German army being so numerous, so educated and intelligent, and being drawn from every rank and district, or rather kingdom and principality, within the empire, while it secures a marvellous amount of every kind of power for a defensive and truly national patriotic war, makes any other war which does not command the thoughtful and intelligent sympathies of such a people less possible. The next German war, in my humble opinion, will be one of political thought only, and one to secure constitutional social progress. And such a war will be truly European!

While at Ems, I worshipped in the parish church. The service was of the most simple kind. Short prayers offered, readings from the Bible, singing of hymns by the congregation, led by the organ without “precentor,” as we term the leader of psalmody in Scotland, and without a choir. This I take to be the best method of cultivating true congregational psalmody, which ought to be *music* in singing, and therefore according to the laws of music, which are of God as much as any other “laws of nature,” but not, therefore, mere sounds which might, without offence, in too many instances at home be termed groaning or grunting. If from defective education, or want of voice, there can be no *real* music, then the minister should not say “Let us sing,” for in such a case the congregation cannot praise God by *singing*; but should unite rather in uttering aloud the words of praise in either prose or poetry. But what fine music, by true and hearty singing, is almost any congregation capable of producing if its members take some trouble to cultivate that finest instrument on earth, the human voice! I do not, however, deny that when true music can be produced by the organ and choir only in connection with worship, this may yet be accompanied by the silent praise of the heart, as is the case with prayer in Presbyterian churches. When “sacred” music, however grand, is listened to for its own sake, and separated from even heart worship, it is no more sacred than an opera. The sermon preached in the church was not read. The congregation was numerous and devout. Devotion is the genius of the German Church. It is expressed in its noble hymns, which have done more than even the pulpit, or most of its modern theological literature, to preserve the religious life of the people. The key-note struck by Luther of justification by



simple faith alone in God himself as being reconciliation to him, and the germ necessarily of a new and true life, has echoed down the German Protestant race in spite of much teaching calculated to destroy it. This faith has mingled with all the phases of their family, social, and political life; and, as in no other nation, except Israel of old, has been breathed into their very battle songs. In spite of logical contradictions between German heads and German hearts, the hearts always gain the day and retain a wonderful trust in God, and a sense of dependence on His aid and blessing.

On one of the days on which I attended church about forty young persons were confirmed, and they, with two or three hundred adults, partook of the communion. The manner of giving the communion was new to me. The presiding pastor stood near the altar, which was a table covered with an ornamented cloth, and having the sacramental elements placed upon it. The congregation, first the men and then the women, passed in succession, receiving from the pastor first the bread, and then returning in the same order of succession, they received the wine. It seemed to be very tedious and far less impressive than the Scotch custom of sitting together at a common table, and in silence "dividing" the bread and wine "among themselves." This at least expresses the brotherhood or social aspect of Christianity, including the individual relationship of each to Christ the one bond of unity, and is less sacerdotal than the other. There was one part of the ceremony of confirmation, where all the young people sang a hymn, the congregation remaining silent, which I thought very touching. This sacred melody rising from young voices visibly affected the whole audience. I saw soldiers and officers down whose sunburnt faces many tears were falling, as if they were connecting their losses, their sufferings, and their late victories of the past year, with the memories of early years of peace, and voices they would hear no more.

The scenery around Ems is remarkably beautiful. I do not allude especially to those views from the tops of neighbouring hills which all strangers are expected to visit,—those I saw, such as from Kemmenau, did not strike me much. Such hills in Rhineland are too much alike in form and in height to form a good picture when seen from the summit of any one of them. It wants variety. The beauty and interest of the scenery is to be found along the banks of the streams, and among the green pasture-lands, and the valleys,

hemmed in by dank weeds and crags; in the river breaks and eddies, with long calm reaches where a boat or two repose near the towing-path; in the small villages nestling in some quiet nook, with gaunt gables and balconies, each with its gasthaus, and old church-steeple; while ever and anon, at some turning of the road, a promontory is seen, crowned with its mouldering castle, or some secluded valley with monastic ruins. If solitude is needed, one has only to penetrate into the forest, where it can be found undisturbed, as by the seashore or on the waste moorland.

The scenery from Ems up the Lahn to Limburg is of the kind I have here described. In a drive by rail of about an hour or so, you can visit quaint, interesting old towns, like Nassau (four miles from Ems), with its heights crowned by ivied towers, one belonging to the family of the late great Prussian minister Stein; remains of its old city walls and towers, and grand (ex-)ducal Schloss; with picturesque green hills and valleys, and that genuine old German small-town atmosphere about it, with the primitive and simple manners of the inhabitants, which make the Germany of our youth so delightful to memory. Beyond Nassau are passed several interesting and most picturesque spots, such as the grand Cloister of Arnstein, in perfect repair (p. 673), and the ruined Castle of Langenau (belonging to Count Kielmannsegge), and farther on the fine Castle of Schaumburg, and at last Limburg, with its grand old cathedral. There are few bits of scenery in Rhineland more beautiful than this hour's drive along the Lahn. I must not forget to mention an old town within two miles of Ems—Dausenau (p. 673). It did not seem to be among the "sights" of Ems, or to have inspired any admiration among its water drinkers, so I felt all the charm of unexpectedly discovering what was to me, at least, a most interesting bit of antiquity. It is a very old village, fortified in the eleventh century, I believe, with high walls forming a square, and high towers at each corner. Two of the towers and some portions of the wall remain in a tolerable state of preservation, the rest being in ruins. It is the smallest fortified place I ever saw, and never could have contained more than, at most, a thousand inhabitants. A clear stream runs through it, but its interest consists chiefly in affording many studies for the artist, from its singularly picturesque groupings of old tottering, straggling houses pitched side-ways and end-ways along tortuous thoroughfares, with delicious masses of

foliage mingling with the ruins, trees and bushes growing where they list, while the old parish Protestant church rises over all, containing quaint devices illustrative of religious subjects which belonged to it before the Reformation. Some of the Ems "folk" smiled at my taste in admiring Dausenau, but if any artist fond of colours as well as form will visit it on a sunny day when the shadows cast from the overhanging hills and old battlements and old houses, mingle with the lights which dance among the green of its scattered foliage, I am sure he will carry away in his portfolio more than one sketch of the old town. If he can leave behind him in exchange such lessons as may be remembered and acted upon regarding drainage and sanitary reform of the most simple kind, he will be a benefactor to its people.

A visit to the Rhine, which can be reached in half an hour, makes more than one delightful day's excursion from Ems. The proud Castle of Stoltzenfels is immediately opposite the station of Oberlahnstein, where the border of the grand old river is reached. Down the stream, in another half hour, Coblenz and Ehrenbreitstein are reached. By steamer, leaving at eleven, the best portion of the scenery of the Upper Rhine as far as Bingen can be seen in time to meet the railway, by which one can return along the banks of the Rhine early in the evening to Ems.

But I must bring this "peep" and its wandering gossip to a close—and where can I do so more appropriately than in the glorious Cathedral of Cologne? The "Dom," when finished, will be externally the most perfect expression of Gothic architecture in the world. But its interior, I am bold enough to confess, did not put my memories of York Minster to shame; and were Westminster Abbey only cleared of all the barbarous rubbish which blocks its windows and destroys so much of its interior, it would, take it all in all, be to me more impressive. If one wishes to judge of the relative merits of the Munich school of glass staining and painting, and the old school, whose chief end was bright and harmonious colour, he can do so in this cathedral. I had myself no difficulty in deciding in favour of the latter. There was service in the evening—it being a high festival. A sermon was being

preached in the nave as I entered it, and was listened to by about two thousand very attentive hearers. The tones and vehement gestures of the preacher, with his glorification of the Roman Catholic Church, and his strong denunciations of all its enemies, reminded me of preachers I have heard nearer home, and was thus interesting as suggesting analogies between men like-spirited, if not like-minded, but which I need not trouble the reader with. It may, however, be instructive to note how often men who separate in fierce antagonism pursue each their separate course, but move in a semicircle by which they are soon brought face to face, when they may, perhaps, protest against the possibility of such a result *because* they had originally started back to back!

After the sermon there were prayers, &c., offered up by the officiating priest from the altar, to which hearty and universal responses were given. Other ceremonies of the usual kind connected with the exhibition of the Sacrament for adoration then took place. But what alone struck me as being very beautiful and impressive was the singing of the simple air of a hymn by an unseen choir, led by the organ, in which the voices of boys and females alone could be heard. The wondrousness of those exquisite voices—one knew not whence they came or whither they went—through that majestic pile, was indescribably touching. The spirit rose on the wings of this ethereal music with devout emotions, and "songs without words." The evening was fading into night, and white-robed boys partially lighted up the scene, dimly revealing the great audience and portions of the stately pillars, whose lofty capitals and connecting arches were lost in darkness. But some of the higher windows, which seemed to be in the very sky, caught the last glowing beams of the setting sun mingling it with their own, and touching, as with lunar rainbows, some of the upper walls, while the hymn, with its angelic melody, warbled on like nightingales "singing darkly," thus uniting human worshippers with those farther away than the eye or the ear could discern;—then all was suddenly silent, and the crowds poured forth into the busy street, and left the Cathedral to the night, with twinkling stars here and there abiding over the Sacrament of many altars.





## THE RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF SCULPTURE.

A Sermon Preached in Westminster Abbey, Easter-Day, 1871, on the occasion of the Erection of Four Statues in the Nereidos.

"In the midst of the throne, and round about the throne, were four 'living creatures,' and they rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come, and they give glory and honour and thanks to Him that sitteth on the throne, who liveth for ever and ever."—REV. iv. 6—8.

THIS is part of the vision of the Apocalypse, which is intended to express, in imagery taken from the outer and lower world, the worship which all creation offers up to its heavenly Lord. The four figures which thus appear around the throne are described as having the strength of the ox, the majesty of the lion, the swiftness of the eagle, and the intelligence of the man. The word which is translated "beast" in the Authorised Version is properly rendered "living creature," as the corresponding Hebrew word is in the Prophet Ezekiel (reserving the word "beast" for a totally different phrase which occurs in the latter chapters to designate the monsters of the deep). The expression, "living creatures," is well chosen to indicate that all created life is intended to be included in the act of adoration. The vividness of these words well suits the thankful expression for God's mercies which the festival of Easter calls forth. May I be allowed also to take them as bearing on the illustration of this same truth, by the erection of the Four Statues which have just been placed in the vacant niches of this sanctuary?

I. In the first place, this vision of the Apocalypse is a sanction of the faculty which we call—from this power of creating images—by the name of "imagination."

(1.) These figures described in the Apocalypse have (as we know well) no actual existence in the courts of heaven. But they none the less bear witness to the truth that such forms are warranted under the Gospel. The letter of the second commandment, prohibiting the making of any graven image, had already been abandoned, when in Solomon's temple the art of the sculptor had graven the figures which adorned its cedar walls and supported its brazen laver.\* But the abundant use of like images, both in the older prophets and in the Apocalypse, not indeed by the hand of the inspired artist, but by the words of the inspired poet, has carried on the principle into detail. The stern simplicity of the old Mosaic law belongs to the time when "the hardness of the heart" of the ancient people could not in any other way be kept from

idolatry. But this stern necessity gave way, as in other matters, so in this, before what St. Paul calls "the riches," the wealth, the abundance of new thoughts and new resources in the human mind opened by Christianity. From this time poetry, painting, music, and sculpture have poured in a flood of sacred imagery on the world. Sometimes, no doubt, this has been abused; sometimes it has been perverted to false science, false taste, and false religion. But in proportion to its perfection it has ministered to the beauty and sublimity of Christian sentiment; and a wise man has well remarked that it is not the perfection, but the rudeness of the art which leads to superstition.\* The veneration to outward objects is often more debasing in the East, where all sculpture is forbidden, than in the West, where it has been encouraged. There is often a superstition quite as gross in iconoclasm as there is in idolatry; and it is by an intelligent, Protestant, Christian use of all the arts, whether of the musician, the painter, or the sculptor, that this abuse is best prevented. Therefore it is that, whilst there is hardly a corner in this Abbey where the ancient Israelite or the modern Mussulman would not be shocked at the representation of living creatures, as if in violation of the commandment that forbade the erection of graven images, it is also true that every one of those countless statues, whether of statesman or poet, whether of allegorical figure or actual human being, is a witness to the true liberty of the Gospel which has broken loose from the bondage of the law, and uses freely every faculty wherewith God has endowed the human soul; and every such figure that lives again beneath the sculptor's hand joins, as it were, in the never-ending, never-ceasing cry of all creation—"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, that is, and was, and is to come." They proclaim, or ought to proclaim, the nobleness and the purity of "the human face divine," which bears on its front the image and superscription of the Almighty, the marvellous workmanship of that human frame which is "fearfully and

\* Josephus, "Ant." viii. 7, § 5. See "Lectures on the Jewish Church," vol. ii. pp. 200, 222.

\* See Milman's "History of Latin Christianity," ii. 152, 153.

wonderfully made;" they record for after ages the head that planned, and the eye that saw, and the hand that wrote, and the mouth that spake, all those burning words, and melting thoughts by which this State and Church have been kept revolving round the Eternal throne.

(2.) May we not also say that this same glorious art is an illustration, almost an example, of that great truth of Life and Immortality which the festival of Easter commemorates? Those who have seen the workshop of a statuary will enter into the famous saying of one of the greatest of modern sculptors (Canova), that "a statue is *born* when it is produced in clay, that it *dies* when it is reproduced in plaster, that it *rises again* when it is finally reproduced in marble." That is exactly what ought to make every such labour of the sculptor, both to him who works and to him who sees it, a type and likeness of the transforming changes wrought in our outward frame and inward character by the Great Artificer whose workmanship we are.

There is the clay, the soft ductile clay, as in the hands of the potter, as in the time when "day by day our members were fashioned when as yet there were none of them,"\* when our characters were not yet formed, but were moulded by the force of circumstance or companionship, or human genius, or divine grace, just as the clay of the statue by the finger of the artist—here an addition, there a subtraction—is renewed daily, we might almost say born again, under the pressure of his watchful care.

There too is the cold dull outline, when life has vanished, when the shroud is around us, when there remains nothing but the fragile, featureless form, as in the dead lifeless plaster.

And, lastly, there is the Resurrection. Out of the block of marble, as if they had been buried within it, come forth at the successive strokes of the chisel, the bright, ideal face, and outstretched hand, and firm foot, by efforts which are indeed likenesses of that transformation described to us by St. Paul, when he tells us how the "corruptible shall put on incorruption, and the mortal shall put on immortality."† And the marble figure which so emerges is a pledge—faint and remote, perhaps, yet still not to be despised—of the undying force of the human spirit, which thus outlasts the violence of revolutions and the slow decay of time. If we look on the face of one whom we ourselves have known thus "immortalized," as we say, by the sculptor's art,—if

yet further we see the face of one that we have never seen at all, brought near to us, looking out of the years that are past and gone—if we see this, not only in the case of those who have lived within our own time and country, but in ages long buried, and in countries far removed—if we see the Cæsars on their pedestals at Rome, or the yet more distant Pharaohs in the sands of Egypt, not hundreds but thousands of years ago;—yet more, if we see those of whose form and figure we know nothing, but for whose disembodied spirits the skill and genius of later times have furnished forth an outward frame to enshrine the ideal of what we think they must have been—then indeed we feel that there is something in the human mind triumphant over matter, that there is even on earth a victory stolen from the grave, and a sting from death; we feel that after the natural earthly body has perished there may well be a spiritual ideal body for each human soul—"one glory for one, and another for another"—that God, out of his infinite treasure-house, may well give to each a new form and existence, "as it shall please Him."\*

(3.) We learn thus to appreciate the bright future, the lofty ideal of human nature and of human destiny. It is of little matter to us whence we have descended—out of what materials our first ancestors were created, even though it be, as the Bible tells us, from "the very dust of the ground."† But it is of infinite moment to us to feel, to know what we actually are—what the high capacities we possess, what the great responsibilities which rest upon us, what the eternal destiny which may be in store for us. It is for this that every noble exercise of the faculties which God has given us—every conscientious work, in which we labour to produce something which shall outlast ourselves or our generation—is a pit as from immortal spirits to an Immortal Spirit. "God is not a God of the dead, but of the living." These bright ideas, those finer qualities of the human soul which art labours to perpetuate, and which science delights to explore, are the pledges that God will not despoil the works of His hands, that we shall live on, in spite of death and time.

Such is the general lesson of the contemplation of the creation of man, and of the efforts of Christian art to perpetuate its glories.

II. And now let us briefly describe the special ideas intended to be conveyed by the Four Living Creatures—the four gifted human

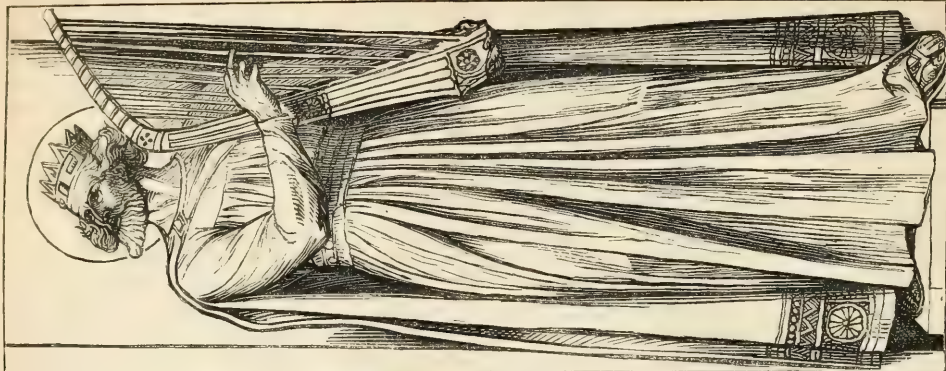
\* Ps. cxxxix. 16.

† 1 Cor. xiv. 54.

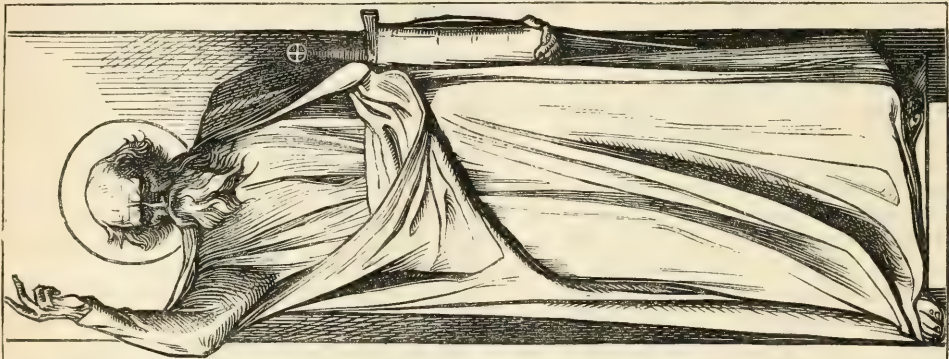
\* 1 Cor. xiv. 41.

† Gen. ii. 7.





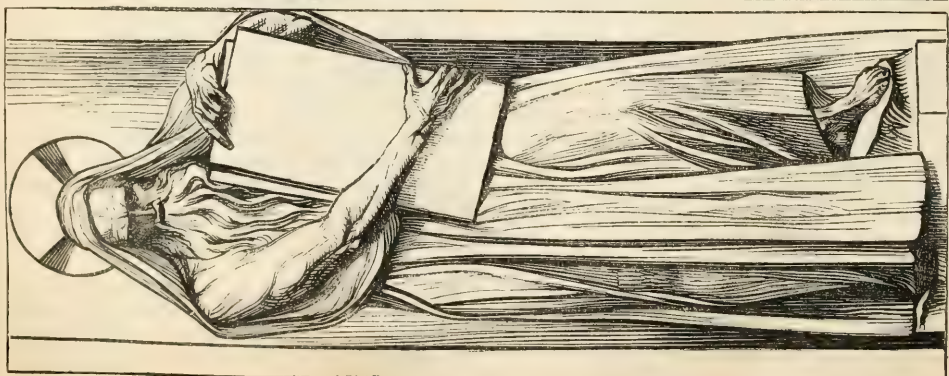
DAVID.



ST. PAUL.



ST. PETER.



MOSES.

beings—whose images have just been erected around the Holy Table.

They represent four characteristics of the human race in its highest perfection, which seemed the fittest homage to be paid in this place to our Creator and Redeemer.\*

The two figures which stand in the centre are the two chief Apostles, always united in primitive art, as they are in the Bible itself.

(1.) The one on the right of the Table is St. Peter, to whom, from the special predilection of our Founder, this Church was dedicated.† He represents the solid rock, the outward framework, on which and in which the Church was built—its ancient, universal, catholic aspect. He stands erect like a pillar of the fabric—the keys of government are in his hands, and on his book are written those words of universal comprehension by which he opened, as with a golden key, the kingdom of heaven to the whole race of man,—“*God is no respecter of persons.*”‡

(2.) By his side is St. Paul, who, on the other hand, represents the fervour, the life, the freedom of the Church, to which St. Peter gave the outward framework. He stands with outstretched hand, as on Mars' Hill at Athens, as on the Temple stairs at Jerusalem, or before Agrippa at Cæsarea§—the great teacher, the fiery preacher—and he grasps the sword by which he suffered martyrdom, but which is also the emblem of the word that he preached, “quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit,”|| “rightly dividing the word of truth,” in those weighty epistles on which is inscribed the corresponding name of “*the sword of the Spirit.*”¶

These are the two great human forces of our religion—which, in their widest form, are called Christendom and Christianity—the vast outward framework and the moving inward spirit. All that constitutes the true strength of the ancient Catholic Church in Peter, all that constitutes the true strength of the Reformed Churches in Paul, is represented in them. “Lovely and pleasant were the two Apostles in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.” Truly do they here bring before us the union

of the old and the new, the depth and the breadth, which is the glory of all Christian worship and of all Christian faith.

(3.) And now let us turn to the further right and to the further left. On the right of Peter is the great lawgiver of the old dispensation—who by the early Christians was regarded as his forerunner—Moses, the founder of the Jewish Commonwealth, as Peter of the Christian Church. There he stands, as he came down from Mount Sinai, bearing in his hands the tables on which are written the first words of the Ten Commandments; and in him we see the representative of the general idea of statesmanship and law. He gathers up in his person the memories of our own famous statesmen, buried in the North aisle of the Church, towards which he looks—lawgivers, rulers of the people, pillars of the State—who are in the world at large what Peter and Peter's true spiritual successors have been in the Church.

(4.) On the other side, corresponding to St. Paul, is the greatest teacher of the Jewish Church—David, the royal poet\* and prophet, who, by the lofty spirit, the eternal truths, of his Psalter has sanctified for every age the philosophy, the learning, the poetry of all mankind. As Moses looks towards our buried statesmen, so David stands beside our buried poets. As Moses combines with Peter to represent the solid forces which bind together the commonwealths and churches of the earth, so David combines with Paul to represent the ethereal grace, the prophetic zeal, the poetic fire, which still, through a thousand voices, breathe the ancient “*Hallelujah*” first adequately expressed by the strains of his harp, on which it is inscribed.

These are the Four Living Creatures which have been thought worthy to stand round the central figure of our departing Master—the four elements of life, which are the fitting emblems of the purposes of this sacred building—the all-embracing order, the all-awakening energy, which give life to the Church, the sustaining force of heaven-sent law, the informing force of inspired genius, which give life to the world. We cannot spare any of them from our earthly existence. Let us remember them in our spiritual worship. Let us, as we see them thus exalted, remember that they all, and we with Him, have the same divine function of giving “glory and honour and thanks to Him that sits on the throne, who liveth for ever and ever”—to Him “who was dead and is alive for evermore.”

A. P. STANLEY.

\* The new statues here described, the work of the eminent sculptor, Mr. Armstead, are placed in the vacant niches above the Communion Table, on each side of the mosaic picture of the Last Supper, and underneath the frieze representing the events of the Gospel history.

† “Memorials of Westminster Abbey,” p. 16.  
‡ Matt. xvi. 19; Acts x. 34. See “Sermons and Essays on the Apostolic Age,” pp. 93, 94, 124, 133.

§ Acts xvii. 22; xxii. 40; xxvi. Heb. iv. 12.

¶ Eph. vi. 17.

\* “Lectures on the Jewish Church,” n. 42.



## TWO DAYS BEFORE PARIS.

## FIRST DAY.

IT is difficult to recall, and impossible to describe with sufficient clearness, the desolation that reigned around Paris in the beginning of November, 1870. The siege had already lasted six weeks. Several sorties had been repulsed with complete success, relief from the outside was not yet anticipated, victory from the inside no longer dreaded by the Germans. The magnificent weather which had favoured the earlier part of the campaign, had become inclement and wintry. The forests of Versailles and St. Germain had lost all the varied beauty of their foliage, and the fair city itself, frequently hidden from view by bleak and watery clouds, was no longer skirted by a chain of green fields, pleasant woodlands, and elegant country-houses. The fields had already been cut up by the continual passage of waggons, or by the works of defence which the German troops were daily constructing. The forests were being rapidly cleared of everything that could be used for fuel. Entire stretches of wood, including at times a hamlet or even a village, under cover of which the Parisians might have advanced, were ruthlessly swept down. For the purposes of compactness and discipline, the soldiers were quartered in few, but large houses; the officers selected their rooms in the empty villas; and the costly furniture of the unoccupied mansions was so often inspected by those to whom fortune had not allotted an elegant apartment, that at the end of the six weeks the empty bottles in the cellar and the immovable mirrors in the saloon were nearly all that remained of the former glories.

In consequence of the insupportable tameness and inactivity that reigned at the Royal head-quarters in Versailles, my companion and myself resolved to make a trip round Paris, and inspect with our own eyes the positions of the different army corps. It was not without the greatest difficulty that correct information could be obtained; for well-informed staff officers were so reticent, and ignorant lieutenants so profuse in their descriptions, that it would have puzzled an annotator of the Koran to show how such dissimilar and contradictory accounts could describe one and the same occurrence. My companion at that time was Dr. Adolf Zehlicke, the famous Z. correspondent of the *Schlesische Zeitung*, and though we knew that we were going into an unknown and unpro-

vided land, we trusted to the hospitality of the officers, and to that intelligent admiration of thalers, of which we had frequently witnessed striking instances amongst the soldiers. From Versailles to St. Germain, from St. Germain to Corneil, from thence to Argenteuil and Montmorency, we travelled leisurely in three days. A glance at the map of Paris will show the reader that our road formed an irregular circle round Paris. During the whole of the time that sea of houses was scarcely ever out of sight. At one part of the journey Mont Valerien was to our right, at another to our left, now in front of us, and now behind, but unless obscured by a mist or by the falling darkness, that terrible and magnificent fortress, frowned upon us everywhere from its inaccessible height, and inspired not only us but the whole army with undoubted respect.

On Saturday, the 29th of October, we had enjoyed the hospitality of Oberst von Schmelinck, the commander of the 26th Regiment, which was at that time stationed in and around Montmorency. Owing to the peculiar course of the river and the configuration of the ground, the 26th Regiment, and indeed the whole 4th Army Corps, which occupied the country between the great high roads to Havre and to Calais, had remained almost entirely unmolested. With the exception of an occasional skirmish between the extreme outposts for the possession of a bottle of wine or a sack of potatoes, the war in the north-west of Paris was confined to a spasmodic but comparatively harmless bombardment from the fortifications. We were informed, however, that the neighbouring division of Guards had already come to close quarters on more than one occasion. The opinion was growing amongst them, that the Parisians would choose their ground for the basis of their most extensive operations; and from the top of an observatory the Oberst pointed out to us on Saturday afternoon, with the aid of a very powerful telescope, how the fortifications and outworks round about St. Denis had been greatly extended, and were being improved and strengthened at that very moment. Indeed, in the earlier part of the day, before our arrival, he had witnessed from this very observatory an uncommonly fierce cannonading from the forts, directed apparently against the outposts of the Guards. As far as their observations went, they believed that a con-

siderable number of infantry had been engaged in the struggle, but as the telegraph wire had been cut that afternoon by one of the country people, and no dispatch had as yet been received, they were very anxious to know how the engagement had turned out.

Next morning we were informed by the Oberst that an Uhlan had passed in the middle of night on his way to Versailles with dispatches. By his account the French had attacked a certain small village, driven the Guards out of it, and remained in possession under cover of their guns; but the feeble resistance offered by the Germans convinced the Oberst that the position was scarcely worth keeping, and that the whole affair had been like the shearing of a pig—more noisy than productive. At any rate, an unprecedented silence had reigned during the night, and the minutest observation of that morning failed to show any preparation on either side to continue the contest. While we were sitting at our breakfast, and speculating where and what our next meal was likely to be, the Oberst's servant burst in upon us with a triumphant exclamation, "*Es geht wieder los,*" and immediately disappeared with his master's helmet and sword. Through the open door we could hear the distant boom of heavy cannon; and a sort of indescribable bustle and stir in the house brought our speculations to an abrupt end. The Oberst, we were told, had received sudden orders to pack and hold himself in readiness, for it was just possible that he might be required to reinforce the Guards. Our own impedimenta consisted of a carriage and two trunks—that of the regiment, of a dozen carriages and twenty or thirty large chests. We hurried up-stairs in great haste, and packed our belongings in what we considered remarkably short time; but when we arrived in the yard, carrying our portmanteaus with a half-triumphant air, we found the regimental waggons neatly drawn up in a row, the teams fully harnessed, all the chests packed and stowed away, and the men smoking calm pipes on their horses, and waiting for orders. The whole house was cleared of everything except furniture, and some of that had been piled on a cart. The breakfast things had been washed and put away without the breaking of a saucer. The books, clothes, bedding, lamps, and provisions had each their appropriate place, and were safe inside the carts. There was nothing useful and portable left behind. At twelve o'clock everybody seemed to have prepared himself for a stay of several months,

and at a quarter past twelve, without the slightest confusion—indeed, with so little noise that we did not know what was going on—the whole regiment was ready to march to Berlin, with plenty of provisions for a couple of days.

Amidst the distant and incessant thunder of artillery we left the agreeable Montmorency. The Oberst came up at the last moment and informed us that the alarm had turned out to be a false one, since the Guards could manage their business very well themselves. In return for our thanks, of which he seemed somewhat impatient, the fine old fellow gave us a few words of recommendation to Rittmeister von Kleist, the military commander of Gonesse, in which small town the headquarters of the Garde-corps were stationed. Thither we now directed our way, and to our astonishment found that the Guards themselves seemed to consider the danger of the situation as very slight. All the villages through which we passed contained a goodly number of stalwart fellows, strolling about leisurely, smoking and drinking coffee, reading or answering letters from home; but all were fully uniformed, their knapsacks were packed, and a very few minutes would have seen them ready for marching. The road from Montmorency to Gonesse was wretched and circuitous. The direct journey might have been completed in an hour and a half; we took more than twice that time. One road was blocked up by a barricade, another would bring us too near the enemy, a third was so cut up by traffic that it had become dangerous, a fourth was impossible for no reason whatever; there were, in short, so many obstacles that my companion, deeply learned in Kant and Hegel, began to speculate whether Gonesse was in reality a town—or not rather a moral and unattainable idea.

The artillery had ceased for more than an hour, and darkness was approaching when we entered Gonesse, and found it rather worse than we had feared—with small and irregular streets, mean and dirty houses, a general appearance of dilapidation, and a total absence of inhabitants. Notwithstanding its remarkably ancient church—founded, it is said, in the twelfth century—and many other noteworthy things, it is one of the few towns in France that would not induce a second visit, and scarcely repay a first one. We found the military population somewhat excited. The first battalion of the so-called Elizabeth regiment had just returned from the outposts, and was making itself comfortable



in new quarters; a section of the third had marched out to sustain any action that might occur, but returned without seeing the enemy. And yet it was known, or at least rumoured, that an action of some importance had taken place, and that the French had been, for the first time during the siege, victorious. It was beyond dispute that the second battalion, which had just marched to the outposts to relieve the first, had been under fire; it was considered very likely that the attack would be repeated that evening, and that Gonesse itself would be bombarded during the night.

These were the comfortable rumours which we picked up on our way to the Commandatur, where Rittmeister von Kleist was ruling the destinies of the few inhabitants who had remained in their houses. We found him in his bureau disposing of sundry delinquents caught in the act of looking after their little property. He told them that their conduct was strictly prohibited and severely punishable. Every one who had been found in his house when the army arrived was allowed to remain, but those persons who had fled in unreasonable terror, and only returned when they heard that the invaders were benevolently disposed, could not be allowed to stay. Their houses were now occupied by soldiers—it would be inconvenient to make room for them, difficult to watch them, and impossible to keep them alive. They must therefore return from whence they came; but as a special mercy they were allowed to pass the night in the waiting-room of the neighbouring railway station instead of in prison.

The handsome Uhlan captain looked so stern when he uttered these hard words, that we silently prepared ourselves for a still colder reception. We were therefore agreeably disappointed when, on making ourselves known, he shook us cordially by the hand, and assured us that we needed no introduction from his friend the Oberst. We were soon in conversation about the engagements of the last two days, the exact significance of which he explained to us in so lucid and comprehensive a manner, that we listened to him with delight. It was quite true that the French had been successful in driving the German outposts out of a village on the previous day, and that two attempts to regain the position had resulted in unmistakable defeat. Nor was the matter so unimportant as the gentleman at Montmorency had supposed. The object of contention was the village of Le Bourget. Situated at a distance

of twelve kilometres from Notre Dame, on the high road to Amiens, it was, in the ante-railway days, the last posting station before entering Paris, and it still retained many of its capacious and massively built stables. In a military point of view it was in so far important that the French were at that moment actually overlapping the German positions. The flatness of the country made it impossible to watch their communications with the forts, so that they could at any moment assemble a large number of troops without being perceived, and suddenly issue into the country; while Gonesse itself was within range of the heavy field guns that might be carried thither, and the head-quarters of the army corps thereby rendered unsafe. It had been found moreover that the village was uncommonly strong. With that activity which will always compel the admiration of the world, as it did of the Germans, the French had used their time to the best advantage. Barricades had been thrown up, and walls crenellated until the place resembled a small fortress, and the attack of the Guards that morning had been repulsed with apparent ease and considerable slaughter. This was the reason why the captain did not think a third attempt to regain the position would be made, as the issue would be very doubtful and the loss very certain.

In the matter of lodgings we found Von Kleist equally obliging. After a long consultation with his adjutant he offered us his humblest apologies that he could not offer us better quarters than those which he would himself show us; saying which he invited us to accompany him across the market-square, past the ancient church to the building which served at once for guard-room, infirmary, and hotel. If I remember rightly, there were placed at our disposal eleven spacious rooms, from which we were at liberty to select our apartments, but as there were only four bedsteads, and a limited quantity of straw for bedding, the accommodation may fairly be pronounced to have been scanty and uninviting. There being no other in the whole town, however, we were forced to accept the Rittmeister's offer with the best grace, the more as he invited us to supper in the officers' casino.

"The Blue Ape," by which name the casino was known amongst the officers, was the only institution of its kind in the whole besieging army. Its history may not be uninteresting. A certain individual, born in Vienna, educated partly in Germany, partly

in Belgium, and owning a pastry-cook business in Gonesse, had followed the example of his friends and fled. In the third week of the siege he returned with his two daughters, hoping to receive some leniency on account of his knowledge of German. The Rittmeister, however, showed no sympathy with his acquirements, and was on the point of bundling him off to the railway station, when it struck him that he might be made exceedingly useful. Preliminary arrangements having been completed, the Viennese was sent off to the nearest town provided with thalers and a cart, having pledged himself to return in a week with as large a stock of provisions as he could obtain. An empty wine-shop was in the meantime evacuated by the soldiers and thoroughly cleaned. A raid was then made upon all the country houses in the neighbourhood; and when the Viennese returned with his well-stocked cart he installed himself in a tolerably well-furnished house. A set of elegant window curtains from one house, a piano from another, a sofa and some easy chairs from a third, and a miscellaneous assortment of crockery from no house in particular, allowed him to open business at once. The prices were rather high, but the luxury of a steak and potatoes, with a glass of good beer or a bottle of champagne, were beyond value after the endless messes of mutton and *schinken* with which the soldiers had had to be content since the beginning of the campaign.

When we entered the large room of the improvised restaurant, we found it full of officers. The long table might have been compared to a battle-field. It was covered with the debris of previous engagements, and trembled under the repeated charges of heavy cavalry and artillery. The infantry, having no horses or stabling to look to, had been on the ground first, and was now falling back upon its reserves. The cavalry was fitfully returning to the charge, as though it could not make up its mind; but the artillery, which had been out for fourteen hours without food, was especially fierce in its onslaught, and seemed to increase in pugnacity as it went on. The rays of a few wax-candles illuminated the ghastly scene, a heavy cloud of smoke hung over the combatants, and the fierce cries of triumph and merriment were interrupted by the frequent discharges of champagne and other bottles.

It was with some difficulty that we made our way across to the further end of the table, where we found our friend the commander in conversation with several colonels and majors. The

younger men, captains, lieutenants, ensigns, and vice-feldwebels, to the number of forty, were seated promiscuously round the table, and conversing on a footing of perfect equality. It would have been amusing, but rather difficult, for a short-hand writer to take down the strange medley that fell upon our ears, as we took our place in their midst. One colonel was holding a profound argument with the Rittmeister on the policy of keeping the returning inhabitants; the latter was for packing them off, the former for locking them up; and I am inclined to believe, that if the colonel had been commander of Gonesse, the rate of mortality among the French of that district would have been considerably increased. Another colonel of artillery was making a series of elaborate drawings with burnt cork on his plate, to prove the superiority of Krupp. A captain at my side entertained me with a private history of the campaign from its commencement, and begged me to note down the facts which he related, as they were sure to interest the English reader. They were startling enough certainly; and I was at one moment doubtful whether the valiant gentleman had not gained the battle of Gravelotte with his company alone. But when he afterwards informed me that he had been wounded a week previous, and had only lately rejoined his regiment, I felt that his evidence, although exciting, was scarcely admissible. There were others, however, who had been at Gravelotte, in the thickest of the fight, and their stories, though, perhaps, somewhat embellished, were deeply interesting. One reminiscence suggested another. No sooner had one officer described the perilous position of his men, I daresay for the fiftieth time in those two months, than another started with an equally perilous position of his own; and, like the snowball rolling down the hill, the agony and the bravery were piled up at each new turn. It was, nevertheless, very pleasant to listen to them, for they were mostly young men of the highest culture and good family, and they were all thoroughly conversant with the duties of their profession.

It was very natural, after Worth and Weissenburg, Saarbrücken and Gravelotte, had been fought over, that the events of that and the previous day should come in for their share of discussion. Everybody seemed fully aware of the importance of the situation. The fighting, as yet, had not been very serious or bloody; but the conviction seemed forced on all, that the French would not allow the possession of Le Bour-



get to remain unimproved in their hands. Whether the Guards would be content with a defensive attitude, and check any further advance, or whether they would assume the offensive, and make a determined endeavour to regain the village, was an open question, which nobody seemed inclined to settle. One of the most noteworthy facts to me was the perfect trust reposed in the Ober-commando. Whatever decision the general and staff came to was sure to be the best. Nobody questioned it or seemed to have the slightest misgivings on the subject.

While this conversation was going on, and officers were going and coming, there entered a handsome, intelligent young lieutenant, who was at once overwhelmed with a burst of greeting and what I may be pardoned for calling "chaff." He smiled quietly in reply, and, saluting the higher officers, handed the commander a bundle of papers. As he was acting as the Rittmeister's adjutant, and as it was his duty to bring his superior every evening the new orders issued from head-quarters, there was nothing remarkable in the circumstance, and nobody seemed to notice it. And yet, while the adjutant took his place amongst his friends, and immediately became very busy with his supper, his beer, and his repartees, I could not help looking at the Rittmeister. I see his handsome face now, his fair hair and golden beard, blue eyes and broad, white forehead, strongly illuminated by two candles which he had drawn towards him. He read some of his papers carelessly and quickly, and then turning to an important-looking document, read it slowly and carefully from beginning to end, uttering a short exclamation at intervals, or smiling slightly, and turning back to read it again when he had come to the end. The second time of perusal he showed it to the colonel by his side, and requested him to read it with him. The two faces were a picture, as they closely followed the orders which were contained in the document. When they had come to the end, the Rittmeister looked up with a smile, and, glancing round the table, exclaimed, "*Nein, meine Herrn, das ist zu gelungen.*" ("Gentlemen, this is really too good!")

Everybody looked up. The boisterous conversation ceased instantly, and all eyes were turned towards the Rittmeister. The latter handed the document across the table to his adjutant, and requested him to read it aloud, adding, "This is the very thing, gentlemen, about which we have been speaking. The Ober-commando has sent down the order

of battle for to-morrow. Le Bourget is to be attacked simultaneously from three sides, by regiments Elizabeth, Franz, and Augusta."

The officers regarded each other with a smile and a look of surprise. A buzz of exclamations and eager discussion immediately followed; while those who sat close to the adjutant crowded upon him, and looked over his shoulder in their eagerness to cast a glance at the orders, which he slowly and deliberately spread out before him. The others, with the quiet deliberation of the German character, lit a fresh cigar, got out their maps, upon which the village and the surrounding country was traced with marvellous accuracy, and settled themselves in a comfortable position, as though they were about to listen to a new poem, instead of a terrible drama in which they were to be the actors. The Rittmeister spread out his large ordnance-map for the benefit of the older officers; the artillery colonel, much to the owner's disgust, marking the different positions on it with his piece of burnt cork.

It is not my intention to give the reader a detailed description either of the plan, or of the attack itself. It is my object to describe one or two of those scenes of inner life which it is not the privilege of many outsiders to see, or to understand. The reading of the *Befehl* was the driest and most matter-of-fact thing imaginable. It has been my lot to read nearly a hundred plans or reports of engagements. They are all drawn up in the same curt, business-like style, with innumerable technicalities and a heap of military details; there is seldom any attempt at description, and never a clear, well-sounding, readable sentence in any one of them. For amusement's sake, I would just as soon read the different entries in a tailor's day-book. But their value is incalculable. Every engagement, whether an outpost skirmish or a great battle, is thus related by the men themselves. It is the duty of every *Zugführer* to draw up the day afterwards an account of the deeds of his *Zug*. These are sent to the captain, who with a condensed account of the doings of his company, sends them to the commander of the battalion. He in like manner makes a report from the papers of his captains, and sends this with the papers to the colonel. The colonel sends his documents to the brigade-general, and he in his turn sends them to the division-general. When, at last, they reach the commanding-general, it may be imagined that there is a goodly pile of papers, running down to the smallest details, and yet

offering a short, concise, and clear account of the whole transaction. I need hardly say that all these documents are preserved and sent up to the War Office in Berlin, by whom they will be published for the benefit of future generations.

Von Schönberg, the adjutant, knew the greater part of the order by heart, as it had been his duty to take several copies of it. He had even taken the trouble to draw a large and rough, but very accurate plan of the village and its approaches. As we had the good fortune to sit quite close to him, and were not very well provided with maps, he kindly handed us the drawing, and occasionally pointed out the spot where one regiment was to form, where another was to divide it in two, or try to cut off the enemy's retreat, so that we obtained a tolerably correct idea of the prospective battle. Not a sound was heard in the room while the reading lasted. Occasionally some officers hearing his company mentioned would utter a short exclamation and listen with double attention, or some one would ask his neighbour, in a low voice, to repeat what he had not clearly understood. Everybody was deeply interested, but nobody excited, and the pipe or cigar was industriously smoked all the while.

When that part of the order had come to an end, Von Schönberg waited for a moment before going on, and in the meanwhile the officers began speaking to each other in a sort of measured tone, as though a cloud had come over the company and tempered the previous joviality. As I noted this in my mind, and watched some of them thoughtfully stroking their beards or pulling their moustaches, Von Schönberg went on to read. "The Ober-commando furthermore informs the receiver, that he should always observe great caution when in company with persons connected with the press, whether German or English." I stared at my companion, and he at me, while an abrupt laugh went up from several parts of the table. There was a humorous twinkle in Von Kleist's eye, as he nodded to his adjutant to continue. "It has come to the knowledge of the Ober-commando," the adjutant went on without looking at us, "that some of these gentlemen make excursions beyond royal head-quarters, and give descriptions that may be of great use to the enemy. It is hereby strictly ordered, that such correspondents be immediately seized if their papers be in excellent condition. They are in no case allowed to visit the outposts, and must be immediately sent back to Versailles."

It is impossible to describe the roar of

laughter that went up from all parts of the table at our expense, when Von Schönberg finished this startling order, with a voice full of dignified solemnity. We sat like two lost children amongst a crowd of lark schoolboys, and, even with the most astounding talents for repartee, could not have replied to the storm of jest with which we were assailed. Some proposed to bundle us off immediately to the already-mentioned railway station, while others inquired, with affected seriousness, for our papers. We were soon able, however, to join in the laughter with heartiness, as Von Kleist assured us that these spasms of apprehension on the part of the Ober-commando were periodical, and nobody paid much attention to them.

We were glad to find that the incident had considerably raised the spirits of those present. The momentary silence had disappeared. The further orders, about military duties of the regiment, were no longer listened to. Fresh wine and beer were ordered up, and we found it our painful duty to drink with almost every one of the younger officers on the success of the next day's venture. What a contrast with the previous silence! The prospect of another victory, the marvellous sagacity and minuteness with which the plan had been laid, seemed to act as powerful stimulants on the mind; it would not be very incorrect if I said that in some instances the gaiety might be called boisterous, and the toasts that were occasionally given somewhat grating on neutral ears. It was a very strange phenomenon to me as well as to my companion, that the officers should speak, and even jest, about their possible death, with an amount of nonchalance that could not but affect us very unpleasantly. One young lieutenant, with a broad scar across his forehead, held out a glass of wine to his companion, who sat near to me, and said, "Now, Fritz, let us hope that you won't lose more than one leg at the time, to-morrow," whereupon Fritz emptied his bumper with the hope that his friend would lose nothing more than his second ear. One glance at the young man showed me that the scar, which had previously attracted my attention, ran from the right temple to behind the left ear, which had been cut off, and over which he had allowed his curly hair to fall in partial concealment. He seemed rather proud of his distinction, and minutely described in what manner he had received the sword-cut from a French chasseur.

One young captain, Von Stoffel, seemed to be the object of general admiration and envy.



He had been with his company in nearly every engagement, large and small. He had survived his colonel, two majors, and every captain in his battalion had been wounded and sent home, while he alone came off scathless. At the battle of Gravelotte one bullet had shattered the medal on his breast into a hundred pieces without doing further damage. Another bullet had carried off the brass eagle on his helmet, a third had flattened the spike; while, at length, a piece of shell carried the helmet away bodily. It was at a perilous moment for the battalion. The French fire was so strong that orders had been given to lie down under some shelter, but Von Stoffel insisted on standing up and watching the enemy with his glasses. When his helmet was carried away, he coolly walked after it and put it on again, while he called out to his own men that they need not be frightened, as it was not so bad as they thought. This coolness and contempt for danger and death inspired his men with unbounded confidence and admiration for him, and exposed him that evening to the endless jests of his friends, with whom he was equally popular. He smoked his pipe with that quiet determined smile of his without uttering a word. Once he laughed aloud, when it was proposed that he should go a hundred yards in advance, and remain until the fire of the enemy had somewhat slackened; but although he himself raised an occasional laugh with his dry remarks, he did not seem to think it his forte to match his companions in wit.

As the hour advanced the company decreased in number but not in hilarity, or rather what the Germans call *gemüthlichkeit*. Those who lived at some distance, and those who had their affairs to arrange before sleeping what might be their last sleep, dropped off gradually; but those who remained were as jovial and light-hearted as if peace were going to be signed on the following morning. We could scarcely comprehend, and we certainly did not approve, the familiarity with death which could prompt one well-educated gentleman to propose to another an even wager, that he would be a corpse by that time next day. There was an appearance of wanton superficiality, that contrasted strangely with the deep feeling and thoughtfulness displayed by most of them at ordinary times. Now, however, I am inclined to think that there were few who did not feel the solemnity and importance of the approaching contest, and who, if they had been taken singly, would have spoken in a different

tone altogether. But they unconsciously felt the necessity of this artificial hilarity. They could not show to each other, they dared not confess to themselves, that they feared the morrow; for their men must see them march in front with firm step, erect head, cheery voice, and no fear; and, if they would do their duty to themselves and the dear fatherland, they must be ready to advance, without hesitation, to "the very mouth of hell."

As I was leaving, my companion having already gone off with the Rittmeister, I was joined by Fritz Knetz, who had discovered that my quarters were next door to his. As the moon shone rather brilliantly, and the weather was clear, I accepted his invitation to take a short stroll. He had been one of the wildest of the lot, and without being outrageous, had managed to keep up the laughter and jest during the whole evening. To my astonishment I found him altogether changed. He became thoughtful and silent, and asked me whether I would care to be a soldier just now, and whether I thought the fighting next day would be very bloody.

"It is very hard," he said at last, in a subdued tone, "to die so young. I am only twenty-nine, and the world is so beautiful. Do you know what it is to have a lovely wife and two pretty little girls at home, waiting for you with anxiety? I should like to see them just once. When the war was declared there had been a slight quarrel between us, and my wife had gone to her parents on a visit, so that I had only time to see her for an hour in Cologne when passing through. It is all made up in our letters since, but, oh, the idea of having her once more in my arms, and hearing my two little girls, seems so impossible that I must not think of it. I am going to write her a long letter now, to tell her how much I loved her to the last, for I feel sure that I shall not see her again."

With that he pressed my hand, and we parted.

As I looked out of the window next morning and saw him dressing his ranks, neat and tidy himself, and looking cheerful and easy, I thought, with a sigh, that perhaps in a few hours I would see his body stiff and cold, his handsome face disfigured by a ghastly wound, and that last letter all too necessary. He called out a pleasant good morning, and moved off with his men to the alarm-platz. The whole town was already in commotion, the march of troops was incessant, and we determined to follow the regiment and obtain as good a view as we could.

JACOB DE LIEFDE.

## THE SYLVESTRES.

BY M. DE BETHAM-EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "KITTY," "DR. JACOB," ETC.

## CHAPTER XLIV.—A SOCIAL ERINNYS.



L.L. this time Ghenilda had not been idle. At the outset of her campaign she had said to herself that all those who had illused Ingaretha should be humbled, and she was as good as

her word. Carew would remonstrate, saying—

"Oh! let the good folks alone. So long as Miss Meadowcourt has a friend to stand by her, what does it matter? I did not bring you here to make our neighbours uncomfortable, but to do her good. Don't turn yourself into a social Erinny."

"I don't know what a social Erinny may be," Ghenilda said laughing, "but I cannot help punishing people who deserve it. There is a sort of virtuous satisfaction about that kind of ill-nature."

"Well, have it your own way. But make things as little unpleasant as possible."

"Oh! Carew, you speak as if the greater part of the world had feelings. Will you never be *désillusionné*, my poor little child?"

And the little lady would lecture her brother with an air of patronising affection he could not withstand. Ghenilda might be a trifle worldly, nay, a trifle foolish, but she was of his blood, she had a kind heart, and she loved him dearly. She, too, loved Ingaretha, and he could not find it in his heart to chide or contradict her. It must be confessed that her fashion of carrying out ethical convictions looked somewhat extravagant. Her first step was to organize the wedding on what in that part of the world was a scale of unsurpassed magnificence. Carew being too rich by half for a bachelor, and Carew being chivalrously devoted to this lady, she thought nothing could be better

than that he should give a magnificent festival in her honour. This was to take place on the eve of the wedding-day. Time, taste, and money without stint were to be devoted to it, and it was to be handed down in local tradition as the most splendid local celebration on record.

In vain Carew argued that René's social position and peculiar lot, a dozen reasons besides, rendered advisable some simpler manifestation of cordiality. His little masque, for instance, might be turned to account, and would be a graceful and unostentatious compliment. He had already asked a musical friend to compose suitable music. What so easy as to put the whole thing into the hands of a reliable *impresario*, and have an unpretending drawing-room performance?

"And invite about forty picked people?" asked Ghenilda.

"Invite everybody."

"Oh, no; I can't go in for a sort of tenants' ball. Ingaretha is going to feast the poor people; and it is etiquette she should. We are only called upon to give a private entertainment," Ghenilda answered with persistence, "and I am determined to choose my guests discreetly. I will make out a list to-day, leaving you the right of veto."

"And of adding an appendix, of course?"

"Not for the world!"

Carew resigned himself to his fate, leaving the management of everything to Ghenilda, except the putting on the stage of his poetic drama. Upholsterers might do their worst with the house. Ghenilda might commit ravages among the tender feelings of the neighbourhood; his household might, for the time being, slip entirely out of his control. The only point he cared to contest was the management of his masque. That, he determined, should not be vulgarised by upholsterers and theatrical millinery. To make the necessary arrangements, he went to London for a week, leaving Ghenilda quite happy.

"Stay away a fortnight, dear boy, if you can," she said, as she kissed him on the doorstep; "you will be terribly in the way for next week."

No sooner was he fairly off than a series of preparations was begun on the largest, costliest, and noisiest scale.

Carew had bound over the mistress of the ceremonies not to meddle with his play, but



nothing had been said about the theatre. Ghenilda determined that it should be magnificent. She devoted to the subject every moment she could possibly spare from her boy's society, and with the fashionable young clerk from Johnson and Gingham's, in Oxford Street, threw heart and soul into the subject.

The difficulties seemed enormous. There were no rooms that were not either too small, too narrow, or too many cornered. Taking down hangings and doors did not cure the evil; removing every obstruction in the way of cabinets and tables did not cure it either. Unless the walls were knocked in, it was impossible to accommodate a moderate audience. Idea after idea occurred; first of a Grecian theatre with tents, on the lawn; but it would be sure to rain, and people were horribly afraid of catching cold, said Lady Micheldever. The clerk sighed, sympathised with my lady's difficulties, but was too modest to make suggestions.

"If we had the entrance-hall to work upon, my lady, we could do ourselves credit," at last he said desperately and with the air of a genius surprised at its own flights.

"Capital!" cried Ghenilda joyfully. "The entrance-hall is exactly what we want. Block up the front door, turn the conservatory into a public entrance, do away with the ante-rooms, and the rest will be easy."

Forthwith began the work of destruction, which was continued lustily from dawn till well-nigh midnight. Chip, chip, went the mason's chisel; tap, tap, the carpenter's hammer. Little Micheldever thought it good fun to see the white-capped workmen on their high stools—to him they seemed in the sky. Ghenilda clapped her hands at the success of her plan. "If the work goes on as it has begun," she said, "by the time Carew returns the worst part will be over."

But Carew, with the restlessness of your poet and lover, who never kept appointments, and always made his journeys a little sooner or a little later than he had agreed upon, returned unexpectedly by the mail train one night, and finding no front door in its usual place, thought he must be either crazed or drunk. The coachman drove round and round the house in vain—the accustomed door had disappeared. At last gravel was thrown upon the butler's window, who let in his master through the back way, and explained everything. Carew returned to London by an early train next day.

It was not likely that the splendour of Ghenilda's preparations went unnoticed. Rumours got afloat of the hundreds of yards of blue and gold stuff with which the hall was being draped; of the elegance with which the temporary theatre was being erected; of the choice musical entertainment to be given; of the importance of the guests who were invited from a distance, and so forth. The truth was, of course, magnified a hundred-fold, till, what with curiosity as to the real state of the case and suspense as to who should be invited, the life of the majority became almost unbearable. Ghenilda laughed to herself, guessing pretty well what was going on in people's minds.

It is hardly necessary to say that the looked-for reaction regarding Ingaretha's engagement had long since taken place. People blamed themselves for the impetuosity with which they had jumped to conclusions.

"Why, oh, why," cried these self-convicted offenders, "did the gods deny us discretion?" They hastened to make amends by falling at Ingaretha's feet, and she received them kindly.

"How forgiving you are!" cried Ghenilda. "Nothing would have induced me ever to be civil again to such Philistines."

But Ingaretha had no intention of being uncivil to the Philistines. She saw in this universal bowing down before Ghenilda something better than mere tuft-worship or time-serving.

It was quite likely that, without such intervention at all, good sense and good feeling would finally have had their way; and, if it were otherwise, might not intellectual obtuseness, rather than moral perverseness, be the stumblingblock? Whether Ghenilda's example was followed because of her exalted social position, or because of an honest conviction that without such an example would never have dawned upon her neighbours' minds, mattered little. She was only too thankful to shake hands all round and be at peace with them once more. Of course her kinsfolk still held back. But who is so lost to the real condition of things as to expect reasonable behaviour from those of our own blood? Blessed are the railways, that enable us to get away from our relations in a short space!

Meantime came the season of flowers, corn, and fruit, the full-blown summer, arrayed like Solomon in all his glory. Perfect days and splendid nights glided by in quick succession, till what had seemed far off

as the blossoming of seeds yet unsown, became a thing of to-morrow.

René was on his way home.

#### CHAPTER XLV.—FIRST DAYS OF FREEDOM.

RENE, speeding by Great Eastern Railway through the glowing Suffolk landscapes towards St. Beowulf's Bury, had no presentiment of the magnificent reception in store for him. He could not yet believe that Ingaretha's lips would seal what Ingaretha's hands had written, that she would say finally what she had said once, that she would take his democratic standpoint, his ruinous fortunes, his discredited name, and make them her own for ever and ever. It was too wonderful to be true, he thought. Ha! it was no small blessing to be free once more; to see a broad expanse of summer sky, to smell the sweets of cottage-gardens, to nod a blithe "Good morrow" to little children, as they watched the train go by at village stations; to feel himself a man amongst men, neither gagged nor fettered, free to speak out his thoughts, to wave his hat for liberty and the people, to hasten whithersoever he would in their service.

He marvelled at the calmness of his fellow-travellers, whose minds seemed full to the brim with buying and selling, going and coming, and the still more trivial business of the day. Could they be ignorant of the supreme struggle convulsing all Europe? of the universal revolution taking place, wherever the people suffered? of the light that was breaking upon combined human intelligence? of the tide of peace and progress slowly but inevitably setting in? They needed only his experience to quicken their benumbed spirits with something like fire.

For what was any pain or penalty of Nature's imposition set against the tyranny of man over man? To be shipwrecked, struck down by lightning, wasted with fever, unhoused by earthquakes, was a light misfortune in comparison to this same most diabolical resource of tyrants, of which he knew more than most. We are apt to rail against the animosities of nature for the most part felt to be beyond our control; but what is the first lesson history teaches us?—That from the smallest to the greatest evils with which humanity has been afflicted, the larger portion is self-imposed, in her own power to cure or hinder. O blind teachers of the blind! thought René, secretly apostrophizing

the spiritual, social, and intellectual leaders of the day, of what good are your sermons on holiness, your acts of charity, your educational schemes, whilst you do not inculcate the divine principle, without which these are bitter as apples of Sodom in the people's mouths, godless as vessels of clay in their hands? And this divine principle, which the great Comte has called a truism, which we Socialists call solidarity, which poets praise, knowing it not, under the name of sympathy, is the same for which I, among worthier victims, suffer; which makes despotism quick, although its heel is on our necks; which will, must, being God's precept, vanquish in the end.

Thus he mused, whilst being borne through the glowing Suffolk landscape.

The train flew past the beautiful environment of Sudbury, Gainsborough's town, undulated pastures, clear little rivers, along which many a barge was lazily gliding in the sunshine, majestic screens of interlaced elm and oak he saw, pleasant farm-houses here and there, patterns of thrift and order. All these sights filled the heart of our poor wearied René with ecstasy. He put his head out of the window and drew in greedy breaths of the balmy air; he forgot how time went in the unaccustomed enjoyment of lovely things; and started and turned pale when the train came gradually to a stand-still, and the porters shouted "*St. Beowulf's Bury!*"

Was he already there? It seemed impossible. But, before him, with flowers in their hands, stood smiling and weeping, his good old friends, Monsieur Sylvestre, and Euphrosyne, and Maddio, and behind them Amy Greenfield, also tearful, holding Bina and Sammie by the hand, and Carew, waving his hat, advanced from an open carriage in which sat a lady, young and beautiful, but not Ingaretha, with a little boy at her side. René sprang forward, fell on Monsieur Sylvestre's neck, kissed Euphrosyne on the cheek, and gave a hand to all the rest by turns. At first no one spoke. After a few minutes none seemed able to keep silence. Bina and Sammie, who had drawn back blushing and stammering a moment before, now took entire possession of their old playmate. Euphrosyne repeated the question again and again. "Thou art well, dear child?" Monsieur Sylvestre, who had recovered his sportive humour, now rallied his companions upon their uncontrolled emotion. Maddio having dried his eyes, put his handkerchief in his pocket.



Then Carew came up, calm, gracious, cordial.

"My sister trusts that you will allow her to drive you home," he said, "and we shall both feel grateful if you will become our guest for the present."

"We had hoped Monsieur René would have come to us; Sammie's little bed is all ready for him," began Amy, in a voice of meek disappointment.

"And we also expected him," Euphrosyne said.

René was embarrassed.

"Come and speak to my sister, at all events," Carew continued, and taking his arm, straightway conducted him to Lady Micheldever's carriage. Ghenilda smiled her sweetest smile, feeling that in this lover of her friend's she had a half-savage to deal with, and therefore, a conquest to make far more difficult and interesting than those that ordinarily fell to her share. She held out her hand, uttered a perfect little speech, made the child give him a kiss, and finally said that she had driven to St. Beowulf's on purpose to take him home.

Poor René had not a word to say. He detested all fine ladies except Ingaretha, and had never yet consented to sit in any one of her carriages, except an unpretending phaeton. Brimful as he was of burning thoughts and passionate hopes, to drive home by that superb personage in silks, feathers, and laces, to subject himself to the supercilious politeness of her flunkeys, to talk of extraordinary things in an ordinary way to Carew's sister? no, he could not do it.

"A thousand thanks, madam," he said, drawing back proudly, "but I cannot do what you ask. I beg to be forgiven. My friends await me. I go with them."

He took off his hat, bowed low, and joining the others, set off to St. Culpho on foot.

In single file the little party trudged off, René in the midst holding a child with each hand. Monsieur and Madame Sylvestre next, lastly, Amy and Maddio. There was at first no coherent talk, merely a babble of happy sounds—how could it be otherwise, seeing what children alike great sorrow and great joy make of us all? But when they had walked for half-an-hour along the familiar road in company, the strangeness of their happiness passed away. Their tongues were loosed, heart leaped to heart as in the days of old.

"Was it very bad in prison?" asked Sammie; "I think I should like to try it just once for a little while."

"And the dear rats? Did you tame them?" asked Bina.

René promised to tell them everything some day.

"But I can invent prettier stories," he added. Then in his turn he poured forth a volley of questions. Was Ingaretha well? Did she expect him that very day? Had the farm prospered? Did Maddio's newspaper still exist? And how were Mrs. Minifie, the rat-catcher, little Mattie, and other old friends?

Half way they rested by the roadside. Here a field-path led to Peasemars, and into this René's companions turned, leaving him with kindly forethought to finish his walk alone. He hurried on, flushing and trembling. Now for the first time the reality flashed on him. He was Ingaretha's lover. How should he greet her, his adored friend, his sovereign lady, his beautiful mistress?

Of course, when her empty carriage returned, she had set out on foot to meet him. A sudden bend of the road brought them face to face. She held out both hands, and, shy as five-year-old maiden enamoured of playmate lover, lifted up her sweet face for a kiss. For a moment both sobbed, but for a moment only; then, hand in hand, they took their homeward way. She was shy for a moment, this sweet, serious, playful Ingaretha; it seemed more difficult than ever to call him René, as she had done, when boy and girl they had planned Utopias together; more difficult than ever to take him under the shelter of her wing and tell him to do this, that, a hundred things good for him and the world. She wished that day she had not been so tall, so strong, so favoured of nature, seeing how pale and thin he had grown, and how difficult he found that five-mile walk.

"We must keep holiday and run about like children for a whole year," she said, dropping on a bank with a sigh of half-feigned fatigue. "What does it matter how the world goes on so long as you are quite happy for a little while?"

It was a childish speech, and blushed for ere fairly uttered. He smiled at her impetuosity, and began to make excuses for what he called his shaggy, hang-dog appearance.

"But I am quite well," he added with an air of vexation. "After two or three good days, you will see me flourish as of old. What matters all the misery now?"

Both were silent for a time, and by little and little glided into a calm and sunny mood.

Overhead glowed the radiant sky flecked with pearly clouds, in hazel thickets close by little full-throated linnets were singing, before them rose a gentle sweep of ripening barley that made a soothing murmur as of little waves. Nature was playing to them in a minor key.

On a sudden René's spirit passed from quiet satisfaction to uncontrollable rapture.

"Has it come true?" he cried, turning towards her with a look of adoration and joy she never forgot. "Has it all come true? The dreams I had in prison, to live with thee in the golden age . . . . to see thy golden hair . . . .?"

He covered his face with his hands, and shed the tears that needed no comforter.

#### CHAPTER XLVI.—BRIDE, BRIDEGROOM, AND WEDDING GUESTS.

WHILST Ingaretha and René were agreed for a short space to 'fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world,' a great storm was raging in the hearts of the Beowulfians. Whatever hopes and suspicions had lingered in people's minds of the stability of Ingaretha's purpose, were now vanished for ever. The first lady of the place was resolved to marry a man of the people. The marriage license was purchased. The bridegroom had come. The wedding-day was fixed.

Like an angry wind that stirs up unwonted currents in a quiet pool, the unwelcome conviction disturbed the minds of the harmless villagers. Mr. Carew's sister, the great lady, who had come down to countenance the affair, might flatter rich people into countenancing it also. They were not to be so hoodwinked. What was Lady Micheldever to them, or they to Lady Micheldever? But with Ingaretha it was quite otherwise. She seemed as much their property as the village church or common. Their grandfathers and great-grandfathers had looked up to her grandfather and great-grandfather, and it was little short of wickedness to be asked now to look down upon this sweet, good, beautiful young lady. On whom did all the wickedness rest? Not on herself, surely, nor her friends and equals—not even on the man she had promised to marry; but on one whose alluring tongue and cunning softness had bewitched her as they had bewitched others, making her see evil in the shape of good, and right in devil's masque. Oh, they hated him, this Monsieur Sylvestre! They would teach him ere long that it was dangerous to

intermeddle with their lady's affairs. Loving as a daughter she had been to him, and this was her reward. Cajoled into a low marriage, despoiled of her future, for aught they knew baptized into some strange and unholy religion. Farther, human craft and human devilry could not go. To have one of their own set in authority over them, forsooth! was this the upshot of Monsieur Sylvestre's charitable teaching? They saw it all clear as day. He had entrapped Ingaretha into this marriage for his own selfish purposes, and already rejoiced in the benefits that were thereby to accrue to himself. If Ingaretha would but open her eyes to see, her ears to hear! They knew well enough that the people at Pilgrim's Hatch were not so good as they should be. There must be truth at the bottom of the queer stories circulating about them all. Monsieur Sylvestre had one or two black wives in Africa, Maddio was no better, and Madame Sylvestre's morals nothing to boast of, as far as they could make out. Had this sinister spirit been checked from the beginning by those in authority—Mr. Whitelock, for instance, or Mr. Minifie, or the preachers at the chapel—all would have been well; but instead of allaying the evil, these leaders of opinion but aggravated it. Mr. Whitelock spoke out his opinions of unbelievers and radicals without reserve, Mr. Minifie winked at any outburst of malice and suspicion, the preachers—several of whom were friends and fellow-workmen—denounced the foreigners and their deeds in strong language. The sense of Ingaretha's shame, and their own helplessness, overwhelmed them with a gloom they could not shake off. What tidings reached their ears of wedding feasts being made ready for the poor, were received with sullen indifference or peevish mistrust. Thus this much-contested marriage was like a medal having two sides, the lower covered with shapes symbolic of evil, the latter stamped with holy images, and wreathed with fair-omened flowers. Happily for bride, bridegroom, and wedding guests, that they only saw the upper side! Care was put away for a season. In René's honour a series of *fêtes* unparalleled in the annals of Culpho were given—music, song, and dance closed the festive day. He, the hero of the hour, lived in it calmly, neither looking backwards nor forwards.

Monsieur Sylvestre was transformed by pure joy; one might almost say transfigured, since it was difficult to believe that he trod the ground so airily without light pinions to



his heels, wore clothing spun in mortal looms, and glowed so radiantly, uncrowned by never-dying roses. His face shone, he moved about with the gaiety and conscious grace of some happy old god. Wherever he went, he scattered beneficent smiles and words, blind to the unsympathetic silence of the dull and unappreciative.

On Ingaretha's neck he hung, with playful speech, a gold chain, as a wedding gift. Had the history of this gold chain been clearly made out, Ingaretha was certainly the original owner of it; but, in Monsieur Sylvestre's eyes, it mattered little how he came by a thing, so long as he had the pleasure of giving it away, and consecrating it by a few choice words, a hand-clasp, or, better still, if circumstances allowed, a kiss.

"See, my exquisite child," he said, as she complimented him on the beauty of his gift, "how in this simple thing a supreme truth is symbolized! Is not love, and that, sister, hardly less divine instinct that draws souls together, irrespective of sex and age, call it sympathy, elective affinity, what you will, here typified? For, pure, rounded, and beautiful, like this chain of virgin gold, is that unalloyed, blissful, and lovely passion, which binds in eternal union the leading spirits of humanity. May you, beloved friend, be a link in it for ever!"

Euphrosyne, sad and pale, was like 'the wedding guest who beat his breast, he could not choose but hear.' Voices from the past were whispering to her from morning till night.

Though outwardly serene, she never for a single instant lost sight of some shadow of evil portended by these fateful bridals. But 'one sad heart beats ever on a happy day.' The others playfully chided her, and that was all.

Even Ingaretha failed to see the only cloud visible on her horizon.

Carew was throwing himself, heart and soul, into his fairy masque, and ever greeted her with a cheerful face. Friends, neighbours, and oh! wonderful, even relations! began to smile upon the bride elect and her bridegroom.

Not a day passed, but costly gifts poured in from all quarters. Postman, railway porter, and lacquey deposited, one after the other, their precious burdens at Ingaretha's door, and other offerings were introduced mysteriously through stone walls and iron bolts, as if through the agency of an Ariel.

Nor was Ingaretha less bountiful than her friends. To Monsieur Sylvestre came several

gifts, all choice and appropriate, we may be sure, which he received with lyric outbursts of love and gratitude.

Of course Maddio was not forgotten, nor Amy and her tribe of hungry-eyed, warm-hearted little ones, who were clothed like little fairy-tale princes in honour of their good angel Ingaretha's wedding. Mrs. Minifie received a token of kindness, and even Aglaë was not forgotten.

What woman can refuse to smile upon beautiful clothes? When, one morning, Euphrosyne woke up to find by her bedside a stately dress, becoming her years and gravity, yet in harmony with the joyfulness of the occasion, accompanied by head-gear and jewels to match, she was lost for a moment in almost girlish delight.

"Wake up, dear husband," she cried, shaking her sleeping lord with trembling hand. "Look at this lovely gown of richest satin, such as an empress might wear, of warmest ruby colour, becoming one of my sombre complexion. Does it not remind thee of the well-attired *chatelaine* thou once wooed in our beautiful France?"

"Ah, the vanity of woman! waking us even from our latest and sweetest slumber," said Monsieur Sylvestre dreamily. "Even to show myself habited as a wedding guest, were it hardly legitimate to disturb such sacred repose. Well, draw up the blinds."

She obeyed; and gloriously the rays of the summer sun streamed in, adding superfluous splendour to the costly robe and jewelled waist-clasp.

"Superb! Thy costume will match my own better than I had hoped," answered the delighted husband. "But be careful to procure a cunning barber; for, with all thy perfections, thy right hand has strangely lost its cunning in the matter of self-adornment. And now let me sleep again, leaving the dress so disposed that my eyes may light on it when awaking, and so enjoy a new surprise."

Feminine-like, she was dying to behold herself in all this unexpected pomp of pearls and satin, but to gainsay her husband was impossible. Later in the day, when she found herself mistress of a spare half hour, Aglaë was taken into her bedroom, and the dress put on.

Aglaë had a knack of adjusting ornaments, arranging hair, tying ribbons, and acquitting herself gracefully of the thousand and one responsibilities of the toilette. To see her adopted mother, as she always called her, for once becomingly and sump-

tuously attired filled her with pleasant excitement. In unwonted exuberance of spirits she brushed and plaited the soft brown hair, even now but sparsely silvered, smoothed out the ample skirt, fastened waist-clasp, brooch, and braceles. All the innate coquetry of a Frenchwoman burst on a sudden into full bloom. She clapped her hands, danced, sang, at sight of Euphrosyne's splendour.

"I do love you, my mother," she said, throwing her arms around her neck and kissing, not her cheeks or lips, but her pearls, "I do, I do. Ah, you don't know how much younger and better you look now than in your ugly old gowns! And, strange to say, I am suddenly reminded of my own mother's portrait at home. My aunts used to show it to us sometimes when telling us of all her wickedness——"

"The one painted in miniature?" asked Euphrosyne, forgetting prudence in a moment of pleasurable absorption. Then catching Aglaë's look of bewilderment, she added, with a painful reawakening—

"You have surely described that portrait to me, dearest child. I seem to see it at this moment. Thy mother in those days was considered beautiful even by those who were most unfriendly to her. She wore a dress of plum-coloured satin, and her hair, after the manner of that period, in pyramidal plaits on the top of her head; on her breast a stomacher of old point lace, fastened by an old-fashioned miniature encircled with pearls. Ah! me, how sadly has time changed all that grace into ungainliness!"

She covered her face with her hands and wept aloud.

"What is the matter, dear little mother?" cried the young girl, kneeling at her side. "You are saying such mysterious things that I feel quite frightened. Did you know her, that unnatural parent? Oh! no, no. It cannot be. Let us not talk of her portrait any more, but of your own beautiful dress. I cannot bear to see you weep."

Seeing Aglaë's agitation, Euphrosyne by a great effort recovered self-control. She dried her tears, gave a plausible pretext for her abandonment, and contrived to quell Aglaë's disquietude.

This little scene took place on the third day before the wedding.

#### CHAPTER XLVII.—THE EVE OF THE WEDDING.

In peerless, full-blown splendour, a queen among summer days, dawned the eve of In-

garetha's wedding. A gentle shower had fallen during the night, and now with quick pulsations of joy thrilled the happy teeming earth. Long stayed the image of that august July day in local memory. Sunshine, foliage, flowers wore a look of unparalleled magnificence for beautiful Ingaretha's sake.

'Red as a rose,' she stepped forth, leaning on René's arm, to say a word or two to the villagers after their mid-day feast in the Abbey garden. Her golden hair gleamed in the sunshine, her white dress looked angelic, soft voice faltered, sweet eyes filled as she thanked the good village-folk for their hearty wishes. Then hats waved in the air, handkerchiefs fluttered, hands were clapped, and a stupendous, soul-moving, old English "Hurrah! hurrah! Long live our lady! Hurrah! hurrah!" sounded not only through the park, but to the village.

When the crowd paused for breath, Ingaretha moved a step forward and said, calmly, though with evident reluctance and perturbation, "Dear friends and neighbours, I hope that your kindness and good-will go not with me only, but with this gentleman whom I have chosen for my friend—my husband," she added, blushing as she corrected herself.

And again a cheer was raised, René bowing acknowledgment somewhat coldly.

"One can see that these good folks look unkindly on me in spite of their *vivats*," he whispered to Ingaretha as he led her indoors, pale and trembling with emotion.

"They will love you in time," she said; "remember that you are a stranger and a foreigner, whilst they have known me as a little child. Have patience, dear René, and all will be well."

He kissed her hand fervently, and made no answer. Hand in hand they wandered about the beautiful old house, avoiding the merry-making crowd out of doors. For by four o'clock another feast took place on the lawn, namely, that of the school children, and after a quiet hour of demolishing cakes and goodies, the red-faced, joyous little multitude, all clad in gay new garments of Ingaretha's finding, dispersed about the park, bent upon pleasure. Throughout the afternoon of that memorable day René and Ingaretha were left much to themselves. Their guests were occupied with the good things provided for them. Carew and his friends were occupied with the all-absorbing masque.

In quiet, happy tones, the lovers talked of many familiar things. All rapture had passed away, a great quietude possessed them.



Alike forgotten and forgetting for a brief space, soul approached soul in supreme communion of perfect love. They planned out such a future as should be good both for themselves and the world. In childlike humility and childlike trust, they looked forward to the aspirations after what seemed to them the highest good and the fulfilment of their dearest wishes.

They decided to go to America, not five years hence, nor five months, nor even five weeks, but in five days; so impetuous were they to school themselves in the art of social reform. They would see with their own eyes this New World which by common consent was allowed to be the teacher of the Old—this Arcadia of fact, not of fiction, in which ‘et nos in Arcadia fuimus,’ should greet them broadly spoken with Yankee brogue. And what they learned in this practical paradise should be zealously turned to account on their return home.

Meantime, in Carew’s house a gorgeous scene was being enacted. The masqueraders, among whom were Monsieur and Madame Sylvestre, Ghenilda, Amy and her elder children, Maddio and Aglaë, assembled in the green-room for a final revision of their toilettes, Carew as umpire. Fantastic and beautiful clothes make children of us all. On the occasion in question wealth in abundance, and good taste, poetic faculty, moreover, were summoned to fête Ingaretha’s wedding with becoming splendour; and the success was perfect. Where did all the treasures come from on a sudden massed together? Which of Ingaretha’s friends had ‘ransacked the ocean for orient pearl?’ Which had cunningly picked out such marvellous silks from the lumber of an Algerian or Cairene bazaar? The eye was dazzled, the imagination fired, the pulse quickened by this great display. For besides the sparkle of diamond and ruby, the refulgence of pearl and opal, here were Persian embroideries heavy with gold, mantles and robes of those indescribable Eastern colours, greens, purples, yellows, which reach the acmé of gorgeousness without the slightest tinge of commonplace. Not an inch of inartistic stuff would Carew permit, though some of the ladies all but went on their knees before him, begging for their favourite bit of crude pink or blue gauze. Carew, pliant on all other points, stood firm as a rock to his theory, and would not abrogate one of his harsh decrees. Theatrical vulgarities must be discarded, or he would throw up the whole thing.

After a good deal of skirmishing, therefore,

he had his way with admirable results. Standing in the midst of the radiantly dressed gods and goddesses, nymphs, nereids, fauns and elves, that kept flocking from inner chambers, he dispensed additional favours, such as rich exotics, golden wands, silver trumpets, and other choice embellishments.

At the stroke of four something like order took possession of this ‘fairy rabblement.’ The ladies flew one way, the men another, the children transformed into elves and miniature bogeys scuttled into the nursery, and the clatter of tea-cups, and the aroma of cigars, proclaimed their several occupations.

All this time the great hall was filling. There was a flutter of fans, a buzz of admiring voices, a scramble for the best places, till the music began. Then Ingaretha stole to her place with René at her side, both smiling and nodding to their assembled friends. A bell tinkled, the music ceased, and the curtain drew up amid acclamations of delight at the opening scene of Carew’s MASQUE OF YE GOLDEN AGE.

#### CHAPTER XLVIII.—THE EVE OF THE WEDDING (CONTINUED).

THE glittering pageant had come to an end. Gradually, as the purple and gold of an autumn sunset, all the gorgeousness melted away in the great hall, leaving it dusk, silent, deserted. The musicians, bird-like, chirped a final note ere putting away their instruments. Actors and audience dispersed for a little repose before the crowning piece of hospitality—namely, the banquet—should take place. Carew retreated to the one corner in his own house where he felt at home, namely, the music-room, and there received the compliments of three or four real admirers. Ingaretha was there, and Euphrosyne, and Amy Greenfield; perhaps the three persons out of that vast assemblage who could best appreciate what had made his poetic effort the glowing, moving, enchanting thing it was. For these three women were all in the secret of the passion that had prompted so lovely a homage, and mingled with their praises was a pitying tenderness he, and he only, could perceive.

He smiled graciously, acknowledging their approval, but feeling sick at heart. From that day forth hope would not exist for him, and without hope could even the life of an artist be endurable? This beautiful and adored Ingaretha would to-morrow no longer be sovereign lady of his, would step down from the throne of his heart, would

break her sceptre of empire and reign over another kingdom. He hardly knew how he answered her questions, how he met her kind glances, how he so far mastered himself in that supreme hour of misery as not to shock her by a wild word or gesture. But he did master himself. His looks, his words, his actions belonged to him, and never once swerved from a cold, sad, soul-stricken dignity. Poor Carew!

Light-hearted as a happy lover, Monsieur Sylvestre, having received abundance of

pretty speeches, sought out René, and begged his company for a walk.

"I am bound to fetch a song from Pilgrim's Hatch, that I promised to sing to thy Ingaretha," he said, "and in the hurry of departure forgot it. Put on thy hat, dear fellow, and go there with me. A three-mile walk will do thee no harm this divine summer night; and it is the last chance we shall have of talking familiarly for who knows how long?"

René obeyed. The two slipped out un-



observed—Monsieur Sylvestre still wearing the garb of his rôle, namely, a golden mantle and purple robe, and holding in his hand a magician's rod. They set off at a brisk pace.

What a never-to-be-forgotten night it was! starry, dewy, melodious. In Carew's park the nightingales were singing joyful epithalamiums, through the thickets thrilled the passionate notes, following them wherever they went. Glowworms shone like altar flames here and there; light clouds passed over fields of stars; the stately shadows of forest trees lay across little lawny glades, whence the

fawns scuttled away at sound of their footsteps. Sweet breaths of wild rose and freshly-mown hay were blown here and there. Except for the light footstep of fleeing fawns, and the songs of the nightingales, all was still.

Monsieur Sylvestre trod the ground as airily as conquering hero who is followed by music, banners, and the trophies of victory. He could not control the ecstasy which had taken possession of him. He sang snatches of happy songs, whistled, laughed, jested.

René was almost sad. His companion's self-abandonment irritated, hurt him. How



could they be sure that Ingaretha in choosing him was choosing the right casket? Gradually the old man yielded to the sobering influence, and talked of serious things. A minor chord was struck, and the two voices for a time ran harmoniously together.

"Be not discouraged, my son, if during the first few years of thy marriage, the responsibilities of thy new position weigh heavily upon thee. Trust thy wife's goodness without stint or spare, and put her happiness and thy own after the great world-reviving ideas of which it is thy chiefest happiness to be propagandist. Let nothing daunt thee, neither the prejudices of thy new social medium, nor undue care for the material safety of those nearest and dearest, nor mistaken susceptibilities with regard to worldly things. For what is all this treasure of which thy mistress is possessor but dross, till it be transmuted by the touch of the reformer? Have a care, therefore, lest from a pardonable, although most dangerous sensitiveness, thou missest the golden opportunities pressed upon thee by the gods."

Finding that René was silent, the old man continued in more stirring tones—

"Now, indeed, is Socialism in our own persons glorified and exalted! Now, indeed, is the time to prove worthy sons of a lavish and heretofore ill-used mother. In this thy union with a rich and noble lady I see the beginning of a better time, the dawn of a bright fulfilment, but the time and this fulfilment will both be abortions, unless thou by thy own strength shall bring about such desirable issues. By the sacred name of our great leader Fourier, by other names held by us all to be adorable, by thy inward conviction of our incomparable calling, I conjure thee to be true to thy behest, unflinching as an inquisitor, self-sacrificing as a devotee, courageous as a pioneer in the quest of new worlds, march on, O heir of a world regenerate, to supreme victory and supreme perfection!"

"Oh!" said René, thoughtfully and sadly. "You forget that I love Ingaretha, and that I cannot help putting her happiness before everything. Any other honourable man would feel the same."

"But I perceive plainly enough that her happiness lies with that very ambition to which I am urging thee," continued the other eagerly. "What is it that she loves in her husband? not any model of stereotyped behaviour, not any echo of common excellences and endeavours, not any shadow of another man's self, but a bold, brave, original

thinker and doer, bearing the fresh stamp of nature's mint." He placed a hearty hand upon the young man's shoulder, and added, "Heaven bless thee, René, and keep all such sophistries leagues remote from thee. Ingaretha's happiness forsooth! As if a good woman's happiness did not at all times lie in the accomplishment of her husband's fondest wishes! And our Ingaretha is no ordinary soul. Her convictions have gone with us from the beginning, and there is no sacrifice that may not be expected of so noble and impulsive a nature."

"What am I that I should assume to myself the government of her affairs?" said René earnestly. "Her support, her advice, her ideas I will receive thankfully in furtherance of our cause, but the renunciation of her heritage, never."

Monsieur Sylvestre tossed his head more in scorn than vexation.

"My son," he said, in the sweetest tones of his sweet voice, "were I to believe that in marrying Ingaretha thou contemplatest, even for a moment, the subordination of supreme destiny to petty duties, I should weep for the backsliding of our once staunch supporter. But I no more believe in thy retrogression than I believe in Ingaretha's willing surrender of the beautiful and the divine for the gross and short-lived. No, I see clearly before me, and never was my spirit more completely clothed with the mantle of prophecy, the magnificent future in store for us all, and in us all, for humanity. This grand and lovely creature—thy wife from tomorrow—is henceforth to be the Eumenid, the grace-giving, feud-dissolving Fate of the two great divisions of society—the rich and the poor—the splendid and the forlorn—the blissful and the wretched. By her unspeakably good and tender ministrations, for the first time in blessed England, will be laid the stone of the happy state and the perfect society. For I see that the chief problem of our time is to be solved only by those magical words—the equal right of every man to the soil; and it is for you and Ingaretha to sacrifice yourselves for the common good. Look ye well to it! For myself, and those who are of my generation, the good infantine-hearted Maddio, the devoted, high-souled Euphrosyne, remains but the sowing of the seed which is to bear such glorious fruit. Night infinite—I should rather say, day eternal—is dawning, and our own work in the old familiar world is nearly done; nor do we repine, so long as our children"—here his voice trembled—"spiritual

sons and daughters, continue the work. Promise me thou wilt not fail us when we are moved out of sight and hearing for ever."

"Nay, do not press vows upon me," René answered, much moved. "I will never prove a traitor to the cause of the people. That I promise you, but how can I pledge myself to more? To live an unworthy life by the side of a woman like Ingaretha were impossible. We must both trust her, and all is sure to be well."

"Would I could change places with thee!" cried the old man in a sudden burst of ecstasy. "Young, beautiful, the bridegroom of the sweetest woman under the sun, and not only the sweetest, but the loveliest, the

world, large as it is, would hardly contain my exulting soul; and even now I could leap, laugh, and crow like a year-old manikin, out of sheer joy at thy good fortune. Why art thou so sober? If ever a man had reason to rejoice, it is thyself."

René did not answer. Monsieur Sylvestre, whose frolicsome mood seemed enhanced by his fantastic habiliments, began to sing and wave his golden wand to the time:—

"Allons, enfant du prodige,  
Pour qui naître en si bon milieu,  
Arbore la double cocarde,  
De poète et de traicteur.  
Comme Amphion, pleure l'empire,  
Viens avec nous et battons,  
Les murs de la cité romaine.  
Au lieu d'un mariage, des chansons,  
Frappons  
Chantons!" &c.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF FRANCE AND ITALY.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

X.

### JOURNEY TO FLORENCE.

*CIVITA CASTELLANA, May 24th, 1858.*

—We left Rome this morning, after troubles of various kinds, and a dispute, in the first place, with Lalla, our female servant, and her mother. Mother and daughter exploded into a livid rage, and cursed us plentifully, wishing that we might never come to our journey's end, and that we might all break our necks, or die of apoplexy—the most awful curse that an Italian knows how to invoke upon his enemies, because it precludes the possibility of extreme unction. However, as we are heretics, and certain of damnation therefore anyhow, it does not much matter to us; and also the anathemas may have been blown back upon those who invoked them, like the curses which were flung out from the balcony of St. Peter's, during Holy Week, and wafted by heaven's breezes right into the faces of some priests, who stood near the Pope. Next, we had a disagreement with two men who brought down our luggage, and put it on the vettura; and, lastly, we were infested with beggars, who hung round the carriage with doleful petitions, till we began to move away; but the previous warfare had put me into too stern a mood for almsgiving; so that they also were doubtless inclined to curse more than to bless, and I am persuaded that we drove off under a perfect shower of anathemas.

We passed through the Porta del Popolo at about eight o'clock; and after a moment's delay, while the passport was examined, began our journey along the Flaminian Way, between two such high and inhospitable walls of brick or stone, as seemed to shut in all the avenues to Rome. We had not gone far before we heard military music in advance of us, and saw the road blocked up with people, and then the glitter of muskets, and soon appeared the drummers, fifers, and trumpeters, and then the first battalion of a French regiment, marching into the city, with two mounted officers at their head. Then appeared a second, and then a third battalion, the whole seeming to make almost an army, though the number on their caps showed them all to belong to one regiment, the 1st. Then came a battery of artillery; then a detachment of horse, these last, by the crossed keys on their helmets, being apparently papal troops. All were young, fresh, good-looking men, in excellent trim as to uniform and equipments, and marched rather as if they were setting out on a campaign than returning from it; the fact being, I believe, that they have been encamped, or in barracks, within a few miles of the city. Nevertheless, it reminded me of the military processions of various kinds, which so often, two thousand years ago and more, have entered Rome over the Flaminian Way, and over all the roads that led to the famous city;



triumphs oftenest, but sometimes the down-cast train of a defeated army, like those who retreated before Hannibal. On the whole, I was not sorry to see the Gauls still pouring into Rome; but yet I begin to find that I have a strange affection for it, and so did we all, the rest of the family in a greater degree than myself even. It is very singular, the sad embrace with which Rome takes possession of the soul. Though we intend to return in a few months, and for a longer residence than this has been, yet we felt the city pulling at our heart-strings far more than London did, where we shall probably never spend much time again. It may be because the intellect finds a home there, more than in any other spot in the world, and wins the heart to stay with it, in spite of a good many things strewn all about to disgust us.

The road, in the earlier part of the way, was not particularly picturesque; the country undulated, but scarcely rose into hills, and was destitute of trees: there were a few shapeless ruins, too indistinct for us to make out whether they were Roman or mediæval. Nothing struck me so much, in the forenoon, as the spectacle of a peasant woman riding on horseback as if she were a man. The houses were few, and those of a dreary aspect, built of grey stone, and looking bare and desolate, with not the slightest promise of comfort within doors. We passed two or three *locandas* or inns, and finally came to the village (if village it were, for I remember no houses except our *osteria*) of Castel Nuovo di Porto, where we were to take a *dejeuner à la fourchette*, which was put upon the table between twelve and one. On this journey, according to the custom of travellers in Italy, we pay the vetturino a certain sum, and live at his expense, and this meal was the first specimen of his catering on our behalf. It consisted of a beefsteak, rather dry and hard, but not unpalatable, and a large omelette; and for beverage two quart bottles of red wine, which being tasted had an agreeable acid flavour. . . .

The *locanda* was built of stone, and had what looked like an old Roman altar in the basement hall, and a shrine, with a lamp before it, on the staircase; and the large public saloon in which we ate had a brick floor, a ceiling with cross-beams, meagrely painted in fresco, and a scanty supply of chairs and settees.

After luncheon we wandered out into a valley or ravine, near the house, where we gathered some flowers, and J—— found a nest with the

young birds in it, which, however, he put back into the bush whence he took it.

Our afternoon drive was more picturesque and note-worthy. Soracte rose before us, bulging up quite abruptly out of the plain, and keeping itself entirely distinct from a whole horizon of hills. Byron well compares it to a wave just on the bend, and about to break over towards the spectator. As we approached it nearer and nearer it looked like the barrenest great rock that ever protruded out of the substance of the earth, with scarcely a strip or a spot of verdure upon its steep and grey declivities. The road kept trending towards the mountain, following the line of the old Flaminian Way, which we could see at frequent intervals close beside the modern track. It is paved with large flag-stones, laid so accurately together that it is still in some places as smooth and even as the floor of a church, and everywhere the tufts of grass find it difficult to root themselves into the interstices. Its course is straighter than that of the road of to-day, which often turns aside to avoid obstacles which the ancient one surmounted. Much of it, probably, is covered with the soil and overgrowth deposited in later years, and now and then we could see its flag stones partly protruding from the bank, through which our road has been cut, and thus showing that the thickness of this massive pavement was more than a foot of solid stone. We lost it over and over again; but still it reappeared, now on one side of us, now on the other, perhaps from beneath the roots of old trees, or the pasture land of a thousand years old, and leading on towards the base of Soracte. I forget where we finally lost it. Passing through a town called Rignano, we found it dressed out in festivity, with festoons of foliage along both sides of the street, which ran beneath a triumphal arch, bearing an inscription in honour of a ducal personage of the Massinii family. I know no occasion for the feast, except that it is Whitsuntide. The town was thronged with peasants, in their best attire, and we met others on their way thither, particularly women and girls, with heads bare in the sunshine; but there was no tiptoe jollity, nor, indeed, any more show of festivity than I have seen in my own country at a cattle show, or muster. Really, I think, not half so much.

The road still grew more and more picturesque, and now lay along ridges, at the bases of which were deep ravines and hollow valleys. Woods were not wanting; wilder

forest than I have seen since leaving America, of oak trees chiefly; and, among the green foliage, grew golden tufts of broom, making a gay and lovely combination of hues. I must not forget to mention the poppies, which burned like live coals along the wayside, and lit up the landscape, even a single one of them, with wonderful effect. At other points we saw olive trees, hiding their eccentricity of boughs under thick masses of foliage of a livid tint, which is caused, I believe, by their turning their reverse sides to the light and to the spectator. Vines were abundant; but were of little account in the scene. By-and-by, we came in sight of the high, flat, table land, on which stands *Cività Castellana*, and beheld, straight downward, between us and the town, a deep level valley, with a river winding through it. It was the valley of the *Treja*. A precipice, hundreds of feet in height, falls perpendicularly upon the valley, from the site of *Cività Castellana*; there is an equally abrupt one, probably, on the side from which we saw it; and a modern road, skilfully constructed, goes winding down to the stream, crosses it by a narrow stone bridge, and winds upward into the town. After passing over the bridge, I alighted with J—— and R——, and made the ascent on foot, along walls of natural rock, in which old Etruscan tombs were hollowed out. There are likewise antique remains of masonry, whether Roman or of what earlier period, I cannot tell. At the summit of the acclivity, which brought us close to the town, our *vetturino* took us into the carriage again, and quickly brought us to what appears to be really a good hotel, where all of us are accommodated with sleeping chambers in a range, beneath an arcade, entirely secluded from the rest of the population of the hotel. After a splendid dinner (that is, splendid considering that it was ordered by our hospitable *vetturino*), Una, Miss Shepard, J——, and I, walked out of the little town, in the opposite direction from our entrance, and crossed a bridge at the height of the table-land, instead of at its base. On either side, we had a view down into a profound gulf, with tides of precipitous rock, and heaps of foliage in its lap, through which ran the snowy track of a stream; here snowy, there dark; here hidden among the foliage, there quite revealed in the broad depths of the gulf. This was wonderfully fine. Walking on a little farther, *Soracte* came fully into view, starting with bold abruptness out of the middle of the country; and before we got back, the bright Italian

moon was throwing a shower of silver over the scene, and making it so beautiful that it seemed miserable not to know how to put it into words; a foolish thought, however, for such scenes are an expression in themselves, and need not be translated into any feebler language. On our walk, we met parties of labourers, both men and women, returning from the fields, with rakes and wooden forks over their shoulders, singing in chorus. It is very customary for women to be labouring in the fields.

## TO TERNI.—BORGHETTO.

*May 25th.*—We were aroused at four o'clock this morning; had some eggs and coffee, and were ready to start between five and six; being thus matutinary, in order to get to Terni in time to see the falls. The road was very striking and picturesque, but I remember nothing particularly till we came to *Borghetto*, which stands on a bluff, with a broad valley sweeping round it, through the midst of which flows the *Tiber*. There is an old castle on a projecting point; and we saw other battlemented fortresses, of mediæval date, along our way, forming more beautiful ruins than any of the Roman remains to which we have become accustomed. This is partly, I suppose, owing to the fact that they have been neglected, and allowed to mantle their decay with ivy, instead of being cleaned, propped up, and restored. The antiquarian is apt to spoil the objects that interest him.

Sometimes we passed through wildernesses of various trees, each contributing a different hue of verdure to the scene; the vine, also, marrying itself to the fig-tree, so that a man might sit in the shadow of both at once, and temper the luscious sweetness of the one fruit with the fresh flavour of the other. The wayside incidents were such as meeting a man and woman borne along as prisoners, handcuffed, and in a cart; two men reclining across one another, asleep, and lazily lifting their heads to gaze at us as we passed by; a woman spinning with a distaff as she walked along the road. An old tomb or tower stood in a lonely field, and several caves were hollowed in the rocks, which might have been either sepulchres or habitations. *Soracte* kept us company, sometimes a little on one side, sometimes behind, looming up again and again when we thought that we had done with it, and so becoming rather tedious at last, like a person who presents himself for another and another leave-taking after the one which ought to have been final. Honey-suckles sweetened the hedges along the road.



After leaving Borghetto we crossed the broad valley of the Tiber, and skirted along one of the ridges that border it, looking back upon the road that we had passed, lying white behind us. We saw a field covered with buttercups, or some other yellow flower, and poppies burned along the road-side, as they did yesterday, and there were flowers of a delicious blue, as if the blue Italian sky had been broken into little bits and scattered down upon the green earth. Otricoli by-and-by appeared, situated on a bold promontory above the valley, a village of a few grey houses and huts, with one edifice gaudily painted in white and pink. It looked more important at a distance than we found it on our nearer approach. As the road kept ascending, and as the hills grew to be mountains, we had taken two additional horses, making six in all, with a man and boy running beside them, to keep them in motion. The boy had two club feet, so inconveniently disposed that it seemed almost inevitable for him to stumble over them at every step; besides which, he seemed to tread upon his ankles, and moved with a disjointed gait, as if each of his legs and thighs had been twisted round together with his feet. Nevertheless, he had a bright, cheerful, intelligent face, and was exceedingly active, keeping up with the horses at their trot, and inciting them to better speed when they lagged. I conceived a great respect for this poor boy, who had what most Italian peasants would consider an enviable birthright in those two club feet, as giving him a sufficient excuse to live on charity, but yet took no advantage of them; on the contrary, putting his poor misshapen hoofs to such good use, as might have shamed many a better-provided biped. When he quitted us, he asked no alms of the travellers, but merely applied to Gaetano for some slight recompense for his well-performed service. This behaviour contrasted most favourably with that of some other boys and girls, who ran begging beside the carriage-door, keeping up a low, miserable murmur, like that of a kennel-stream, for a long, long way. Beggars, indeed, started up at every point, when we stopped for a moment, and whenever a hill imposed a slower pace upon us; each village had its deformity or its infirmity offering his wretched petition at the step of the carriage; and even a venerable, white-headed patriarch—the grandfather of all the beggars—seemed to grow up by the road-side, but was left behind from inability to join in the race with his light-footed juniors. No shame is attached to begging in Italy. In

fact, I rather imagine it to be held an honourable profession, inheriting some of the odour of sanctity that used to be attached to a mendicant and idle life in the days of early Christianity, when every saint lived upon Providence, and deemed it meritorious to do nothing for his support.

Murray's guide-book is exceedingly vague and unsatisfactory along this route; and whenever we asked Gaetano the name of a village or a castle, he gave some one which we had never heard before, and could find nothing of in the book. We made out the river Nar, however, or what I supposed to be such, though he called it Nera. It flows through a most stupendous mountain-gorge, winding its narrow passage between high hills, the broad sides of which descend steeply upon it, covered with trees and shrubbery that mantle a host of rocky roughnesses, and make all look smooth. Here and there a precipice juts sternly forth. We saw an old castle on a hill-side, frowning down into the gorge; and farther on the grey tower of Narni stands upon a height, imminent over the depths below, and with its battlemented castle above, now converted into a prison, and therefore kept in excellent repair. A long winding street passes through Narni, broadening at one point into a market-place, where an old cathedral showed its venerable front, and the great dial of its clock, the figures on which were numbered in two semi-circles of twelve points each; one, I suppose, for noon, and the other for midnight. The town has, so far as its principal street is concerned, a city-like aspect, with large, fair edifices, and shops as good as most of those at Rome, the smartness of which contrasts strikingly with the rude and lonely scenery of mountain and stream through which we had come to reach it. We drove through Narni without stopping, and came out from it on the other side, where a broad level valley opened before us, most unlike the wild precipitous gorge which had brought us to the town. The road went winding down into the peaceful vale, through the midst of which flowed the same stream that cuts its way between the impending hills as already described. We passed a monk and a soldier—the two curses of Italy, each in his way—walking sociably side by side; and from Narni to Terni I remember nothing that need be recorded.

Terni, like so many other towns in the neighbourhood, stands in a high and commanding position, chosen, doubtless, for its facilities of defence, in days long before the

medieval warfares of Italy made such sites desirable. I suppose that, like Narni and Otricoli, it was a city of the Umbrians. We reached it between eleven and twelve o'clock, intending to employ the afternoon on a visit to the famous falls of Terni, but, after lowering all day, it has begun to rain, and we shall probably have to give them up.

*Half-past eight o'clock.*—It has rained in torrents during the afternoon, and we have not seen the Cascade of Terni; considerably to my regret, for I think I felt the more interest in seeing it, on account of its being artificial. Methinks nothing was more characteristic of the energy and determination of the old Romans than thus to take a river, which they wished to get rid of, and fling it over a giddy precipice, breaking it into ten million pieces by the fall. . . . We are in the Hotel delle tre Colonne, and find it reasonably good, though not, so far as we are concerned, justifying the rapturous commendations of previous tourists, who probably travelled at their own charges. However, there is nothing really to be complained of, either in our accommodations or table, and the only wonder is how Gaetano contrives to get any profit out of our contract, since the hotel-bills would alone cost us more than we pay him for the journey and all. It is worth while to record as history of vetturino commissary customs, that for breakfast this morning we had coffee, eggs, and bread-and-butter; for lunch, an omelette, some stewed veal, and a dessert of figs and grapes, besides two decanters of a light-coloured acid wine, tasting very like indifferent cider; for dinner, an excellent vermicelli soup, two young fowls, fricaseed, and a hind quarter of roast lamb, with fritters, oranges, and figs, and two more decanters of the wine aforesaid.

This hotel is an edifice with a gloomy front upon a narrow street, and enterable through an arch, which admits you into an enclosed court; around the court, on each story, run the galleries, with which the parlours and sleeping apartments communicate. The whole house is dingy—probably old, and seems not very clean; but yet bears traces of former magnificence: for instance, in our bedroom, the door of which is ornamented

with gilding, and the cornices with frescoes, some of which appear to represent the Cascade of Terni; the roof is crossed with carved beams, and is painted in the interstices; the floor has a carpet, but rough tiles underneath it, which show themselves at the margin. The windows admit the wind; the door shuts so loosely as to leave great cracks; and, during the rain to-day, there was a heavy shower through our ceiling, which made a flood upon the carpet. We see no chambermaids; nothing of the comfort and neatness of an English hotel, nor of the smart splendours of an American one; but still, this dilapidated palace affords us a better shelter than I expected to find in the decayed country towns of Italy. In the album of the hotel I find the names of more English travellers than of any other nation, except the Americans, who, I think, even exceed the former; and the route being the favourite one for tourists between Rome and Florence, whatever merit the inns have is probably owing to the demand of the Anglo-Saxons. I doubt not, if we chose to pay for it, this hotel would supply us with any luxury we might ask for, and perhaps even a gorgeous saloon and state bed-chamber.

After dinner, J—— and I walked out in the dusk, to see what we could of Terni. We found it compact and gloomy (but the latter characteristic might well enough be attributed to the dismal sky), with narrow streets paved from wall to wall of the houses, like those of all the towns in Italy; the blocks of paving stone larger than the little square tournaments of Rome. The houses are covered with dingy stucco, and mostly low, compared with those of Rome, and inhospitable as regards their dismal aspects and uninviting doorways. The streets are intricate, as well as narrow; insomuch as we quickly lost our way, and could not find it again, though the town is of so small dimensions, that we passed through it in two directions, in the course of our brief wanderings. There are no lamp-posts in Terni; and, as it was growing dark, and beginning to rain again, we at last inquired of a person in the principal piazza, and found our hotel, as I expected, within two minutes' walk of where we stood.





## THREE SONNETS ON LOVE AND BEAUTY.

BY SYDNEY DOBELL.

## I.—TO A PROMESSA SPOSA.

LOOK on this flower, which, from its little tree  
 Of bodily stem and branches and leaves green,  
 Leans lovelier, being toucht, and smelt, and seen  
 A Rose, a Rose, a Rose ! and, though thy three  
 Senses praise it triply unto thee,  
 And all their parlous difference intervene,  
 Yet unto thee, who knowest what they mean,  
 Thee who art one, and hast been, and shalt be,  
 Is one as thou ; one Rose, one beauteous Rose,  
 One rosy Beauty. Who shall reason why  
 The slow stem, on a sudden season, shows  
 It can be worm unto this butterfly ?  
 We know but this, that when yon ecstasy  
 Transfigures the green tree, its time of fruit is nigh.

## II.—TO THE SAME.

OH Soul ! that this fair flower dost so mirrour,  
 Ask of thyself, saying—"Soul beautiful,  
 Oh Soul-in-love, oh happy, happy Soul,  
 That wert so dull and poor, and this sweet hour  
 Art so more floral even than a flower,  
 That in thee it is better'd to a full,  
 Whereto each former rose is poor and dull,  
 Ah, what doth thus enlarge thee and empower,  
 That thou who, at thy most, wert a priesthood,  
 A vassal strength, a bliss feudatory,  
 Hast grown a final joy, an absolute good,  
 A god that, for being god, believest in God  
 The more?" Thou canst not clear this mystery,  
 Ah happy, happy soul, whose fruit of life is nigh.

III.—TO A FAIR WOMAN, UNSATISFIED WITH  
WOMAN'S WORK.

IF Beauty is a name for visible Love,  
 And Love for Beauty in the conscious soul,  
 Which when commoving to its highest whole,  
 Or making that whole part of wholes above  
 Itself, feels, like an eye, that it doth move,  
 But cannot see the motion visible  
 To others and in others ; if the sole  
 Difference is ours who see the spirit a dove,  
 Or feel the dove a spirit ; and if in  
 All worlds Love, Love, as song and text allege,  
 Sums the full good of life, who shall not bow  
 To Beauty ? Thou, born in her shrine, if thou  
 Shouldst dare profane her, what would be thy sin ?  
 The sacrilegious priest does more than sacrilege.





## THE GREAT REFUSAL.

BY THE LATE THOMAS T. LYNCH.

"Then Jesus, beholding him, loved him."—MARK X. 21.

THESE two, the noble youth and the far nobler Teacher, met and parted, and each went on his way. The noble youth makes this one bright appearance, and then disappears for ever from our view. Is he but one of those stars which shine for a moment and then vanish into darkness? Surely the "blackness of darkness" was not reserved for one whom Jesus loved! Surely such a "lamp," as this Youth's fervid soul might have been to many, was not put out in "obscure darkness!"

The great poet, Dante, speaks of one whom he saw in the penal world of shadows—"*him who made the great refusal*," he calls him. And 'tis thought Dante means this Youth. He did make "the great refusal!" Christ invited his companionship, and promised him heavenly treasure; but he turned and departed, not in anger, but in sorrow. Grieved he was, for he had not thought such a price would be demanded for the boon he sought. A great gain was offered him, but a great loss was its condition. Beautiful was the morning dew that glistened on him, as with reverent soul he knelt before Christ; but at the first touch of the heats of trial it vanished away. O nameless Noble, that might have been an imperishable name! O early blossom of piety, that never, to our knowledge, became sweet fruit! O man, whom Jesus loved, didst thou ever love Him in return? and, as thou once camest glad and wentest away grieved, didst thou ever come grieved and go away glad? did thy blossom bear no fruit? was not thy name at least written in "the book of life," if not in the book of spiritual honour? We like not to think of so precious a soul as lost. But this is certain, that the Young Ruler did lose an opportunity as bright as he himself was. He went on his way, and we see him no more.

Christ, too, went his way, a traveller who journeyed, "as sorrowful yet always rejoicing." And with Him went "his own," whom He loved to the end, and who loved Him. The earthly end was now near. And had this Ruler followed Christ, in but a very short time the Master would have taught the scholar what a love stronger than death is able to accomplish.

Our Lord's love to God and man was so perfect that it gave the sense of the chief

commandments in a chief example; and yet our Lord says little of his own love to man, and little of his love to God. "The Father loveth the Son;" "I have kept his commandment and abide in his love:"—these are his words. To regard our love to God merely as duty is both insufficient and burdensome; to speak of that love with complacency is to prove how imperfectly we feel God's love toward us. Happy are they that can say with the Apostle, "We have known and believed the love that God hath toward us:" for many of us can only say, "We have often heard of the love God hath toward us, but we have never yet thoroughly believed it." This truth, that "God is love," seems to us as a fruit with the very sweetest kernel but the very hardest shell. And yet, is it possible to love God without believing that He loves us? To do so seems like tasting the kernel without having had the fruit opened; for, if God's love is the kernel, our love to Him is indeed but as the tasting of that kernel.

And yet there has seemed to some a love of God possible, to which there is no hope of answer. The Jewish philosopher, Spinoza, says: "He that will love God must not expect God to love him in return:" and into the heart of the German poet, Goethe, these words sank as a deep true saying. "Strange, melancholy, words!" shall we exclaim? If we do, let us add, "Yet not ignoble." No, they are not ignoble. If the search for truth yields pain, shall we abandon the search because of the pain? If the heart recognises everywhere a work of God in which it can delight, shall it cease to consider and to love because it yearns for a sense of being beloved which yet it cannot feel? The Philosopher's words are a confession that there is a sorrowing sense of want in such love of God as that to which man can *naturally* attain.—"No! you must not expect God to love you as you would like to be loved." Even simple believing Christians, who have seen and tasted Divine Love, may expect such a response from God, to their prayer for aid and joy, as He cannot wisely give; and therefore it shall seem He cares not to give it, and so cares not for them who care for Him. Yet He more cares for us than we care for Him. It must be so. The "cross" proves it. And it is *He*, specially, who must love us, not ex-

pecting us, at once, to love Him in return. But *this* is the teaching of Scripture, that it is the sense of God's love to us that will produce love to Him. And if "nature itself" teaches us that there is a love of God which we may feel, but to which we must not expect such a response as we desire, nature itself prepares us for the Gospel, for the good news of the Divine Love and Pity toward man, by exciting in us an appetite which only this Gospel can gratify. And as sweet things often exhale odours which show the quality of their substance and yet bestow not that substance upon us for our food, so it is with that sweet kernel of which we spoke. Our first longing love toward God is as the inviting but not satisfying odour of the fruit; his love toward us is the kernel: our fuller love toward Him is our tasting thereof and finding that "the Lord is gracious;" and our faith in Christ breaks for us the hard shell.

This gracious Lord "loved" the young man, but was not met with trustful entire response. Why did He love him? Because He saw him as he was—pure, enthusiastic, unspoiled though unproved. It is a false and forlorn view to take of man, that there is nothing beautiful in him before he becomes saintly. The very attractiveness of an unredeemed soul makes us the more keenly desirous to redeem it. But often, as a cultured tree knows nothing of the husbandries which beautified the stock from which it sprang, and thus caused its beauty, so youths know nothing of the spiritual husbandries of past days, to which they are indebted for the moral attractiveness they have to others, and the moral strength which they themselves deem sufficient. The children of Christians, not yet Christian themselves, have by nature an advantage. Often they are more loveable than others. But they must not trust a "nature" in themselves that would never have been so lovely but for the "grace" that was in their parents. There is much in common, and even in perverted, men that has a rude native grace. There is yet more in the sons and daughters of the sincerely pious that has a natural hopeful bloom about it. God loves this, and so may we. But God may love a man whom He cannot yet trust; He may love a man who does not yet truly know, and cannot yet deeply love, Himself. They that in youth both run and kneel, running to the right Man and kneeling to Him in spiritual homage and to ask spiritual counsel, may well be even admirably loved. These are none of them poor, though few of

them may be "rulers" like this youth, and rich as he was. Youth itself, with health, is wealth—wealth as in happy heaps that seem exhaustless. "O for an untried, unstained, unsuspecting heart!" may the silver-haired man say, sitting wearily on his chest of gold. "O for the eyes that shed the sunshine by which they saw, and that fired only in hate of wrong and love of beauty! O for the feet that broke from a walk into a run for every joy! O for a back too strong to bend in servility, and knees not too stiff to kneel in worship!" Beautiful is youth, twice beautiful if it seek to hallow its strength by high honourable enterprise.

But this Young Man—most of us cannot be as he was. Shall we therefore speak of him with gratified envy, pleased that, because he was rich, he went empty away? Shall we profess that we are indifferent to riches, because the natural advantages they give are balanced by such great spiritual disadvantage? 'Tis ill studying other men's weakness and failure only to exalt ourselves. *They* came to grief and to shame where we have had no opportunity to come to honour. How know we that ours would have been the honour, the shame only theirs? And let us not profess an indifference which we may only pretend. Profession may suggest pretence; but proof renders profession itself unnecessary. Our Lord proved his love in his life, and by his death. We cannot prove that we would renounce riches perhaps, for we may not have them to renounce. But innumerable are the persons that desire riches, and that trust in them and do honour to them, though they cannot gain them: and we *may* give proof that an ungratified love of money is not more trouble to us than an ungratified love of God. A man's cravings may be a temptation to him as well as his possessions; and there may be as much "love of the world" in a poor man as in a rich one. Still, what God has made the *general* lot of man cannot be that which affords only the scantiest hopes and opportunities of spiritual good. The few rule; the many are ruled. The few are rich; the many poor, or at least not rich. In the high places, high winds blow. In the bright places, faults show so dark as to be seen of all. When man needs little help, he himself grows helpless. With much plenty may be much waste. And he who may drink Pleasure's wine when he will, will often drink it when he ought not. Have compassion on the privileged; for their advantage is their trial, and may be their ruin. But an advantage it *is*, nevertheless, if only it be as a robe which the man



can wear, a sword he can wield, a horse that he can ride. Hard indeed is it for those who trust in riches, whether they trust in the riches they have or the riches they crave, to enter into the kingdom of heaven: for the rule of that kingdom is absolute,—A man shall have nothing but for its use; and he shall enjoy nothing till he can renounce it for the sake of that which will enable him to use it. Make the simpleton a millionaire; and what will he do? Go to Vanity Fair, and buy folly which will only make him the gaudier, bigger, simpleton. Make a wise man penniless—what will he do? Clean shoes, if nothing else offer; clean them *well*, because work should be done well; *civilly*, to gain respect; *for nothing sometimes*, out of love to some weary bemired traveller; and *busily*, day by day, till promotion comes, because the sagest man must have a livelihood until God wills that he should carry his wisdom to a world more worthy of it.

This rich young Ruler was no selfish corrupt worldling. He sought to have, perhaps to *merit*, eternal life. And if we cannot merit heaven, we cannot have heaven without merit. He was prepared to do something great, no doubt. It was not likely that Jesus would ask him to make a very liberal contribution to "the bag" that one of the disciples carried. What did he think would be required? Some great largess to the poor? For *that* he would have been ready. Even a Herod, in his magniloquence, will offer half his kingdom to a girl that had amused him: will not a modest enthusiast do as much on a nobler adventure? But the king will not be *discrowned*, nor the noble *impoverished*. The Youth would like to do something gloriously good, which he might wear as a rose at his breast, or carry as a heavenly decoration granted to *him*, an honourable courtier of the King of Kings. He knew not that he lacked more than he had to give. He lacked the giving heart.

But people secretly wonder at what seems the extravagance of our Saviour's demand. Yet it is not thought at all extraordinary that passion should do what this man had not heavenly love enough to do. Nature's love and nature's hate will alike empower a man to impoverish himself. And that a man should be able to spend his all for a woman, even for one unworthy of him, and yet be quite unable to spend his all for God and goodness, *is* wonderful, though not at all inexplicable.

"But if the Young Ruler had literally done what Christ proposed, would he not have

committed a glorious mistake, and should Christ have asked that?"

Is it certain, then, that had he proved ready to make the sacrifice, it would have been any longer required? *You* will not say that the price is too high a one to pay for eternal life: but *he* felt as if it was. He aimed to build very high; and therefore he should have been prepared to found very deep. He must learn that his trust and love for God are not sufficient to enable him to risk his property, to bestow it in charity, rejoicing in a present good, and confident of a future recompense. Such a sacrifice would not have been beyond the power of an entire confiding love. For any one to sell all his goods and "give to the poor" *would*, under most circumstances, be a mistake. To do so out of deep love and pity would make the mistake a glorious one. To be able to do so, when it was wise to do it, is, plainly, what may be affirmed of the highest goodness. But there have been many men willing to die for their convictions, who have not needed to die for them. God read in their heart willingness and courage; but the sacrifice was not exacted because it was not required. What makes any sacrifice *reasonable* is the difference in value between what is given up and that for which it is given up. What makes a sacrifice *admirable* is the sorrow freely endured in the giving up, because of reason's estimate of the value, and the certainty, of the benefits love will secure. Abraham was put to the proof. It was tried whether his trust in God and reverence for Him were strong enough to enable him to sacrifice his son. They were; and therefore his son was spared. No good end would have been answered by Isaac's death; but great good resulted from the proof given that Abraham was willing he should die. If this young ruler had said, "Lord, what permanent good to the poor would come from the distribution of my property among them?" he would merely have reasoned with Christ, and shown that, willing as he was to give up all for love, he desired to serve love wisely. But his difficulty was not of this kind. It was not that he was unwilling to make the sacrifice *in this way*, but that he was unwilling to make it at all. He sincerely sought to be good; he admired, he revered goodness: but he thought to be good in a brilliant easy manner. He had not strength to be good at the proposed cost.

"Was he therefore excluded from the kingdom of heaven?"

It is sufficient to say that he was unable to

follow Christ *fully*. Goodness has work to do, quite necessary, for which he was quite incompetent. But God does not reject what we *can* do because of what we cannot. Only, in the gradations of the spiritual realm, they who have borne the most, and been the bravest, will hold the highest places. No man is to be blamed for being born rich or born poor, born clever or born dull, born in this century or in that: but according to the love he has shown, such as he could show under his conditions, will his place be. And the placing of all who get rest and joy at last will be greatly due also to what those, greater and better than we, suffered in order that we might be as good and as great as we were.

We said just now that the lot of the majority was a hard one; and that unless such a lot was also a good one, this would not have been the case. *Some* of the benefits that come to us by sufferings we *voluntarily* incur, come also by sufferings that we *must* bear, and that we cheerfully undergo. The great working, wanting, weeping world *goes without* much that it might not have strength to give up; and learns, by its very privation, to look to, to long for, and often to enjoy, the love of God. It has nothing if not that; and, having that, it possesses all things.

A moral life, easily and habitually, though not at the cost of any great suffering, *kind*, is a loveable one; but, like much that is ornamental and attractive, it beareth not the root, but the root it. Much may be done to the tree by training, much to the man by teaching, but you cannot *learn* to do what you have not the heart to do. You cannot learn to manage, on any stream, a vessel that draws more water than the depth of the stream supplies. This loveable youth came to the Teacher, and sought instruction concerning a good life. Christ was good; therefore knew how to be good; therefore could teach him. He had only to *learn*, and he too could be good as his Teacher was. But this brilliant scholar *forgot God*, even as he addressed his "*Good Master*," not because he was irreverent, but because he was superficial. *This* Christ never did. The revealing Christ was as a window—to look *through*, rather than to look *at*. He *showed* God; He did not hide Him. Of whatever fruit Christ bore, God was the root. Only the like root could yield the like fruit. Christ was at once the proof that man must be "good," and that of himself he never can be. To sunder himself from God, as if he were independently good, would have been, for Christ, to commit the very sin He came

to cure. He showed that goodness alone was adequate to do what was needed; and that God alone could inspire and sustain that goodness.

The Young Ruler had read the first lesson, but not the second. He knew that goodness was necessary, but not that "only one is good, that is, God." Had Christ accepted the title "good" from one who only saw *Him*, not God in Him, He would have fallen Himself, and involved the inquirer in his fall.

"But does our Lord's answer imply that the Young Ruler could keep the commandments, or that by keeping them life could be secured?"

Is there any life eternal except in knowing and serving God? God's commandments are not grievous and arbitrary. They are the ordinances of beauty and joy. Things well done are lovely in their aspect, and happy in the doing and in the results. Life is enjoyed *in* keeping the commandments, in doing as God would have us his creatures do. But they can only be kept as we attain the living ability to keep them. Thus, an adult man's privileges are enjoyed by doing as an adult man does: but a child cannot enjoy these privileges because his ability is not mature; nor an invalided adult because, though fully grown, he has not the powers of maturity. So an uneducated, uncivilised man cannot have the life of culture, because the "commandments," the ordinances of that life, though suitable to him as a man, are beyond his ability as such a man. The way to keep God's commandments in future is, first of all, to learn that you have never fully kept them yet. This Young Man really had kept God's law according to his understanding of it; and he could only be blessed as his comprehension of the law, and his disposition to fulfil it, were advanced. But in him there was no capacity to become a chief example of obedience to the chief laws, as there was in Christ.

"Had he, then, no benefit from obedience?" Jesus loved him: was not that a benefit?

"But did not our Lord withdraw his love when the Young Man withdrew from Him?"

Oh, surely, *that* love did not change into hate, as rejected love so often does among men. No; the Young Man drew back, but not unto, though toward, perdition. If he left Christ less happy, he did not therefore leave Him less worthy. Some plants have hooked seeds; and some *truths* have such seeds. Christ had sown in this man's mind



a hooked seed, that painfully seized it; but there was life in the seed, and, as it germinated, its thorny points would cease to pierce.

"Was his spiritual ambition greater than his spiritual capacities?"

Perhaps so.

"And, learning what he was *not* fit for, did he not also learn what he *was*?"

Again, perhaps. Still, there was "the great refusal." And if it is to him that Dante refers when he uses this expression, he places him among those who have neither praise nor blame—unmarked men, not very base, not very good. How many such there are! They take not the flood-tide that "leads on to" heavenly "fortune." The ebb of this man's wealth would have been the flood of his prosperity. He had been happy in his virtue, and happy in thinking of it, and hardly knew how much of his happiness as a *virtuous* man depended upon his being a *rich* one. People are often happy in their religion because they are happy in their circumstances. They do well because they are well to do. These are good people, but they are not the best sort of good people. They do honour to Religion as their very good master, and to themselves as his very good scholars; but they are but dry pools when the rain ceases, for no inner fountain feeds them. They know not how much Christ can do for them *without* the world, but how much He can do *with* the world, to help Him. All such goodness is only *hopefully* good as it learns that, without trial, it cannot know that it is *lastingly* good.

Nevertheless, among the easy religionists of the day are many "sons and daughters" whom Jesus loves. From their youth they have kept, not without pleasure in the keeping, many divine and human commandments. What lack they? Only the fulness of a life which, without the letter of law and the legal official to expound and enforce it, will practise the law in spirit, and honour it most when dispensing with its mere requirements. "What does the law ask me to do?" says one, who intends to do no more than the law asks. "What do I more than others?" asks another, who feels that he should do more, because more has been done for him. He who has the law written on his heart does not need to see it written before his eyes; but he who sees it only *there*, sees it not even when it is there, if his heart fails him and makes his eyes dizzy.

But what can we learn for ourselves from this Young Man's refusal? There are very

few extraordinary openings of any kind in most men's lives; but there are sure to be at least a few very testing hours. And these hours often come just as the youth is turning man. He has professed, and has really felt, much admiration for noble things and noble persons. Education has directed his enthusiasm, and the world has not yet damped it. What lacks he? Courage, perhaps, to become a foremost advocate of an unpopular truth, which truth he has privately seen and honoured: or, perhaps, "hardness" enough to become *soldier* for anything; he has a silver tongue, but not a strong hand; he will be trumpeter on gala days, but must not be looked for among the slain, or the surviving, in decisive hours. Many have preached the kingdom of heaven, saying: "It will come; it is at hand;" who, when it has come, but with "garments rolled in blood," have fled, not tarrying to welcome it. How indeed could they welcome such a coming!

Of the beautiful enthusiasm of youth much is wasted, much exhales, much changes into mere worldly energy: but, always, some is the morning dew of the coming time; and, always, some is to the Word of God like the horses of heaven, which are spirit and not flesh, instead of becoming, as without the Divine Word it would have done, like the horses of Egypt, which are "flesh and not spirit."

But let us not mistake. As the test may not come to us, being rulers and being rich, so neither may it come in one hour, but may rather be applied through many a weary day. "Wilt thou be perfect?" is the question put to us. "Canst thou persist in thy choice of the better part when it still exposes thee to the worse opinion? Canst thou persevere in work unrewarded on earth, believing that thy reward will be great in heaven? Canst thou still love according to the first pure love of thy soul, when great love itself does not yet appear, to be thy paymaster, though but in his own coin? Having been invited by thy God, by his Word that 'speaketh' day after day, by thy own soul that has listened with delighted awe, to give thyself wholly to what will cost thee friends, and fame, and ease, and gain thee only an honoured grave and a heavenly home,—hast thou refused 'Him that speaketh?'" It is "the Great Refusal." "Wherefore is there a price in the hand of a fool to get wisdom, seeing he hath no heart to it!" said the ancient sage sadly. The very poorest man holds, in some sort, the world in his hand, and might buy wisdom and honour if he would. To the poorest, Satan, the Adversary, makes an offer: "In-

vest with me," he says, "and I will make thy one pound many. Is not the world thine as well as another's? I will make it a bigger and a brighter world for thee." It is sad to make a mistake in this matter of investment. Judas, probably, felt as if *he* himself had done so. Perhaps he secretly commended the rich youth for being so cautious, and secretly despised his Master for sending away so splendid a disciple, for so asking all as to get nothing. To invest your goods with Jesus Christ is not alone like investing seed in the ground, which must be hidden for a while that it may be seen presently in new abundance; it is also like investing a body in the grave. Your "goods" are dead, dead and gone, and can return no more. Shall we slay the good we have, and bury it with a contented "Resurgam" inscribed on the tomb? Ah, but where will you rise and when? You will rise in another world, but *I* want to rise in this! What security have we? The security is in these words: "Jesus, beholding him, loved him." The Lord looketh at the heart; his looks shine into it. Let not the heart turn away. He seeth Wisdom sitting there as a friend, and the World as a visitor: we were ashamed of our friend before our visitor; we are now ashamed of our visitor before our friend's Friend. But if we take leave of the politic world that now blusters and now is civil, and make choice to live in that Love which receives us and would both win and keep us, this Love is our security. It is genuine; it is permanent; and by it the Divine promise to us is signed and sealed.

He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that which he has given will He pay him back again. Are not the unhappy, the ignorant, the erring, the weak, the sinful—all, *the poor*? and are not we, if to any of us Christ says, "Give up thyself and that thou hast—thy 'net,' thy 'drag,' thy coins, thy crown, and at least thy flesh and blood, if thou hast nought else—to Me and my Service;" are not we, if to us such proposal is made, as we yield to it, those who *give to the poor*? He that refuses his own highest good, refuses also to relieve the many "poor" whose friend he might be. O, sad, to be loved enough for Christ to make our heart an offer of his own, and yet to refuse the heavenly offer!

But let us hear two men. The one says, "I could give God an undivided heart, if He gave me an unembarrassed life. I am no 'ruler': I am a drudge. I have nothing to give up, for I can't get anything. Let

Love come to me with a *love-token*, bring some money in his hand. A smile is no good. Hungry folks can't smile or live on smiles. Give me something to eat, something to satisfy my incessant cravings, and then if you smile, I'll smile back again. Even Cæsar would be hardly respectable if his image were only on a penny; let me see it on a pound. And let Love do something more than smile, and I'll thank him, and perhaps love in return."

This man is but a churlish kind of speaker. He is angry with everybody but himself, with the world, with Providence, and specially with those who are better off than himself. He thinks *that* a sure proof that they are worse than their neighbours. Be kind to him; be patient with him. Such men begin to be happy when they cease to brood over their own unhappiness: and that will be, sometimes at any rate, when some one, patient with their evil tongue, has induced them to do a little good. Help somebody worse off than yourself, and you will feel that you are better off than you fancied. You may subdue an angry man by bearing with him, but not by answering him: *that* is as if the steel should try to make the flint leave off giving sparks, by striking it again.

The second man we spoke of says: "What, now, is the distinct difference between a spiritual career and a worldly one? This Young Man was a 'ruler;' let him, then, rule well, justly, mercifully, and without arrogance. Will he not thus raise his worldly into a spiritual career? He was rich; that is to say, he was like a wide and deep river with much water in it: is *that* a worse river than others? a village may be built by a streamlet, but a city by such a river's side. Let many, then, prosper by his prosperity."

Yes, we reply, let him so rule, so prosper. But power and wealth have no blessed coming, and no blessed stay, in this world, save through the labour and devotion of those who will even agonise. There are things to be done that only a few men can do. Let the aspiring at least learn that they are not of these few, unless they can leave all, and dare all, for the Truth's sake. Perhaps this Ruler did go away from Christ, and rule justly. Perhaps he wore the crown of rule more humbly, because he was made to feel that he shrunk from the cross. *Any* career may be spiritual that is not in itself base. Be you scholar, merchant, marine, artist, statesman, artisan, you may be saint. They who establish a prosperity of any kind, and they who sacrifice one for a higher kind, may alike



serve God. But he who is called to sacrifice most is called to the hardest and most honourable service. Yet is there *no* service without some sacrifice.

A worldly career is a selfish one; a spiritual career, an unselfish one. The worldliness is not in the deed, but in the doer. The more of generous justice, the more of spiritual habit. The more your full river, if it is full, is a river of water of life to others, the more blessed is it in its flow. But whether you prosper or suffer, you may alike serve God. Only, do not suppose that the gate of any Divine temple will be made easily large just to admit *you*, because in your prosperity you have "waxed fat." Do not imagine that Wisdom is so much flattered at having you for a pupil, that she will set you easy lessons, and yet give you the gold medal. Shall one who is only "a great man," all swagger and spangles, take precedence of James and John? No; nor James and John of him, if he will become a little child, and humbly serve, and meekly suffer. Giants are an unblessed race, often only big enough to do mischief, and with a heart that likes the work. Bigness, whether of mere stature, purse, repute, or pretension, finds no favour with God; greatness, much: He Himself is "great," in wealth as in love, in condescension as in glory. Trust not in princes, nor in gains, nor in your wisdom or your virtue. *Trust in God:* Hear his invitation. Refuse it not. Accept it, and your fears will disappear. Reject it, and your trust will prove vain.

Scholar! having won the gold medal as a learner, do not employ Truth as a minister

of praise and cash; but be yourself the servant of Truth. Merchant! have ventures that seek the heavenly haven, and not ships on all seas but that which reaches to "the shining shore." Artist! see not beauty in all things, yet none in Him who made them all beautiful. Ruler! to whom obedience is so acceptable, render what you receive. O all who feel in yourselves a love for what is fair and good, that must make you loveable, cast not away the love of God: refuse not his invitation: if it be said, "Come up higher," let not the proffered honour slip from you. Say not, "I *cannot* take up my cross," if God has said, "Take it." Say not, "I *cannot* follow Thee, for Thou art going up to Jerusalem, to die." This is the Great Refusal. Thou mayest indeed love, and even serve, and enter into the eternal life, though thou hast thus refused; but honour was offered thee, and thou art without praise.

Let us give praise to the praiseworthy. Let us follow "afar off" rather than not follow at all. But why not follow closely, fully? Let us count the cost, if we aspire to attain that which is precious. And let no man "exalt his horn," unless he is prepared to "thrust" with it. This the Young Ruler did, and he was abased. We will hope that, humbling himself under the mighty hand of God, he was raised again in due time, lifted from the dust. But forget not that he might have occupied a spiritual throne, might have been a companion of Christ in his afflictions, and reigned with Him eminently in his joy. But he made the "Great Refusal!"

## THE LIFE OF A SHEEP-FARMER IN THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

THE Argentine Republic, as it now is, consists of fourteen provinces—viz., Buenos Ayres, Entre Rios, Corrientes, Santa Fé, San Luis, Mendoza, San Juan, Cordova, Rioja, Santiago del Estero, Catamarca, Tucuman, Salta, and Jujuy. The Constitution is based on that of the United States of North America, and is almost exactly identical with it. Each province has its own provincial government, the head of which enjoys almost unlimited power, while it sends its representatives to the National Congress at Buenos Ayres. The standing army maintained is small in number; but all the inhabitants are liable to be called

to arms in cases of urgency. The navy is still more insignificant, consisting merely of a very few ships of small tonnage. Indeed, the want of a proper military force at the command of the National Government is often severely felt, for in the case of a revolution in any of the provinces the Government, instead of being able to crush it at once, succeeds only in maintaining a sort of lingering civil war, which is most ruinous in its effects on the district which happens to be the scene of the conflict.

The number of regular soldiers is likewise inadequate to the duty of properly checking the depredations of the Indians on

the frontiers of the Republic. The consequence of this want of security on the frontier is that many persons, induced by the exaggerated and utterly unfounded statements of interested parties as to the returns which may be expected from the rich and fertile lands on the frontier, always sold at low prices, invest in an estate which is utterly useless, inasmuch as not merely are all their cattle driven off and their houses burnt, but even the most foolhardy values his life too highly to risk it by attempting to reside there. And although it is perhaps anticipating what would more naturally find a place at the end of this sketch, still I cannot here refrain from condemning those persons who, in entire ignorance of all connected with South America, or from motives of self-interest, publish in the British papers accounts so glowing and so exaggerated of the Argentine Republic, that many, believing them, are led to disappointment and serious loss.

The city of Buenos Ayres, the capital of the Republic, contains about 250,000 inhabitants. It is situated on very low-lying ground on the banks of the River Plate, about two hundred miles from the ocean. Indeed, so low are the banks of the river, that in coming into the roadstead\* the traveller would readily imagine that he was looking on nothing more than a grove of trees growing in the ocean. The River Plate, opposite Buenos Ayres, is about thirty miles in width, and so shallow, that a vessel drawing from fifteen to twenty feet of water is obliged to drop her anchor seven or eight miles off the city. Having come to her moorings, she is immediately surrounded by a multitude of whale-boats, manned almost exclusively by loud-tongued Italians, who enjoy a monopoly of the harbour work at present. In one of these boats the traveller is carried towards the beach for the sum of ten shillings; but should the river happen to be, as is not unfrequently the case, very low, he is transferred from the boat to a high-wheeled cart, in which he and his belongings are pulled through mud and sand, with shout and yell, into the largest city of South America. Even looking at this cart, he feels that he is in a new country; for to it are yoked three horses in a manner that would rouse the astonishment, and most probably the contempt, of any Scotch agriculturalist. One horse is between

the shafts and before the cart, as he ought to be; but the two assistants are merely lashed to the points of the shafts by a strap passing round their bodies, so that they have to pull, as a sailor would say, "broadside on." After a further disbursement of gold, the traveller gets quit of cart and porter, and sits down to collect his scattered faculties in the handsome Hôtel du Paix, or the Hôtel de Provence, in either of which he can live for about a sovereign per diem. The streets are narrow, and excessively ill-paved and lighted; and though there are many good shops and stores, they are not so showily or expensively fitted up as in our home cities; so that the streets present a rather dull and uninteresting appearance. The houses are nearly all of one storey, with a flat roof, or azotéo, which serves as a sort of promenade for the members of the family, or as a capital position for a band of riflemen in case of a disturbance in the streets, as the Spaniards proved in the case of General Whitelocke, whose name is still repeated by them, though coupled with terms rather disparaging to the fame of British military prowess. Many of the houses have an open courtyard inside, upon which open all the doors and windows. This court is roofed with wire netting, along which are trained grape-vines and many other creepers remarkable for the richness of their blossoms or the fragrance of their perfume; while in the centre plays a fountain surrounded by large vases filled with the most beautiful plants and flowers. Thus is the visitor often struck with the great contrast between the dull and deserted appearance of a house while he knocks at the outer-door, and the beautiful scene which displays itself to his delighted eye as he is ushered into the inner court.

There are no public buildings in Buenos Ayres worthy of note besides the Government House, the church of San Lorenzo, the Colon Theatre, and some few more. If desirous of seeing some really beautiful quintas or country residences in the neighbourhood, the traveller can, by train, go either to Palermo, or to any one of several other places where the wealthy merchant enjoys a respite from his labours among cotton and woollen goods, hides and grease, and where for a brief time he may revel amid all the luxuries which his riches can procure. If it should happen, however, that the traveller is more bent on making his fortune at sheep-farming in a few short years, as he has so often been assured is quite a matter of certainty, he will lose no time among the enchantments of the great city, but embarking on board one of the many

\* The harbour, or rather roadstead, is very exposed and dangerous to shipping. It is quite unprotected from the fierce and sudden attacks of the Pampero, or south-west wind, which blows with exceeding violence, and on account of the shallowness of the river, raises a heavy breaking sea, which often does immense damage, as the enormous number of wrecks to be seen in the harbour testifies.



handsome Clyde-built boats which ply on the river Uruguay, make his escape from screaming boatmen, jostling porters, garlic, oil, and excessive charges.

After sailing about fifty miles above Buenos Ayres you arrive at the junction of the Parana and the Uruguay, which together form the Rio de la Plata, or River Plate. Entering the Uruguay, you steam on for about two hundred miles before you arrive at the town of Concordia, which may be called the capital of Entre Rios. This river forms one of the boundaries of the Argentine Republic, on its opposite bank having the Banda Oriental, or Republic of the Uruguay, of which Monte Video is the capital. The banks on the Entre Rios side are clothed with thick woods, through parts of which the jaguar and puma, or South American tiger and lion, still wander in comparative security. The left bank presents a totally different aspect—being in many places rocky and precipitous, and the rock being limestone, the herbage is of that short and rich green kind which is always found to cover limestone formations. Passing Baron Liebig's huge establishment at Fray Bentos, the towns of Mercedes and Paysandur, all on the Banda Oriental side, and Santa Candida and Gualequaychu on the Entre Rios side, you at last arrive at the town of Concordia. Here you are once more beset by boatmen, and on landing by porters; but you now comfort yourself by reflecting that it will be the last occasion for some time to come on which you will be called on to submit to such a trial. Concordia is a town of about five thousand inhabitants. It possesses several good shops, hotels, billiard-rooms, a couple of schools, and a post-office, but no church: it drives a pretty good export trade in wool, sheepskins, hides, tallow, bones, and horsehair. Here the traveller, if an ingenious master of signs, may, with the help of Spanish, French, and Italian, succeed in obtaining a horse and guide, or a carriage to convey him to the scene of his future labours.

The carriage is most probably driven by an Italian or Portuguese, while it is drawn by three horses or mules yoked abreast, with a fourth acting as leader, and ridden by a ragged, bare-legged boy. A second boy drives along some twelve or fifteen spare horses, from among which fresh ones are caught and yoked at certain stages on the road. The harness is principally composed of plaited thongs of raw hide; and, though not remarkably elegant, it is wonderfully tough and durable.

In this carriage you go rattling over an undulating country with numerous sand-hills, extensive palm forests plentifully watered by wood-fringed rivers, and dotted here and there with small lagunas, or lakes, in whose muddy waters are standing troops of cattle or wild mares, enjoying all the luxury of a tepid bath, or feeding on the succulent reeds and water plants which grow round the margin, or float on the surface.

Having safely surmounted all the difficulties of wading through mud and marsh, struggling through deep sand, and fording streams, you finally arrive at the Estancia house, where your arrival is loudly announced by the clamour of from fifty to sixty dogs of every type and breed known, or imaginable. In the majority of cases the Estancia house is a long one-storied brick building, thatched with long grass, which is bound on by strips of raw hide taken either from donkeys or from the carpincho (see p. 721). This last animal, called also the capybara, or water hog, is a rodent about the size of a common pig, and, at a short distance off, very similar in appearance. It frequents the borders of rivers, in the waters of which it dives and swims with much ease.

Round the house runs a corridor or verandah, and near it are a few huts for the peons, or servants, a galpón, or wool-shed, pens for enclosing the sheep, and a corral, or small yard for catching horses in. On one side is the chacra, or garden, surrounded by an impenetrable hedge of prickly pear, and containing maize, pumpkins, sweet and water melons, sweet potatoes, mandioca, and tobacco, which are sheltered from the sun by peach, nectarine, fig, orange, and quince trees. In this humble abode, where the household furniture is limited to a few chairs, tables, and camp beds, with no servant except a native woman to cook, resides the owner of from fifty to sixty thousand acres of beautiful pasture land, on which graze forty thousand sheep, fourteen thousand head of cattle, two thousand mares, and five hundred working horses.

The owner of such a property in England would be regarded as one decidedly in very easy circumstances, whereas in South America he often makes himself and all about him uncomfortable, and materially injures his digestion by vain efforts to make his expenses account and his sales account balance as they ought to do in his big ledger. Often is his supply of ready money woefully meagre, and often has some new undertaking, or some improvement of the estate, to be de-

laid till the fine merino wool is ready for the market, and brings the happy Estanciero the magnificent sum of fourpence per pound.

His cattle form his most reliable source of revenue; and in parting off the fattest for market, where they are worth thirty shillings each, and branding the young animals, consists the most exciting portion of the work of a camp-man.

A tropero, or cattle-dealer, arrives at the Estancia, and all is at once bustle and preparation for the morrow, during which from four to five hundred fat bullocks must be made up in a troop or drove, and handed over to him. The first warning of the approach of dawn is sounded by the clear note of the cock, the shrill scream of the ever-wakeful *tero-tero*, or South American lapping, and the hoarse boom of the *bandu*, *aveztruz*, or ostrich, as he leads forth his young to their early meal of thistleheads and coarse pasturage. Every one promptly answers the summons to be up and stirring. The not very elaborate toilet of the camp is quickly performed. The dress usually worn in the camp consists of a pair of very wide cotton trousers, over which is worn a piece of gaudily-coloured cloth about four feet square, one end of which is fastened behind, and the other in front, by a broad silk sash. Round the waist is worn a broad belt, in which are various pockets, and which supports the indispensable knife. Add to this a light poncho, or cloak, thrown over the shoulders, a broad-brimmed felt hat, a pair of long boots reaching to the knee, on the heels of which are fastened a pair of spurs, with rowels of about five inches in diameter, and you can picture a camp-man prepared for his morning's work. All now congregate round the kitchen-fire to wait for the first streak of day. Here one is engaged in roasting a-bit of meat on an iron spit; another is deftly rolling up a supply of paper cigars; some are, by means of a tube, industriously sucking the fragrant juice of the *yerba maté* from the little gourd which serves for teapot, while one and all are busily chatting, either in the soft and flowing idiom of old Castile, or in the guttural language of the Pampa Indian. Soon, however, the *capataz*, or foreman, announces the approach of day in the east, and all are immediately engaged in saddling up.

This process is rather more complicated than the adjustment of the few light straps and girths necessary for holding on an English saddle. A thick rug or horse-cloth is first placed on the back of the animal, over which is laid the *caronna*, which is a

large square piece of dressed leather, or of raw hide, as the case may be; then comes a heavy demi-peak saddle, which is secured by a broad girth, or *cincha* of raw hide; over this is a thick, soft rug, called a *pillon* or *cojinillo*, covered by a small piece of nicely dressed hide, and secured by a surcingle, or *sobrecincha*; the whole is called a *recado*, and weighs about forty pounds. It is, in many respects, more clumsy and unmanageable than the English saddle; but should night overtake two travelers in the camp, one the proud possessor of a neat English racing saddle, the other contented with a common *recado*, the advantage of the latter over the former becomes very apparent. The man with the English saddle, after pocketing his horse, selects a dry tuft of grass on which to sit, and, with his saddle on his head, and his head on his knees, dozes and shivers in wretchedness till dawn. Many a longing and covetous glance does he cast at his companion, who, having spread out his various traps on the ground, stretches himself comfortably on a soft bed, impervious to the dampness of the ground, and, with his head on his saddle and a thick horse-cloth around him, sleeps soundly and uninterruptedly till morning.

To return, however, from this digression. The horses have been tied up all night; and, wearied by this unwonted restraint, one or two show a decided unwillingness to submit to be mounted. This, however, is mere matter of amusement to the swarthy savage, who lightly vaults into the saddle, and the air resounds with shouts and yells of encouragement or derision as the cruel spur is sunk, and, with nose to the ground and back arched, the buckjumper bounds off over the soft turf. The horses soon settle to the work; the men scatter themselves along the boundaries of the Estancia, and, when a complete cordon has been formed of from six to seven miles in length, all begin to close in towards a common centre. From every quarter of the compass may be heard the loud yells and shrill Indian war-whoops of the men as they rouse the cattle from their lairs in the tall grass. Away in the distance are seen long lines of cattle, coming at a steady, swinging gallop, while behind them are half a dozen natives, dashing along on their active horses, waving their bright coloured ponchos, and shouting like excited maniacs. As the various lines converge, there may be seen troops of scared crickets, small groups of roe-deer, confused and terrified, with, perhaps, a stray stag among the general mob.



All are at last surrounded on a certain spot of ground, always used for the same purpose, and called the rodeo (from "rodear," to surround), the blown and foaming horses are let go, fresh ones caught and saddled, and the work of the day commences.

The tame working oxen are first parted off, and kept at a spot about five hundred yards off, to act as a sort of decoy to the wild ones. The tropero rides in among the cattle and points out those which he considers fat enough for the market. The selected novillo, or bullock, is taken by three men, who, one on each side and one behind, drive him at full gallop, confused and terrified by the frantic shouts and cracking of whips, up to where the tame oxen stand, where he is left, and they return for another. Sometimes, in spite of whip and shout, he suddenly stops, and when the horsemen have shot past, gallops back, thinking his escape accomplished. Not so easily, however, are his dusky pursuers to be baffled. One or two lassos are speedily uncoiled, the noose of tough green hide drops over the horns of the fugitive, and the hardy little horse, though not half his weight, pulls him struggling, belching, and half-choked, up to the required spot. Here a second lasso is adroitly thrown, so that the bullock puts his hind legs into the noose, when it is immediately pulled tight, and he falls heavily to the ground. The first horseman now dismounts, removes his lasso from the horns, and when he has remounted, the lasso on the legs is slackened, the bullock gets up, steps out of the loop, and walks sulkily in among his doomed brethren.

Thus does the work of the day progress, the monotony being relieved by occasional accidents and casualties. Here comes a man dashing along with slackened rein and busy spur, when suddenly his horse comes down; not, indeed, after the manner of an English horse performing the same feat, but planting his forehead on the ground he turns a complete somersault like a practised acrobat. The rider, however, alights on his feet, runs clear of his horse's heels, and joining in the peals of laughter which his *contretemps* has elicited from his dusky companions, jumps on his erring steed, and is soon galloping along as recklessly as before.

Perhaps, too, the girth or cincha, to which the lasso is fastened, gives way, when the whole trappings are suddenly and rudely snatched from underneath the astonished rider, who falls prone to the earth. The lasso itself, when kept at its fullest tension by a horse at one

end and a bullock at the other, suddenly parts in the middle, and the end comes back in the face of the rider with such force as to leave an ineffaceable scar across his swart brow. These slight accidents only serve, however, to make the work of the day less monotonous, and afford food for gossip while sucking the never-failing maté or tea over the evening fire.

The required number of cattle having been parted off, they are all shut up in a large corral, or yard for the night. A bullock is killed, and cut up in convenient pieces without removing the hide. Fires are lit, at which each man roasts his own allowance, generally about five or six pounds in weight. Kettles of hot water are prepared for maté, and the dusky Indians are happy. After supper, cigars, cards, and guitars are produced, and amid smoking, playing, and dancing, the evening quickly passes away, till one after another spreads out his saddle, and, rolling himself in his poncho, betakes himself to rest for the night. The fires are left in charge of the dogs, and silence reigns over all till the freshening cold which is felt shortly before dawn rouses all to a renewal of their labours. Next morning the troop is driven to the boundaries of the Estancia, where they are counted over as they run past between two lines of men. The dealer pays down his money, and with the help of his hired peons or servants, marches for the saladero or slaughter-house in town. The price usually paid for fat three-year-old oxen, weighing from four to five hundred pounds, is about £1, 15s.; and for fat cows, about £1, 5s. In the saladeros from six to seven hundred cattle are killed before ten a.m., the flesh of which is converted into charqué, better known as jerked beef, and the bones are steamed for the grease which they yield, and afterwards burnt for bone ash, which forms an important item in the exports of the country.

The Estanciero having delivered all his fat cattle in town, he next turns his attention to the shearing of his sheep, this being his second and generally speaking his principal source of revenue. The sheep generally bred in South America are the merino, either of the Negretti or Rambouillet type. There are others called "criollos" or natives; but thanks to the efforts of intelligent breeders they are fast disappearing, and it is only around the rancho of the poor gaucho that you now see a flock of these wretched sheep. They produce a crop of thin wool or hair of every variety of shade from white to black, have long legs,

long tails, and long necks, surmounted by a head like that of a blood horse, and as regards horns they have been supplied by nature with more than her usual liberality, for it is not uncommon to see one of them with four, five, or even six horns. This, though uncommon in Britain, is not entirely without a parallel, for there is still to be found in the Hebrides a breed of sheep which generally have three horns.

At present there is no market whatever for the carcase of sheep in Entre Rios, and the nominal price is about 2s. sterling. Some few gentlemen have of late years constructed boilers wherein to boil down all those old sheep, which, if left to linger on, would most probably perish in the first storm of rain that ushered in the winter. As a rule, however, it is found that the sale of the tallow thus obtained, together with the skins, leaves but a meagre profit after paying all expenses connected with the working of the boiler, although it is certainly an advantage to have the flocks subjected to an annual weeding-out of the old and infirm.

The sheep on an Estancia are divided into flocks of from fifteen hundred to two thousand, and to each flock is appointed a shepherd. This shepherd usually receives about £2 per month, besides beef, and 2 lbs. per week of yerba maté, or tea. He lives in a little rancho (see p. 720), or hut, and is supplied by the establishment with five or six horses, an axe, a kettle, a pot, a roasting-spit, and a water-barrel.

As to the amount of beef supplied, it is generally very liberal, in many places a bullock being divided between three shepherds every fourth or fifth day. The family of a shepherd consists, generally speaking, of himself and his dusky mate, with perhaps two or three dark brown pledges of love. Yet though they are so few in number, there is very little beef left over at the end of the fifth day, and indeed the fourth is often passed in sad and solemn contemplation of the well-picked marrow bones, in hearty abuse of the stinginess of the patrón, and in earnest longings for the morrow, when another bullock is to be slaughtered. In most Estancias, the shepherd is permitted to catch and tame some cows for his own use, and to till as much land as he thinks proper, and where he is not too lazy, or is assisted by a partner who does not spend the whole day in smoking and drinking maté, as is very often the case, he can have the milk of four or five cows every morning, while his garden supplies him with maize, sweet potatoes, melons, pumpkins, water-melons, tomatoes, mandioca, and tobacco.

In return for all this, he is expected to open the gates of his sheep-pen as soon as the dew is off the grass in the morning, and mounting his horse, drive his charge to pasture. He ought to remain with them nearly all day, returning to the house only at long intervals to light a cigar and enjoy half an hour over the never-failing maté. At sundown he shuts up his flock in the yard, catches a fresh horse, which he pickets out for use on the morrow, fetches a barrel of water from the laguna, cuts some firewood, and then reclining before the fire, he strums on his guitar and smokes, while the kettle is being boiled and the beef hisses and sputters in the flames.

The season at which sheep-shearing usually takes place is about the beginning of November or in the latter end of the South American spring. The seasons may be arranged more or less as follows:—Spring consists of September, October, and November; summer of December, January, and February; autumn of March, April, and May; and winter of June, July, and August. In the last month of spring, then, commences the wool harvest, and on a large Estancia containing thirty thousand or forty thousand sheep the place presents a most exciting scene for a considerable time. From sixty to eighty persons arrive from every quarter of the compass, and of all classes of society. The small ranchero who possesses five or six hundred sheep, twenty or thirty cows, and a dozen horses, gets out his arretilla or little cart to convey his family to the shearing. This vehicle is a small and rudely constructed cart, mounted on two heavy block wheels, and having a pole in front, which is attached to the cincha, or girth of the horse. Into this cart clamber the old wife and the younger of the children, and when they have packed in beside them all the butter and cheese, tobacco, cigars, and other articles which they possess, and are likely to be saleable at the shearing, a little boy mounts the horse and away they clatter, thump, and creak over the springy turf, while the father brings up the rear with a cavalcade of twelve or fourteen horses.

Hither, too, comes the gaucho proper, who is always splendidly mounted, a perfect rider, thoroughly practised in the use of the lasso and bolas, who has no home, and who scorns to work except at cattle-branding or sheep-shearing, who is an accomplished gambler and fencer, having already killed his seven or eight men, who is, in short, an idle blackguard with an intense hatred to all that savours of law or discipline. In addition to these come men who live by regular work,





through the tepid water each comes out in a wet shiver. The man who is white by sun comes out of the lagoon looking white, while a more wealthy Indian, if he do not smoke a calumet, looks at least several times whiter when he jumped in with every care. He skin dries with grease, the soul dries. After emerging from the bath there is usually light enough to enjoy an hour on the veranda. Here small flocks of five hundred birds, or water are set for two or three days, and matches made for larger flocks of larger flocks to be run on some day. But notwithstanding all temptations to remain, the man slowly retires from the pool, and all break themselves to the first and terrible sound of the establishment. Morning parade of a slight refreshment, consisting of about five or six pounds of powder to each person, followed by a glass of warm soup or baked from the oven. The remains of the night have been previously handed over to some day, dirty eating and wrangling ears the night, and while saying this, the man, and last and going, accompanied by the playing of the guitar, the pisan is the people's happy, ignorant as they are of any sort of art, and utterly indifferent as to what the morrow may bring forth.

For in the night may be heard around the more of these fires the low though the sound of the gambler. To this is the sound of the natives, as well as to many of the natives, do the Government officials or some slight increase to their regular.

Although gambling in every shape and in an ever common enough among the Government officials, still they impose a sort of tax on all other gamblers at any large assembly of people, which tax is applied for the benefit of him who levies it. In order to make in the open air it is necessary to have some sort of rug on which to deal.

This rug is called the "carpeta," and the gamblers agree among themselves as to the person who is to acknowledge this as his tax for the day. For lying down this rug is as much as sixteen or eighteen shillings a night, and many is the device and the resort to in order to cheat the owner of this tax. It is ruinous to permit the regular poons of an Estancia, as it is called, to general unsteadiness it is possible for a man to do his work properly by sitting up all night gambling.

Now these carpets are gathered groups of eight men, who amid low, though the sound of whisperings, decide the owner-

ship of money, cattle, horses, harness, or even of personal raiment. Sometimes, however, the silence is broken by a loud and angry word, answered by a louder and more angry retort, and immediately followed by the click of steel on steel. The fight is generally over before any great attention is attracted to the spot, and at the morrow's morning there are two men who are not among the workers. One is dead, or *hors de combat*, while the other has prudently taken a three or four months' trip across the Uruguay, whence he returns when public justice shall have been satisfied by making an official declaration of his escape.

There is a sort of rural constabulary in Entre Rios, maintained by the voluntary subscriptions of the Estancieros, certain members of whom are always present at the sheep shearing, and indeed at all large gatherings of the people. Their value, however, as a means of preventing petty thieving or fighting is but very slight. Their principal object at the sheep-shearing seems to be the ferreting out of any person selling tarts, cigars, tobacco, or such like, and when fortunate enough to discover such a one, they quickly make him pay a license costing about £1 sterling. This money is ostensibly for Government, but it is extremely doubtful whether the Government is ever enriched by it.

Should it so happen that anything of value is stolen, it is frequently recovered by the police; but unfortunately it seldom happens that it is restored in all its integrity to the legal owner.

As a case in point, I may mention that of an Englishman in Entre Rios, from whom certain silver ornaments had been stolen by a native peon. He made the case known to Don Milton, captain of police, who always professed an immense affection for Englishmen in general, and for this gentleman in particular. Shortly afterwards the Englishman was informed that, through the indefatigable zeal of the police, his property had been recovered; but the first time he actually saw it was at his own dinner table, adorning the person of the worthy captain, from whom no explanation was ever asked, nor did he volunteer any. Should it happen that the police, from some extraordinary motive, actually make up their minds to punish a thief, the method usually adopted is that of "staking out" in the following manner:—Four stout stakes are driven into the ground, from the tops of which the culprit is suspended by his wrists and ankles for an hour, i.e., if he retain consciousness so long; and



it is quite possible that the mind of the officer being suddenly struck with the truth of the old proverb, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," the culprit may receive two or three hundred lashes as a further inducement for him to keep his hands from picking and stealing.

The great and joyful day at last arrives when the last sheep is shorn, and the fact is announced by a chorus of shouts, yells, and war-whoops, that baffles all description further than saying that it must be highly dangerous to the tympanum of any European ear stationed within five hundred yards of the orchestra. The vales, or promissory notes, are handed in and cashed, the shears

all delivered up, then horses are saddled, bullocks yoked, and joyfully does the patrón and his servants watch the mob move off, leaving the Estancia to its old routine of orderly quietness.

The wool is now sent into town in bullock carts, where it is sold or put on board a small vessel and sent to Buenos Ayres, as the case may be. It is sold by the arroba of twenty-five pounds, and a fair price for mixed wools in the town of Concordia may be called three Bolivian dollars, of which six and a quarter are valued at a sovereign, so that the price of the wool is about fourpence halfpenny per pound.

And now the Estanciero has his time very



Shepherd's Rancho.

much at his own disposal for some months. He can go out for a day's fishing or shooting, or visiting his neighbours, as he may feel inclined. Fishing is not a very exciting amusement in the rivers of Entre Rios, nor is it much practised. The fish usually caught are of three kinds, viz., the tarrarida, something like a pike—a coarse-fleshed, voracious fish, generally weighing about two pounds; the bagra, a smaller and much more delicate fish, of a bluish, and sometimes pale reddish colour, having long feelers at the sides of its mouth, and emitting a sharp barking noise when brought to land; and the boga, a handsome silvery fish, weighing from half-a-pound to two pounds, and excellent eating. There are other varieties, but

not commonly met with. While fishing small, muddy rivers, the angler often puts out a tortuga, or tortoise, about a foot square, and which has been annoying him by nibbling at the bait for about half-an-hour thus preventing fish from taking it.

In the deeper waters of the Uruguay are numbers of the dorado, or South American salmon. This is a very handsome fish of a bright golden colour, as its name implies, measuring sometimes about three feet length, and which is excellent eating.

As to shooting, the sportsman has an immense variety of "game" to choose from. A few of the wild animals most commonly met with are the lion and tiger, or, more correctly, the puma and jaguar; deer, of which the



are three species, viz., the ciervo, or large stag, the gama, or roe, and the guasuvera; carpinchos, or water-hogs; tiger-cats, foxes, opossums, skunks; biscachas, or South American marmots; armadillos of two species; besides jacares, or alligators, and lagartos, or large lizards, about five feet long. Among the feathered tribes may be mentioned the nandu, avestruz, or South American ostrich; eagles of two species; innumerable kinds of hawks, kites, and vultures; the ciguena, or stork; two species of heron, one of which, called the gruya, is a most elegant bird, of pure white plumage; bitterns, flamingoes, and a host of others of the same class, which pass their time wading in the shallow, reedy lagunas. The duck

tribe, too, is well represented, there being several species very common, though remarkably wary, and difficult to approach. Then there are immense numbers of small partridge; and though not so plentiful, still pretty generally to be met with, is the large partridge, or gallineta, a bird larger than our red grouse. In the woods is the wild turkey, or "pavo del monte," though not nearly so large nor so well adapted for the table as his congener of North America. From this very imperfect list, it will be seen that there is at least a probability of the sportsman's bag being much more varied in its contents than those usually made up in a day's shooting in the Highlands of Scotland.



The Carpincho, or Capybara.

The puma is much more common in the settled portions of Entre Rios than the jaguar. Though naturally of a shy, retiring nature, he is a most formidable antagonist when brought to bay. He is sometimes very destructive to live-stock, and has been known to kill as many as forty sheep in one night. He seems very partial to the flesh of young colts, of which he kills a great number in certain localities.

When the half-devoured carcase of a colt is discovered carefully covered with grass, and turned up for the purpose, the hunters immediately get together a number of their best dogs, and follow up the trail through the tangled and almost impassable depths of the monte, or wood, where the depredator is generally found snugly ensconced among the

branches of some old patriarch of the forest. His fancied security is quickly and rudely destroyed by a rifle bullet, which passes through his brain, killing him on the spot, or else, breaking his shoulder-blade, tumbles him to the ground, where he is speedily despatched by the dogs.

The jaguar is a much more formidable animal, not nearly so anxious to avoid the track of man, and of a more savage disposition. There is, however, still alive in Entre Rios, old Don Tomas Maidana, who armed with nothing more than a facon, or knife, of about eighteen inches in length, encountered a jaguar in the woods, and after a lengthened struggle, during which the natural beauty of poor Tomas's physiognomy was



much disfigured, some said entirely destroyed, he at last succeeded in killing the huge brute, whose skin when stretched out would measure about eight feet with the tail on. The savageness of this animal may be judged of from the following fact, related by Commodore Page, formerly of the United States navy:—This gentleman, when in command of the screw steamer *Water Witch*, was on a cruise of exploration up the rivers Salado and Vermejo, and one day the attention of all on board was attracted by the sight of an immense jaguar swimming across the river ahead of the steamer. It soon, however, perceived that it could not swim swiftly enough to get clear of the vessel, and at once turning round with a savage roar, it seized the bows in its teeth, and began freely to make use of its powerful claws against the monster that thus endeavoured to stop its course across the stream. Its futile efforts to destroy the steamer were, however, quickly brought to a close by a rifle bullet, and its skin is now, I believe, preserved as one of the finest of its kind in a museum in North America.

The deer is often caught by the natives by means of the bolas, which consist of three round balls of stone, connected by thongs of raw hide, about six feet in length. By a native expert in the use of them, they can be thrown from horseback to a distance of from eighty to a hundred yards. They are thrown so as to entangle the hind legs of the animal, and thus prevent him from running, when the horseman gallops up and despatches him with his knife.

The fox is not of the red colour of the British fox, but rather of a greyish or brindled hue. He seldom attacks a full grown sheep, but is very destructive to young lambs. His cunning seems to be the same in all parts of the world, and I once saw it displayed in rather a curious manner, where in order to save himself the trouble of carrying his booty, he took advantage of the well-

known propensity of very young lambs to follow the first animal they see on awakening from their sleep in the grass. The fox in question was seen trotting quietly past a flock of sheep, till seeing a young lamb snugly dozing in a tuft of long grass, he went up to it and wakened it by a gentle push with his paw. The lamb jumped up, and, with loud and clamorous bleat, hurried with unsteady steps after the fox, who trotted silently before it till they entered the wood, where, of course, the illusion of the poor lamb was speedily dispelled as the fox regaled himself on its tender flesh.

The fox of South America is not nearly so swift as his British brother, and is often run down by the dogs of the country, although he uses many arts and wiles to save himself. His favourite trick is "shamming dead;" but on one occasion I saw him completely checkmated by an old Newfoundland dog. A party of horsemen were galloping across camp one day, followed by several dogs, when a fox got up, and was quickly run into, and after being thoroughly worried by the dogs, was left for dead. Some of the party, however, happening to look back, saw Reynard skulking off as quickly as his wounds permitted him. The view-halloo was once more given, and after a second short run, he was pulled down by the side of a small laguna and subjected to a second mauling which appeared effectual to all except the Newfoundland. This dog, after all the others had retired, took up the fox, and walking into the water, laid him on the bottom, and stood on him for a few minutes. He then dragged him on to the bank, and lying down beside him, watched him attentively, but did not seem quite satisfied till he had again immersed him in the water. Seeing no signs of returning life in his victim, he at last came lumbering after his companions, casting back, however, many a wistful glance to make sure of the efficacy of his treatment.

NORMAN MACLEOD CLERK.

## THE TRUE PRIMACY OF ST. PETER.

BY THE DEAN OF CHESTER.

"And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat: but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not: and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."—ST. LUKE XXII. 31, 32.

WE are all very familiar, just at present, with discussions and debates on the question of revising our Authorised Version of Holy Scripture: and it cannot be doubted that the subject is of extreme importance. Few things can be of greater moment to

English-speaking people, both in this country and in America, than that our vernacular language should be made to express as nearly as possible the exact meaning of the original Bible: and it is a duty incumbent on us all, according to the opportunities which we

happen to possess, by careful study on our own part, and by encouraging others to careful study, to contribute what we can to this end.

As regards the actual task of Revision which is now in diligent progress, it may be said very confidently that the time for such an undertaking was fully come. We must all wish for this enterprise the utmost success: and it may be safely predicted that when the work is done, if the result is disappointing to the over-sanguine, it will have the effect of reassuring many who have been made timid by the mere discussion of the subject.

Meanwhile we are perhaps in some danger of an undue depreciation of the Translation which we have; and there is evidently another duty, which is incumbent upon us now, and which will be equally imperative, and equally liable to be neglected, when the best revision that is possible has been accomplished. We may easily misunderstand the Bible, merely by neglecting to give proper heed to the Version which is always in our hands. In this case the fault lies, not in the translation, but in ourselves. Want of attention is our great difficulty in all kinds of study: and it is quite possible to miss the full meaning of passages of Holy Scripture, when the translation is quite correct, simply because we do not attend closely to the words and their connection. It would be easy also to give proof that this not unfrequently happens. When young men are preparing for Ordination, it is sometimes found that, while in other respects they are well-informed, their knowledge of the common English Bible, which must be the organ of communication between the Clergyman and his flock, is defective: and in educated English families, even where—perhaps it might with perfect justice be said, *especially* where—much eager debate on religious subjects is very customary, there is a prevalent carelessness, in regard to this matter, which is very much to be blamed.

Even with readers of GOOD WORDS it is not impossible that something of this kind may have happened in regard, for instance, to the passage from St. Luke, which is prefixed to these remarks. The passage is most correctly translated, except that the English Version might lead us to overlook the fact that the Tempter had not only “desired” an opportunity of “sifting,” but had *obtained* what he desired. Probably, with this exception, no single word could be improved. Yet, through inattention, it is often so read

that part of its true sense is unobserved, and, in fact, its main lesson to ourselves actually lost.

“Simon, Simon, Satan hath obtained his desire to have *you*: but I have prayed for *thee*.” Many excellent persons have for years read this passage without ever observing the difference between these two pronouns. It is often in the little words of Scripture, and especially its pronouns, that the pivot of the meaning is really found. So it is, unquestionably, here. No doubt it would have been instructive to us to have been informed that Satan had “desired to have” *Peter*, that he might “sift him as wheat,” and that Jesus had prayed for Peter, “that his faith might not fail.” But there is a characteristic instruction of a very different kind, and the lesson takes a far wider range, when we are told that Satan had secured the opportunity of sifting *the whole number* of the disciples, and that Jesus had prayed specially and individually for *one*, that *his* faith might not fail, in order that, when “converted,” he might “strengthen his brethren.”

In St. Peter, thus related on the one hand to his Saviour, thus related on the other hand to his tempted brethren around him, every one of us may see himself—his weakness and his duty—his inability to be steadfast or strong without Christ—his power of doing great things for the Church through strength derived from the Church’s Head. Here is that characteristic instruction of the passage which is so often overlooked.

There are some parts, indeed, of Christendom where the difference and the relation between the two pronouns is well seen and very constantly noted. In treatises for use in theological seminaries, in public inscriptions before the general eye, the sentence is made to refer to that supposed supremacy of strengthening power which is central in Rome. At the recent Vatican Assembly, the consequences of which Europe is now beginning to feel, these words, interpreted in this sense by the circumstances of the occasion, were conspicuously inscribed in the Council Hall. But is this their true sense? Is this the true primacy of Peter? Does not such an interpretation miserably dwarf the meaning of our Saviour’s penetrating sentence? May it not almost be called an ecclesiastical parody on a great practical religious lesson, which is applicable to us all?

This interpretation of the passage is in truth the result of a gradual development: and its acceptance is among the serious facts which show that one error generates another, and



that unscriptural institutions tend to react injuriously on the understanding of Scripture itself: so that, as time goes on, corruption in doctrine and practice grows deeper and stronger. Let these few pages be used for a slight effort to rescue this most encouraging, most serious, passage of Holy Writ from such mischievous and unscrupulous handling. What is the lesson which the passage conveys to one who simply receives the words as they come from Jesus Christ? Surely this—that if we are to strengthen others, the strength to do this must come from Christ—and that He can and will, by the power of His intercession, so “convert” us, so fortify our “faith,” that we shall be able to do this,—and that, further, this duty of strengthening others, the tempted, the sorrowful, the wavering, is a duty that rests on every Christian by virtue of his union with Christ.

We are to see this in the example of St. Peter; and no study is more instructive than to observe how this was accomplished in St. Peter, through comparing what he became with what he had been once. This can be done only very imperfectly within our restricted limits; but it may be done carefully. Let us select for close consideration just three of the channels through which the Apostle drew strength from Christ, and then, following the train of thought which these verses suggest, let us mark how the power so derived was used by him for “the strengthening of his brethren.”

(i.) In the first place, strength came to Peter *doctrinally*, through his faith regarding the Person of Jesus Christ. There is a theological basis of the whole subject, which is essential. What has been said just now takes our thoughts to that remarkable moment in our Lord’s earthly life, when this basis was clearly laid down for Peter and for us. In the conversation at Cæsarea Philippi the Lord said to His disciples, “Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am?” And then, on His addressing the question directly to them, “Whom say ye that I am?” Peter, as was his custom, spoke for the rest and said, “Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God.” On which Jesus said that Peter was “blessed” in the apprehension of this great truth—that this truth had been revealed to him not by man but by God;—and then follow the memorable words, “Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church.”

Many of us have looked with emotion on these words, as inscribed in large letters over the eastern arch of the famous church where the recent Council was held. With

the sentence, as understood there, a vast amount of momentous history is indissolubly bound up. And yet a Church which is pledged to interpret the Scriptures “according to the unanimous consent of the Fathers”\* is involved in no slight difficulty when it accepts and enforces this interpretation.

The Fathers give but scanty sanction—it would be more correct to say, they give no sanction at all—to the view that by “the rock” here is denoted St. Peter *officially*, and *officially*, too, not in himself only but in his *successors*, as Bishops of Rome and of the Universal Church; so that at any given moment the Pope is actually the one foundation upon which the orthodoxy, safety, and practical efficacy of the Church repose. And surely, to say nothing of difficulties connected with the early history of the Church in Rome, a foundation is not a series of things, continued from time to time, but something laid down firmly at the beginning once for all. Nor, again, does it seem satisfactory to say that “the rock” is simply Peter, considered in reference to *his personal work*. Great as that work was in the success of his preaching at Jerusalem and in the binding together of Jews and Gentiles through the Conversion of Cornelius, would it not really be a startling fact, if such words concerning the founding of the Church upon a Rock should be made directly applicable to any human being, however much divinely inspired and divinely strengthened? Is it not wiser and safer to say, as so many of those Fathers said long ago, that the rock here is not Peter, but the confession which he made—the fundamental truth on which he had laid his hold, and to which he had just given expression—the apprehending by faith of that great fact of the union of the two natures in Christ, which is certainly the basis of the whole Christian system? On this foundation, laid once for all, Peter was a firm-set “stone;” and so, likewise, are all true Christians “stones” set on this one immovable foundation. This is expressed in St. Peter’s own words, in his first Epistle: “To Whom coming,” he says, “as unto a living stone, ye also, as living stones, are built up a spiritual house. Behold! I lay in Zion a chief corner-stone, elect, precious: and he that believeth on Him shall not be confounded.” How could Peter have written these words without remembering Cæsarea Philippi? And does

\* This restriction, laid on Roman Catholic theologians, is brought out forcibly in “Janus” in reference to this very subject in its connection with both Matt. xvi. 18, and Luke xxii. 32.

not this thought direct our minds at once to the true meaning of the passage?

And let it be noted, before we proceed, that with us too, as well as Peter, the Christian life must rest on a doctrinal basis. If we desire to have the strength which comes from Christ, we must have this firm conviction concerning His Person. The union in Him of the Godhead with the Manhood causes Him to be all-powerful in regard to everything that we need. Our strength is to lean absolutely and simply on Him, without anything intermediate. Which of us could venture to rest our souls on any weaker support, when we think of that world which is in prospect beyond the grave? And what other foundation can we find for securing the true coherence of the Church at large? Is it not certain that whether for the peace of the individual life, or for the building up of the Christian community, we must lay all our stress upon that Rock which is Christ?

(ii.) But—to select another particular, in which Peter drew strength from Christ—most of our Lord's *miracles* were worked in his presence: and some of them had special reference to him. We will simply refer to two of these, both connected with the Sea of Tiberias.

First, consider his rescue, when he rashly walked on the waves, and how there came to him then a revelation of his own weakness, a rebuke of his foolish self-confidence, and an ascertaining of the strength that resided in the outstretched hand of Christ. In the case of no other disciple do we read of *this grasping of the hand of Jesus* in the hour of danger. How often must that incident have recurred to Peter's memory afterwards, in the days of his hard service and conflict for his Master! and how the recollection must have strengthened and supported him! An experience of precisely the same kind is impossible for us. But, if we are true disciples of Christ, there have been times when we have learnt something of our own weakness and of His strength. Christian life is not only the apprehension of sound doctrine, important as we have seen that to be, but it is a life of experience. May it not be good for some of us, while this thought is in the mind, to make it the starting-point of a strict self-examination?

Another instance, also in connection with this lake, comes at once into our remembrance. The fishermen have toiled all night and taken nothing. Jesus comes and tells them to cast out their nets for a draught. "We have failed hitherto," they said, "but at Thy word we will let down the net." The success was

immediate and complete. A multitude of fishes was caught, so that the net was broken. The sudden wonder, and the consciousness of the nearness of the presence and the power of Christ, agitated Peter to the depths of his soul. "Depart from me," he exclaimed, "for I am a sinful man, O Lord." Here again is the contrast of his own nothingness and the Lord's omnipotence. What virtue there must have been in the recollection of this scene during his Apostolic work afterwards, when that Sacred Presence was withdrawn, and the disciple was now become "a fisher of men!" It cannot literally be so with any of us now, who are seeking to win souls to Christ. But a large part of our expectation of success must rest on the proofs which have already been given of the Saviour's power. At His word we still let down the net; and, failing often, we still persevere.

(iii.) In passing to a third channel, through which strength was derived from Christ to Peter, we come more within the range of our own experience. We can recall no miracles, as having witnessed them ourselves; but the words addressed to Peter remain for us, as they remained for him.

If we were to make a list of the sentences specially addressed by the Lord to this disciple, we should feel how great was their strengthening power in the recollection afterwards, especially when we consider that he had *then* learnt his own weakness. There is the "Get thee behind me, Satan; for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but the things that be of man,"—an indignant rebuke addressed to Peter, when he was yielding to low and unworthy feelings, and when he shrank from pain and dishonour. There is the "Simon, sleepest thou? couldest not thou watch with me one hour?"—a gentle expostulation, when nature had overcome Peter, so as to make him forgetful of his Master's sufferings. There is the "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?"—an earnest question, three times repeated, in allusion, doubtless, to his three denials—and followed by the injunction, three times repeated, "Feed my sheep, feed my lambs." But of all sentences spoken by our Lord to Peter, none surpasses in interest and importance this one which is before our thoughts at the present moment. It seems to sum up the whole personal relation between St. Peter and his Master; and it is for those reasons specially worthy of note, that it corresponds with the turning-point of Peter's life, and that this turning-point is set before us, not only in its outward manifestation of an improvement of



character, but in the deep inner meanings of the case, as they were known to the mind of Christ.

The Lord said, "Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have *you*, that he may sift you as wheat; but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not; and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." Jesus Christ had a clear insight into the invisible world. He knew that the powers of darkness were then busy, and that it was a time of terrible temptation to the disciples. Satan desired to "sift" them *all*—to toss and agitate and distract their minds, as in the process when the grain is separated from the chaff. And he had gained permission then, as he constantly gains it now, to put this trial into active exercise.

"Sifting" implies separation. The image might, of course, be applied to a community. For a time of severe trial in a community makes a visible separation between the good and the bad. But it is more in harmony with our present train of thought to observe that a time of temptation is a time of separation too for *each one*, showing him where his strength lies, and where his weakness. Peter had much to learn yet in this way. There is a singular force in this word "conversion," as applied to him here. It is a prophecy of a fall and a recovery, as the concluding words are on the solemn laying upon him of a life-long duty consequent on that recovery. And the centre on which all this great spiritual movement turns is the prayer of Christ—"I have prayed for thee."

An allusion was made above to the emphatic use of pronouns in many places of the New Testament. What an instance of this have we here! What majestic force there is in the first of these pronouns! What tender sympathy and thoughtful recollection in the second! "*I* have prayed for *thee*." And what a trembling fear in regard to ourselves, what a strong confidence in regard to Christ's intercession, ought to be inspired in us, when we look on this scene, from which for a moment the curtain is withdrawn—the Tempter on one side, full of eager malignity, —Peter on the other side, unconscious of his danger,—and, between them, JESUS CHRIST! and how full of meaning is the fact, that Jesus Christ defeats the enemy, and preserves the faith of his weak disciple, not by the exercise of any mere power, but by *prayer*!

But it is time now that we turn to the second part of our subject. We must proceed to see how Peter, when converted, did use the strength he had derived from his Lord, in

communicating strength to his brethren—did exercise that primacy which, in fact, belongs to us all. Again, this part of our subject may be arranged under three heads. He did strengthen them—he does strengthen them still,—by his ministerial work, by his personal example, and by his writings.

(i.) To appreciate the first of those methods, we have only to read the early chapters of the Acts of the Apostles. How much vigour there was in *his work* there recorded! How sharp and strong were his appeals to conscience! And how great was the influence he exerted on the Jewish people, on the Samaritans, and on Gentiles, too, at Cæsarea! Nothing in biography is more remarkable than the difference between St. Peter as he appears in the Acts, and St. Peter as we remember him in the Gospels. Then his impulsive courage rather hindered than promoted his Master's cause. His foolish boast that he was ready to go "to prison and to death" with Him—his rash attack, sword in hand, upon the High Priest's servant—were followed by a base denial. Now we see in him consistent devotion, true dignity, persuasion, and success.

As to the strengthening power of his work in its effects on the minds of men—including our own minds, as we read the history now—we should particularly observe that this work was successful, and that it was always advancing. In regard to conviction produced on the world outside, *progress is strength*. There can be no quiescence in true Christianity. When Religion makes progress, men believe in its reality. A strong evidence still resides in the history of the successful founding and rapid growth of the earliest church, as recorded in the Bible. There is indeed hardly any more persuasive argument for the Divine origin and Divine force of our religion, than the joining on of this progressive Christianity, as related in the early chapters of the Acts, to the life of Christ as read in the Gospel narratives. And in this work Peter is the conspicuous instrument employed. We see here the meaning of that early promise, "Thou shalt be called Cephas, which is by interpretation, A stone." We see too, as has been well said, "what kind of stone the Lord chose wherewith to build up His Church." But this brings us to the next topic we were to consider.

(ii.) For in the second place, St. Peter, now "converted," "strengthened his brethren," and strengthens us, through *his personal example*.

We might elucidate this by alluding to various points of character. Observe, for instance, his activity and diligence, as shewn by his moving on Missionary errands from place to place. He is not simply resident at Jerusalem, that he may exercise, from that central point, a good influence on the Church; but when the Apostles hear that "Samaria has received the word of God," they send him, in company with John, to this new field of success: and he goes there promptly. Next we see him "passing through all quarters." We trace him at Lydda, at Saron, at Joppa. Thence he travels to Cæsarea, on one of the greatest and most momentous of religious errands. Or we might dwell on his candour and humility, as shewn in the yielding up of his prejudices on that important occasion,—or on his wisdom in debate, as exhibited in the Council at Jerusalem, when the question of the necessity of circumcising Gentile converts was discussed—or on his stern denunciation of fraud and hypocrisy and of all mercenary views of religion, as when he came into collision with Ananias and Sapphira and with Simon Magus. But it is most to our purpose to observe his *courage* and the source from whence that courage came. Where can we find a nobler instance of *courage inspired by faith* than in his words before the rulers, priests, and scribes: "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye: for we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." Here is no boasting, no mere defiance of authority, no foolish self-confidence. The tone of the words is as different as possible from the spirit of the words he once hastily uttered, "Though all should deny thee, yet will not I." He had, indeed, always been a brave man; but then it was the mere natural courage, which is liable to give way at the critical moment, and thus to dishearten others, instead of strengthening them. Now it was the courage which came from the inward force of the Holy Spirit, and was helpful to all with whom he came in contact.

But, in further illustration of this point, which is our special subject, let us single out one small incident, which might easily be overlooked, though, with a true instinct, it has been selected for the Epistle read in our English Churches on St. Peter's Day.

Herod had put James to death with the sword; and, "because he saw that it pleased the people, he proceeded to take Peter also;" and sixteen soldiers, distributed

in some way through the wards and passages of the prison, were told off to keep him. The point to which reference is made is this, that in the night before his intended execution, Peter, between two of these soldiers, and chained to each of them, was "sleeping." Is not this moment of calmness in the immediate proximity of danger and death, almost a startling contrast to the eagerness, and the mixture of rashness and cowardice, which were evident in his earlier life? It was said just now that quiescence in regard to Christian work is a sign of weakness. But *calmness in the Christian man*, especially if his temperament is naturally restless, is a mark of strength. And we feel that Peter, through the record of this his perfect tranquillity in the prospect of martyrdom, is operative, even now, in "strengthening his brethren."

(iii.) But, if our souls may be "strengthened" by reading these chapters of the Acts, or, in other words, by comparing Peter as he was in the end with Peter as he had been at an earlier time, not less is this the case, when we study *his writings*. Here is permanent strength for the Church of every age. Here, above all, perhaps, we ourselves feel what St. Peter, through "conversion," and through the prayer of Christ, became to his brethren. A book is a voice for all time; and in these two books St. Peter, inspired by the Holy Ghost, speaks himself.

No presumptuous comparison need here be made between the relative values of one part of Scripture and another; nor is this the place for entering into any questions of minute criticism. But no careful and devout Biblical student will place that First Epistle of St. Peter, on which Archbishop Leighton's Commentary was written, in a low place as regards its power of building up and fortifying our faith. And the Second Epistle is remarkable for one characteristic, which is very apposite to our purpose here, namely, the obvious reminiscences of St. Peter's earlier days which it contains. We have seen what is gained by remembering that the Peter of the Acts is the Peter of the Gospels; and the gain is not less when we feel how this same Peter still strengthens us his brethren by these his permanent writings.

There is hardly a more interesting occupation in our course of Scriptural study than to read the Epistles of St. Peter with this thought in the mind—to trace recollections of the past in the phrases which he uses—to mark how he is the same, yet not the same—to feel what new strength he has acquired



through "conversion"—and, through the intercession of Christ, what power too he has acquired of communicating spiritual strength. Thus, when we read in the First Epistle, that we are to "cast all our care upon God," that we are to be "sober," to be "vigilant," because of "our adversary the Devil," whom we are to "resist, *steadfast* in the *faith*, knowing that the same afflictions are accomplished in *our brethren* that are in the world;" and when we find him passing on to the prayer "that the God of all grace, who hath called us unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that we have suffered awhile, may make us perfect, *stablish, strengthen, settle* us,"—how conscious we are that the experience gained since the Gospel times has cleared his spiritual vision! How well aware he now is of "Satan's devices!" How studiously he thinks of his brethren! How well he knows that they will be "sifted!" How he longs to be the means of "strengthening" them!

And, as to the Second Epistle, there is in the original a verbal link of great value between it and that sentence of the Gospel history, which has been the basis of these remarks. Peter says to those whom he is addressing that he will "not be negligent to put them always in mind, though they be *established* in the present truth." And he adds at the end: "Ye therefore, beloved, seeing ye know these things before, beware lest ye also, being led away with the error of the wicked, fall from your own *steadfastness*: but grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." The Greek word is identically the same in the sentence addressed by Christ to Peter, and in the letter which contains these exhortations from Peter's pen. How truly we see here the disciple fulfilling the office of his primacy in its highest form,—thus giving us an example that we should do the like!

Yes. The true primacy of St. Peter belongs to us all. Not one of us is exempt from its duty; not one of us need be destitute of its blessing. It is conveyed to us in that charter which is the commission of our Christian service one towards another. "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." It is expressed in the precept of St. Peter's brother-apostle: "Bear ye one another's burdens; and so fulfil the law of Christ." To take away from the Church at large the application of the Lord's words to Peter concerning the strengthening of his brethren, and to concentrate it in the Pope, is a lowering and limiting of the Scripture, against which the loudest protest should be

made. In the audacity of its restriction it is like depriving the Laity of the Cup in the use of the Lord's Supper. This high office is not the prerogative of a Universal Bishop, but the rich possession of every true Christian.

And how great a power of helping and sustaining others is often granted to those who appear the weakest, and who are quite in obscurity—poor men in remote villages, women who never leave their sick chambers, even children, in whom, at a very early age, the grace of God is sometimes very ripe! In the busy world of public occupation our view of things is apt to become quite distorted. We forget where the true secret of strength resides. Those who are most conspicuous are not really the greatest. We restore the balance of our judgment by closely considering our own responsibility, and by remembering the many dangers to which others are exposed. It is a troublous time for all around us; and the highest office in the Church is "the strengthening of our brethren."

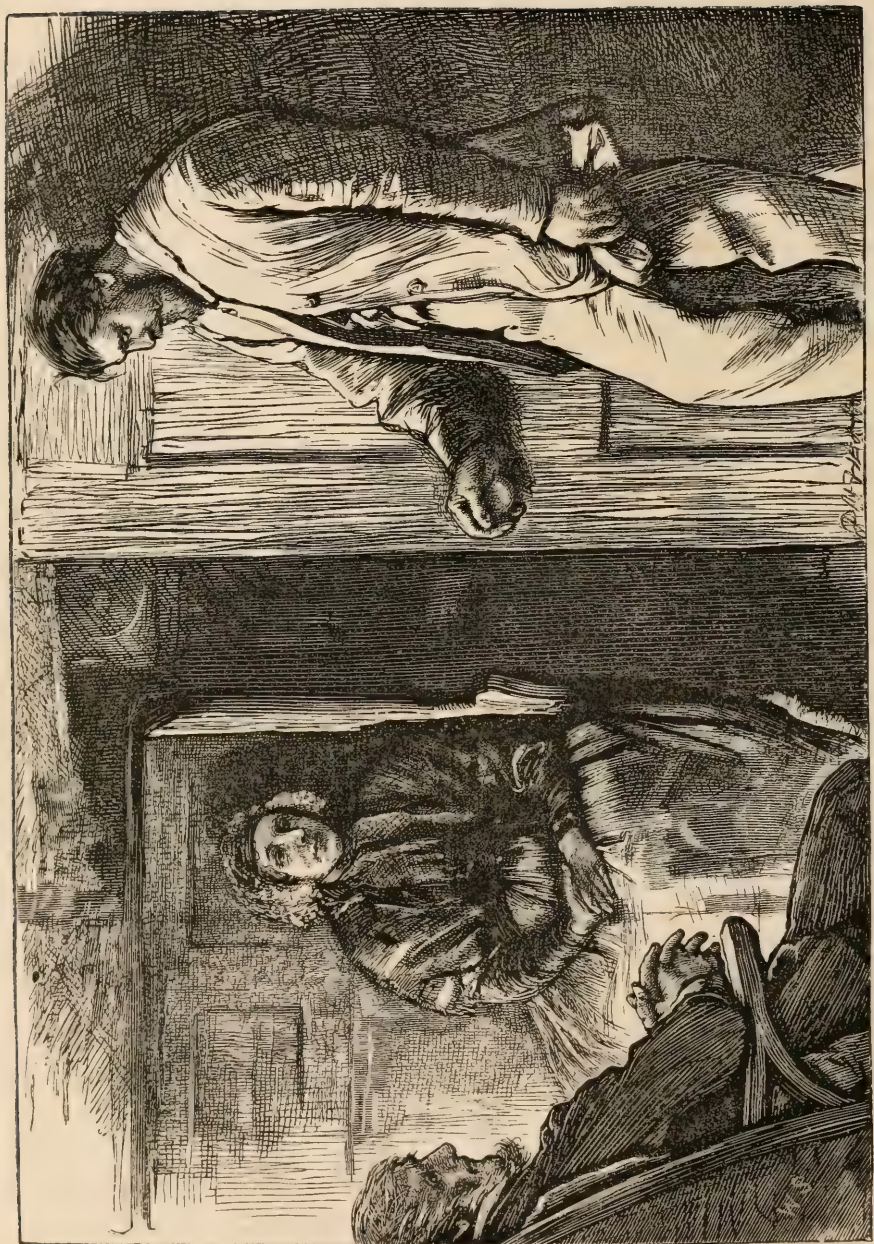
But let it be recollected that the essential condition of the effective discharge of this duty is a true "conversion." We shall do no good to others by idly remaining as we are. They who float on easily with the stream of the world communicate no strength to those who are around them. When, however, a man is truly turned to Christ, he acquires a noble independence: and his friends and neighbours then gather strength from his consistency. While the courage that rests on merely natural powers is liable to break down at any moment, the courage inspired by "faith" may be trusted for aiding the weak at critical times.

And, finally, we are taught here to connect this reality of "conversion," this possession of "unfailing faith," with the power of the intercession of Christ; and not simply His intercession for the Church at large—that has not been our chief subject in this paper—but intercession separately for each individual soul. "I have prayed for *thee*, that *thy* faith fail not." This is Christ's method of strengthening and increasing His Church, not so much by the outward official service of those who are in high places, as by the force of personal religion, often on the part of those whose condition is very lowly. May it be granted to every reader of these pages that he may be steady amid the sifting, and able also to strengthen others, because he himself is strong in the consciousness of the power of the intercession of Christ!

JOHN S. HOWSON.







"THE HIGH MILLS."



"THE SYLVESTERS."





## THE HIGH MILLS.

BY KATHERINE SAUNDERS, AUTHOR OF "GIDEON'S ROCK."

## CHAPTER XXVI.



NORA had been sitting at Mrs. Ambray's feet reading to her, until heat, weariness, and the music of a rich, soft voice had sent the old woman into a gentle sleep. She had dreamt of George, and her dreams, coming out of sounds

so pleasant, were themselves joyful, making her have a sense of the desired presence living and moving in the house, filling its master with gladness, and herself with peace. Nora, when she saw the old arms tremble, and the sweet old mouth move as with a sense of smiles, and with whispers of the well-loved name, knew how it was with her. She allowed herself to fall under the same spell, to imagine—not the moment of George Ambray's coming, when the hope and fear so long at war within her must, at her first look in his face, close in a last conflict, and receive, one of them, its death-blow; not this moment, too full of acute joy or pain to be imagined in any quiet mood such as the afternoon encouraged, but the peace that would come afterwards. It was of this she dreamed; the deep, sweet lull when the excitement of the prodigal's return, with its feasting and tears and passion, its rejoicing and shame should be past, the wonder over, beholders wearied and gone, the house left with no voucher for its joy but the dear pardoned one himself, scarcely daring to show the love and gratitude in his chastened eyes, or to let it speak in his broken and seldom-lifted voice. Of this and the vying of forgiven and forgivers in humility of bearing towards each other, of the few words spoken, the long, full silences, the restraint of each heart over itself in its tender

dread of again disturbing by a too loving look or tone the newly-stilled waters in dear eyes, the recognition of this care in one another—making the eyes to swim in spite of it—of these things Nora dreamed, not sleeping, but looking up from her book to the portrait of George, her head on Mrs. Ambray's knee when the footsteps startled her.

She knew Ambray's step instantly, but whose the other with him and why they came in so much haste she asked herself in a suspense that would not for many moments have been supportable. Had George come home? What so likely as that he should go to his father at the mill, and that Ambray, unable to express the readiness and fulness of his pardon, had hurried him here to receive theirs first.

It was scarcely two minutes from the time she heard the steps to the appearance of Michael and the miller at the door, yet in that interval the idea of George's return became as a reality to Nora—her suspense, her terror was now all as to what his face would tell her, when it should appear, of his faith or faithlessness towards her.

She had risen and was standing with her hand on Mrs. Ambray's chair—pale, cold—her eyes looking upward, praying she thought, but really doing no more than seeking to bargain with God for her desire, offering—as so many at such moments offer—joy after joy, hope after hope, out of life's unknown store, for the possession of the one thing then and there so coveted.

Then the door was pushed open and the two men burst upon her sight and her ears like a storm, Ambray shouting—

"Repeat it here before the woman that bore him, and this girl—repeat it!"

Almost in the same instant Nora, looking into the eyes of Michael, remembered the fears with which they had filled her on the morning he had come to her at Stone Crouch. The same his words had then stilled returned upon her now, and as if no time had passed since then, when the lace-work frame had fallen from her hands as she stood demanding the truth of him, as if no summer had intervened to hide the rough rock's nests in the poplars with its living architecture, or to heap treasure on the wind-swept meadows sloping to the sea. Nora took up her long silenced cry—

"O, what is it? Tell me. You came to



tell me at Stone Crouch. You have known ever since. I think you have known he is dead. Is that it? Is he dead!"

In looking at her and summoning strength to answer her, Michael for the moment forgot all else—even his master. The pity for her which had become a part of his very nature since he had first seen her in the mill, so overcame him, that he was forced to fall forward and lean with his arms on the table as he answered her in words that seemed dragged up one by one by a superhuman effort.

"It—is—so. The young man is dead!"

Mrs. Ambray, but half awake, was sitting upright in her chair when the words reached her ears.

The face of Nora, the attitude of Michael, left her in no doubt as to the meaning of what she had heard; and she rose to meet not her own misery, which she put aside as a thing that could, and too surely *would* wait, but her husband's, that she knew would take him up in its power as the wind takes a withered leaf.

It so happened that for once Ambray thought of her before himself, not through any unwonted return of affection, but simply because *her* loss, *her* sorrow, did not seem so vast and difficult a thing to realise as his own.

He met her as she came to him, and kissed her with lips cold as ice, murmuring, while keeping his arm round her—

"Poor mother—poor soul! Dead! Her son dead!"

Then, as if the contemplation of her loss lifted his senses to some idea of his own, his arm slipped from her, his eyes looked upward, and he threw his hands up, palms outwards, like one who would push off a descending weight, saying—

"Dead! My son dead!"

"The young man is dead!" repeated Michael, gathering himself up from where he had fallen with his arms on the table, and turning from Nora to Ambray.

At the sound of his voice the miller let fall his arms and looked at him. Michael met his look with eyes in which fear, pity, and pain were almost overcome by a certain patience and resignation, which showed this moment had been looked for and dwelt upon long enough to have rendered its awfulness familiar to him before it came to pass. In spite, however, of this, his suffering was beyond anything he had ever imagined it could be when Ambray turned from looking helplessly into the face of an indomitable and

remorseless fate to the instrument that had been used by it to deal him this blow, and the fearful relief, light, and fury that filled his eyes as he remembered that here he was not *so* helpless, made Michael extend his hands in a mute appeal for mercy. Such a look—as that with which a general losing a battle through the treachery of one man might turn his eyes from the spectacle of loss and blood he cannot stay to the traitor in his power—Ambray turned on Michael.

Even Nora, standing, white, transfixed, stunned by the change that had come over life and all the world at Michael's words, was penetrated by fresh fear as she saw this look.

Mrs. Ambray clung to her husband's arm with a sense of the worst having yet to come.

"Mercy!" cried Michael faintly, with extended hands.

"How did my son die?" asked Ambray, shaking off his wife and folding his arms.

"I will tell you—you shall hear all—al," answered Michael, repeating his gesture of entreaty and protestation.

"I will," said Ambray, looking at him with a fearful calmness. "I will hear all. Look you, I will have out of you every word my boy said. I will have you make me see how he died as if it happened here before me."

At this Michael's eyes filled, and he smiled almost with triumph as he cried—

"There was never gold left by dying man, or deed of millions value, so treasured as the least of his last words has been by me, for the sake of those he went from so untimely and unaware. Sooner would I have forgot to see, or hear, or speak than this. I have said it all as I mean to tell it you now. I have said it on my bed at night, and in the mill, till I have it by heart."

Ambray, with the terrible forethought of a torturer, perceiving that his victim's strength would not endure to the desired end, pointed to a bench in the middle of the room, and said—"Sit!"

Michael, after stretching up his arm against the wall, frowning and dizzy, as if he were feeling for the regulator in some mill where the sails were flying ready to be wrenched away, and the air was dusty with the raining meal, dragged himself to the bench and sat down.

The others stood near him, and he spoke—sometimes his hands locked in each other, and his head and shoulders stooping low,—his eyes fixed on the floor, sometimes looking up from one to another of his listeners' faces.

Ambray stood close before him, his eye glittering with jealous anger whenever Michael looked, or appeared to be directing what he said towards either of the others. Michael never paused to think, the tale was already made; the very manner in which he began it—speaking of things that they knew—showed that it had been put together long ago, and learnt, as he had said, “by heart,” with too much pain to admit of even those alterations which time and certain circumstances seemed to render necessary.

“My father,” said Michael, stooping low and looking as if he read what he was saying on the floor between his feet and Ambray’s, “has a small corn-shop on the green at Thames Dutton. There are rooms over it which in summer-time we let to such as come to fish or to row on the river.”

At this Michael’s eyes looked slowly up from amidst them all and rested on some pieces of an old fishing-rod tied carefully together and hung against the wall. Ambray looked in the same direction, and then his eyes and Michael’s met, and Michael’s fell again.

“On the tenth of last August in the evening I had come home from the mills where I worked, and was standing in the little garden at the side of the shop nailing an apricot to the wall while my little sister held the nails and bits of list for me. My mother was inside calling to us to train a branch nearer to the parlour window. My father sat at the shop door reading his newspaper. He had been reading something aloud to us which had made us laugh. I was laughing very much.—[I have never laughed so since.]”

When Michael said anything which was not in the heart-learnt story, the difference was made plainly apparent by some change of voice or look. Several times it happened that some little fact which helped to colour the incident he might be telling was remembered by him now and mentioned; but when this was so, it stood out like fresh paint on a dry picture, or a written comment on the margin of a printed page. These manifest additions came generally in short, complete sentences, interrupting the flow of the carefully-considered, formally-worded recital or confession, and almost in every instance throwing a sort of lurid reality upon the moment or thing which it concerned.

“While I was laughing and looking down at my sister, and trying not to let go the nail I was stretching up to hammer in, I saw her turn serious all in a minute and hang down her head as if she was ashamed

of having laughed so loud. This made me look round towards the road, and then I saw a young man—a young man standing still—looking at us. I noticed that he was ill [the weight of the small bag that he carried seemed too much for him, and his eyes frowned with pain as they looked at us]. I did not wonder then why my sister had stopped laughing, for he looked as if it was a kind of affront to him to see us so. In another instant we heard him, when we had turned away, speaking to my father about the rooms. He wished to take them for some weeks. He went in and looked at them, and said that he would take them. He told my father that his name was George Grant, that he was an artist; but my father is nervous about money, he refused to receive this young man unless he paid him some at once. When my father told him this he said it would not be convenient, and went away. As he went along the road I could see that he hardly knew how to drag one foot after the other, and had often to put his hand on the railings of the green to keep himself from falling. He went right on to the bridge and disappeared from our sight. Before long he came back, looking very wild and weary, and it all at once came to my mind that he had nothing to pay the bridge toll with. He lay down at the far end of the green. [Somehow I could not take my eyes off him till they fetched me out to cricket]. I went out to cricket about seven o’clock and this young man lay all the time watching us. [Mostly I thought he looked as if he would be glad for the ground to open and give him a grave as he lay; but sometimes he would lift up his head and watch us mostly like an old man who has given everything up, and only remembers what he used to do; but sometimes he would look very different, half scornful like one far ahead of us, and shout out that such a one bowled too high or too low, or cry “bravo!” or growl out heartily at a blunderer.] I don’t know how I came to make up my mind to speak to him, but we did somehow at dusk, when we were alone on the green met to talk over what had been said by my father about the rooms, and were as good friends as if we had known each other for months. He came home with me—he had the rooms—allowing me to settle the difference with my father. He stayed with us till——”

It was here that Michael evidently came to some expression in his story which he found it was unwise or impossible to utter, and, failing to find one more fit for his purpose,



sat suffering frightfully in the knowledge of how much worse his silence was than the words he had held back would have been.

As he paused, looking down upon the floor, he saw Ambray's feet silently move a little nearer to him.

Michael lifted his hands and eyes in a mute entreaty for patience, and again stooping low, let the blank left by the discarded words pass unfilled, and went on.

"He was the first friend I ever had in my life, and he called *me* friend—God knows why—he had everything to give—I nothing but gratitude—the willing service of my clumsy hands—my few spare hours, my little money—such a liking as almost passed my affection for my father and mother and all belonging me; this I gave him, and the wonder, the honest though worthless praise of all my mind. And for this he gave me his confidence, as much of his time and company as my small leisure could hold; called me friend; made my life a different thing for me from what it had ever been before. I dropped most others of my acquaintance, out of fear he would not care to see his friend with any so humble as they were. To make his painting-room ready for him was my first task in the morning; at night, so long as he would talk I listened, more lost in him than in the best book I ever read. I heard his real name. I heard of all here. His father, that he trusted to make proud of him yet; his mother, that he thought to comfort yet; the lady that he hoped to make himself worthy of, and then give up his claim, to win it back, he said, in some humbler and worthier manner. I heard of all. On the third of December he read out to me how some actor, a young friend of his, was to appear in a new play at the — theatre, and seemed so grieved he could not go to see him, that he hardly touched his breakfast. I asked at the mills for a holiday, went to London, bought two tickets for the pit, and took them to him, making believe they had been given me at the mills, and we went together and saw his friend. He had a great success, and George was wild to speak to him. He was afraid to go to him behind the scenes because he was sure to meet many people he most wished to shun, for the same reason that he had taken another name for a time. He sent me round with a message to his friend. I was not able to give it—they said the young man was gone. When I came back to the top of the street, where I had left George, I found a crowd there. Before I saw him I heard his

voice crying out in a great passion. I could not hear what he said. I pushed my way to where he was, for I was afraid for him—he had drank too much, we both had. I saw him struggling with an old blind man. I saw then that the crowd had nothing to do with them, but were round an oyster stall. George was trying to get away from the old man, who held him with fingers like iron, and the old man was calling out to some one at the stall to help him; but all there were taken up with a dispute, the owner of the stall having charged some one with stealing a knife. At the first instant I saw him, George was using only one hand, and holding the other back as far as he could. Directly I came up the blind man shouted louder—then George's other hand swung round towards him, and I saw a knife in it. I rushed to him calling, 'Hold, George!' But the blind man's last shout had made the crowd hear. We heard a rush of feet towards us. George made a desperate struggle to free himself. The blind man held on to his coat with his teeth as well as his hands. Before I could part them by fair means, George, mad at hearing the crowd coming, would have used his hand with the knife in it if I had not caught it. I caught it, and held it by the wrist. Then with his left hand he clutched the old man's throat. I saw his blind eyes roll and turn upward—his lips grow black; but he held George still: if he had died he would have died holding him. The crowd came running close. George shook him. My eyes were on the blind old face. I thought to see death on it in an instant. I struck at George's hands with the handle of the knife, which I had got from him, then with the blade. Then suddenly the struggle was between ourselves alone."

Michael paused.

"The struggle was between yourselves alone," said Ambray, in a clear voice; "you, Michael Swift, and my son, George Ambray."

Michael looked up at him, then rose, looked on the floor, and up again at the miller.

"I cannot," he said helplessly, "tell what happened in the struggle."

"But you shall," said Ambray, coming a step nearer to him, and speaking in a voice of unnatural quietness and strength.

"I cannot," repeated Michael.

"You shall!"

"I cannot. The next thing I remember, George was lying on the ground, the knife was in him. I tried to draw it out. I could not; my fingers were helpless as the dead, and it

was fast in. The roughs were now upon us, calling to one another that it was young Ambray, as if they had been looking for him some time to do him harm. When I made them see how it was with him, one asked who had done it, and I looked round and said 'He is gone,' and at this they took it to be one of themselves who had done it, and made off. I called to one of the stall-men to fetch me a cab. While it was coming, George turned on my arm as I knelt holding him, and cried out, 'Michael! you butcher! you fiend! you have done for me! Take out the knife!'

While saying this Michael had stood with his hands crossed at the wrists, and hanging before him as if they had chains on them, and spoke in a voice of one rather making confession before a judge, than to those who had been injured by his act.

Ambray had moved further away from him, and stood with his arms folded, his eyes fixed upon him.

Mrs. Ambray had for the time forgotten her husband, and it was George's mother only that Michael felt gazing upon him from her eyes.

Nora, who had for some time been standing at the table just as she stood to receive Michael's answer to her question, had at the last words slipped upon her knees, and, resting her elbows on the table, held her clenched hands under her chin to keep herself from shrieking.

As Michael, having paused for want of voice, turned his eyes about him, and observed the attitude and expression of each, memory and self-possession threatened to fail him; but Ambray seeing this danger in his wild eyes and panting chest, cried in a clear, inexorable voice—

"Go on. My son said, 'Take out the knife.'"

"Yes," returned Michael faintly, almost gratefully; "and I took it out, and his blood rushed on me. When the cab came I lifted him in, telling the man he had been stabbed by the roughs we had quarrelled with. He heard what I said; and when we were alone, and I sat huddled in the bottom of the cab to support him, he moaned out, 'You murderer, I shall not live to contradict you!' The cabman of his own accord stopped at a surgeon's near; but, scarcely in my right mind with fright, I told him the young man wished to be taken home at once. George again had heard me, and burst into tears as his face lay on my shoulder, and said, 'Now I must really die, Michael, if I am to get no help till then.' I said, 'No, no!' and kept

breathing on his hands and forehead to warm them, but they got cold as stone. All the latter part of the journey I thought he was dying, or dead, he was so still; but as we passed the light at the bridge toll-gate, I saw his eyes looking at me. When we stopped at our house my father came with a light and cried out at the sight of me lifting George from the cab. I said to him, 'Help me, father, Grant has been stabbed by some blackguards we quarrelled with outside the theatre.' I carried him up to his room. The knife had gone into his side here, below the heart. My father sent one of my brothers for a doctor. When he came, my father and mother assisted him—for I stood just inside the door unable to move. All this time George did not speak, but only moaned whenever they touched him. At last the doctor stood by the bed, with his hat in his hand, and said, 'Good night, my lad; I have done all that I can for you.' George said, 'Good night, sir,' and held out his hand. And I thought 'Now will be my ruin.' But he did not speak of me, but asked—with a—with a smile—'Doctor, will it be one hour, or not so long?' And then the doctor said, 'My lad, it may be three or four.' 'Three or four,' George said, then asked my father, 'Where is Michael?' I went to him, and he asked the others to leave us. When they had gone he said, 'Michael, come, don't be afraid. I can hold my tongue for three hours, and after that who is to know?' I fell down by the bed, and cried out, 'Don't, George, don't—if this is to be—if you *are* to die, I shall give myself up. They shall hang me.' He touched me with his hand, weak and light as a feather, and said, 'Do not trouble me now, Michael. I cannot have my father—or my mother—or—*her*—at my death-bed; let me have my friend, and don't let him be troubled.' For half an hour we were very still, holding hands. In about this time George gave a sigh, and said, 'I ought to rouse myself; there are some things I must tell you. I have been thinking I was telling you, and all the time never opening my mouth. I am feeling very strange. I scarcely think it *will* be three hours, Michael.' Then he told me the things he wished to tell me. Some day they may be told by me again, but not now."

"You will keep back nothing my son said that night," commanded Ambray, who was now listening with his back turned upon Michael.

Michael remained silent a moment. At last he said—



"When I told you that every word of his should be repeated, I had forgotten that these things I speak of could not be told, as I promised him that I would keep them from you. Will you wish me to break my word to him?"

As Ambray did not answer, Michael went on, as if he had his consent to leave the matters of which he had spoken untold.

"Soon after this George seemed to fall asleep. It was near three in the morning, and I think he slept for half an hour. He woke, clutching at the counterpane, and calling, 'Michael, Michael! wake, wake!' I said, 'In heaven's name, George, do you think that I could sleep?' Then he said, 'Up, up, lift me up.' I raised him, and he clung to me, whispering, 'It is no use, Michael, I must go home.' His cheeks were wet, his forehead was all in lines, but his mouth smiled. I said, 'Home, George?' not understanding, and he said, 'I must go there now in my mind, I mean, instead of looking from here for help. If there is a forgiving God, it is there only I can find Him—where I was born—where I left Him—where I lost Him. Why did I come away? Ah, to get back! Michael, Michael, to get back!'"

Ambray's folded arms loosened and fell, like a band suddenly snapped, by the motion of his chest.

"He lay—George lay—with his head on my shoulder," Michael went on, "and his voice close at my ear. 'Now, now,' he said, 'I will think of it, I will remember it, while my life—is going from me; my life—does that mean my soul, Michael? is this what they call the spirit—this strength, that is tearing itself up from every part of me like a tree with roots and fibres not loosed by age, but cruelly wrenched while it has strongest hold?' And I said, 'And by my hand, George, by my hand.' 'Hush!' he whispered; 'let me remember, and perhaps this life—this soul, is it?—may go to the place I am remembering, seeing——'"

By this time Nora had risen and come close to Michael, up at whose face she gazed almost breathlessly.

Ambray stood—still with his back to them—looking out through the open door upon those scenes towards which Michael showed George's last thoughts had struggled.

"For some little time," continued Michael, "he lay with his arms over my shoulders, trembling very much, and making sudden starts. 'George,' I said to him, 'is the pain so great?' (of his wound I meant), and he said, 'Yes, it is a pain to me to see it all so

faintly. Ah, have I loved it so little to have so forgotten! Yes, hold me higher. I begin to see the shapes of the fields; the mist goes; grand, grand downs! A very world of them, Michael!' and then, trembling more still, he said, 'And ah, those farm clusters, Michael! Clumsy, sweet—sweet rustic bouquets of ricks—and houses—and homes dotting the dear horizon and the valley's slopes and deeps—shall I *never* see them any more—never, never smell their bleaching hay or wood-fires in the breeze? *my* breeze that turns the mill. It is very dark. God! let me find the way—home—father—father, father!'"

"George!" cried Ambray, stretching out his arms and lifting his face to the scenes last pictured without brush or pencil by the dying painter, "O let him find me! O let the wandering spirit come!"

At this cry Michael paused and struggled with himself; then went on, speaking more quickly like one feeling his endurance to be near an end.

"When George had said—what I have said—he shook and clung so, that I knew that the end must be coming. At last he let me lay him down, and was still—he was very still. In a minute I saw his lips move. I hoped he might be praying, for he had not, I think, prayed yet. But when I had sat for some time hoping this, he moaned out as if he had but just found voice after trying for it long, 'Michael, do you hear me?' I said, 'God help me, no, George, I have not heard you. What is it, dear lad?' Then he looked at me, and put his hand on mine and said, 'You will not let them want, my father and mother, so that they will cry out against me for my neglect, my cruelty?' I went on my knees at his bed, and my answer was, 'George Ambray, to-night as I have sat beside you I have sworn to God to go to the High Mills and be your father's servant if it be possible to make him take me, and under cover of this service be a son to him so far as he may let me.' 'You will!' George said smiling, and with faint eyes running over. 'You will go to the old people and work for them.' 'Ay, like a slave,' I said, 'and guard them like a dog, grateful to God if He will let me give my life to them for yours that I have lost for them so early.' The comfort of this promise, for it did comfort him much, reached him just in time. His face changed so much and so suddenly, that I turned stiff as I knelt watching. Then I saw the wish to speak torturing him, and bent down and strained my very soul to hear. I heard at last, 'My father!' and I nodded and said,

‘Comfort, George, he shall hear from me some day how he was with you at this last. And the lady,’ I said, ‘the lady whose life is this night ruined, shall I tell *her* this too?’ He looked at me; I thought a great trouble came in his eyes. I waited, looking as well as listening for the answer. Fresh pain seized him; it was his last; in it he turned to me with a look that seemed to mean ‘I *would* speak of other things, but I have but time for the one nearest to my heart,’ and so looking cried out once more, ‘My father!’ And his head fell, his teeth locked—it was over.”

“His first word—and—his last!” murmured Ambray, looking upward in tenderest exultation; suddenly he seemed to remember Nora, and the pain she might be suffering at George’s apparent neglect of her in his last hours, for he went to her and touched her shoulder, saying—

“Forgive him—dear child—poor child—he loved you—yes, yes—he loved you—but father and son—father and child—there is no tie—O there can be no tie like it!—none—none.”

A touch came on Michael’s hand. It was Mrs. Ambray’s—cold and trembling.

“Was it without one prayer?” she asked; “without one word of prayer?”

“Prayer!” cried Ambray, turning upon them before Michael could answer. “And why should *he* have prayed? Does the babe on its mother’s breast cry for its mother? Does the bird nested in the corn cry out for food? Do you suppose God was not glad enough to take back such work of His, and that George did not know it? Go on.”

“I said—I said that it was over,” pleaded Michael.

“Over!” cried Ambray, turning upon him fiercely; “why the breath has scarcely left his lips—I mean—I will know all the rest—but perhaps you hurried him warm into his grave—my slaughtered lamb! Did you so?—butcher! Where is he buried? Was there no inquest?”

“There was an inquest,” answered Michael, “the verdict, *manslaughter against a person or persons unknown*. He was buried in the churchyard at Thames Dutton, on the eighth of December. I sat in his room all the five days and four nights. On the night before they came to nail his coffin down, I was half mad to think he was so soon to be shut from sight and none belonging to him to see him before it was so. His face was wonderful, most beautiful. That it should be closed up without any eye more dear to him than mine to look on it, or any lips to

set a parting kiss on it, unmanned me more than all the rest. I asked myself is there *no* honour I can do him at this last hour? None? Then I thought of my little sister I had offended him about so often by keeping her out of his sight; a little lass of fifteen she was—fair as a lily, and as weak and simple; and I was over proud and careful of her, and often made George angry by sending her away from us when she would come to look at his pictures; I am very sorry—but—she is my only sister. I went up and brought her down, amazed, out of her sleep. There was a tall white flower upon the staircase window—I don’t know the name of it, but it is common; we always have one there in the winter. Not a week before, George had seen my sister looking at it, half opened, and had said to me, ‘Why Michael, soon you will have to tell me which is which,’ and I had been vexed and sent her to her work. I remembered this as I brought her down past the flower that night, and I told her to gather it and bring it with her. While she was doing so I saw out in the moonlight the two men coming across the green to nail the coffin. So I made her hurry and lay her flower beside him—the long stalk at his side, and the large blossom on his shoulder—and I made her kiss him for each of the three I was cheating of this last sight of him. Then the quiet knock came at the street door, and I took the child in my arms and carried her fainting to her mother, and my father came down with me to see—to see it done, and it was done.”

Ambray had gone and stood before the portrait of George that hung over the mantel-piece, and was looking up at it with folded arms and eyes full of ecstatic light and tears, to keep which from falling he held his rugged brows dragged up.

When he had been so for some time after Michael had ceased speaking, he suddenly threw up his clasped hands towards the picture, crying in a low, thick voice—

“A flower to honour *you*? What flower ever opened upon earth fit for such close fellowship with such a face? Oh beautiful! Oh cruelty used! George, George!”

Helplessly as a child might sit and watch the up-carrying way from which it cannot run—darkening and foaming in suspended force before its break and rush—the three watched Ambray in the silence that followed this cry, at once so scornful and so tender.

When at last the face was lifted from the hands wherein it had fallen, and turned



towards them, its expression was one of simple recollection and horror.

"Why, Esther!" he exclaimed. "Nora! God help our miserable, helpless law! Do you know I verily believe this man will escape hanging."

As in his passionate declaration of this fear he flung his hands towards where Michael sat stooping as if he had been half crushed by a weight and could not straighten himself, Nora turned quickly in shuddering remonstrance, as Michael had seen her do when the life of a worm or fly was threatened. She said nothing; but

the turning of her head, the quick breath, the shudder, told him all that he dared yet ask of God concerning her—whether he was a guilty, despicable wretch in her eyes, or only a most unfortunate man.

This thing, slight as it was, sent a thrill of warmth, of life, through his chilled and stunned senses, and he was able to lift up his head and look with gentleness at Ambray as he stood before him.

"I came to work it out, master; I could do no more," he pleaded.

"Hold your tongue," said Ambray, white and shrill with fury; "call the insult of living



Page 729.

in my presence and grinding my corn—work—and old as I am I—I will take the law in my own hands."

"Oh, John, John!" cried Mrs. Ambray, coming between them; "have you not both enough to suffer without talking of more punishment—more misery?"

"I will," cried Ambray, "if they will not punish him, or if he tries to slip the law, I'll take it in my own hands. No punishment! Why I'd rather appear before that boy's grandfather and uncles with a halter round my own neck than have to tell them that his

murderer lives—goes free. But who talks of it? Here, Esther, you must go—go to two or three people that I will tell you of; and Nora go to General Milwood's—I must have advice and help. And yet—friends! friends! I dread 'em! I've a good mind to have him up to London—myself—and hear what the law can do—myself. I will. That's what I'll do. To-morrow is Tuesday. There'll be Dynely's cart going to the Bay. But what is this man to be done with all night? Can no one advise me, or help me? What shall I do with him?"

"Ambray! Ambray!" cried Michael, rising and turning upon him with eyes big with pity, reproach, and sorrowful scorn. "Do you think all your lawing, even if it brought death itself, is more to me compared with your grief than a sparrow's peck to a man upon the rack? I did not wish to shun the law; it was not the fear of that kept me from stopping at the first surgeon's with that poor lad—if all had come out at once I should have had evidence enough on my side to make my punishment a mere nothing. I am certain of it—certain. But if all the law could do, supposing the utmost had been done, would it have paid you for his loss, would it have given you bread, and one to serve you in your need and loneliness, and kept you from cursing the man who had brought all this upon you? If the law could have comforted you by having me, it should have had me; for it was this was my great dread and turned me coward—this that has come upon me after all. Well, if the law can comfort you now, let it, let it! But to talk as if no prison were strong enough to hold one night a man for whom all the world, all life is a prison, till you set him free by your forgiveness, is a mockery, an insult even I will not bear. Ha, master! how am I speaking? I beg your pardon—I do—forgive me! but, indeed, you do not know. You do not know me, or you would feel that to imprison me, to bind me to you any faster than I am bound already, is like tying a hair round hands fettered with iron. Let me go. I will be in the mill when you want me."

The miller made no movement to detain him, but when he had reached the gate at the end of the little garden, Michael knew the tall figure was in the door-way looking after him and watching him up the mill-field.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

TILL he had seen Nora crossing the Buckholt fields, Michael never moved from the window from which he had watched Ambray all the long August morning.

By this time the sun was setting; all the colours of the downs were turning soft and sad under the shadows. As Nora went home with her back to the west, her shadow lay before her half across the field; and Michael watched its weary sway and the weary form following it till the little pane of glass through which he looked seemed to thicken and darken, and he could see it no more.

He got up and went to the window that looked down on the strip of road where he could see the team.

A large trim brewer's dray was standing before it.

Michael no sooner caught sight of it than he took his cap, but forgetting to put it on, ran out of the mill and across the field to Ambray's cottage.

He opened the door. Ambray was sitting right before it.

"Gillied's dray is here—at the Team," he said. "I cannot rest any more than you; why should we wait till morning?"

Ambray half rose, but his wife coming between them, placed her hands tremblingly on his shoulder and pushed him back in his chair.

"No, no," she whispered with her lips on his burning forehead. "In the morning Nora will bring us money. You have no money now. What can you do without? Wait till the morning."

Then turning quickly towards Michael, she drew him out, whispering angrily—

"Why did you come? I had but just quieted him. He has been like a madman. Go," she said, sinking her voice still lower, drawing him further out, and pressing his arm with her shaking hands—"go in the dray yourself. Get from him, and save us from further misery! Go!"

Michael went from the cottage straight to the Team, but only to stand staring at the dray till it drove off, when he again returned to the mill.

He groped about in the dusk over such little tasks of labour and forethought as the absence of himself and Ambray, and the coming of a stranger, seemed to render necessary.

It was not so much a sense of duty which made him do this, as it was an instinct that impelled him to guard himself from surrendering thus early in the night to the frightful sense of injustice, misery, and despair that was gaining fresh strength in him every moment.

The night came on hot and dark.

He was passing one of the windows on the shooting-floor when he saw a light in the mill-field.

The instant that Michael looked, the light showed him a figure a few yards away from it, which he recognised as Ma'r Stone's.

Seeing this, he fixed his whole attention on the light, and saw the gleam of a white hand, then of a face, then he felt rather than heard a step; while a name trembled on his lips.

It was Nora carrying a lantern under her shawl.

She came to the mill-door and stood listening.



## SHORT ESSAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

OF all the great men who have lived in former days, Goethe is, perhaps, the man to whose purpose in life least justice has been done. This, too, is the more remarkable, considering the abundance of materials that there are for forming a just opinion of him. Consider what a grand thing it would be for mankind if Goethe's religious devotion to self-culture were adopted by many minds. No careful observer of human nature would find any mind, however commonplace it may be called, otherwise than interesting. But a mind that is devoted to self-culture can hardly fail of being interesting to every one who approaches it. Society would receive a new impulse if men in general cared more for self-culture; whereas most men, after they have passed the age of thirty, neglect themselves, and are content to remain (not that they do so remain) as semi-cultured as they were at that immature age.

Why are things not improved? Why are follies not swiftly removed? You convince an individual—any number of individuals—of the foolishness of a folly; but you cannot bring these convinced people to act in concert. Combination is very difficult; and social improvements must always be very hard to make in large communities. It is not difficult to imagine a community, every individual member of which shall be thoroughly convinced of the foolishness of some folly which he, or she, commits daily. Nay, more; each member of this community shall know that every other member of the community thinks as he does about the whole matter. And yet the folly shall continue to be rampant for two or three generations.

A virtue often takes the disguise of a foible. The fairness which compels attention to every argument of every side presents the appearance of weakness, and sometimes even of falseness. A narrow-minded man mostly gets more credit for honesty than he deserves.

If only a few of the needless follies were

removed from human life, human nature would rebound with joy. It would be like the remission of so many taxes. There would be so much time gained for the world. I suppose, however, we should spend a good deal of this time in the construction of some new folly. Still there would be an interval, during which the world might make a prodigious advance in real civilisation.

By "needless follies" are meant foolish repetitions in public prayer; foolish forms of recreation, such as heavy dinners, late evening parties without amusement; after-dinner speeches, speeches in Parliament, and to constituents; long sermons; errors in dress; starch, moral, metaphysical, and physical; and all the tediousness which proceeds from absurd conventionality.

Those who err in one direction, always take care to let you know that they are quite free from error in the opposite direction. A boorish man thanks God very loudly that he is not insincere—nobody having ever thought of accusing him even of that small and wretched approach to politeness which is sometimes favoured by insincerity.

Who will bell the cat? Who is daring enough to be the first to do a wise thing? Only some eccentric person. There are no people who can more fully justify their right of being on the earth than eccentric people. They are, for some purposes, the salt of the earth. I do not know how we should ever get any thoroughly new and wise thing done without their aid. I would rather let all the wise and prudent people in the world die out from it than part with the eccentric people. They are always the leaders of social freedom.

There is hardly such a thing, alas! as clear, well-grounded, well-sustained, recognisable malice. If there were, one could meet malicious speech or action much better, and neutralise its effects with much less difficulty.

The causes of this kind of speech, or

action, are often so small, so far-fetched, so variable, of such an insect-character, that they are doubly hard to controvert. For instance, an impatience of insignificance is one of the chief causes of malicious speech, or action. A person naturally insignificant, whether in a family or in society, finds himself, or herself, of importance, immediately upon becoming a tale-bearer, a censurer, or even a vehicle for ill-natured words or actions.

Strange, too, to say, the desire for affection will produce the same results. "If I cannot be liked, I will be hated." Such is the almost unconscious thought of many a person who cannot bear not to be noticed, and not to attract some kind of affection, whether good or ill, to himself or herself. It is a fortunate thing that the lower animals are not aware of this method of provoking attention to themselves. Certainly dogs would make great use of it, as they so exceedingly desire to be noticed, and to be loved, and cannot endure insignificance.

Another great cause of speech, or action, which presents the appearance of malice is simple inaccuracy of repetition. And so it happens that the principal causes, of what may be called malice, are not really malicious thoughts or malicious intention.

I have ventured to regret that there is so little of clear, well-sustained, recognisable malice, on the ground, that, compared with the other causes, it is one comparatively easy to remove or to guard against; whereas the others, arising from foibles of human nature, are not likely to be eradicated, for a foible is always more difficult to combat with than a fault.

Besides, the bystander, failing to recognise any sound malicious motive, is apt to give more credit to the sincerity and truthfulness of the malicious speech.

In estimating our fellow-men, one of the greatest errors we make, might be avoided by a simple arithmetical calculation. We fail to compare justly the life of the man who does much, with the life of the man who does little—greatly to the disparagement of the former one. The man who does much, in whose life there is much living, must commit considerable errors; and, what is more important to the present purpose, must run a much greater chance of some errors being discovered and made known. We can easily see this in intellectual matters. For example,

there is a man who has but few letters to write, and can give ample time to those which he does write. Then there is the busy man, the minister of state, for instance, who has to give answers of some kind or other to scores of communications in the course of the day; and some of these answers are not unlikely to be made public. It is not to be wondered at if these responses are not always clothed in perfect English, if relatives fail to relate, and antecedents to antecede.

Nobody will dispute the foregoing; but what people often fail to consider, when judging of character and conduct, is the quantity of work done, the number of transactions transacted, by a man whose life is very full of living. According to this quantity will be the frequency of error, and especially the frequency of error made manifest.

Many of what we call possessions are punishments; but never is there so close and sure a union of punishment with possession as that which falls upon the possessor of usurped power. We need not ransack the records of history to prove this. In daily and domestic life most telling instances may be seen. In any household, if there are usurped functions, they will be badly employed; and they always injure the character of the usurper.

It is not that usurpation implies tyranny (that is the sort of statement put in the preambles of Acts of Parliament when the usurper is overthrown); but usurpation has inevitable errors and weaknesses of its own which may not include tyranny. In short, instead of governing, which is difficult enough, much effort has to be continuously made to maintain and justify the usurpation. This applies to families no less than to states.

The difficulty in life, is the same as the difficulty in grammar—to know when to make the exceptions to the rules.

Really something ought to be done for very rich people. Nobody pities them; and they are much to be pitied. Think what trouble and anxiety they often have in considering how they shall leave their dear property. And, besides, what they give away in their lifetimes, is for the most part coldly



received by the world, which exclaims, "What, only that!" forgetting what pain it often is to the very rich to make up their minds to give anything away.

Perhaps the kindest thing would be to make the Succession Duty inapplicable to them. They are the great receivers of legacies; and it would gratify them very much to receive these legacies, without an unpleasant slice being cut off for legacy duty. And, again, when dying they would have the satisfaction of knowing that their property would not be mangled and diminished by Succession Duty.

These very rich people are useful to the state. They keep things together, and hold up grand ideas of the splendour of property.

The foregoing will by some cavillers be thought to be malicious irony on the part of a poor man; but, without any joking or irony, it should be remembered that the very rich have peculiar troubles of their own. Think how they must be molested by applications for charity, until they imagine (unless they are very good and kind-hearted persons) that they are sought for as prey by all adventurous or designing people.

Wherever you have life in the world, you have, as far as we can discern, a sufficiency of adverse circumstances surrounding the living being, to occupy its whole attention, without leaving any spare time for the play of its own bad passions. Take the case of man. He appears to be too good for the place he occupies, and also, at the same time, not good enough. By "too good," I mean too refined, too sensitive, too soft, too requiring for the hard and coarse circumstances by which he is surrounded. At the same time he is not good enough; for, having these difficulties to contend with, it seems as if he ought to have very few malignant passions in order to combat favourably with these hard and coarse circumstances. For instance, to nourish and maintain his bodily powers, is an enormous work for him. To do it well, he ought not to have had any quarrelsomeness in him; for, though he sees it not, he has really not a spare moment for quarrelling. And that so many of his kind are now living in such loathsome squalidity is probably owing, could we trace it up, to man's quarrelsomeness.

Doubtless the ichthyosaurus could have made the same complaint. In the vast

lagoons of a primeval world he had, no doubt, sufficient difficulty in gaining his livelihood, without being bothered with troublesome quarrels with other ichthyosaurians. It was quite enough to have to guard against, and contend with, the especial enemies of his race. And each race of beings seems to be blessed with these especial enemies.

Social advantages are of very different kinds; but the abuse of each kind is very similar. These advantages are wealth, rank, health, and all the forms of intellectual pre-eminence, such as the power of acquisition applied to knowledge, wit, sarcasm, and logical acumen. There is just as much vulgarity and tyranny in the abuse of any one of these advantages as of any of the others. For example, I have seen as much cruelty (I use the word advisedly) and as much vulgarity in the abuse of some of these intellectual powers as in the abuse of riches and of rank. A man may be as oppressive and as unkind to his fellow-creatures by making a bad use of his intellectual gifts, as of his gifts of fortune, or of rank. He may be intellect-proud as well as purse-proud; and I hardly know which is the worse of the two.

Nay, more, a man who is so disposed, may make a cruel and vulgar use of disadvantages. I have known people brandish their poverty before your face, until you felt ashamed of even the most reasonable use of riches.

In thinking out this matter you will come to the conclusion, that an ill-disposed person can make a most ungenerous use of any differences which exist between his own condition and that of his fellow-creatures. Those philosophers have uniformly done great service to mankind, who have devoted themselves to showing the inherent likeness that there is between man and man, and who have sought to ignore, or at least to depress and make light of, all the differences which exist from social condition, from education, or from original intellectual superiority. They are those who have demonstrated the solidarity that exists throughout the whole human race. They are the choicest of mankind; for, being placed upon something of a height, they perceive the smallness of the difference between the men below them; and the true modesty which always accompanies greatness makes them appreciate the fact that there is but little difference between themselves and all of those who are beneath them.

## TWO DAYS BEFORE PARIS.

## SECOND DAY.

THE night had been very cold, the morning was raw and chilly. A sufficient quantity of rain had fallen to make the soil somewhat slippery and marching difficult, and although the sun did shine at the hour of the departure of the troops, it was but with a wan and sickly smile, while the rising wind seemed to sob and mourn for the horrors of the coming day. If I remember rightly, the soldiers were ordered to leave their knapsacks at home and carry nothing save their cloaks. This may have given them a greater appearance of ease and jauntiness than if they had been loaded with all their baggage; I know, at any rate, that they had gone to bed at an early hour, and that the sergeants had been particularly ordered to see to their breakfast, so that when we saw sundry small detachments crossing the market square, towards the place of meeting at the east end of the town, I was struck by the fine appearance of the men and the determined way in which they moved their legs and swung their brawny arms like one huge machine. It was very evident from their manner that they knew they were not going for a mere walk. Strange to say, had their excursion been one of drill only their appearance would have been ten times more solemn and dutiful; had their destination been the parade-ground instead of the battlefield their faces would have been longer by at least an inch, and a good deal more melancholy.

My companion recognised some of his special countrymen amongst a passing *Zug*, and rushed down-stairs to shake hands with them all round. I of course came in for a goodly share of the leave-taking, nor shall I soon forget the hearty shake of more than one giant's hand, horny and hard with honest toil, accompanied by a smiling and light-hearted "*Adjus*" to take for him to "*Muttern*" in Breslau. As we followed them down to the principal street we could scarcely help being infected by the excitement. It was about seven o'clock when we saw the reserve artillery trot out of the town, followed by a squadron of lancers. A moment afterwards the order was given to the infantry, and they began to move on quietly, without any confusion, while from sundry street corners and open doors small groups of curious children or toothless old women scowled at the foreign soldiers with ill-suppressed hatred.

When we again reached the square the

guard had turned out for the commandant, whom we found on horseback in conversation with the captain of the garrison company. This Captain von Graben had attracted my attention on the previous evening by his unusual silence and air of suffering; I had been told that he received a bullet in the chest in the battle of Gravelotte, which, although extracted, still caused him severe pain and rendered him more or less an invalid. He had been ordered home more than once by the doctors, but his remonstrances had hitherto prevailed over their decrees; for, professional soldier as he was, and captain of the first company, he altogether rejected the idea of leaving his men to do all the work by themselves. Rittmeister von Kleist asked us laughingly whether we had not been requisitioned yet, and advised us either to climb to the church steeple, from whence a good view might be obtained, or to follow him out of the town to where the commanding general was to take up his position. We chose the latter, and drove slowly out of the town to the spot which he had indicated. The streets were now all but deserted, but in the spacious yards of the farm-houses which had been given to the field-post, the intendatur, and the regimental staff, we again saw all the waggons harnessed and ready for immediate departure.

It was shortly after seven when the firing from the forts became very loud, and immediately thereupon the sharp salvos of the Prussian field-artillery told us that the action had commenced. It had been ordered that the joint batteries of the division should bombard Le Bourget for the space of one hour, partly to terrify the occupants, partly to allow the guards to carry out their movements without attracting too much attention. As we gained a slight eminence, we saw the Prussian batteries about a mile in front of us doing their work steadily. Neither the forts nor Le Bourget were visible, but we distinctly heard the return fire from both, and with our glasses we could observe the effect which the French shells occasionally had upon the attacking batteries. The high road from Senlis to Paris lay on our left; the dark line of men moved on slowly, but steadily, in the direction of the capital. For the next two miles they were still invisible to the French outposts, for although I have stated that the ground was flat compared with the other



environs of Paris, there was no dead level. The road rose gently until about half a mile from the village, so that any force advancing along that road must have been invisible until the first men reached the highest point. The French had tried to establish their outposts at this point, but as the Prussian *feld-wache* had entrenched themselves in a small mud-fortress, the Parisians very unwisely gave up the attempt. They were now in so far at a disadvantage that they knew nothing of the approaching enemy until he had come within a thousand yards, and even then the view was so interrupted by trees and bushes that his actual strength could only be surmised. Somewhat to our left, and nearer the field batteries, we observed a group of horsemen, who seemed to follow the operations with great interest, and from the coming and going of several Lancers and Hussars we surmised that it was the Commanding General, the Prince of Altenburg, and his staff. Knowing that he was almost as unpopular as the Red Prince, and quite as much incensed against anything that flavoured of literature and the press, we resolved to keep at a safe distance, lest the order of the previous night might be unexpectedly carried out.

I have already said that the village itself was invisible, although a few of the house-tops might be seen through the trees. The flash and smoke from the forts and the advanced batteries, however, were very distinct, and we judged by the increase of their fire that they must by this time have arrived at the conclusion that the field-batteries, which could by no possible means reach them, must have some serious and less-distant object. The sky had become clouded, and a drizzling rain began to fall; the atmosphere, which was at no time very clear, became still more opaque; and we had just resolved to return to the town and try if the church steeple could offer a better prospect, when, as we were turning to go, the field-batteries in front of us suddenly ceased firing. We knew that this must be the moment when the head of the advancing column of Elizabeth reached the highest point of the road, for from that moment there was great danger of their being hit by their own shells. We could see the column halting and then moving on at the same steady rate, while two small columns detached themselves and took a side path to right and left. Then all was suspense. When the field artillery ceased, the forts had as suddenly diminished their fire, and we now listened with bated breath for the first rifle shot, knowing as we did that the battalion was now marching on a straight road

gently sloping towards a village, the houses of which were bristling with guns. A complete silence reigned even amongst the staff.

Crack! went a chassepot. The sound was unmistakable. One, two, three followed in quick succession as the outposts saw the enemy. They multiplied with amazing rapidity; the sharp crack repeated itself as quickly as a marble dancing on stone. "There goes the old coffee-mill," ejaculates one officer behind me, and, indeed, within a minute of the first shot the terrific rattle of the mitrailleuse seemed actually to tear the air. At the same time there was a cheer of a hundred manly voices, but it was impossible to say from what side it came, the field artillery moved slowly forward across the field, the musketry fire from the village became continuous, the deep-mouthed thunder from the forts broke out again with renewed vigour, and, as the Elizabeth column closed up and moved on more rapidly, the band behind them struck up "*Die Wacht am Rhein*," and sent a strange thrill through our veins. Firing was now also heard from the east side of the village, but as yet we could not determine whether the Guards were returning the fire or not. All we heard was an incessant rattle of the rifle, strengthened at intervals by the mitrailleuse and artillery. The Elizabeth men tramped steadily on along the long straight road, and were lost between the shrubs and trees in the distance. At last, about half-past eight, the musket fire suddenly seemed to double in intensity; there was now no possibility to distinguish anything. The air was filled with explosion, the regiment had spread out over the fields, and could no longer be seen, and the pungent smell of sulphur was slowly wafted over to us from the village.

Unable to bear the excitement at so unfavourable a spot, we moved about from place to place, but with no better result. The shells from Aubervilliers now fell so close to us that the staff deemed it advisable to retire a few hundred yards, while we resolved in despair to return to the town and investigate from the steeple. The few inhabitants of Gonesse were not ignorant of the state of affairs, and their looks betrayed their feelings. Even the Viennese landlord of the restaurant stood in his door, conversing with two other men in an animated manner, and from their gesticulations I am sure they were eagerly on the look-out for the advanced guard of General Ducrot's army driving everything before it. The garrison were all under arms, leisurely patrolling the deserted streets, but they took it very quietly, and the inhabitants were

pretty much allowed to do what they liked. To our great disappointment, we found the steeple equally unsatisfactory. It was crowded to excess, and, although on a fine bright morning a good telescope might have shown the village clearly, it was impossible to distinguish anything in the drizzling rain.

It was half-past nine o'clock when the first intelligence reached Gonesse. I happened to be at the Bureau of the head-quarters when a Uhlan came galloping up covered with mud and perspiration, bearing a telegram from the Commanding General to Versailles. He scarcely vouchsafed a "*Gut*" to the eager question of "*Wie geht's denn,*" and allowed himself but five minutes to adjust his saddle. In those five minutes we had learned enough. The first barricade had fallen. General Boudritzky had mounted it himself banner in hand. But the fighting was awful; the slaughter terrific. "They are packed inside the houses," said the orderly, adjusting his stirrups, "and we have to knock a hole in the wall to get in. *Die Kerls sind hunds-verrückt*, but we have already made over a hundred prisoners." Captain von Graben had in the meantime received similar intelligence. When I arrived at the guard-house I found him in conversation with a young doctor who had ridden back for additional hands from the scene of the fight, whither he had advanced with the regiment. The short and vivid description which he gave of the scenes fully bore out what the Uhlan had already told me. Every house seemed to be a fortress; their massive walls, the oak shutters protecting the windows, the spacious outhouses which had been pierced, and through which a volley of fire was being poured on the Prussians, the huge barricades, and the mitrailleuses sweeping the streets were put before our eyes so graphically that I began to wonder how any number of soldiers could be found brave enough to face this tenfold fire. The young doctor, however, had but little more time than the orderly, and found it somewhat difficult to break through the ring of anxious and eager inquirers who began asking him whether he had such and such of their friends among the wounded. He was unable to give them any information, for, as he said, "they are falling so thick and lying about everywhere so closely that I have not had time to look whom I was attending. We are only dressing the wounds very roughly, and are frequently compelled to get behind some shelter, for the fellows shoot at us. Dr. Hassel, the Stabs-arzt, got two bullets in his

right arm while dressing a Mobile garde; but we are now taking the wounded to Pont-Iblon, where we have erected a temporary shed. You can come and help us there if you like."

The young doctor, a medical student from Berlin, and scarcely out of his teens, trotted off to the scene of bloodshed and death, which he described with as much energy and haste as though he liked it. And amongst those who stood looking after him in silence, there was not one, I believe, who did not earnestly wish to be in his place. Captain von Graben, at any rate, seemed to have forgotten his wound. His face was flushed with excitement, he paced up and down the street with energetic steps, and from sundry "*donnerwetter*s" that fell from his lips, and exclamations against his bad luck in having to stop at home, I inferred that he was by no means content with his safe but inactive position. At that moment half-a-dozen reserve ambulance waggons crossed the market square on their way to Pont Iblon, and as we had by this time discovered that there was nothing to be gained by remaining in Gonesse, we received permission to seat ourselves in one of the vehicles, and were soon out of the town. The firing was as fierce as ever, but the cars seemed to have directed their guns to some other point. Half-an-hour brought us to the spot where the Seine had been led to inundate the country, and the bridge across which was known as Pont Iblon. The surgeons were already busily engaged in attending to the wounded, who had been laid in a rough shed. It was rough indeed. Entirely open on one of its longer sides, the floor covered with damp straw, it presented a scene of suffering which the mind does not willingly dwell on. It contained perhaps fifty men laid closely side by side, most of whom were heavily wounded, some already unconscious, and a few apparently on the verge of death. There was no regard to nationalities. The great leveller had swept away every quality except that of humanity; feuds were forgotten; in too many instances the light blue and the dark blue coat were dyed with the neutral colour of blood, and French and Germans were assisted alike. The doctors were working until the perspiration ran down their faces, and yet all around there were men imploring to be assisted and to be relieved of their pain. It was impossible, however, to let those who had already been attended remain in the shed, for new cases were arriving every moment, and removal into the ambulance waggons was therefore a matter of absolute necessity. These were the most painful scenes of all,



for although a dozen experienced hands carefully lifted the patient, the agony of pain was generally too great for his highly-strung nerves, and he would at times beseech his attendants to put him down in the road rather than thus assist him. But the shed must be cleared. The foul atmosphere, the damp straw, the rain beating in upon the hot and feverish bodies, and the obstructions caused by those who fell into a stupor, were sufficient reasons, and the ambulance carts were loaded in a trice and sent off to Gonesse. It was characteristic to see the wounded brought in, or stumbling in assisted by each other, and often trying to harden themselves against the pain. To see one stalwart Guardsman, for instance, leaning upon a slightly-built Garde-Mobile who had his arm round the German's waist for mutual support, both limping and pausing at intervals to lean against a tree; or to see a young and aristocratic French officer, all but unconscious in the arms of a broad-shouldered Franc-tireur who supported the pale head upon his shoulders, both coming for assistance to those who had formerly been their deadly enemies, knowing that they would not be refused. It has been a frequent marvel to me that these sights are not sufficient to cure any man of the desire for war; for when we see this bond of common humanity asserting itself in such hours, when we see one of God's creatures reduced to helplessness trusting implicitly to his brother, and resting his weary head upon a bosom in which unreasonable passion and passionate reasoning had for a time silenced the voice of nature, we feel instinctively that after all the great Gospel of love touches the purest and noblest parts of our nature, and that it would be well for us if we employed our time in endeavouring to apply its precepts not only to our daily doings, but to the more important relations of life from which it is now virtually excluded.

Although the firing had certainly not diminished, we now heard from the wounded that the greater half of the village was in the hands of the Prussians, although the obstinate soldiers were still in many of the houses and refused to surrender. We therefore determined to risk a closer inspection, and having received permission to cross the few planks that constituted the bridge and the very strong barricade, we trudged through the slush towards the village. We had not gone very far when the first convoy of prisoners arrived. There were about three hundred, of all arms, equipments, and sizes. A more incongruous assembly it would be difficult to

imagine; they put me strangely in mind of Falstaff's company, for although there certainly was more than a shirt and a half amongst them, a good deal of the description might apply to some of them. Unwashed and unkempt for several days, evidently ill fed and badly cared for, hungry, and besmeared with dirt and powder, their uniforms torn and ragged, and with a prospect before them that might have appalled the strongest nerves, these men tramped, with their knapsacks on their backs, between the double line of their stern captors, without arms, without hope for the future, without food for the present, and with the burning sense of a crushing defeat fresh upon them. No wonder that they looked miserable, and that even some of the wounded guards pitied their lot. I saw two men who had most unmistakable hunchbacks, carrying their kits as dapperly as any, and not a few were lame and evidently unfit for the field. The road already bore traces of the fight that was still raging. At intervals a wounded man lay by the road-side, who had dragged himself thus far, but had become exhausted; and as we reached the point where the road slopes down towards the village, we could see how terrible the march must have been, for the fields on both sides were dotted with those dark forms that are passed by in silence or only indicated with a single word. We approached the village as closely as we could, but it was evident that the fighting was still hotly raging in the street; and although those in the forts must have known that their own men were being escorted on the road, they again opened fire upon it, without, however, doing much harm. The stream of prisoners had by this time greatly increased and seemed endless. The wounded were also coming away in increasing numbers, and as far as we could see the houses at the entrance were still being contested. There was one peculiarity that struck us already at that time, and was fully borne out at a later examination, the very small ratio of officers among the prisoners. There were line troops, franc-tireurs, national guards, marine soldiers, turcos, and all other sorts of fighting men, but the officers were few and far between, certainly not more than one in fifty, nor did an examination of the fallen prove that the proportion of dead was greater.

We had heard that morning in Gonesse that a special courier would be leaving headquarters with private letters at one o'clock, to catch the express train that was running at that time from Lagny to Germany, and Von Kleist had very kindly offered to enclose our

letters if we could get them ready at his bureau by half-past twelve. It was already after ten, and as we had seen sufficient of the fray to be able to send off some account, we hurried to the town across the fields. We were somewhat taken aback when on reaching our apartments we found a sentry at the door who refused us admittance, on the ground that he had some prisoners in the room. But after we had paid a visit to Captain von Graben, answered his numerous and eager questions, and related what we had seen, he at once allowed us to go in, and transport our belongings to another apartment. In this, however, we found more difficulty than we expected. Our beds were occupied by two French officers of superior rank. One, I believe, was a colonel, the other a major, and I was greatly amused to find that the colonel had put himself very comfortably inside my top-coat, his own being wet, while the major had taken off his boots for the same reason, and seemed well content with my friend's slippers and travelling rug. They looked rather weary, and from the manner in which they munched some hard biscuit, and drank the common wine which we had left behind, I concluded that they were greatly in want of food. It may have been this, mixed perhaps with a little of that superciliousness that characterises every French officer, which prompted them to take scarcely any notice of our entrance. I felt at one moment a great desire to request the colonel to get out of my coat, but, considering his situation, I asked him in the best French I could muster whether I could be of any service to him, informing him at the same time who and what I was. He immediately sat upright and stared at me with some astonishment.

"I am greatly obliged to you for your offer, monsieur," he replied, "and I shall do myself the honour of accepting it. There are two things I am dying for, some food and some news." "I shall do all I can to procure the former," I answered; "the latter I can give you at once. You know, I suppose, that Metz has capitulated?" "Metz capitulated!" he exclaimed, "impossible! With a garrison of one hundred and fifty thousand men; I don't believe it." "It is true, nevertheless," I said; "it surrendered four days ago with a garrison of one hundred and eighty thousand men." "I do not believe it," he said again, in a very positive manner. "But I assure you—" "*Pardon, monsieur, c'est parfaitement impossible.*" "But here is the official announcement." "No, no,"

he said, waving aside the document with a slight smile of contempt, "we don't believe official documents. It could not possibly have taken place." "But it has, I assure you." "No, no, not a bit of it," he repeated with that happy assurance which only a Frenchman possesses, "it could not be, you know. It is perfectly absurd. Is it not, *mon camarade!*" "*Parfaitement ridicule.*" said the camarade, wrapping the rug more snugly round him; "*tout à fait ridicule et impossible.*" "Well," said Zehlicke somewhat grimly, for he was *not* a neutral, "perhaps you will let me have my rug and slippers when you are quite done with them. That, at any rate, is not impossible." Zehlicke had a patriotic soul, and he gloried in Metz. "Certainly," answered the major, looking after the articles with a melancholy expression; "and if monsieur would take this 20*f.* piece and endeavour to buy me some food, he would do us an everlasting favour, as we are almost exhausted." I took the money and promised again that I would assist him as much as I could. None of the soldiers, however, would take the responsibility of procuring food for the prisoners, and as the sentry told me that he would not allow me to carry it in, unless I had received special permission from his hauptman, I ran down to Von Graben, trusting that he would at once concede what I deemed so reasonable. But it happened that Von Graben's fever of excitement and irritability had now assumed a very unreasonable form. I found him still pacing up and down the street, his sword clattering on the stones and his hands buried in the pockets of his ample *redingote*. His face was pale, there was a hectic flush on his cheeks, and he refused my request in a very curt and stern manner. "Let them hunger," he said with a sombre voice; "let them die if they like; they have killed too many of our friends already." "But surely," I ventured to suggest, "that is not their special fault. They have only done their duty as soldiers." "They have made this godless war," he answered with some vehemence. "You Englishmen do not understand this, for you have no patriotism; but we Germans feel deeply the insult we have received from this nation, and if I can help it, they shall not be treated with leniency." As this was an *argumentum ad hominem*, I was hesitating whether to reply or be silent, when the captain made an eager motion, and pointed towards the corner of the square. I followed his indication and saw Von Stottel and five or six young officers turning round the corner and approaching



us. Greatly inclined though I felt to run towards them and express my pleasure at seeing them alive and well, something in their demeanour withheld me. Their faces were grave, their steps slow, and I felt as if some mysterious spirit approached us.

"Captain," said Von Stoffel, in a low voice and slowly, as the other pressed his hand, "for the second time it is my misfortune to bring back the battalions."

The captain became still paler than before. "Where is Neuhaus? Is he . . . ?" The young captain nodded. Major Neuhaus had been Von Graben's bosom friend. "And where is Captain A.?" "Dead." "And B.?" "Dead." "And C.?" "Mortally wounded." "And D.?" continued the captain with a scarcely audible voice. "He was the first on the barricade," said Von Stoffel, "and received seven bullets, two of which pierced his heart." "Oh my God!" exclaimed Von Graben, covering his face with his hand, "then tell me, who is still alive?" I turned away; we were all visibly moved, and but with difficulty repressed our tears. And as Von Stoffel continued in a low tone, giving some details of the major's death, I felt that he was performing a very hard duty. To see a man whom you have loved and honoured, fall in the performance of his duties, to carry him to a somewhat sheltered spot and attempt to staunch the issue of his blood, and to see him immediately afterwards torn up and mangled by a shell, while you escape as by a miracle, is no very agreeable duty. But to go through it again mentally and repeat it to one whom it cannot but pain in his innermost soul, is indeed a double pain. Von Graben at any rate could not stand it, and went in-doors, while some of the other officers were glad enough to get an opportunity of changing their clothes. I found myself for a moment alone with Von Stoffel, and could not help shaking him heartily by the hand and expressing my pleasure at his good luck, remarking at the same time that he too had a bandage round his head. "Yes," he said, "I did not come off altogether scot-free. - This is an ugly scar across the eye, and I may have to lose it. But what of that. I am still alive." "It is a wonder, seeing that so many have fallen around you." "It is a wonder," he repeated, "for it was awful—awful." "Was it worse than Gravelotte?" "It was the worst thing I ever was engaged in, and yet I could not help laughing at the expression of one of my men, who was immediately behind me. We had just carried a house and farm-yard by storm, and as I opened

the stable-door to get to the next house, the fellow pulled me back. 'Stop a moment, Herr Lieutenant,' he said, 'wait till the shower is over. There are more bullets than air to breathe.'"

My duty of correspondent weighing heavily upon me, I turned to regain our new apartment, when at the foot of the stair I was suddenly seized from behind, with a firm but not unfriendly grasp. As I turned round to catch a glimpse of my mysterious assailant I heard his voice behind me, repeating three times with a most deliberate hug, "*Ich lebe noch, Ich lebe noch*" (I am still living). It was Fritz Knetz, with whom, the reader may perhaps remember, I had taken a walk on the previous evening. He looked a radiant and very handsome dog indeed, his blue eyes sparkling with mirth and *Lebenslust*, and in the fulness of his heart, he would drag me into his room next door, and notwithstanding my remonstrances forced me to accept, and even to smoke in his presence, sundry cigars of questionable descent and indifferant odour. Then he poured out his heart—for *sehen sie mein lieber*, what should he find on his table when he came back from Le Bourget, but a letter from his dear wife, and an illegible scrawl from his eldest daughter, which he persisted in praising to the skies, and also photographs jointly and severally of the whole family? They certainly were very charming on paper, and I could quite understand Fritz's raptures and his gratitude, when he told me that he would not now send the letter he had written last night, but write another telling his dearest Thekla that he had been in some danger, but that of course such a thing would never happen again.

Some hours afterwards we turned our steps again towards the Casino. The letters had been despatched, and we had been informed that in all probability all the fighting for the day was done. It was high time, I began to think, for just as we reached the principal street the great convoy of prisoners, containing some twelve to thirteen hundred, passed by the restaurant on their way to the church, where they were to be confined. Such of the Elizabeth regiment as were not ordered to remain in Le Bourget had now returned, and were cleaning their arms and cooking their meals, or smoking at the open windows and going over the affairs of the morning. The windows of the Casino were full of officers, and I am sorry to say that the behaviour of some was not altogether what I could have wished it. They jeered and laughed at the unfortunate prisoners, who

certainly at times presented a most ludicrous appearance; and their comments were not altogether compatible with the generosity of conquerors. A good deal of this may have been due to the exasperation and fierceness of the contest, but I was very sorry to see Knetz, in the height of his spirits, standing on the pavement, and pointing out with loud voice and great mirth what appeared to him the most laughable figures, and asking some hungry-looking wretch how he had enjoyed his breakfast that morning. A running fire of jest was carried on in front of the Casino on both floors, and it was by no means uninteresting to watch the expression of the prisoners' faces as the endless stream trudged by. There were some fine faces amongst them. To some of these hardened, weather-beaten veterans, with sun-burnt skin and the gleaming eye of a wild beast, the indignity seemed very hard to bear. At last, however, the train was done and we went in.

The room was as full as on the previous night, and yet how different! The very air seemed to be changed. There was an oppressive silence, a sombreness hanging over all, that struck us the moment we entered. The scene at the windows had been a strange outburst of bitterness against the enemy; but amongst themselves there was no mirth. There was talking, of course, but it was of a quiet kind. Five or six sat in little groups and related to each other their escapes in an undertone, and when at times Knetz broke out into a laugh, it fell like a jarring sound upon the rest. And there had been some wonderful escapes. One vice-feldwebel showed me his trousers, the pocket of which had been entirely pierced with a bullet without hurting him; another had stumbled and fallen, and as he lay an exploding shell took away the sole and heel of his boot, but left his foot unhurt. Such instances could be multiplied *ad infinitum*. Everybody, of course, was full of Von Stofiel, who was not at that time present; and the way in which he seemed to have run about in the very thick of the bullet-rain, breaking open door after door, and telling his men where to put up a ladder and climb on to the roof, was almost incredible. But all were equally full of the general Boudritzky, and the splendid manner in which he had led them. At the very commencement of the firing, long before the head of the column reached the barricade, the general had lost his horse. Another was procured, and that was shot under him.

whereupon he decided to walk by the side of the first rank. The fire became more deadly at every step, but his voice was heard above all, telling his men to be steady. The first rank was already cut up, when suddenly the colours fell. A Jewish sergeant seizes them and raises them high, when he too is laid low with a volley. The first ranks stop and waver; the French behind the barricades give a deafening cheer, and blaze away with the frenzy of madmen. At that moment Boudritzky, little man though he is, seizes the colours with both hands and rushes forward, followed by the whole battalion. The first men who reach the barricade are riddled with shot, but the old hero advances steadily with his banner, and then the battalion rushes like an irresistible flood over the barricade into the village. With such leading, a good deal of the success is explained.

With all that, however, the awful losses they had suffered that day lay heavily on them. They weighed heavily on us even, for when we remembered whom we had seen the previous night, and ventured to ask about them, the fatal syllable, "*tot*," almost invariably answered us. Sixteen out of the twenty-four officers of the battalion had either been killed or heavily wounded. There was not a man there who had not lost a friend or comrade. We saw one, for instance, sitting gloomily at the table, and pushing away his untasted food, with a sigh; or another, listening to his neighbour's story with a knotted brow, and an expression of deep sadness about the mouth that told its own story. The most touching of all, however, was a young cadet, who had joined the regiment from the military school some three weeks previous. He was standing at the window in another room, and his grief was so great that he sobbed like a child. Knetz, with his ready sympathy, walked up to him, and affectionately laid his hand on the lad's shoulder, asking him what was the reason of his sorrow. "I saw both my brothers shot before my eyes this morning, and I have lost all my friends. They are all dead, and I have no one left." It was perfectly true. A few hours had robbed that lad of all his male relations, and all his school-fellows and friends. And as I remembered that Fritz was not the only man who had a lovely wife and two charming little girls at home waiting for him, I confessed, with a sigh, that Le Bourget would not be easily forgotten by the Gauds.

JACOB DE LIEFDE.



## WHY IS THIS UGLY?

A Meditation.

BY AN UGLY MAN.

"SOME men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." So ran the letter placed in the path of the unlucky Malvolio. It has been my lot, on the contrary, to be born ugly, to achieve ugliness, and also to have ugliness thrust upon me. All babies are, I believe, as a rule, accounted beautiful, or at least not ugly, by their mothers, aunts, and sisters. But I understand that neither mother, nor aunt, nor sister, even in their tenderest moments, ever had a word to say for my unfortunate little face in my infancy. As I grew older, I grew plainer still. Being born ugly, I rapidly achieved still more decided ugliness. The very servants made no secret of their views as to my appearance, though not otherwise unkind. Those who were amiable laughed at me for a little quiz; those who were cross called me a hideous little wretch. When I went to school my ugliness was thrust upon me. Boys do not generally pay much heed to the exact features of one another, thinking more of their dress and their athletic powers than of their complexions or their noses. But my ugliness was too remarkable to be overlooked. My schoolfellows overlooked my jacket and my boots, but they spared neither my eyes, my nose, my mouth, nor my chin. I was laughed at and pointed at as the very ugliest creature whom they had ever known. I was so ugly that they almost pitied me for my ugliness; and considering how entirely foreign to a boy's nature is pity of all kinds, it will be readily understood that in order to have moved their compassion my ugliness must have been unique. And what I was as a boy, that I am still; except that though I am as bad-looking as ever in reality, comparatively I am improved in beauty. Ugliness is more tolerable in a man than in a boy, so that though there is no change in my features or my complexion, I am no longer a mark for the derision of the ignorant. On the whole, perhaps I pass muster as one of the very plainest men whom my friends and acquaintances have seen.

But my ugliness has not been without its compensation. It has taught me many things which I should probably never have learnt if I had been a handsome man. It has set me pondering on the causes of ugliness; or

rather, I may say, on the essence of ugliness; so that I have come to be a vast deal wiser on the subject than persons who insultingly turn up their noses at me on the score of my ill-favour'dness. Let me add, by way of parenthesis, that my own nose is not of the turned-up ugly species. It is not contemptible, whatever its defects; and whenever I remember the famous Napierian saying—"Give me a man with plenty of nose,"—I have no call to feel abashed.

I hardly know when it was that I first began to speculate on the true nature of beauty and ugliness. It was certainly only by degrees that I arrived at any satisfactory conclusion, and felt justified in considering myself a philosopher in the matter. I think my first inklings on the subject must be dated from a certain day when I had to call upon a very fine lady of my acquaintance, who kept me waiting an inconceivable time in her drawing-room, wherein were several large looking-glasses, and a great quantity of expensive porcelain vases on the chimney-piece and on sundry shelves and tables. Looking-glasses were always my aversion, and of all the devices for making rooms look handsome I think the multiplication of these abominable tell-tales the very worst.

On the day in question, I suffered grievously from these looking-glasses. They seemed literally everywhere. To whichever side I turned my eyes, there was the same unpleasant prospect. Those who have frequented the famous *Café de mille colonnes* at Paris, will understand the nature of the scene which I beheld; only instead of the endless repetition of airy, gilded columns, there was an interminable reproduction of my face and figure, both the front view and the back view thereof. Backwards and forwards; to the right and to the left; in every variety of light and shadow and perspective; there I was, multiplied indefinitely, and in truth it was only by a vigorous effort of self-control that I abstained from seizing the poker and smashing some two or three of the largest of these my crystal tormentors.

After a while I thought I would distract my thoughts by examining some of the treasures of porcelain with which my friend's drawing-room was crowded. She was mad on the subject of "china," and spent fabulous

sums of money in buying the most expensive things that came into the market. And a very brilliant-looking collection she had got together. I don't know much, myself, about the characteristic varieties of porcelain, though I have strong likings and dislikings for the actual porcelain works that I see. But as a connoisseur I am at fault in names and dates. I can't distinguish between Dresden and Sèvres, and Worcester and Chelsea. The chief thing that I know is, that when a thing is called Majolica it generally proves to be excessively ugly; as ugly, in fact, as I am myself, and consequently I have a lurking fondness for Majolica, because I see that it is so highly esteemed. If Majolica, I have reflected, notwithstanding its hideousness, is thus sometimes held to be almost priceless, why, after all, may not I myself be held to be almost priceless in worth by the best judges of human merit? I have also derived considerable consolation from reflecting on the "crackle" which is to be found on certain specimens of china, and which I have observed is accounted very precious, and is made the subject of laborious imitation in modern manufactures abroad. "Crackle" appears to me nothing less than a horrible flaw. But if the wise in porcelain value it, clearly it must possess some hidden and mysterious charm. My own ugliness may therefore be regarded as a species of "crackle;" a mere surface defect, the mere splitting of the glaze, and in no way indicating any inner flaw, either of body or mind. Nay, if "crackle" is a positive beauty in a porcelain vase, why may not there be some latent, mysterious, ineffable beauty in such a nose, such a mouth, and such a complexion as mine?

To return, however, to the particular specimens of porcelain excellence which my friend had collected. I was standing in front of the chimney-piece, studying the peculiarities of two vast vases, which had cost a fabulous sum, and every now and then, quite unintentionally, I cast my eyes upwards, and beheld the reflection of my own features in the looking-glass which backed the chimney ornaments. A new and unexpected train of thought gradually presented itself to my mind. I had been asking myself what these two great green vases had cost, and audaciously doubting whether they were worth it. I had forgotten the precise amount which my friend had once mentioned to me, but I recollected that it was something portentous. My eyes went backwards and forwards, from the reflection of my features in the looking-glass, to the brilliant gilding and painting on

the vases, and as I continued looking, the contrast between the two objects of contemplation grew less and less marked. Nothing could be brighter than the tints on the porcelain. It glowed with all sorts of hues, and the labour bestowed on its exquisite finish must have been immense. But as I studied the whole effect, I could not tell why, suddenly I exclaimed to myself, "Upon my word, I don't think there is much to choose between these vases and such a face as mine!"

The effect upon my mind was quite startling, and I was bewildered with my own thoughts. "What can it possibly be?" I asked myself. "Am I as handsome as these vases? or are these vases as ugly as I am? Impossible! The thing is absurd."

Nevertheless I was not satisfied. The more I looked, the more convinced I became that there was some innate likeness between my countenance and these magnificent samples of expensive workmanship. But the puzzle remained, "Am I handsome? or are the vases ugly, not to say hideous?"

I surveyed my features in detail. There they were unchanged. Eyes and nose, mouth and chin, complexion and all, were not in the smallest degree changed or beautified. "Are they so abominable?" I thought. "Yes; they are," I decided. "There is not one of them that has got a bit of shape in it. And as for my skin—what tongue can tell its opacity unmitigated? Not even by the wildest self-deception can I persuade myself that I am not what people think I am."

"Then it must be the vases," I continued reflectively. "But how can that be? Think how they are admired, and what they cost! What brilliant colours! what original shapes! what delicate painting! what light and airy work in the handles! Why they are so slight in parts, that they would break almost with a touch! To compare them with my abominable features is ridiculous. I must have been dreaming, or my sight must be going." And I rubbed my eyes, and took a turn round the room, and wondered how long my friend intended to keep me waiting. Presently, however, I found myself again close to the green vases. "No!" I determined at last, "it is not a hallucination. There undoubtedly is something in common between my face and these costly ornaments."

As soon as I had uttered, half aloud, the word "ornaments," a new light seemed to break in upon me.

"Ornaments!" I repeated; "ornaments! What is an ornament? Are not these vases



really ornaments? Certainly they are not useful, and therefore they must be ornamental. But here is a fresh puzzle. If they are not useful, is it certain that they are therefore ornamental? And how in the world is it, that this puzzle between the useful and the ornamental will bring me back over and over again to my own face? My face is useful. That may be taken for certain. At any rate it is not ornamental. But if it is useful, why is it not ornamental? And these vases, they are certainly not useful; and everybody says they are ornamental, though somehow or another I don't exactly feel that they are ornamental."

Then I betook myself to the careful study of my face in the looking-glass, and I went over all its parts, one by one. Various ideas began to occur to me, as I examined my features and the general effect of the whole. "Of course," I thought, "it is a useful face. It answers the purpose for which it was designed. Of course it does that. But how odd it is that I should never have thought of all this before!"

Then I meditated severely on the uses for which the various features are intended. The eyes are for seeing with, and for expressing certain movements in the thoughts and feelings. The nose is for breathing and smelling. The mouth is for breathing, and swallowing, and talking, and like the eyes, also for expressing feelings. The chin—well, I suppose the chin is a part of the masticating apparatus. Then I went back to the vases, and asked myself why I had so quickly come to question their beauty, while of their usefulness there could not be doubt. I found myself repeating the old verses—

"I do not like thee, Doctor Fell,  
But what 'tis for I cannot tell;  
Though thus I know, and know full well,  
I do not like thee, Doctor Fell."

In my confusion of thought I went back to the reflection of my face in the glass. And having already gone through the features, I betook myself to the study of my complexion. "Certainly," I thought, "it is a horrid complexion. Nobody could call it otherwise. People might have all sorts of fancies about complexions in general, but nobody could like mine. One person might like a dark skin, another a fair skin. Some might like a clear Spanish olive, and some a bright English red and white. But nobody in his senses could like mine."

"Why not, however?" I asked myself. "Why should everybody like a clear skin, and abuse a thick, opaque one? Where is the sense in such a distinction? Many clear

and transparent things are ugly, and many opaque things are beautiful. Why is it that people are so wild in praise of their clear skins, and attack all others as if they were hopelessly abominable? Is there any reason for it at all, or is it only a ridiculous, traditional prejudice?"

At last I began to see my way. "What is the skin?" I reflected. The skin is the covering of the whole internal frame-work of the body, with all its complex apparatus of nerves, veins, bones, and all the rest of it; and it is of necessity a very delicate, elastic substance itself, in order to allow of the perpetual stretching that it has to undergo through the movement of the body and its limbs. Here, then, I began to see daylight. A transparent skin is beautiful, because it discloses the movements of the wonderful life within. It is manifestly the covering of a network of living veins, nerves, and tendons; and while it is sufficiently strong to hold them all together, as it were in a case, it does not absolutely hide them from the eye. A transparent complexion is the sign and the result of quick, energetic, physical life; while a thick, opaque skin looks like the covering of a dead body. A thick skin, too, very generally is the positive sign of ill-health. When a person's complexion grows pasty or muddy, everybody knows that it betokens something wrong in the system. The charm of a clear complexion lies, therefore, in its reality; as a thing manifestly elastic and adapted to the use for which it is designed; and as showing to every one the fact that it is the covering of a living organisation, and not of a lifeless, inert mass within. It is not a sham. Its charm lies in its life, and in its displaying its true nature and substantial texture to all beholders.

Delighted with the key I had thus found to my puzzle, I then went back to the green vases on the chimney-piece.

"I see it all, as clear as the day!" I exclaimed to myself. "These splendid masses of gold and colour are not realities. They are unmitigated shams, and that is the reason why they are so ugly. They are arrant hypocrites; downright Pharisees. They pretend to be vases, and to be made to contain something or other, either solid or liquid; but they are so shaped that it would be next to impossible to make use of them for any conceivable purpose whatsoever. They are no more like real, useful vases or vessels for any practical purpose, than a piece of yellow parchment is like the skin of a healthy living being. And as for their substance, they are

a glaring falsehood. They are made of clay. That is certain. But the foolish man who invented them did all he could to make them look as if they were made of stone or wood. These handles, these ornaments, these mouldings, this base—they are every one of them stolen from stone and wood carvings, or from stone or wood structures. They have an architectural look, and make one think of the mason with his mortar and his trowel, or the carpenter with his nails and screws and glue-pot. All this painting, too, on the sides—well, it no doubt was very difficult to execute, and cost five times as much as the same things would have cost painted on paper or ivory, and after all it is not so well done. Is not this a barbarism, to spend £50 in doing tolerably well what you could get done still better for £10? Surely it is."

And thus I satisfied myself as to the points of resemblance between my unlucky skin and these precious green vases. And next I began wondering how far the same consideration would apply, not only to my unhappily ugly features, but to the multitude of expensive ornaments and furniture with which my friend's drawing-room was crowded. I looked once more in the glass, and caught a glimpse of the too-well-known nose and mouth, and sighed. Such a nose and such a mouth, to say nothing of the eyes, are surely an anomaly

in creation. Of that I felt satisfied. But what can they have in common with my friend's chairs, and carpets, and glass knick-knacks, and picture frames, and window-curtains, and gold ornaments? My speculation must surely be at fault, I concluded dreamily. But having established so satisfactory a mystical relationship between my skin and the green vases, I felt encouraged to pursue the subject, and was on the point of instituting a comparison between my mouth and an arm-chair, when the door of the room opened, and my friend came in, all smiles, cordiality, and apologies. Being utterly tired out with waiting, I was thankful to be brought down from the heights of my philosophy to the dead level of small talk, and in the use of my lips and in the enjoyment of the chair in which I seated myself, I quickly forgot the inquiry which I had been on the point of instituting. But when my visit was over, and I was once more in the open street, the subject recurred to me in more force than ever, and it was only by finding myself running, as if blindfold, against one of the trees in the park, that I was brought back to the dry realities of common life. "At any rate," I exclaimed, "trees are realities, and trees are generally beautiful. Why, then, should men for the most part be ugly? Can any one solve the puzzle?"

## THE NEIGHBOUR.

"SELINA, my daughter Selina,  
Look down at your sewing, pray,  
You are gazing much too often  
At our neighbour over the way."

"At our neighbour? Nonsense, mother!  
For him how should I care?  
In his window there stands a geranium,  
And my eyes look idly there."

"Idly enough, I warrant,  
As such things ever began.  
Do you think I have not watch'd you  
Nodding to that young man?"

"Nod to our neighbour, mother?  
Never, as I aver!  
I nod to his fellow-lodger,  
Miss Jones, the milliner."

"What fluttered into your bosom,  
Through the open window-pane?"  
"A little white bird, my mother—  
See, there it goes again!"

"My girl, what are you reading  
There in the window light?"  
"Only some pretty verses  
I cut from the Journal last night."

"O, thou, who at thy casement  
Art set like a saint at a shrine,  
Hear here I touch and adore thee!  
O sweet, that thou wert mine!"

"Are not the verses pretty?  
Mother, why do you frown?"  
"Verses are merely rubbish,—  
What are you writing down?"

"What am I writing, mother?  
Oh don't be angry, pray!  
I am only marking the linen  
We bought the other day."

"Marking the linen, daughter!  
Your pen runs far too fast:  
Ha! what did you this moment  
Out of the window cast?"



"Out of the window, mother?  
Nothing; you're wrong once more.  
Hark, there's some one knocking;  
Let me run to the door. . . .

"Mother, sweet dear mother,  
O smooth your angry brow!  
Outside the door of the parlour  
Our neighbour is waiting now!"

"Our neighbour! What is he wanting?  
Show him up the stair,  
('Tis as I said, Selina!)  
Good day, sir. Take a chair.

"Nay, sir; I pray be seated.  
Take the gentleman's hat, my dear.  
To what am I indebted  
For the honour of seeing you here?"

"O, madam, mine is the honour;  
Honoured am I and blest,  
That you will see for certain  
When I explain the rest.

"Madam, dearest madam,  
For many and many a day  
I have loved your daughter Selina,  
And watched her from over the way



"Her youth, her sweetness, her beauty,  
Have witch'd me day and night;  
I have sat whole days at the window  
Feasting upon the sight.

"Always gentle and smiling,  
Always busy and neat!  
The light of the gloomy dwelling,  
The sunbeam of the street!

"Long was I dumb and timid,  
But I pluck'd up heart at last,  
This morning a little letter  
I in at the window cast.

"And there in the lane I trembled,  
Full of a wild affright,  
Till out of the window fluttered  
This scrap of linen white.

"See, with indelible letters,  
Her answer is written here:  
Your gentle daughter, Selina,  
Knows me, and holds me dear.

"See, on my knees unto her  
I kneel, and again intreat,  
My heart and my humble fortune  
I place beneath her feet."

"Selina, my daughter Selina,  
Was this the little bird?  
O, child, you have deceived me  
Finely, upon my word!

"Is it thus you mark your linen?  
Is it thus you spend the day?  
Ah! love is ever contriving,  
Whatever we old folks say.

"Sir, since you truly love her,  
You shall wed her by-and-by,  
If your character, on inquiry,  
Does not your looks belie.

"Selina, you may kiss him!—  
Close the house as we may,  
Whether by door or by window,  
Love will discover a way!"

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

## RELIGION IN ITALY.

"ANY one who ventured to speak of religious reformation thirty years ago would have been denounced as a madman, or, perhaps, imprisoned and punished as a criminal. The very name of the Holy Bible was rarely pronounced among the learned, and evangelical truth seemed like a hateful thing. Now the aspect of things is changed. The Bible is widely circulated; the English Book of Common Prayer, translated into Italian, is read and cherished in many Italian households; the words 'Church Reform' are in the mouths of all. It is demanded even by the clergy themselves.\*

Such were the words of a venerable Italian ecclesiastic, whom I well knew, a few years ago. His own eyes had long been opened to the corruptions of his Church; he had borne sharp pressure, seclusion in a convent, hard treatment, and scant fare, for having ventured to express his convictions in the days when freedom of conscience and religious liberty were practically unknown under the joint spiritual and political despotisms which then weighed down divided Italy. From this state of things he thankfully escaped, and found refuge and useful work, for some ten years, in a respected position, in the great Collegiate School of Liverpool. In the evening of life he rejoiced at being enabled to return to his own country, which had already made long strides towards the unity, independence, and full constitutional freedom which it now enjoys—the most marvellous, perhaps, among the divers marvellous political transformations which have come to pass in our days. He lived to see almost all the weak and long-divided Italian heptarchy dissolved and welded into one constitutional monarchy under Victor Emmanuel. He rejoiced in taking such share as his advanced years and feeble strength permitted in the diffusion of the Holy Scriptures and the

Italian version of our Prayer-Book (which he had learned to value during his sojourn in England), and by his pen and personal efforts strove to promote those tendencies to "Church Reform" of which he speaks above. He passed to his rest in an honoured old age, cheered by the profound conviction and hope that, sooner or later, the cause he loved so well must triumph. Just now I have been reminded of this valued old friend by some striking words reported to have recently fallen from the lips of the great German leader of Church Reform, Döllinger.

"I asked Dr. Döllinger," says a correspondent of the *Guardian*, "what hope there was of the eventual triumph of this cause? 'Philoctetes,' he replied, 'has received his wound, and his death is only a question of time. A movement is set on foot of which I shall not see the triumph; but its triumph is certain, sooner or later. The Roman papal system must eventually succumb before it.'" Some of Döllinger's reasons for thinking so are identical with those I have often heard from my old Italian friend and from many of his countrymen who think as he did. "The political movements of the day are tending more and more to sap the foundations of the Roman system. The loss of the temporal power and the removal of the Italian seat of government to Rome are a great blow to it." What the great German divine has lived to see, his humbler Italian brother constantly foretold. He would have been unspeakably cheered had he lived to see the recent up-rising of the "Old Catholic" party in Germany, and to hear, at this moment, Père Hyacinthe boldly uttering, *from Rome itself*, his own hearty adherence to that party.

Happily, this is but one among the many striking changes now heard and seen in Rome. Often have I listened with interest to my old Italian friend telling of some quiet little gatherings in Rome, more than thirty

\* Wordsworth's "Tour in Italy," preface to 2nd edition, p. xxiii.



years ago, when he, with a knot of like-minded friends, mostly ecclesiastics, secretly met to read God's Word, and consider great changes they earnestly longed for in their Church system. It was there the foundation was laid of the change in his own convictions. I was reminded of this when lately in Rome, as I saw the free sale of the Holy Scriptures from a good dépôt in the Corso, and by col-porteurs throughout the city. Also as I saw, from another large Bible and Tract Dépôt, the spread of the numerous popular controversial and other religious works of the late well-known Dr. De Sanctis.

No one could recently visit Rome without being struck by another change, if he cared to witness it, viz., Gavazzi delivering his telling addresses to several hundred Romans in the new Scotch church; frequently the number was so great as to overflow the building into the court in front. As De Sanctis was specially gifted with pen, so no living Italian religious opponent of the Papacy has been gifted with such powers of swaying an audience by eloquence touching all the chords of the heart, in varied tones from the gravest to the most comic, as Gavazzi. The thing that struck me specially about these gatherings was the fact that some hundreds of working-men, with a sprinkling of women, shopkeepers, soldiers, policemen, letter-carriers, &c., should be found giving up an hour and a half, on week-day afternoons, to listen to addresses on such topics. I should not have been surprised at finding them gathered to listen to him in the evenings after work was over; as indeed I did find them in other quarters of the city.

Years ago, Gavazzi is said to have described his own feeling about his "mission" somewhat as follows: "I am good for sweeping the rubbish off the ground. Let others come in after me to build up." Certainly none in Italy have shown themselves gifted with such inimitable powers as Gavazzi of forcibly exposing the superstitions, forgeries, and manifold errors and abuses by which Rome has gradually, in the course of ages, so largely obscured and practically changed the religion of Christ as St. Paul wrote and preached it to the first Roman Christians. I ought, however, to add, that great as are Gavazzi's powers in "sweeping away the rubbish," he also did, so far as I heard, endeavour with like force and eloquence to lead his Roman hearers back to the simple purity of the faith and worship of their forefathers, which he earnestly exhorted them to search for in St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans,

the Catholic Epistles of St. Peter, and the rest of the Holy Scriptures, so long practically kept out of their hands. Often, when wandering through St. Peter's, has it struck me as a curious proof of Rome's dread of freely granting her people the original documents on which she assures them their faith is founded, that throughout that vast and gorgeous temple no trace is to be found, in any living tongue, of the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans, or the Catholic Epistles of St. Peter. Confessors, in their stalls, are there, ready to receive pilgrims from many a clime and tongue, representatives of far more races and tongues than were gathered on the day of Pentecost to listen with wonder and awe to the spoken words of St. Peter and his brother apostles. None can fail to be struck with this manifest token of the vast expansion of the Christian Church since that first gathering in Jerusalem, and of the vast extent to which union with Rome still prevails. Might we not also have expected that the Church of Rome, if conscious that she could still "thank God through Jesus Christ," that her "faith is spoken of throughout the whole world," as SS. Paul and Peter taught it, would seize the opportunity for deepening and heightening the faith and hope of her members by putting before them these letters of the apostles, "To all that be in Rome," and "To the strangers scattered throughout the world," "concerning Jesus Christ our Lord," and the "inheritance incorruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for those who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation?" Many, I believe, both in and out of Rome's communion, feel that if "The Tomb of the Apostles" be indeed what it is asserted to be, there can be no holy spot on earth where these letters of SS. Peter and Paul would more directly come home to the heart, would stir deeper emotion and sympathy, would cause devotion to glow more warmly, than when reverently read and earnestly prayed over by "devout men out of every nation under heaven," come from far and near to adore at "the threshold of the apostles," "every man in his own tongue wherein he was born."

Yet, in place of these words of the apostles themselves, what special aids to devotion does Rome furnish, on ordinary days, at this her holiest shrine? A few meagre Latin prayers hung around the railing of the "tomb," to be recited by those who have lowly bowed their heads and kissed an idol statue of ancient Jove, transmuted by her potent word

into a sacred image of "the Prince of the Apostles!" What would be the judgment of the two apostles themselves could they revisit the scene, and see the practical estimation in which their own words are held by those who claim to sit in their seat? But I must return to recent changes. Gavazzi, though the most popular, has been by no means the only preacher against the Papacy recently in Rome. The Vaudois have planted one of their ablest pastors there. So also have the Italian "Brethren" of the "Free Evangelical Church." Wesleyans and Baptists, both British and American, have also enabled their Italian brethren to enter the field. Six Italian Protestant places of worship have been opened in the city, in which eight ministers and Evangelists are at work. A Vaudois Evangelist reports that all these, with some of their various brethren, assemble weekly for united prayer and study of the Bible. These meetings are held alternately in their respective places of worship. He also reports that simple scriptural preaching is as largely attended as controversial lectures, thus showing that hearers are attracted not by hatred of priests, but by desire to hear truth. The sale of Bibles, Testaments, and other religious books has been considerable. I have not late statistics at hand, but when in Rome at Easter I found over two thousand copies of the New Testament and Bible had been sold, also four or five times that number of separate Gospels and Epistles. One curious fact has been the keen readiness of the Jews in the Ghetto to buy these last. Miss Burton, whose successful labours among Italian navvies and soldiers have made her name well known to all who have been interested in recent religious changes in Italy, was regularly visiting the Ghetto during this last spring, principally in order to sell these small portions of Scripture. She had sold over fifteen hundred copies when I left Rome, and she steadfastly declined to give any. She was led to do this owing to a knot of Jews surrounding her one day (whilst conversing with some soldiers) and begging for books. Opposition now and then gives a stimulus to Bible selling. One morning I met a colporteur returning to the dépôt for a fresh supply, whose sale had been thus stimulated. He was selling in the piazza adjoining the Pantheon, where many market people are usually gathered, when a foreign lady accosted him, and asked if he sold many of his books—New Testaments and separate Gospels. "A good number, Signora," he replied. "They are books of evil augury (*mal augurati*)," said

she; "and you are a very bad man (*fessimo*) for selling them." "Oh, Signora," he said, "just look at them; they are simply portions of God's Word!" She bought four New Testaments for half a franc each, and at once proceeded to tear up one and throw it on the ground. He begged her not to treat the Scriptures with such indignity, but to give him back the others and take back the money. She, however, walked off, tearing the others as she went. The crowd, which had quickly clustered round, expressed their feelings by buying up every copy he had. I hope they were mistaken in fancying this "Signora" an English lady. Whilst the spread of the Holy Scriptures is thus going on, and directly aggressive efforts are being made by the Vaudois and "Free Church" Italians and others of whom I have spoken, there are not wanting also in Rome representatives of the "Old Catholic" party, ecclesiastics and laymen, whose aspirations, like those of their German brethren, are for reformation, not for destruction, of their old historic Church. Père Hyacinthe came to Rome for a twofold object—he wished to inform himself about the state of religious opinion in Italy, specially to learn how far a party exists among the clergy and intelligent laity disposed to sympathise with Dollinger's and his own ideas; he wished also to try once more to see the Pope himself, and pour out his heart to him, believing that the holy father's Jesuit surroundings kept him from really knowing the true state of things at the present crisis in the Church. This second object he failed to accomplish. The Vatican was sternly closed against him, except on condition of his retracting his past declarations, and declaring his adherence both to the new dogma of the Pope's infallibility and also to his temporal power. To this intimation Père Hyacinthe replied by an outspoken rejection of both, and a reiteration of his belief that the infallibility dogma is proving the most fatal source of selfish and mischief in the Church. He has found no lack of sympathy in Rome, and elsewhere in Italy, on the part of both clergy and laity, though the former have thus far rarely ventured to stand openly by him and Dollinger. It must be remembered that things have been in a transitional state, which kept many minds in Rome in a state of great uncertainty and perplexity until the recent transfer of the capital was formally accomplished. No device was left untried by the Ultramontanes to keep alive the hopes of their own party and the fears of the National party—that, after all, the government would



not venture to settle in Rome, and that the Pope's rule would be restored, at least, in Rome itself.

Apparent procrastination and hesitation on the part of the king and government contributed to this impression; so that many of all ranks in Rome, nobles as well as lawyers and clergy, and the lower classes, could not easily shake off their apprehensions of restored papal power, and consequent papal vengeance, before the Italian Government was actually established in the city. The memory of former returns of popes is not easily shaken off. Moreover, the Romans had not then seen the Austrian Emperor and his government quietly reject the last urgent appeal of the twenty-eight Austrian archbishops and bishops to their emperor, demanding nothing less than an armed intervention for the restoration to the Pope of the entire Pontifical State, not excepting "even a single village." Still less were they expecting that the leading French Ultramontane organ, *L'Univers*, would have to report the recent notable speech of M. Thiers, and the vote of the French Assembly on the French bishops' petition, and frankly to add: "We must not indulge in illusions any longer; the cause of the temporal power has been lost in the National Assembly. We recognise this with as much grief as truth. All our hopes are deceived; the last support fails the Papacy in the only country on which it could rely. Humanly speaking, it is finished. Fine speeches avail little; an equivocal vote means nothing. The important result . . . is the manifest determination of the French Government, in harmony with the Assembly—either from want of power or want of will—to do nothing for the Pope." But, a few months ago, before these recent reassuring events, an undefined, though, as events have proved, a groundless dread of the mysterious power that might yet be put forth by the venerable old man in his self-imposed "prison" in the Vatican, backed by reactionary jealousy of Italy in France, manifestly hung over many minds in Rome. So, at that time, I felt it a proof of real courage on the part of a monk of one of the great convents in Rome, that he openly accompanied his noted excommunicated brother, Père Hyacinthe, about the city, in order to introduce him to sympathising Italians, as well as to "heretical" British and American friends. The Roman liberal press also stands heartily by Père Hyacinthe and the "old Catholic" movement; indeed, is thoroughly outspoken on behalf of religious liberty in general. Thus, the *Liberta* was the

first journal that published Père Hyacinthe's "Appeal to the Catholic Bishops;" its general tone is very decidedly anti-papal, though written with moderation. In another paper, the *Capitale*, I noticed one day an unusually clear, terse, forcible paper on the breaks in the chain that, it is asserted, binds Pius IX. to St. Peter. It was given as one of a series of "Lent Lectures" the editor was publishing daily through Lent. On inquiry, I found he had asked the Vaudois pastor to allow him to reproduce some of his Lectures; thus these reached a ring of readers far wider than the circle of hearers to whom they were first addressed. Judging from the violent tone of the Pope's recrimination, the utterance that appears to have roused most indignation and alarm in the Vatican was that from the Professors of the Roman University, twenty-five of whom sent a stirring address of congratulation to Döllinger, in which they strongly avowed the need of reformation in the Church. No recent event has evoked a more vehement outpouring of papal denunciation than this address. It is well known that the Pope personally desired that a counter address should be sent up to him by the professors who had not signed the one to Döllinger, and that he declared his determination to excommunicate any professors who should decline to sign that to himself. As might be expected, this papal vehemence appears rather to have stimulated young heads in the Italian universities in the opposite direction, and an address, in highflown, glowing Italian style, has since been sent by a body professing to represent the Italian students to their German fellow-students, in which a curiously mingled band of names of the great thinkers, poets, historians, men of science, and philosophers, of both countries, from Dante and Galileo to Döllinger himself, are held up as their leaders in the continued struggle for emancipation of human thought from the priestly and despotic yoke of the Vatican and its allies. In this struggle, say the Italian youths, they pledge themselves to stand side by side with their German brother-students. Such straws show, at all events, which way the wind is blowing, and how little sympathy Ultramontane Romanism can count upon from this portion of "the to-morrow of society."

This brings me to the great and vital change that has passed over Rome lately, and over all Italy during the last few years, in the matter of national education. Some of Döllinger's recently reported words on German popular education apply

with equal, if not greater, force to Italy. "The education of the people is very much under the control of the national schoolmasters, who are appointed by the government and educated in the government normal schools. The schoolmasters are, with hardly an exception, hostile to Ultramontanism." Add to this that the higher education in Italy, as in Germany, is now, with few exceptions, in anti-ultramontane hands, and it requires no prophet to foretell that, so far as this important influence extends, to use Döllinger's simile, "Philoctetes has received his wound" in both countries. Whoever wishes to know the marvellously low condition of public education in Rome and the provinces under the papal government should read the official report presented, last December, to the Italian Minister of Public Instruction, by Commendatore Brioschi, councillor of that department, on the examinations held for admission into the government schools then opened in Rome. It was published in the official *Gazette*, and reproduced by many of the leading journals.

The rector of the Roman college, which was in the hands of the Jesuits, replied to this report; but his reply chiefly showed, what the report also admitted, that many honourable exceptions could be brought forward; the main facts of the case could not be disproved. Now the Jesuits have been entirely superseded in the higher public schools in Rome, and government teachers have taken their place. A like change has been effected throughout the other public schools in Rome, all are now in government hands. The training of the theological students alone is left to the Church. The various foreign national colleges for students for the priesthood are, of course, untouched by the recent change of government, as these depend solely on the Papacy. Various appeals have been addressed to the government to send the Jesuits away from Rome, as they have been sent from the rest of the kingdom; this, however, has not yet been done. The Jesuit fathers have prudently sent away their own novices, and a comparatively small number of the fathers remain in their old quarters in the Roman college. The law for suppression of the monastic orders has not yet been applied in Rome.

The Italian Government has naturally been most anxious to push its liberality to the utmost limit in dealing with the Pope and Church in Rome, so that no pretext for foreign interference may be given, and that Italy may be able fairly to say to any other

Power, "If you had the Pope in your country, would you offer him better terms than we do?" This spirit breathes throughout the recent law for the "guarantees of the Pope," the crowning act of the recent marvellous political and politico-ecclesiastical changes in Italy. It remains to be seen how these "guarantees" will work. At present, we have the novel spectacle of a great spiritual potentate, claiming to be "Infallible" in the whole domain of faith and morals, as well as to be the sole judge of what are the limits of that domain, dethroned, but replaced, without his consent, in a highly privileged position, in the heart of a newly-formed free constitutional kingdom, yet avowing himself in deadly hostility to it, denouncing the fundamental principles on which its constitution is based, invoking all his friends to help him to effect its disruption and overthrow, and vowing that nothing shall induce him to be reconciled with it. This experiment is evoking very various feelings, whilst watched with keen interest by all. A portion of the Roman Catholic world roundly abuses Italy for completing its unity at the Pope's expense; some denounce its proffered "guarantees" as bribes; none, however, seem disposed to come to the rescue by offering the Pope better terms and a more congenial home elsewhere. Years ago, the prevalent feeling of the Italians was uttered by their illustrious old countryman, Manzoni, as noble a patriot and sincere a Roman Catholic as any in our day. "I heartily wish," said he, "that some one of our neighbours who tell us that we ought to feel ourselves highly honoured and fortunate by having the Pope-king in our midst, would but try the experiment of inviting him, and so relieve us from the burdensome honour which has brought us so many troubles. We feel we have had our turn quite long enough." All outside Italy, however, content themselves thus far with offering respectful good wishes to their spiritual chief, and exhortations to Italy to treat him generously. Some frankly avow that his presence in their own country would be inconvenient; whilst others add that "a mendicant Pope, roaming on the highways of Europe, would be an unseemly spectacle and an awkward fact."

I have dwelt upon the recent religious and educational changes in Rome itself, because they fairly illustrate, indeed only form the latest phase of, the similar changes that have been going on, of late years, in all the other great centres of Italy, and, in various degrees, throughout the



country, as liberty has been successively won. These changes may be summed up as follows :—Free spread of the Holy Scriptures and religious books formerly forbidden. Active proselytising efforts on the part of the Vaudois and other non-episcopal religious bodies. The rise and growth of a Reforming Party in the Church in sympathy with the German “Old Catholics” and with Père Hyacinthe. Vigorous efforts on the part of the government and the local authorities to promote national education; efforts almost entirely made without the concurrence of the Church of Rome and despite its opposition. To these should be added that, of late, the newspaper press has manifested a remarkable interest in the discussion of Church questions. No one who has watched the course of the Italian press can avoid noticing this striking recent change. Before the annexation of Rome, the ordinary newspapers confined themselves rigidly to the political and temporal aspects of the Roman question. They would not touch the religious aspects. Even the Vatican Council evoked far less interest in Italy than in most countries. It was, for the most part, jeered at, or greeted with scornful apathy. The clerical organs and the few papers of reforming tendencies alone showed serious interest in it. But as soon as the “guarantees for the Pope” began to be discussed, a change took place. Keen discussions began on the Papacy and the relations of Church and State. Information was sought and welcomed from all quarters. The example of America as realising “a Free Church in a Free State” was specially and repeatedly referred to. The disestablishment and re-constitution of the Irish Church was noted with interest; as was also the Report on Election of Bishops drawn up by a committee of the Convocation of Canterbury. In all these cases, the working of the lay element in the Church was a point of special interest to the Italians. Since then, the Anti-Infallibilist movement in Germany has been keenly followed and reported by the Italian press, and is manifestly meeting with much sympathy.

Many readers of *Good Words* have, doubtless, gladly contributed to the spread of the Holy Scriptures in Italy, through the British and American Bible Societies, to which, aided by the Geneva Society, that great work has been mainly due. All who have helped may be thankful that the influence of the Bible has reached and been felt far beyond the circle of those Italians who have openly abandoned

the Church of Rome. A few facts suffice to show this. Eight years ago, the Florence correspondent of the *Morning Post* took pains to ascertain what number of copies of the Holy Scriptures had then been recently spread. He found that not less than one hundred thousand copies had been sold or distributed. Making the largest allowance for copies wasted, destroyed, taken away by priests, or otherwise lost or useless, he reckoned that fifty thousand copies might be considered as effectively used, and that a large number of these were in the hands of the younger clergy. Since then the annual sale has steadily continued; very many thousand copies of separate Gospels and Epistles have also been sold. The spread of Renan’s “Life of Jesus,” which ran like wildfire through Italy, led to a marked increase in the demand for the New Testament, in order to compare Renan’s with the original life in the Gospels. Count Tasca, of Seriate, who has zealously laboured for many years to promote religious reformation, was himself asked for more than twenty Bibles, for this purpose alone, by his Roman Catholic neighbours of the higher classes; several of them afterwards told him they had resolved not to give up reading the Bible again. One Bible presented by Count Tasca to Signor Andrea Moretti, M.P. for the neighbouring city of Bergamo, produced a striking result. It not only led to a complete change in Signor Moretti’s religious views, but it further led him to write two of the boldest and most remarkable pamphlets published in Italy of late years, viz., “The Word of God and the Modern Pharisees,” and, as a sequel to it, “The Grand Error of the Modern Pharisees.” In both he contrasted the teachings and practices of the bulk of the Roman priesthood with the precepts and examples given by our Lord and his apostles and prophets. Page after page of Scripture passages were cited and woven together with an aptness, a clearness of connection and logical application, that was most striking as the work of a man to whom the Bible was so thoroughly new. The neighbouring clergy so far felt the effect that they combined their influence to unseat him at the next election, and they succeeded. But at the following election he was again triumphantly returned, despite continued keen clerical opposition. He has since withdrawn from Parliament, but his opinions remain unchanged. This case was the more singular, as the occasion on which Count Tasca gave him the Bible was when Signor Moretti called in order to try and dissuade the Count from spreading “heretical” books.

It is not easy to form an exact estimate of the numbers of Italians who have left the Church of Rome in order to attach themselves to one or other of the proselytising bodies; because the "Free Evangelical Church," believed to be the most numerous, has not published any formal statistics. All, however, will agree that this work, on the whole, has been fishing with the line, not with the net. Generally speaking, as each part of the country has gained its freedom, the Vaudois and "Free Evangelical" Brethren, and later the Wesleyans, have effectively planted themselves in all the great centres, and have also many small outlying congregations in the country districts. Up to April, 1870, the Vaudois Report gave thirty-four Italian stations exclusive of their valleys. These form a line of posts dotted from Pignerolo, at the mouth of the valleys, across North Italy to Venice, and down the Peninsula to Sicily. The largest stations were Pignerolo, Turin, Venice, Genoa, Leghorn, Naples, and Messina. The habitual attendance at worship was not quite three thousand four hundred. There were also over fifteen hundred children in day schools. Their Theological College is in Florence. The Wesleyans claim, I believe, about half the Vaudois number of converts. Besides several congregations, they have some excellent schools, both for the higher and lower classes. The Wesleyans at home support this work most liberally. Last year, representatives of thirty-three congregations of the "Free Evangelical Church" met in Milan, to arrange bases of organization and put forth a declaration of principles; Gavazzi took an active part in their proceedings, and is a member of their Evangelization Committee. Not all the congregations, however, of these brethren were represented on that occasion; whilst in Milan and Florence and elsewhere the rolls of their members considerably surpass those of the Vaudois; probably, therefore, they muster not fewer than the Vaudois and Wesleyans together. Thus, allowing for the usual annual increase, and for the recent opening of Rome, probably twelve thousand to fifteen thousand Italians with their families are attached to one or other of these bodies. Further, there are a few large schools not definitely connected with either of these bodies, such as the large "Evangelical Schools" in Naples and those of Rev. Dr. Van Nest in Florence, in which several hundred children, including many Roman Catholics, are receiving a good education with careful Bible teaching. Dr. Van Nest

has also an excellent orphanage for training female teachers and servants.

It is still more difficult to estimate the extent of the Church Reform party; as, with a few exceptions, they have not come publicly forward in an organized shape. Passaglia's address to the Pope, signed by nine thousand priests, was the most notable manifestation; for though that address was only aimed at the temporal power, it was well known that Passaglia cherished ideas of reform analogous to those of Rosmini and Gioberti; whilst many of the signers of his address were well known to be ahead of him in their reforming aims. That effort, however, passed away and left no apparent traces of lasting effect. Passaglia himself appears to have subsided quietly into his post as a professor of moral philosophy in the University of Turin.

It is certain that "Old Catholic" ideas, like those now bursting out with such force in Germany, find favour with a considerable body of Italian ecclesiastics, of whom many hold their posts quietly in the Church, whilst comparatively few have had courage boldly to avow their convictions, and face the loss and suffering such avowal entails. It is equally certain that these ideas are shared by a growing number of influential laymen, editors of journals, deputies and senators, including a few who have held, and may again hold, the highest posts in the government of Italy. This is important, as indicating elements which may one day prove of great weight. Hitherto, however, in Italy, as in Germany, comparatively few of the priesthood have stood out against the recent Vatican decrees. Great allowance is no doubt, to be made for their position. If they held out, they are branded as heretics and cast out of the Church, and this, in some instances, means beggary, as the government does not stand by them, and the hierarchy, generally speaking, have not manifested a readiness to support them. Bolder individuals have, however, now and then come to the front. The case of one such Italian patriot priest, Cavaliere Morandi, is a curious parallel to that of Professor Fiedler in Munich, and the later case of Harner Kimbold in Boston—all persisting in continuing their publications, notwithstanding Rome's excommunications. Morandi told his story simply in a letter to the editor of *L'Indipendente*, as follows: "I shall not remember a saying of Massimo d'Azeglio, on a little project of mine, for a Society of Mutual Support among Priests, with the view of elevating their moral character to the level of the times. D'Azeglio thus wrote: 'You



idea is excellent ; but the first condition of moral decorum is to detach yourselves openly from the politics of Rome.' I noted the word *openly*, and afterwards, as we were conversing, on the banks of Lago Maggiore, I observed to him that we poor priests must use *prudence*. And he, witty and gently keen as he was, do you know what he answered me? These precise words: 'Prudence! ay prudence! in fact that *poor Christ moves one's pity, for it was through His imprudence He was nailed to the cross;*' and then he looked at me from the corner of his eye, twisting his beard, as we walked on. Believe me, Signor Editor, my face became red, and from thenceforward I swore to detach myself openly from Rome, and I set myself to write." He wrote ; his writings were put in the Index, and he was summoned to Rome to recant. But he was too wise to entrust himself to the holy office, which, he well knew, would silence his voice and pen. So Rome solemnly launched at him the major excommunication. At that moment the Italian Government was not indisposed to stand by a patriotic priest, and refused the royal *exequatur* to this bull of excommunication. Mongini, denying its justice and moral force, was thus left free to continue his ministrations, and boldly did so, many of his parishioners upholding him. Thus matters went on for two years, until, on the government wishing to conciliate Rome, his bishop had influence enough to get Mongini withdrawn from his parish, and a *locum tenens* put in his place ; for he was not dispossessed. The government provided him a post in Turin, where he continued to advocate reforming views ; but his health has since become broken.

Another bold spirit, Don Ambrogio, has, in a humbler and more popular way, anticipated Professor Michelis in Germany, by going about the country and rousing the people to the need of withstanding Rome and returning to pure primitive Catholicism. This he has done, with considerable effect, for several years. In Naples, an association of priests and laymen, under the presidency of an ex-Dominican monk, Cavaliere Protta, has for several years manifested no lack of boldness in advocating reformation, and many priests there have suffered excommunication ; their efforts, however, have not commanded general support. More than forty priests, in and near Naples, have availed themselves of the law of civil marriage ; others have done the same in several parts of Italy.

The Protestant Episcopal Church of America has taken great practical interest in the

Italian Church reformation movement. Five years ago, an able representative of that Church, Rev. W. Chauncey Langdon, was sent out to collect information about the movement, and assure its promoters of sympathy. Mr. Langdon has cultivated friendly relations with the reformers, has aided them by furnishing information, by furthering their efforts to diffuse their own views through periodicals and pamphlets, and occasionally by procuring help for distressed priests suffering hardship for conscience' sake. His work has been warmly appreciated by the Italian Reformers. Of Mr. Langdon's personal influence. I may venture to give one example. Two years ago I had the pleasure of accompanying the Dean of Chester and Mr. Langdon on a trip, when he introduced us to some groups of the Reformers. These men manifested the most friendly sympathy and desire for mutual information. They were all heartily opposed to the infallibility dogma, then looming, and made no secret of their convictions that it must eventually lead to a schism. These ecclesiastics comprised cathedral dignitaries, professors in seminaries, and parish priests. One of our visits was to an episcopal palace, on the cordial invitation of the venerable old ecclesiastic ruling the diocese, who had previously most kindly met us in another cathedral city in order to introduce us to a knot of clergy like-minded there. In his own home he introduced us to a party of his leading clergy. One subject on which they expressed special interest was their desire to restore the Bible to their people.

Thus I have glanced at some of the more prominent phases of recent religious and educational changes in Italy. Thus far they appear feeble beginnings of greater changes in progress. But, like the recent religious changes in Germany and Spain, they all point in the same direction as the mightier political changes which have preceded and given them birth—viz., to the present weakening and eventual overthrow of the mighty Papal system, which has so long dominated Italy, and darkly overshadowed great portions of the Church. From Rome, for ages, has come forth a principle of profound discord and division in the Church of Christ. God grant that the day may not be distant when the Church in Italy shall return to its primitive scriptural faith and apostolic order ! Then we may hope that from Rome, the capital of united and independent Italy, will come forth a movement for re-uniting the unhappily divided members of the one family of Christ.

LEWIS M. HOGG.

## THE SYLVESTRES.

BY M. DE BETHAM-EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "KITTY," "DR. JACOB," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIX.—THE EVE OF THE WEDDING  
(CONTINUED).

S Monsieur Sylvestre and René passed out of the park-gate into the high-road leading through the hamlet of Pease-marsh, they were conscious of something unusual going on there. From the top of the village street to the

bottom did not measure more than a few hundred yards, and yet, during this short and ordinarily uneventful way, there were to-night encountered many strange and, it might have seemed, portentous sights and sounds, but that on the eve of Ingaretha's wedding nothing of evil omen could surely take place! The lantern hanging over the door of the Barleycorn Inn, half-way down the street, showed them stray figures furtively making for the road, doors were opened and shut in consternation, snatches of excited talk reached their ears from a distance, whilst, instead of cheery "Good night" or "Fine evening" from the passers-by, an ominous silence was preserved towards them. One drunkard cursed them as he reeled past. An ill-favoured-looking lad came to his father's garden-gate, uttered an opprobrious yell, and then ran back again. Two women standing on neighbouring door-steps whispered loudly, in malicious tones, "There they go, good luck to 'em!" The honest old tollgate-keeper answered their friendly greeting with a hard stare.

"The good Ingaretha's wine has fairly addled the understandings of these simple folks," Monsieur Sylvestre said. "But I am not inclined to look upon an occasional excess as otherwise than beneficial to ordinary human nature, cramped as it is by daily routine. After a second or third occasion of

this kind, they would learn to conduct themselves with the elevation becoming a great event."

Another drunkard reeled by.

"To-morrow will see the reaction of such unaccustomed debauch," continued Monsieur. "Dressed in their Sunday garments, and wearing a solemn aspect befitting so august an occasion, we shall see these besotted revellers changed into decorous and sensitive beings. The ceremony of thy wedding with their lady Ingaretha, will touch their hearts and electrify their intellects like a miracle."

A third drunkard fell heavily against them in the darkness. They put him tenderly on his legs again and proceeded.

They had now left the village behind them, and reached a stile from which a pathway leading along two meadows led to Pilgrim's Hatch. Beside them, as they went, flowed amid plummy mallards a little river, thickly overgrown with reed and rush, and perfumed with willow herb, meadow-sweet, and marsh valerian. The old man bent down and bathed his hands and brow in the cool water.

"I too have drunk a little more wine than is my habit," he said; "but how good and reviving is the luscious draught poured out by sweet hands! In love of Ingaretha I would not mind how often I thus freely indulged myself. As sings the divine Béranger—

*"Le vin charme tous les esprits,  
Qu'on le donne  
Par tous."*

Just then a loud noise was heard, half ominous, half exultant, that could be called neither a shriek nor a growl, but was something made up of both; a vague roar of many human voices, a wave of angry sound dashed against the silent walls of night. Almost simultaneously a vivid light blazed out from the hollow. The two men stood still, gazed, listened, held their breath.

"Some homestead burnt! It is close by thy dwelling. My father! Pilgrim's Hatch is fired!" cried René, catching his companion's hand.

"Nay," answered Monsieur Sylvestre, smiling, though his knees had trembled at the fateful, and, alas! but too familiar sight. "I cannot believe that there are devils at work at this propitious hour. A hay-stack, perhaps, has been set on fire by its inward heat. Small misfortune's farmers must expect such sultry weather as this. Well, let us hasten forward and see for ourselves."



They set off running at a nimble pace, and every step proclaimed the awful truth but too plainly. Pilgrim's Hatch was blazing. To blind men there would have been ample signs of such a catastrophe in the tramp of hurrying feet, the rushing wind, the unwonted glare of the heavens, the sudden crash and sudden pause, the ebb and flow of the fiery current, the human awe expressed alike by the noise and silence of the spectators, the cries of frightened beasts, the indescribable commotion made up of all.

René and Monsieur Sylvestre were now in the midst of the cruel, heart-breaking scene; for no sooner had they leaped the little fence dividing the meadows from the orchards and stackyard of Pilgrim's Hatch than the whole truth broke upon them. Among the handful of lookers-on they had not a single friend. These half-drunken or wholly drunken men and lads, these yelling women and girls, were come hither, not to help them in their hour of need, after brotherly and sisterly fashion, but under the most diabolical leadership to work any mischief that opportunity offered. Among the quietest folds are sure to be one or two black sheep, and in this harmless, homely populace, evil counsellors, backed up by debauch and malice, were raging with tiger-like fury. They would show these accused foreigners, forsooth, whether they could do as they liked with good-living people. Who knew what wickednesses against God and man were propagated in their so-called Phalanstery? and if they had bewitched the first lady in the land into making a disgraceful marriage, what might not happen next?

When the very best behaved and most intelligent of the village folk were fairly beside themselves with puzzlement and mortification, little else but evil behaviour was to be looked for from the ill-favoured and the blockheads. Be that as it may, mischief had been set afoot somehow; and, once set afoot, there were not wanting aiders and abettors of it. Is there not a madman in us all? as some writer has said.

In the twinkling of an eye the two men were waked from dreams delicious to agonizing reality. The sweet, starry night, with fragrance of wild flowers and gentle ripple of brooklet, and thoughts of their beautiful Ingaretha, were clean gone—swept away, absorbed into a gloomy, disastrous limbo, without any beauty or pitying look of love. They were alone, two stray angels in hell were not lonelier; and they knew well enough, no need for a trumpet to proclaim

it, that not a hand would be raised to help them in this their hour of direst necessity.

"Mount our good Jack, and ride to St. Beowulf's for the engine!" cried Monsieur Sylvestre; "yet stay, our poor beasts must first be placed in safety. Surely some one will help us. Ho, there! Josh, Sam, Eben-ezer, will you desert your old friend on the eve of your lady's wedding? Water, bring water, for Miss Meadowcourt's sake!"

He stepped forth boldly amid the besotted crew, looking as fantastic a figure as the imagination can conceive, in his long purple mantle, golden girdle, and jewelled cap. Standing in the full flash of the conflagration, he waved aloft his magician's rod, face and figure glowing with unspeakably weird majesty.

There was a hush of clamouring voices and hurrying feet, a momentary feeling or instinct of awe, then a mad cry ran through the half-tipsy rabble, and the fire was forgotten.

As if by preconcerted signal—though most likely the attack, or, at least, the mode of it, was entirely unpremeditated—two or three of the ringleaders rushed upon the still unsuspecting old man.

"The wizard! the wizard!" cried one, and the cry was caught up by the rest. "Water, water for the wizard!"

In another moment the magician waved his wand, head erect, arms raised, figure calm and grandly posed, but for a moment only. Now he totters, now he drops his staff, now he falls. René, horror-stricken, rushes to the rescue. In vain. What can two men, one old, the other enfeebled by months of prison, do against so many? Struggling faintly in the rude embraces of his tormentors, Monsieur Sylvestre is borne to the little horse-pond he had loved so well, is thrust once, twice, thrice, into the rank water, amid loud laughter and cheers, is held down where the reeds and rushes grow thickest, buffeted, pelted, cruelly, knavishly, dishonourably handled, that starry, hitherto sweet summer night.

René turns upon the assailants like a madman, as he feels and, for the nonce, is indeed. He flings a few fiery words at the crowd. They pay no more heed than to shout derisively, "The bridegroom, do ye hear! the bridegroom! the bridegroom!"

"Cowards! villains! how dare ye?" he cried between his teeth; and, finding words of so little use, tries what blows can do. Wondrously enough—for after that long term of semi-existence in prison, his strength was

not great—he hurls one burly giant to the ground, attacks another harder to deal with, then is set upon by several; blow succeeds blow; the combatants grow desperate; blows flow freely; René, able to fight no longer, whether well or ill, hears a last sound from his comrade ere he too succumbs.

The melodious voice, though faint, penetrates that hateful din, and reaches poor René, comforting him a little—if anything could comfort him!

"They are still our brothers . . . forgive . . . forgive!"

#### CHAPTER L.—A GHOSTLY BANQUET.

MR. CAREW began to wonder what had become of his guests when eleven o'clock struck and neither Monsieur Sylvestre nor René made their appearance. The banquet was ready. The guests grew impatient. The bride waited in her chamber to pass into the hall, not red as a rose now, but pale as a lily. Would this long summer day never come to an end? she thought, weary alike of pain and pleasure.

During the last twelve hours she had gone through emotions enough to tire out the bravest woman under the sun; and then to-morrow the emotions were to begin again! To bid farewell to her maiden life, so sweet, so free, so dear to many, was not easy. To enter upon a new career with this man, so adored, admired, trusted, pitied, was not more easy. She could count upon his faith and his integrity; she knew that she need never dread the last affront to a true woman, namely, a changeful love; but there were other things that might come to pass, hardly less bitter. She could not help seeing, with the exquisite instinct of her sex, how, in spite of his own tact and discretion, in spite of reticence and self-sacrifice on her part, a certain disenchantment was possible.

These foreshadowings, vague as noontide cirri, floated across the mind of our poor weeping, smiling glad, sorry Ingaretha. Oh, would that the day were over, and the year, and five years! so that, the worst and best alike being known, she and René might live evenly, neither too much hoping, nor too much fearing!

She could not understand why no summons came for the banquet, and moved about impatiently; now altering the flower in her hair; now changing her shawl, her jewels; now frowning at herself in the glass. Why looked she so pale and weary, when it behoved her to be beautiful, above all other occasions in life? thought Ingaretha.

She heard a voice in the outer room, which was Ghenilda's boudoir, a man's voice, and yet not René's. Strange! Taking up her handkerchief, jewelled fan, and bouquet of white roses, she passed out.

It was Carew. He stood at the door of the little sitting room, importuning the maid for a word with Miss Meadowcourt.

"Come in," said the sweetest of all the voices then sounding through Wilbey Hall. "Are we never to have any supper and go home, Mr. Carew?"

He came forward, shut the door upon the indignant maid, then stood irresolute, not knowing where to begin. His manner troubled her, so strangely tender it was, so wholly unlike the calm, almost stately manner he had observed towards her throughout that eventful day.

What has happened?

Her face asked the question without a word. A new paleness, not of weariness, but of inquietude, overspread cheeks and brow. The queenly figure trembled. The noble head drooped. The little hands clung.

"Something most unexpected has happened," Carew answered, with all the cheerfulness he could assume. "Don't be frightened."

Then he got out the only words as best he could.

"Pilgrim's Hatch has been set on fire. I must go and give what help I can."

"And René and Monsieur Sylvestre?" asked Ingaretha quickly.

"They are there; but from all I can learn the village folk are drunk, and are making a row, so that I fear they can do but little. I will go at once—"

Still he stayed, held back by Ingaretha's beseeching look. She began to speak, stopped short, began again, and, for the second time, failed. Misgiving after misgiving crossed her mind during that short deliberation. A fire on the eve of her wedding day! The villagers drunk and disorderly! Monsieur Sylvestre and René alone and unaided amidst such a scene! All these facts put together looked ominous! Could it be that the unpopularity of her marriage had brought about such a catastrophe? She put away the hateful thought, and motioned Carew to go.

"Never mind the guests and the supper," she said, trying to smile, though he could see that her eyes were full of tears. "Go to them as fast as you can."

"And what will you do?" he asked, both to relinquish the intoxicating task of ammolitor. "Stay here with Ghenilda and the children."



"Why should I not return to the Abbey?" she answered, finding fresh cause for terror in every word. "My servants are surely sober?"

"Yes; but Wilbye is so much nearer to Pilgrim's Hatch than the Abbey, that you will hear news twice as soon by staying here."

Carew did not urge the real reason, namely, that if all was true he had just heard, she might encounter painful sights on the way. But she saw plainly enough that in spite of his quiet request, he was ready to go on his knees on behalf of the petition.

"It will be much better for you to stay with my sister. Do believe me when I say so," he added quite plaintively, and she consented.

"I will do anything you like, if you only go," she said in a half peremptory, half pleading voice. And without a word or look he was gone.

The maid, at a sign, shut the door upon her lonely lady and went away. In a few minutes Ghenilda rushed in to give Ingaretha, as she thought, a little courage and a good many kisses.

"My darling, my darling," she cried, "could anything have been more unlucky? A bridal feast without either bride or bridegroom! But why don't they eat the supper first and put out the fire afterwards? Well, I am frightfully hungry, so good-bye."

She ran back to put in her pretty head and say—

"I will send up something for you to eat, or bring it, if that would tempt you more. Don't fret yourself, sweetest. I am sure Carew need not have gone, nor the others either. A fire is soon put out, and there are always proper people to do unpleasant things."

With that she went away, her exhilaration at the success of the *fête* undaunted by what seemed a very secondary misfortune. The guests accepted her high spirits as a permission themselves to be unconcerned, and except for Euphrosyne's pitifully resigned face, no one would have supposed that anything unusual had happened. Maddio left his seat as soon as Ghenilda's explanation was made. Among that crowd of gorgeously dressed merry-makers Euphrosyne felt herself terribly alone. She was fain to fly to Ingaretha, but dared not. The splendour of satins and rubies seemed a mockery more bitter than she could bear. To her, also, this momentous day seemed interminable.

When at last the banquet ended, and the millinery-laden carriages rolled away one by one, she crept noiselessly to Ingaretha's

door, longing, yet not daring to enter. Once she knocked feebly, but no answer came. Then she went away, hiding herself in some quiet corner.

Meantime, Ingaretha was trying to coax time into speed somehow. She took up one book after the other, but the words bore no meaning. She walked backwards and forwards till the reflection of her own shadow in the looking-glass grew unbearable. She lighted a fire, in a momentary shiver of cold, then threw open the window, feeling as suddenly overwhelmed with heat. Flowers were on the table of the outer room, and wine and food, but the roses had no fragrance, the wine tasted bitter, the bread and meat nauseous. Was there nothing she could do to pass away this terrible interval of suspense?

The thought of Euphrosyne was not absent from her mind; but though Euphrosyne had never been dearer to her than now, though she had forgiven her from her heart and conscience long ago, she could not summon enough courage to seek her sympathy now. There is a coquetry in the sad as well as the joyful emotions. Men and women coyly refrain from and resist the comfort of their beloved ones, as youths and maidens withhold the long-sought-for sign of adoration and favour.

It was long past midnight when Ingaretha heard a quick footstep under her window. By this time the house had grown quiet, and she started up, thinking that Carew, or René, or some messenger had come. But the sound, instead of advancing, grew fainter and fainter, and soon died away.

It was Madame Sylvestre, who, unable any longer to endure suspense, had started off on foot and alone for Pilgrim's Hatch. The exploit to her was a trifle. In far-off Algérie she had performed many a one more difficult and hazardous. But in Ghenilda's household she knew that such an act would be an extraordinary precedent, and she waited therefore till she could slip out unobserved. After this little incident a long interval of perfect silence occurred. Cold, worn out, and sick at heart, Ingaretha was dreaming nightmare dreams on the sofa when a soft tap at the door caused her to wake up with a cry.

Carew had come back alone.

#### CHAPTER LI.—CAREW'S TIDINGS.

WAS it indeed Carew, or the mere semblance of what had so lately been his gracious, serene, harmonious self? Bespattered with mud, deathly pale, agonized, dismayed, he

looked more like some weatherbeaten, sorely-tried campaigner, than gentle poet bound on fair lady's bidding. So ghastly indeed was the news written on the unwonted disorder of his person and discomfiture of his face, that Ingaretha's first impulse was to draw back horrified. But the sound of her name uttered by the pleasant, familiar voice, and the look of sympathy shed upon her by well-known, kindly eyes, recalled her to herself; she came near him, and stood still, calmly awaiting whatever news he had to give.

The momentary radiance that overspread Carew's features as he met that pathetic look of appeal passed away. With almost a convulsive movement, he withdrew into the shadow, so that she might not see the misery written on his face. Then he dropped into a chair from sheer exhaustion. Ingaretha brought him a glass of water. He drank it like a man maddened with thirst. And the draught gave him strength to speak.

"I have brought you no good news," he said, with a ghastly smile. "It is all much worse than we thought."

"Where are Monsieur Sylvestre and René?" asked Ingaretha, looking straight at him with her large sad blue eyes.

"Oh, wait!" said Carew, with a look of indescribable wretchedness. "Let me begin at the beginning. How can I tell you?"

"Was Pilgrim's Hatch set on fire by our own people?" she asked, trembling in every limb. "Are they two safe?" she dared not ask now.

"It is monstrous—savage—diabolical!" he went on, almost wildly, "that on the eve of your wedding-day such a crime should be committed!"

He rose from his seat, took a turn in the room, then sat down again, covering his face with his hands.

"Were they two hurt—René and Monsieur Sylvestre?" asked Ingaretha, still maintaining outward composure. For Carew's sake, she was striving after self-mastery. His intense horror at whatever had happened, his pathetic endeavour to spare her, his almost childlike dilatoriness, were gradually preparing her for something very terrible.

At last she faltered out, averting her face:—

"There is no one else to tell me but you: of what use to wait?"

True enough. There was no one else to tell her but he, and the longer he waited, the harder became his task. He drew a deep sigh, and determined to have done with it, with hope, with happiness, with anything.

Life seemed a burden since Ingaretha's heart was to be broken.

"They are both hurt," he began—"so much hurt, indeed, that there is little hope." Then he gasped out, "God help you, poor child, they are dead!"

Whatever was Christianly, brotherly, manly, you may be sure Carew said to the sweet thing sobbing at his feet, imploring with bitter tears for some other news than this. "It cannot, cannot be!" she wailed. "Tell me it is not so! Take me to them! I know they are not dead!" and with other wild speeches, she clung to him, knelt to him, like a suppliant for the grace he could not give.

He ran to Ghénilda, thinking that in such an hour of supreme sorrow a woman's comfort might be best. And Ghénilda did what she could, though a very helpless little thing in times of trouble. She sobbed on Ingaretha's neck, and kissed her friend a dozen times, and coaxed her after babyish fashion into going to bed. Then she lay down by her side, put her arms around her, and babbled forth innumerable phrases of endearment. "Carew will tell you all in the morning," she said, parrying Ingaretha's question. "Don't let us cry ourselves ill," and so on; Ingaretha accepting her condolences passively and gratefully.

Whilst Ghénilda prattled on, thought after thought, each a physical torment, passed through her brain. What would become of Euphrosyne—poor, poor Euphrosyne? What was the use of sunshine without Monsieur Sylvestre to enjoy it? What was she to do with all the treasures stored up for René? Youth, happiness, hope had waited for him in vain, and now all seemed worthless. Oh! if she could only have made him happy for a year, for a little year, she could have renounced the rest. Who had done this cruel thing? And why had it been done?

Carew had withheld as many of the painful details as he could, but the truth stood out, stark, appalling, ghastly. Monsieur Sylvestre had been murdered, and René, in attempting to rescue him, had met his death blow, whether intentional or no, seemed to alter the fact very little. Oh! the horror of it, the horror of it! she moaned, the fair head tossing wildly, the golden tresses deluged with tears. Oh, the horror of it! and then she would shrink from the isolation she had sought, and fling herself into Ghénilda's arms.

"Don't think of the wickedness," Ghénilda said. "It is enough to have the sorrow; who knows but that it may have been mere



accident after all? Carew may have misunderstood, or the people may have been too frightened to know what they said. Try to sleep, dearest. Now, don't you think if I brought little Micheldever into bed and put him in your arms, it would comfort you? Never were arms so soft as his, and he looks so pretty in his little nightgown, and he will kiss you and pet you. Yes, I must fetch him."

Ingaretha had no fancy for the child's arms around her just then. She felt suffocated already, but of course Ghenilda had her way. The end of it was that the little boy, not liking to be taken from his lordly crib, screamed and kicked so violently that he was sent away. Ghenilda retired to her dressing-room to send off telegrams to China, and Ingaretha got some quiet. Would day never come, she thought one moment! and the next, if only night and silence and darkness would remain to her for ever and ever! What had she to do with sunshine and singing any more? Life had turned its back upon her, hitherto smiling, seductive, so dearly loved life! It seemed as if no friend were left in heaven or earth to poor widowed, orphaned Ingaretha. For years she had been striving to do her very best with the destiny intrusted to her, shaping it tenderly, breathing over it softly, praying, hoping, aspiring, and just when something like the ideal began to shine through the clay, came a thunder-clap, smiting both worker and image. She could never, never, begin the work again. Where she had fallen, there she must lie till friendly death should beckon.

#### CHAPTER LII.—EUPHROSYNE'S VISION.

UNDER the clear light of stars Euphrosyne set out in quest of evil fortune. She had cast aside her splendid festive robe, not without a certain melancholy feeling of satisfaction. All through the day, the incongruity existing between her real and fictitious self—the first so full of gloomy foreboding, the second so gay and gala-like, had been present with her, and now the two were severed, a voice within whispered, For ever!

She passed through the park at a brisk pace, following the path that her husband and René had taken a few hours before. Sad as she was, and unquiet as she was, the divine beauty of the summer night touched her spirit with self-enchantment. More than once a prayer escaped her lips. To whom did she pray? To the great creative Spirit of the universe? To the solitary star that lingered, as if out of sympathy with her

sorrow? To the perfume of close-shut flowers? To the exquisite hues that heralded the day? To the day itself, that dawned at last, lovely, peaceful, gracious? She knew not. She only prayed, and the act comforted her.

As she trudged along the open road, a loud noise of wheels and horses' feet broke the stillness. It came nearer and nearer. She shrank into the hedge, for it seemed as if vehicle and horses would make way for no one. It was the St. Beowulf fire-brigade, hastening towards Pilgrim's Hatch.

A little while after, she heard a steady sound of tramping footsteps, and again she hid herself in the friendly shadow of the hedge. This time it was a company of six policemen, who were also making the best of their way towards the fire, dropping ominous words as they went.

She hastened forward, but her strength failed her strangely. She felt held back, as if in a dream, by some supernatural, implacable power. Now her knees trembled; now her feet stumbled; now she was impelled into a wrong path; now into a miry place. Of all her journeys made on foot this was surely the most disastrous. Yet how fair and peaceful was this summer dawn!

The mist vanished from the meadows. The grey earth was gradually warmed with tender light, the birds began to twitter and chirp, the insects ecstatically hummed everywhere. The beautiful life and activity of nature had begun afresh.

She trudged on, till at last she came within a few hundred yards of Pilgrim's Hatch. A thrill passed through her at the thought of encountering her husband. Was he brave enough to bear up against this crowning misfortune? If his spirit quailed now, what could she do to comfort him?

She sat down, almost fainting with suspense. As yet the place was not in sight, and she could only foretell what had happened by strange sounds and dimly-outlined sights, weird, unfamiliar, prophetic. For instance, a little pet calf trotted past her, moaning helplessly. Where was its dam, and what terror had driven the hapless being hither alone? Again, the cart-horses had got out of the stable, and were standing at the meadow-gate, with a human look of desolation and homelessness. Then there was an unwonted clucking of fowls and squeaking of pigs; authoritative cries of unknown voices in command; disastrous sounds; solemn pauses, suffocating smells of burning wood and straw—signs innumer-

able of the great calamity, the full measure of which she had come to learn.

Whilst resting thus, overwhelmed physically and morally with a crushing sense of her woes and helplessness, one of two things must have happened. Either she slept, and in her dreams saw, as not infrequently happens in times of acute emotion, the vivid semblance of the invisible reality—in other words, she was conscious of what took place without knowing it; or, and the one case is as likely as the other, she saw what was real and tangible, and mistook it for the phantasmagoria of dreams. Be this as it may, what she saw whilst she sat thus, mute, motionless, electrified, was this:—

Four men came by, bearing on their shoulders a burden that glittered in the sharp morning light. Kingly, imperial, almost god-like was the figure, lying so softly on rude improvised bier, arms folded, head resting softly, limbs in decent and decorous repose, the silken locks of white hair gently stirred by the first breeze of day. Golden mantle and purple robe fluttered a little, but otherwise all was still and grand. Who had died in this remote Suffolk village of such majestic stature, such unparalleled beauty, that the whole place seemed magnified, sanctified, deified by the presence of the dead!

Euphrosyne rose from her seat and sprang forward, crying: "My husband, my life!" then fell back in a swoon. The spectacle passed on. A second time came four men hastily forwards, bearing on their shoulders a helpless burden, not enveloped gorgeously like the first, but noteworthy nevertheless. René, so beautiful in life, had gained no ugliness in death, rather a marble-like tranquillity, and look of resignation, that in life had been wanting.

A little crowd of women and children followed in the rear. One kindly creature fell back and ministered to the poor, horror-struck, paralysed thing lying by the roadside.

When Euphrosyne recovered herself the sun had risen, and in the full light of it stood a familiar figure. Mr. Minifie, for it was he, had alighted from his horse, fastening it to a tree opposite, on purpose to see what could be done for her. He was a hard, unsympathetic man, and doubtless, if the truth were made clear, rejoiced inwardly that punishment had overtaken these mischief-makers: nay, to his influence might be traced the bad feelings that had brought about such a murderous catastrophe. Yet he was moved by

the spectacle of Euphrosyne's desolation so far as to offer the best consolation at hand.

"Come along with me," he said, lifting her not ungently from the ground. "My wife shall put you to bed and do for you as if you were a sucking baby. What's the use of waiting here all by yourself? your grand friends have got enough to think about. Come along."

The last coarse touch, though well meant, decided her to accept his offer. Yes, true enough, Ingaretha and Mr. Carew had enough to trouble them without her, and Mrs. Minifie was an angel of kindness, in spite of her half-crazed ways. She got up, but strength failed her, and Mr. Minifie saw that to get her to the farm on foot was impossible. So a cart-horse tumbril was fetched, and into it, helpless as a baby, was put Euphrosyne, begging piteously, from time to time, to be taken to her husband. "Don't heed what she says," Mr. Minifie said to the driver. "The sooner we get the poor soul put to bed and give her something to quiet her the better, for we've enough to do to-day."

Euphrosyne listened trembling. What did he mean to give her? Absinthe, laudanum, or some anodyne more potent still? No, she would go on her knees to Mrs. Minifie rather than submit to that. They should find her submissive in all else, but she would never consent to forego the use of her senses at such a time.

If she only dared to fly to Ingaretha!

But no sooner had she crossed the threshold than the dreaded Mr. Minifie disappeared, and she knew well enough that from her helplessness she had nothing to fear. At first it seemed as if Mrs. Minifie looked upon words as the only panacea for human woes. After talking without pause for the best part of an hour, she, however, began to bestir herself. A bell was got ready, some of her own scarecrow nightclothes were put upon unresisting Madame Sylvestre, food was brought, and utterly worn out with the suffering of the last few hours, she rested a little.

When an hour or two later Mr. Minifie came in, for once he was greeted with a pleasant look.

"I've done my best," she said. "She's quiet for a time."

"We've enough on our hands without looking after her," growled Mr. Minifie. "Give me something to eat."

"How scared you look!" Mrs. Minifie said.

"So would you if you had seen what I have seen," Mr. Minifie rejoined. "I



suppose two or three of 'em will hang for it."

"Of whom?" asked Mrs. Minifie, in her turn looking frightened.

"Do hold your tongue. When people put others out of the way, they generally hang for it, don't they?"

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! the poor ignorant things. I don't believe they meant to do any mischief," said Mrs. Minifie, crying. "I hope our Joe and his brother Ebenezer ain't in the scrape."

"I wouldn't say they are or they ain't. It's a bad job for 'em all."

Mr. Minifie made a hearty breakfast without uttering another syllable. Mrs. Minifie sat on a low stool and cried till he fairly gave her to understand that she must either control herself or quit his delectable society. She then sat down and ate and drank also.

#### CHAPTER LIII.—CAREW EX-CATHEDRA.

COULD it be true? Had the day, begun so goldenly, ended in bitterness, in hatred, in death? Under this beneficent sun, on this smiling soil, had a tragedy been committed, fearful and blood-stained as any sung by the old Greek poets? Were this apparently matchless couple, boasting on the one hand of sweetness, stateliness, goodness, and beauty, on the other of fiery protelarian virtues, sorely-tried faith, passionate love of humanity, devotion to freedom, and other qualities wholly poetic and ideal, sundered by the most dreaded of the Fates, black-robed Atropos, armed with the fatal scissors?

Like a spectre dawned the day that was to have been the fairest of all the seasons—grey, cold, stricken with an inarticulate almost human dread. A creeping terror spread over the place, seizing alike the old man and the infant, the strong and the weak. On whose head would fall the fearful punishment of such fearful crime? There was not a family in the hamlet of Peasemarch which had not good grounds for trembling in its shoes, since some member or other had been present at the fire.

But who had struck the first match and dealt the first blow?

Ay, there was the question that sent mothers, wives, and sweethearts flying to each other for comfort, advice, anything in the way of friendly words! All day long there was sobbing, wringing of the hands, and praying among the women; stupid, ill-concealed suspense and fear among the men. The end of the misery none could see. Of Ingaretha's sorrow few thought just then. At an early

hour the authorities of the place were astray—Mr. Whitelock, Mr. Stapleton, Mr. Minifie, and the churchwardens. Mr. Whitelock's first thought was Ingaretha. How would her haughty spirit bear this blow? Would she bow in meekness or hold up her head in defiance? He determined to see her if possible, and try once more to bend that proud will. She would surely not refuse to see the parish priest, the shepherd of those poor misguided sheep which had gone so far, so fearfully astray. There were obstacles which he had not taken into account. Ingaretha was Ghenilda's guest, and to be Ghenilda's guest was the same thing as to be Carew's. Both brother and sister knew well enough that for the present Mr. Whitelock's presence would be as unwelcome to their poor Ingaretha as frosts in May, and quietly, though firmly, resisted.

"Grievous, indeed, although I must admit well-merited, is the punishment that has overtaken my poor parish," began the rector. "I could but look for some signs of the divine displeasure, seeing how for the past year the people and those who set themselves up as their teachers offended not only the laws of social custom and the prejudices of right-minded conservatism, but, alas! the cardinal points of theological teaching. And now the innocent will suffer for the guilty."

"Oh, Mr. Whitelock!" cried Ghenilda, bursting into indignant tears, "how can you say that? The guilty are every one of those who had a hand in this horrid affair, and I hope they will all be severely punished. Not one should be spared—no, not one—if I were the judge."

"Mr. Whitelock is after all right, dear," Carew said, with sorrowful sarcasm. "The innocent will suffer for the guilty. These poor people 'knew not what they did.'"

"Of course one can but look upon them as passive instruments of heavenly judgment," continued the rector, not seeing the drift of Carew's meaning. "They must be undoubtedly brought to punishment; but in this case, seeing what fearful heresies through their agency have been uprooted, justice should surely be tempered with mercy. Why, a hundred or two hundred years back they would have been looked upon as benefactors of the Church and humanity."

Carew was silent.

Ghenilda's cheek flushed, but she too held her peace.

"Do not misjudge me, I pray you," the rector went on. "If I speak of the dead with undue severity, you must grant that I do not do so without grounds. We live in a

period perhaps the most critical the world has ever seen. Our beloved country, hitherto the stronghold of a State Church and monarchical government, is rapidly becoming leavened with free thought and republicanism. To avert the evil day, to stave off as long as may be the spread of free discussion and the ascendancy of the people, is all that is left to us—once a class honoured before all, now so despised that even the education of the poor is taken out of our hands! How can I, a minister of that holy Church,

an upholder of that time-honoured government, do otherwise than wage war against their enemies? And you must admit that of their enemies those two unhappy men were the most determined and implacable."

"I have no inclination to enter into a discussion about my poor friends' political or religious opinions," Carew answered. "I, for my part, appraise a man according to his character—and theirs were true, good, noble. Nothing will ever make me alter that opinion."



"But they made a tool of Miss Meadowcourt—they despoiled her of her substance—they inveigled her into contracting a scandalous marriage—they made her turn her back upon her old friends—nay, they tempted her from the path of orthodoxy, of family tradition, I may say of social duty; and you call these men true, good, noble! What am I to think of such sentiments coming from a Churchman and a gentleman? My dear sir, pray do not allow your feelings to be carried thus far ahead of your reason."

"What is reason?" asked Carew bitterly.

"If it is unreasonable to weep for men like these, then I say blessed be unreason. Is it not enough that Ingrida—Miss Meadowcourt—loved them? Could a woman like that love anything evil or impure? My blood boils at the merest suggestion of your words. Pray forgive me for saying so. Orthodoxy, family tradition, social duty! Heavens! is not Miss Meadowcourt something better than all these? Whatever she does must be good and beautiful; whatever she upholds, worthy and true."

"Miss Meadowcourt, no more than any



other daughter of Eve, is free from the taint of sin," the rector pursued; "and I trust she will be brought by these unhappy circumstances to see where she has done amiss. Had she listened to me in the first instance, the evil would have been averted; but, with the obstinacy of her sex, she pursued her own ways, and they have led her into this pitfall."

"And now the only thing we have to do is to comfort her as much as possible," Ghenilda said, looking significantly at Carew. He motioned her to go, saying, in a low voice, "We had better settle that matter without you, dear."

She went away, and then Carew began:—

"It is Miss Meadowcourt's earnest wish that her poor friends should both be buried in the churchyard of her parish. She has indicated the spot to me, and perhaps you will kindly let me show it to you."

Mr. Whitelock looked aghast.

"There are difficulties in the way, great difficulties. You forget that neither Monsieur Sylvestre nor his companion has been made eligible by holy baptism for Christian burial."

"If you object to perform that service, only signify your wishes at once," Carew said very coldly, "and we will find some one else to take your place."

"But there are other difficulties in the way . . ."—and the rector hesitated.

"Oh! why this waste of words?" Carew cried in an agony of impatience. "I thought the time was gone by when superstitions such as these enslaved the souls of men. Good God! Is not the spirit better than the symbol?—the soul of a thing better than its name? I know not what fits a human being for Christian burial, unless it be a good life. Cannot goodness take many shapes? and who shall say that their lives were not good?"

"Alas! alas! are we all mad?" cried the rector. "Who could have foreseen this terrible perversion? And amongst the most enlightened of my flock. Mr. Carew, it is impossible that we can reason together, feeling and judging, as we do, so diametrically opposite on vital points. Let us forbear further discussion for the present, lest, in undue

heat, we may say things we should afterwards be sorry for."

"With all my heart," Carew said.

They shook hands frigidly, and the rector went.

Carew shut himself in his room, and gave way to a passion of self-pitying, indignant, miserable thought.

"Oh," he said, "why have I undertaken duties for which I am no more fitted than a child?"

He was tender and patient as a woman, but lacked the faculty of doing disagreeable practical things in a happy way. This encounter with Mr. Whitelock might have ended very differently had his antagonist persuaded, coaxed, temporised. It would have been far more after Carew's nature to persuade, coax, temporise; but just because he was placed by chance in a dilemma for which he was not fitted, he was not true to himself—his genial, gracious, pliable self—but behaved like an entirely different person. Irascible, obstinate, stern, Mr. Whitelock might well wonder what had bewitched the foremost, and hitherto suavest, of his parishioners.

It was a bitter day for all in that once peaceful Suffolk village, alike for rich and poor, lofty and insignificant. But the misfortune of others seldom comes without some abatement, in the shape of self-congratulation to ourselves. Carew could not help feeling, in the midst of his agonized distraction, how good and sweet it was to have Ingaretha leaning on him now. The rector, though sincerely grieved for the beautiful white lamb that had gone astray to her sorrow, was heartily glad at the just punishment inflicted upon wrong-doing. Ghenilda, who, in spite of her warm and outspoken admiration for René, had never from her heart acquiesced in the ill-starred betrothal, was already saying to herself that Providence has worked ill that good may come; Ingaretha might yet be happy; and unequal marriages are always miserable. All is for the best.

Poor heart-sick, soul-sick Ingaretha, pillowed in tear-wet golden hair, knew that only Euphrosyne sorrowed as she sorrowed, and dared not ask for her yet. Thus passed this woeful wedding-day.



## SCHOOL-LESSONS IN HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

BY MRS. WILLIAM SHAEN.

IT is rather a perilous undertaking just now to propose a fresh subject of instruction for girls. A little while ago every one was asking what new branches of knowledge could best be introduced into our new educational schemes: now the more pressing inquiry seems to be, what topics can safely be left out. Time-tables, though elastic, have their limits; and to squeeze a due amount of science, art, and general culture into the hours between breakfast and tea-time, while leaving sufficient space for play and physical training, is not an easy task. Before the ground is entirely occupied, however, I should like to bespeak a place for an unpretending subject, which seems likely to be kept out of sight by the crowd of more imposing studies. Housekeeping may be a commonplace matter, but it is the one art which every woman is certain to have to practise at some time in her life, and a knowledge of it ought surely therefore to be secured to her, as an essential part of her education. And if the startling calculation be correct, that English middle-class girls commonly devote about five thousand hours of their school-life to the piano as against six hundred given to arithmetic, one cannot help thinking that a small slice off the thousands might well be spared for teaching them how to take care of their future homes.

As to what housekeeping consists in, there seems, however, to be considerable difference of opinion. Gentlemen are apt to identify it with cooking, and in the outpourings of masculine discontent which from time to time effervesce in the newspapers, we usually see it taken for granted that "good cookery is the want of the age," bad dinners the bane of English life, and the best housewife she who has best studied Francatelli or Cre-fydd. Ladies do not often take so low and narrow a view of the matter, but even they are not quite agreed as to the scope of the occupation. Many look upon it as a small affair, to be disposed of in ten minutes of a day otherwise devoted to culture, philanthropy, or gossip: many more feel it to be a heavy business, tasking and absorbing all their powers. Some think that it should be learnt exclusively at home; others that it can be studied to better advantage at school. Still we believe most of us are now convinced that the art, whatever it is, ought to be cultivated somewhat more systematically than

has hitherto been done; and the present attempt to put the subject in a practical form will, I trust, be candidly received by partisans of all sections.

By far the most formidable objection to teaching domestic economy in schools comes from those who condemn all technical training whatever, as tending to lower the tone of education and degrade its aims. This evil can hardly arise, however, unless the special aims are allowed to usurp the place of the higher and larger ones; and, in point of fact, much that is technical is necessarily included in all education, however liberal. The pence table is technical knowledge, absolutely needful in England, utterly useless elsewhere; but we do not on that account derry it in favour of the multiplication table, which holds good for all humanity—we teach them both. And, in the same way, to give girls the special kinds of knowledge that fit them for their special duties as wives and mothers, need in no degree interfere with their personal intellectual development, which has aims of its own. The admirable scheme of instruction adopted last summer by the London School Board includes domestic economy in its carefully sifted list of discretionary subjects, although its whole plan is evidently designed to raise the standard of primary education above what is merely required for earning a livelihood.

If, however, girls are to be really taught how to take care of a house and of the people who live in it, they should begin at the beginning of the subject, and in this way many things will come easily to them which present a mere tangle of difficulties when taken up at the wrong end.

1. *Housekeeping.* In the first place they ought to understand something of the external construction of a house, and of what builders call its "fitting." The mechanism connected with water-supply, gas, and bells, could be easily explained to them, as well as the construction of a kitchen range, and their notions of hydrostatics and pneumatics would be all the clearer for an actual inspection of ball-cocks and cisterns, ovens and chimneys. Smoky chimneys may seem too transcendental a subject for a school room; but without diving into its deeper mysteries, young people might be told the commonest causes and cures of this calamity, including the wise and unwise modes of lighting a fire and putting on coals.



Any ordinary house with its ordinary grievances of gas escapes and leaking pipes, bells that will not ring, shutters that will not shut, and windows that will not open, would furnish abundant examples; and if ordinary housekeepers had more knowledge on these matters, they would no longer be at the mercy of every workman coming in "to do a job," or of every cook declaring that "the oven wouldn't draw."

2. *Furniture.* It may seem pedantic to insist that school-girls should not only be taught what houses are made of, but also how furniture is put together; yet surely the construction of our tables and chairs is as important to us as that of multivalve and bivalve shells, and decidedly easier to remember. The difference between good carpentering, with its morticing and dovetailing, and the bad joinery in which nails and glue form the chief means of adhesion, may be seen by merely comparing the workmanship of a well-made and an ill-made work-box; and half an hour's lesson over pots and pans, brooms and kitchen utensils, would give a girl an amount of insight into common things which it often takes years of costly experience for her to acquire in after life. We can imagine the consternation in some of our huge furnishing establishments if the young brides, who now give their orders with such sweet unconsciousness, were beheld turning up chairs and pulling out drawers, to examine the merits of the joinery; or peering into saucepans and coal-scuttles, to see how they would stand wear and tear. And perhaps the alarm might be equally great in the kitchen if it were discovered that "mistress" knew exactly how long things ought to last, as well as how they ought to be kept meanwhile, and objected to the rapid destruction which now goes on, often less from wilful carelessness than from simple want of intelligence alike in servants and in those who direct them.

3. *Cleaning.* We now come to one of the most important branches of household management, yet one which scarcely any lady ever attempts to acquaint herself with in a systematic manner. To keep thoroughly clean all the various materials composing a house-interior and its furniture, is evidently a complicated art, requiring considerable knowledge, zeal, and skill: yet we are content to leave it all to uneducated maids who have never heard of Miss Nightingale's "Notes on Nursing," have no horror of organic matter, and are quite content if they wipe the dust off mantel-pieces and what-nots, while leaving it in thick layers upon the tops of wardrobes,

bedsteads, and all surfaces out of sight. It is true that we shudder as we read "Dust and Disease," and almost wonder to find ourselves still alive, after having breathed for so many years the noxious compound of detritus and gases called air: but as we close the book we relapse into a vague hope that the world after all may not be quite so bad a place as Professor Tyndall paints it, and after a few faint efforts at improvement, we allow our rooms to resume their accustomed grittiness. Whether it is possible ever to keep a town house really clean is, I admit, an open question; but until refined and intelligent women give their minds to it, we cannot even tell how much may be done, and how much must be despaired of.

And the difficulty is an increasing one. If we compare our lot with that of our grandmothers, in their sparsely furnished parlours and simpler mode of life, we see that their task was a much easier one than ours is. We crowd our drawing-rooms with ottomans, curtains, and knickknacks, and our nurseries with toys, while our dress grows more multifarious and cumbersome every day: in fact, in our English love of comfort, we go on surrounding ourselves with ever fresh conveniences, until we hardly know which way to turn. Now all these conveniences have one quality in common,—that they "collect the dirt," as servants say; and thus they make fresh trouble for us on the one hand, while designed to save it on the other. I do not urge that the young ladies of a household should actually dust the china or brush the curtains, though they might do worse things; but they certainly ought to know the right way of cleansing everything in a house, from floors and walls to crockery and stew-pans.

4. *Food.* Comparatively well-trodden ground lies here before us. All allow that women ought to know more or less of cookery, and in some schools the physiology of nutrition, with its relation to the chief articles of food in common use, is now, most wisely, included among the subjects of instruction. This forms an excellent foundation, and there is surely no reason why the pupils should not next be taught how to judge of the good and bad qualities of these articles themselves, which is, in fact, the art of marketing. Samples of most of them, such as milk, bread, butter, and groceries of all sorts, should be shown and examined, accompanied by specimens of the commoner adulterated forms of these. Teaching of this kind might be made to fit in with the scientific object-lessons so strongly recommended by Pro-

fessor Huxley; and the girls would care none the less for their chemistry when they found that marmalade and bon-bons came within its range. Fraudulent tradesmen, too, might have misgivings if they discovered that in every girls' school in the parish, samples of their deceptive wares were being passed from hand to hand, and sharply scrutinised by bright and knowing eyes.

Here, however, a serious difficulty comes across our path. Meat and game, fish and vegetables, could not well be exhibited at an object-lesson, yet if our dinner-tables are to reap the benefit of our teaching, these important items must not be omitted. We all know the uncivil comparisons that some gentlemen are apt to draw between club-dinners and home ones, and how it hurts a wife's feelings to be told, on making a rueful apology for waxy potatoes, "Well, I know nothing of *your* greengrocer except his bills, but I always get capital potatoes at the club." Perhaps the wife sighs, and wishes that she knew where the club steward bought his supplies, but is met by the cutting remark, "Well, you ought to know as much about shopping as he does, I'm sure." Now, alas! this is perfectly true; but the question is, how is she to do it? Without attempting an answer, I will only ask, why should not girls learn all these matters of detail during the years when they have no cares to hamper them? Is it too Utopian to suggest that a competent teacher might take her class to a market just as simply as they are now often taken to a museum, and in this way might give them all necessary information upon the spot?

The art of keeping food in a wholesome and palatable condition is quite as important as that of marketing, and as seldom taught. Young housewives pick up a little knowledge of it for themselves when they come to have a larder and storeroom of their own; but it could be learnt much more systematically at school, where it might be linked on to lessons in chemistry. The well-worn topic of cookery may be passed over with only one remark, namely, that while practice should not be neglected, it is still more essential that the principles of all culinary processes should be thoroughly understood. Those of leavening, baking, roasting, and the other usual modes of preparing food, ought to be so mastered that a girl, when an ill-dressed dish appears upon the table, should not only be able to point out its defects, but also to tell (or at least to guess) whence they have arisen. It would be superfluous to go into the details of a subject on which practical experience

so abounds, and good books are so plentiful; but a teacher should take care that her pupils appreciate its full extent, and respect it accordingly, and do not imagine good cookery to be a mere affair of clever recipes for cheap or dainty dishes.

Nor must actual practice be undervalued, though it has hitherto often been cultivated to the neglect of theory in this branch of household education; and the whole result has therefore been unintelligent and incomplete. To the poor the importance of experimental knowledge of culinary matters is so great, that undoubtedly practical teaching in cookery ought to be given in all primary schools where the expense it involves does not form an insuperable difficulty; and any available spare funds could hardly be more usefully employed than in providing the appliances and materials required for such instruction. For young women of the middle-class, training of this kind is very desirable, and to intending emigrants (an increasing section of the community) it is indispensable.

5. *Clothing.* Girls' love of dress is a stock subject for reprehension; but instead of declaiming against it, might we not endeavour to turn it to account? In order to improve their morals and repress their vanity we tell them that dress is a frivolous concern, unworthy of much serious attention; let us rather teach them that it is one involving some duty, some trouble, and a good deal of pleasure. They are quite right in taking pains to "look nice;" but wholesomeness, comfort, and economy will have to be thought of as well as beauty, and if our young housewives are to know how to secure all these, some little preparation is needed to fit them for their task. The amount of preparation needed would of course depend to some extent on the social position of the pupils, but all should understand the general principles of cutting out, and should know something of the different materials employed. Good taste is perhaps a thing that it is impossible to teach; but if girls were led to see the relation of clothing to health and gracefulness, such fashions as tight lacing, high heels, and the Grecian bend would be looked upon with repugnance as well as disapproval.

Plain sewing is an art which every woman can and ought to carry to perfection, and as it is the only one in the whole range of education, masculine or feminine, in which this high ideal is attainable, let us make the most of our distinction. Of late years it has been somewhat neglected; but no girl ought to leave school without having thoroughly



mastered it, from the rudimentary hemming up to the higher branches of mending, patching, and darning. These require not only manual dexterity, but also inventiveness, power of adaptation, and common sense to judge what is worth doing and what is labour thrown away, and are thus an exercise of intellect no less than of skill. The use of a sewing-machine should also be taught, and the principles of its construction sufficiently explained to enable the pupils to use it intelligently, and with less risk of putting it out of order. These machines seem hitherto to have been employed rather to multiply the number of stitches put into garments, than to economise the time spent in needlework. Dress was both prettier and more convenient fifteen years ago than it is now; and if the total quantity of work put into it could be reduced to what it was at that time, the use of machines would now set free a considerable amount of time and labour which might be employed advantageously in other directions.

6. *Health.* There is a certain amount of knowledge on this subject which ought to be as universal a part of education as writing is; yet it is quite as important to stop short at the right point, and not to direct the attention of the young too much to their own minute physical sensations. Some of the chief physiological laws of life may be explained to them, and a good deal of practical information can be given as to the ways in which our physical well-being is affected by the arrangements of our daily life. They should be taught, for instance, the importance of ventilation, of good water-supply, and of admitting plenty of actual sunshine, as well as light, into our rooms. Many of the sanitary reasons for maintaining efficient household cleanliness, and for airing bedding and wearing-apparel, can also be made clear to them, and they should be told the first and simplest precautions to be resorted to in case of ordinary accidents. Perhaps there is no great danger, as yet, of teaching of this kind being carried too far, still it is a risk that should not be lost sight of, since it would tend to interfere with that wholesome unconsciousness which is one of the most important elements in the life of children.

7. *Money.* Domestic account-keeping requires no knowledge of arithmetic beyond what is ordinarily gained at school, but the pupils should be taught how to keep a ledger, balance a cash-book, check tradesmen's accounts, and also how to calculate averages, in order to estimate rates of expenditure. Probably it would be unwise to attempt more

than this in the higher grades of schools, but in the primary ones it would be an excellent thing for the girls to receive complete instruction in the management of money, if their parents' jealousy did not stand in the way. All who have seen much of the poor know the waste that often goes on, even in respectable families, from their custom of letting money slip through their fingers without planning beforehand how it can best be laid out. District visitors can do little to rectify a rooted habit of this kind: but the elder girls in a school could easily be taught how, for instance, to make the most out of a given sum of wages, and at what rate a household ought to lay by in summer to provide for the winter expenses. In the middle classes young women have plenty of opportunity for studying economical matters at home, but it is to be wished that they used their opportunities better than they usually do. Were knowledge of this kind more general among women, it would often enable them to produce a greater amount of comfort in daily life out of the same amount of expenditure; and the practice of providing for the future might probably be carried out more universally and systematically than it now is, and much needless anxiety would thus be saved. It is uncertainty on these matters, not thoughtfulness, which causes the aimless frugality and unnecessary prudence that are sometimes mistaken for true economy. Thrift means thriving, not pinching: "waste nothing, grudge nothing," is the golden maxim for a housewife.

The course of instruction sketched in the preceding pages may perhaps be thought too meagre, especially on the ornamental side; but if it is so, the materials for its expansion are abundant and obvious. In educating, as in ciphering, Addition is the easy rule to practise, Subtraction the more difficult one, and Proportion the hardest of all. My great fear has been of proposing to attempt too much, as this would not only encroach on the claims of higher studies, but might also provoke opposition from those parents who are already disposed to regard the whole subject as a superfluous one. Many will be ready to say to us, "Surely you do not think it necessary for girls of refined intellect to acquire all the knowledge wanted by cooks, grocers, builders, and linen-draperers." We reply, Certainly not: it is unnecessary for the Queen to know how to steer a ship, manufacture a cartridge, or write a Chinese despatch; but she must be able to ensure that all needful details are rightly executed by those whose business it is to do so, and

every woman should know how to ensure this in her own sphere, whether small or large. Some very judicious persons object altogether to giving the systematic instruction here recommended to girls while at school, on the ground that it would have a tendency to make them self-important at home, and imagine that they knew more about house-keeping than their mothers did. This would be a serious evil if it arose, but much might be done to prevent its occurrence. And the danger is perhaps not so great as might appear at first sight, for young people are much less apt to be conceited about what they do as a part of their regular school-work, and are scolded or praised for it accordingly, than about what they attempt on the voluntary principle and in the exercise of their own private judgment. When a girl writes a verse-translation for a literature-lesson, and does it pretty well, she is far less disposed to be vain of her performance than when she composes a poem, "intended for no human eye," up in her own room at night, and does it very badly. Thus we may hope that pupils who had worked steadily through the course here suggested, would be less anxious to show off their accomplishments than some young and untaught housekeepers are when they first try their wings among jellies and account-books.

So far, indeed, from encouraging self-conceit, there seems to be much in this sort of study to promote sobriety of character, and that due balance of all the mental activities which produces common sense. This faculty, though of course aided by all culture, is the one least developed in the ordinary course of school teaching, and may even be injured by it, if the physical powers are overtasked. On the other hand these lessons, while on their practical side affording a relief to the strain of continued head-work, would on their theoretical side call out exactly that sense of order and fitness, and that power of adapting means to ends which are needed to regulate a great variety of intellectual pursuits going on at the same time. Women in their home life have to keep in constant exercise the power of instantly recognising the relative *importance* of different objects and occupations, all claiming their attention at once, and all in themselves right and desirable. Men appear to need less of it in their business pursuits, from the greater regularity and sameness of their work. It is a faculty as frequently deficient in gifted minds as in ordinary ones, and is of slow growth in all: though not identical with the

moral instinct, it is closely akin to it, and both are developed by a study which, like the one I am advocating, gives insight into the wants of others, cultivates the habit of discrimination, and strengthens the sense of responsibility.

Another advantage to be hoped for as a result of teaching of this kind would be that it might improve the relations between mistresses and servants, which seem at present in a somewhat chaotic condition. So far as this is owing to the deficiencies of the latter class, a gradual amelioration may be looked for from the influence of a good general education in the primary schools; and the thorough technical instruction here proposed would certainly help to promote this on the moral side no less than on the practical, because it would tend to give servants a respect for their own vocation and to make them feel that their dignity consisted in understanding their business and doing it well, not in despising it. But much of the evil must be traced to the incompetence of mistresses, which leaves them helpless in the hands of those whom they ought to rule. In the present state of things many a woman when she first marries can scarcely be said to have fair play, for she has to pick up from her own domestics and her trading people the knowledge which she ought to bring with her as part of her dowry when she first enters her new home. She gives contradictory orders, finds fault in the wrong place, and is irritated by her own inefficiency; her servants grow impertinent and exacting, and at last she is glad to leave the management of affairs to them, and to take refuge in less unpleasant occupations. We do not indeed wish our daughters to grow up models of unmitigated good sense, or to take pattern by those all accomplished "mistresses," whose eyes seem to be everywhere at once, whose infallibility it is always inopportune to question, and whose husbands too under a despotism softened only by dissimulation. Such clever people are very provoking, and a lady has no need to concern herself with all the details of her servants' work; still she ought surely to aim at possessing what is considered essential in all other kinds of departments, namely, knowledge enough to test the information she receives from her subordinates, to guide their action, and to combine their resources, and judgment enough to determine for herself the ends to be sought and the means to be chosen for attaining them. Thus working under her instinctively gauge her power of doing all these



things, estimate her accordingly, and proportion their obedience to their estimation: she on her side is probably sufficiently alive to the necessity for enforcing authority, but she must also remember that authority to be enforced must be respected and must deserve respect.

The management of servants, however, is not the only one of her tasks that would be lightened by an adequate previous preparation; the whole work of household economy would be simplified for her, and would consume less time. If she understood exactly how things ought to look in her kitchen, her drawing-room, and her nursery, a single glance there would tell her more than a long and prying examination reveals to inexperienced eyes. If she knew her subject well beforehand, she would get through more business in ten minutes' conversation with her cook or her nurse, than she can in half-an-hour if she has to draw the main part of her ideas from them before she can arrive at any conclusion: and in the same way, shopping, accounts, and domestic letter-writing might often be compressed into far less space than they now occupy. Anxiety would also be saved as well as time. In many cases it is not the toil of housekeeping that uses up a woman's energies, but its worry, and this is caused in great measure by the uncertainty arising from ignorance. When she is doubting whether her servants tell her the truth, whether her tradespeople cheat her, whether the water-supply is wholesome, whether the pale faces of her children might not be transformed into rosy ones if she did but know the right thing to do, these thoughts do not vanish the instant her actual work is over, nor do they leave her the freedom of mind and brightness of spirit necessary to enable her to use her leisure worthily and happily. It is true that the opposite alternative is open to her—she may quench her doubts and enjoy her leisure; but if she adopts it, her family suffer in consequence, though from the nature of the case, no one can ever gauge the extent to which they do so. We shall probably be told that there is no need for either alternative, and Phillistine parents will meet us with the old objection to every change, that "on the whole things turn out very well as they are." There is some truth in this; we have much to be proud of in our English homes, and by all means let us rightly prize the prudence, comfort, and order that already exist there. But if it is possible for us to increase these, to spend our money more wisely, to make our servants more efficient, our houses

wholesomer, our children healthier, and our own and our husbands' lives easier and freer for all high pursuits, why should we not learn to do so? In saying this I am taking the lowest ground, and confining myself to the most restricted view of the ends to be sought, but the improvement even from its material side would have moral bearings. If women were taught to see the true relation of all the outward appliances of life, to health, power, enjoyment, and beauty, the impulse which now too often goes to swell the tide of tasteless and mischievous luxury, would be turned into its right and natural channel, and would fertilise and adorn our civilisation instead of flooding it. They would perceive that the habit of aimless expense not only leads to a waste of wealth on a national scale, but that to the individual also it causes a waste of both the energy and the repose, which we want for higher employments and brighter pleasures. Again, if girls in various social positions were made aware that they were all engaged in a common study, designed to fit them for a common responsibility, and to help them to attain a common aim in the well-being of those dearest to them, it might have some influence in promoting that closer union between different classes which many of us feel to be so desirable, and yet so difficult to bring about.

I do not wish to claim too much for domestic economy, or to stretch the term so as to make it include the full moral life of home; but we may surely say that when rightly carried out, it forms a sound foundation for this to rest upon. Women who are without the capacity to discharge their lesser duties properly, are in a disadvantageous position for undertaking their greater ones. But in a household where each one feels that she is in her right place and is doing her right work well, that what she does is appreciated and effectually helps to secure the comfort and welfare of those around her—in such a household many of the minor frets and worries of life are swept away, and an atmosphere of peace and brightness prevails, in which the nobler virtues can more easily flourish and grow healthy and strong. With these comes the perception of the wide field of duty lying outside the circle of domestic well-being, but of which that circle forms the quiet and steady centre; and it is when we can take the clearest view of the whole range of our obligations, that we most deeply feel, that the higher, happier, and richer our home life becomes, the more worthily and wisely may we hope to do the work that lies beyond it.



## DOROTHY.

YOU say that my love is plain,  
 But that I can ne'er allow,  
 When I look at the thought for others  
 That's written on her brow.  
 Her eyes are not fine, I own,  
 She hasn't a well-cut nose,  
 But a smile for others' pleasures,  
 And a tear for others' woes;  
 And yet I will own she's plain,  
 Plain to be understood,  
 For who could doubt that her nature  
 Is simple, and pure, and good?

You say that you think her slow,  
 But how can that be with one  
 Who's the first to do a kindness  
 Whenever it can be done?  
 Quick to perceive a want,  
 Quicker to set it right,  
 Quickest in over-looking  
 Injury, wrong, and slight?  
 And yet she is slow indeed,  
 Slow any praise to claim,  
 Slow to see faults in others,  
 Slow to give careless blame.

XII—54

"Nothing to say for herself."  
 That is the fault you find?  
 Hark to her words to the children,  
 Merry, and bright, and kind.  
 Hark to her words to the sick,  
 Look at her patient ways,  
 Every word she utters  
 Speaks in the speaker's praise.  
 Nothing to say for herself!  
 Yet right, most right you are;  
 But plenty to say for others,  
 And that is better by far.

You say she is "commonplace,"  
 But there you make a mistake:  
 I would I could think she were so,  
 For other mankind's sake.  
 Purity, truth, and love,  
 Are they such common things?  
 If hers were a common nature  
 Women would all have wings.  
 Talent she may not have,  
 Beauty, nor wit, nor grace,  
 But until she's among the angels  
 She will not be "commonplace."

U. L. T.



## ECONOMY.\*

## A Temple Sermon.

"Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost."—JOHN vi. 12.

LONG use has connected this charge with the Sunday next before Advent—the Christian year anticipating the natural, and marking its independent course not by the phases of the lights of the world, but by the more glorious phenomena of the Sun of Righteousness.

"Gather up the fragments that remain," is the watchword of the Church as she draws thus to her end and to her beginning. A thousand Sermons, in the East and in the West, take this to-day for their subject: thousands and tens of thousands would not wear threadbare its deep, its exhaustless significance.

The miraculous meal, wonderful in itself, marvellous in its suggestive allegories, draws to its close. "Whence shall we buy bread?" is the question which emphasizes the difficulty of feeding five thousand men in a wilderness. One disciple, appealed to, could but dwell upon the hopelessness. What would two hundred denarii do towards so gigantic an entertainment? Another, with a sort of tentative practicality, suggests a shadow, a phantom, of supply, when he points to the little lad there in the multitude, with his five coarse loaves and his two small fishes—suggests, yet withdraws it in the naming, as the disproportion presses itself upon him—"But what are they among so many?"

The calm voice which spake ever with authority accepts the suggestion, nevertheless, and undertakes the responsibility before which humanity quails. "Make the men sit down." Not in mockery, but in the tranquil sense of power, He gives thanks over that frugal five and two, the barley loaves and the small fishes: then the Lord of order as of omnipotence begins the dispensation through human hands, and rests not in the invisible, the unobtrusive yet creative multiplying, until want is satiety: then, "when all are filled," He says to the distributors, "Gather up the fragments that remain"—more exactly, "the broken pieces which redounded, which remained over and above," as you fed the guests to the full—"that nothing be lost." And the remnants of the five barley loaves, after the five thousand were satisfied, filled twelve baskets.

We might have thought that to no occasion was the direction so inappropriate as to that of a meal furnished by miracle. What need, we might ask, to store up for a to-

morrow supplies which the very presence of Christ would render superfluous? He who has here provided by miracle the daily bread of these thousands, can put forth again at His will the same wonder-working hand. Why, within one short half-hour, at once this prodigality and this economy?

Two answers, simple but sufficient, will readily suggest themselves.

(1) We may read the words as the Divine prohibition of waste. He who fills all things living with plenteousness, is yet intolerant of waste. "Gather up the fragments," because, when the guests are filled, there are still the servants—and when the servants have eaten, there are still the dwellers in highways and hedges—and when these too are satisfied, there are still the dogs beneath the table. He who giveth liberally and upbraideth not, will yet be honoured in the thoughtful merciful gathering of the fragments. Eat, eat to the Lord, and give God thanks, but, after all, gather up the fragments which fell from you, that nothing be lost.

(2) Again, we may read the words in their evidential significance. He who wrought the miracle for charity, would yet emphasize it as a sign. How many loaves had ye? and now what quantity of fragments gather ye? the miracle is ever a sign, and the presence of the Eternal Creator must be owned in the person of the Incarnate Lord.

But we feel, my brethren, that, besides these two obvious uses of the charge to gather the fragments, there was a word here spoken for the Church of all time; a word dropped, like the seed-corn, into the furrow of human thought and conscience, that it might spring and grow up, age after age, bearing fruit, in hearts and souls, unto life eternal. Thus has the Church ever felt: therefore has she chosen it for solemn reading on the very eve of Advent: may the Lord of the Churches give it increase this day, as we ponder its deep, its everlasting significance, and draw from it, for our own use, some lessons of life and godliness.

Now it is obvious that these lessons will be diverse and contrary, according as the charge is addressed to partakers or despisers of the miraculous meal.

If any of these five thousand men had refused to seat himself at that which to the eye of sense and reason was an empty pur-

poseless table—if, incredulous and scoffing, he had looked on while others ate, refusing to lend himself to what he was determined, in spite of proof, to call an illusion or an imposture—with how reproachful a sound had this direction, to gather the fragments, fallen on that man's ear! How would it have told of an opportunity trifled with and therefore withdrawn! How would it have clenched the evidence of fact, and made it for him a rebuke and a condemnation! "Too late, too late," would have been its burden, and the man of reason and speculation would have been put for once to the blush in presence of faith and trust.

My brethren, this incredulity is not shown in reference to the food of the body, though, in that province not least, a heavy demand is made upon the principle of an unquestioning faith. But in that of which the miracle is a parable—in the department of the soul's hunger and the soul's food—many, many are they, among the world's five thousand, who refuse to sit down at the supernatural table. And when the Church, at the close of her year, repeats in the hearing of her assembled children the edict of the gathering of the fragments, she cannot forget that multitudes have altogether spurned the heavenly food, and that the charge can only echo in such hearts with a cheerless and a reproachful ring.

But who is there, indeed, in all this congregation, that has but to gather up the fragments of a feast thankfully enjoyed? Oh, on this day of retrospects and recollections, when we are preparing to turn back from the last to the first page of our Prayer Book, from the long series of unmarked Sundays to the stirring call of Advent, heralding the solemn celebration of Christmas and Lent and Holy Week and Easter, *whose* heart is not accusing him of half-used, ill-used, unused opportunities in the year that is gone—a year fertile above other years in lessons and calls of grace?

"Gather up the fragments that remain." Fragments, we will say first, of instruction. We have been taught many things in the year that is gone.

The Church's teaching has not been idle. Words of God have been read, expounded, applied, enforced, in this place. Day by day, more than week by week, the worshippers in this church have been reminded of God, of Christ, of the soul, of eternity.

But God Himself has been teaching. We cannot recall a year in which his judgments have been more visibly abroad in the earth.

We know not when frivolity and dissipation and worldliness, we know not when vanity and ambition and arrogance and (above all) lying, have received so stern, so crushing a rebuke from Him who "sitteth above the water-flood" of human passions. War is a harsh but an honest monitor, and they who have an ear should hear his reproofs. He tells us that even this precious human life, which we fence round with so many safeguards and equip with so many delicacies, is not the most real, nor the most indispensable, of all possessions. When he makes havoc of it on a scale so portentous; when he drives his thousands and tens of thousands of half-unwilling victims as sheep to the place of slaughter; when he exacts the uttermost farthing of property and comfort and domestic happiness as the price of honour and courage and loyalty—before him a garden of Eden, behind him a desolate wilderness, nothing escaping him—in all this he is bearing a strong testimony to the reality of a higher and a future existence: these things *could* not be, under the government of a righteous and merciful One, if this life were indeed the whole or the chief part of our being: there must be a life above, a life within, and a life beyond: there must be something more precious than life, which is duty—and something which shall compensate for earth's miseries and virtue's sacrifices, which is "pleasure for evermore" at his right hand.

I could not endure the toleration, the sufferance, the *amicance* of God, towards scenes of horror and bloodshed like these, unless I believed firmly that this lifetime, of three-score years and ten, important as it is, all-important as it now seems to us, is but a moment, an atom, in comparison with the whole of our being. Nowhere is the value, the length, of eternity so taught as on a field of battle. It does not destroy, it does not diminish, the guilt of those by whom such offences come—but it does by anticipation justify, it does in some sort explain, the ways of God to man, to argue the immensity of life from its circumscription—in its boundless extension in eternity from its merciless running and cutting short in time.

More especially is this justification availing when we see moral purposes served by the permission of physical suffering. What was it which enlisted, in this war, the sympathies of a vast majority of educated spectators on the side rather of the victor than of the vanquished? What was it which for long counteracted the natural tendency to side



with the weaker, with the overborne and the down-trodden? Was it not this? that, on the whole—making every allowance—on the whole, manliness, and discipline, and self-control, and forethought, and morality, and (above all) truth, were on that side to which God gave victory? Was not the lesson which the God of battles enforced in this struggle, a lesson as to the superiority of virtue, as to the meanness of vanity, as to the hollowness and hatefulness of falsehood? Did He not teach us that, if we would even have the sympathy of man with us, at least we must be true—we must not build the house of the life, nor the house of the hope, upon a foundation of lies, against which when the stream of truth, when the tempest of reality, comes and beats, it must fall—and great, great is the fall of it?

We presume thus broadly, thus strongly, to characterise some portion at least of God's recent discipline, because we feel that to this extent at all events there are some fragments already to be gathered; and because we feel that, as in these matters a nation is but an aggregate of individuals, it does rest, to a great extent, with ourselves—and not least with an assembly like that which here worships, in its unit responsibilities—to guarantee to England herself that moral strength which when any nation loses she loses withal in her hour of sorest need every bulwark and safeguard of her material greatness. Let each man in the congregation be a true man—true, I mean, in speaking the thing that is, in abhorring hypocrisy, in facing reality, and in being one man through and through and through—and I say not that wars and rumours of wars shall be kept far for ever from his country, or that his Church shall always be preserved from the fiery trial which is to try her, but I do say that out of every affliction shall come forth a purer, a brighter, a more solid gold, because the Refiner shall preside over the process, and make the fire not consuming, only purifying.

It is, however, a more certain and on the whole a more salutary use of the great charge before us, to turn it not to magnificent and world-wide but to personal and individual contemplations; to say to-day, in the name of the Church and the Church's Lord, to the unit souls assembled, Gather up, each one, on this last Sunday of the Christian year, the fragments of that grace and blessing which has been the provision of Divine love during these past months for you, you yourself, here in life's wilderness.

Each heart knoweth his own bitterness, and no stranger intermeddles with its joy. Yet, as heart answers to heart, in its main features and lineaments—and life to life, taken in large portions and as a whole—even the bow drawn at a venture shall not utterly fail of its mark, if the arrow be winged by the experience of one, and committed to the guidance of Him unto whom all hearts are open, and from whom no secrets are hid.

It seems suitable to *this* anniversary to speak rather of inward experiences than of outward. Workings of Providence, changes of fortune and circumstance, events mournful or joyful, gifts and bereavements, weddings and funerals, these recollections seem to belong rather to the natural than to the Church's closing year, save in so far as they have conduced, under God, to a higher end, to a spiritual progress or revolution. To-day we would dwell rather upon the lessons of the soul's experience—upon God's inward dealings with conscience, with the heart, with the undying life. And who is there in this congregation who has no ear to-day for the call, thus understood, to gather up the fragments? Whom do I address whose experience has not grown or ought not to have grown, during these last twelve months, since we spoke to him, on the corresponding Sunday of last year, upon the Saviour's Parable of the Bath and the Basin—of the one immersion and the daily washing? Who has not learned something since that day, by sad, by bitter experience, of his own weakness and instability and treachery? There was a time, perhaps, when he thought that he had a little strength—when the accusation of a heart desperately wicked sounded half unreal to him—when he was ready to imagine that, with but a slight help from above, he could go, for truth's sake, for duty's sake, for Christ's sake, even to prison or to death. But one day the tempter came to him, in the guise of gentle affection, and lured him into thought or deed of weakness, of folly, of sin—or else the Foeman of the tempter came to him, and bade him take up some particular cross, the cross of great exertion, of difficult duty, of agonizing sacrifice, and he would not—he was not ready. "Lord, suffer me first," he said, to do this or that, "and then"—but the Saviour was gone ere he looked again, and with Him the opportunity and the grace. And so the self-reliance, the self-opinion, the self-righteousness, was cruelly mortified—he thought he was strong, and he finds himself weakness. Shall not that man, at the end of his year, be watchful to gather these frag-

ments—not for the present palatable but repulsive—yet for him, will he but treasure them, the most precious of God's chastisements, throwing him absolutely and for ever upon a hope and a strength not his own? God is thus teaching him to believe, as never before, in the Atonement made once for all upon the Cross of Jesus; teaching him its necessity, teaching him its beauty, teaching him its strength. Now, henceforth, when he says in the Church's Creed, "I believe in the Holy Ghost," shall he not bethink himself, as he never realized it before, of that unspeakable gift of an indwelling Light and Remembrancer and Purifier, with whom weakness is strength, without whom the uttermost natural strength must be found in the day of trial weakness?

Thus God turns even the bitter lessons of life into testimonies, witnesses within us, of His truth and of His love. These are the experiences which make a young man old, and advance us perceptibly, will we but have it so, towards that heaven which is not for righteous men needing no repentance, but for sinners, real sinners, washed and justified and at last sanctified.

Thus we approach most closely to the direct application of the words before us—bidding us to gather up, in thoughtful thankful devotion, the fragments of the feast of grace.

There are doubtless those here present—God add to their number, how many soever they be, ten fold and twenty fold—who have partaken week by week, day by day, of all the spiritual ordinances by which Christ feeds the souls of His people, His chosen. To them the holy Sacrament of His body and blood has been a weekly solace and strength. To them His word read and preached has come home evermore in its beauty and in its strength. They, in their seasons of trial and difficulty, have had recourse to Him as their Counsellor, and have found Him a very present help. When sorrow has pressed upon them, when they have mourned the lost, the dear, He has wept with them, and His sweet sympathy has made mourning joy. They have gone, during this

last year, from strength to strength, on their way towards Zion, the mount of God. And shall not these, above the rest, be bidden this day to gather up the past year's fragments? Shall they not recount once more the loving-kindness of the Lord, and bind themselves afresh to Him, in His house, in a perpetual covenant never to be forgotten?

Nay, my brethren, we will not suffer one to escape us in this act of remembering and of gathering. It may be there is one soul in this congregation to whom not a word of this Sermon has spoken. He has said to himself, These exhortations, these encouragements, are for Christian people, and I am no Christian. I have doubts about the fundamental verities; I have led a careless, an unchristian, a sinful life; I am here this day by chance; I am not one of Christ's disciples; I am of the earth, earthy.

Brother, go not hence in this spirit. Shut not out thyself—Christ has room for thee. Thou too hast fragments which Christ would have thee gather. Thou hast a conscience, once tenderer than now, yet still with a voice in it, accusing if not excusing; still a life, and a capability of quickening. Thou hast a soul, breathed into thee from the God of the spirits of all flesh, still accessible to Him, still capable of the Divine love, still athirst consciously or unconsciously for that water of life, without which it must die twice over. Nay, thou art not outcast from the everlasting love. Gather up the fragments of that love, strewn plentifully still around thy path and about thy bed—thoughts of God and of Christ, relics of childhood and youth, streaks of glory from the heaven which lay about thee in thine infancy—marks, still, of a cure and a love which will not let thee alone, which will, if thou wilt, still bless, still save. Gather these together, and bind them about thine heart—come back, thou, to Him whom thou hast left, but who has not left thee—and let this day be the beginning of days to thee; the day on which thou comest back to thy Father, and on which Jesus Christ, the Son of the Father, took thee to His Cross, and washed thee in His most precious blood from all thy sins.

C. J. VAUGHAN.





# SKETCHES AMONG THE DOLOMITES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A VOYAGE EN ZIGZAG."



L. HAD made three hundred, and thought she had almost exhausted the subject, but there were people about to visit the Dolomites who wanted information, and people who had been before and wished to refresh their memories and revive their first impressions, and more people who talked about them because they were something

comparatively new, and a great many people who tried to do the same and found they had lost their way hopelessly, for though they most wisely stuck to the fact of their being mountains, the Dolomites *had* been described by an ambitious but nebulous-minded individual as a sect of Eastern Christians; which was hard upon them, to say the least.

So L. determined to return to them from a meteorological point of view, and describe the Dolomites in a thunder-storm.

L. was only one of a Dolomite party. Some of us met with adventure and climbed, bringing down top bits of "inaccessible" peaks, and L. made pictures of them. She was only Boswell to Dr. Johnson. Mrs. C. was the genius of the party, and in her own way as great as the Dolomites themselves. We were very happy together, six or seven people, a little tired of everybody—of morning calls, afternoon concerts, dinner parties in July, and boredom in general, and who, however various were our tastes and habits, were alike in our love for all that was simple and out of the common, varied and adventurous, and above all amusing. We had set out determined to be amused, to find laughter, that best of tonics, which the mountains keep hidden for us in their recesses, ready to wake at a moment's notice whenever Mrs. C.'s cheery *jodel* rouses their echoes.

We had spent a quiet evening amongst the wood-carvers of St. Ulrich, and had seen Madonnas painted and gilded, Madonnas in rough pine, Madonnas whitened and

rouged, and blue-robed, and endless little dolls, with red cheeks and bead-like eyes, and orange combs in their hair, their arms and legs neatly fastened in with pegs, stacked in rows with whity-brown paper, or doubled up in boxes preparatory to transportation for life—dolls not higher than a pin, and adapted for the post of babies in the most Lilliputian establishments. Adam, too, might be found at St. Ulrich hopelessly endeavouring to name the animals, which were so entirely out of proportion, that his own cocks and hens must have frightened him. St. Ulrich would be a paradise for children, and we all felt there that it was a personal misfortune to be "grown-up."

From the little stone terrace outside the door of Christian Gottriffer we watched the lights deepening and fading down the valley and over the hills. Within the cottage Christian worked away at a big horse for his St. Martin, who was planted against the wall, a good deal bowed at the knee, as became a prospective rider, smiling a wooden smile at the beggar who lay supinely upon the boards at his feet. The room was roughly panelled, and had little pictures of the Madonna and the saints, a carved crucifix, a cup for holy water, and a bunch of faded flowers fastened against the brown walls. On one side were the great family oven and a baby's chair, and a curly-headed boy holding the baby, who wanted to get at St. Martin and suck it, and refused to be altogether propitiated by the substitution of the carver's hammer.

The poor artist-workman had a worn noble face, full of delicate lines of thought and suffering, as though life were a little hard for him sometimes, and he would never be able quite to express here all his deeper thoughts and imaginings; his St. Martin and the Beggar had a family likeness which was somewhat ludicrous, and yet inexpressibly pathetic when one saw in the man's face the earnest seeking after the ideal he had failed to grasp.

Through the many-paned windows, or from the terrace before the door, we looked upon the still grey valley, for the greens had faded, and a soft purple mist was rising, and against the clear colourless sky stood the great peak of the Langkofel, rosy and smiling as it looked over the shoulder of the departing day and caught the glow of the sunlight; higher still, little silver stars shone, and through the great evening silence came the

chip, chip, of the carver's tool and the baby's garrulous sucking of the hammer.

We made an early start in the cool morning, being in our saddles by half-past five, or rather *on* them. L.'s was an erection won-



derful to behold, decorated with one high pommel in front like a splash-board. Two of our party, F. and E., had left us the day before; they were to sleep in a chalet and ascend the Langkofel, and at that hour were already, we hoped, half-way up the mountain. We climbed the side of a hill through shady woods, by little water-courses ringing chimes over the stones, by green dells deep in ferns and waving grasses, by palings made of twisted thorny branches with little hooks and points to catch unwary travellers, by winding paths that brought us between rocks

and into shadows, and out again on high green levels, with the great mountain towering beyond us, and below, St. Ulrich, lying like a Tyrol lake all purple mist and dewy greenness, with gossamers between it and the sunshine.

Up and up and up we climbed, and fairly out of sight of our big mountain on to one of those wonderful high level meadows, the great Selsser Alp, with long billows of grass, green leaves bright with hundred-hued flames which the wind blew in little eddies of colour, now rose, now purple, now golden orange—primulas and orchids and pansies, crimson vetches and blue forget-me-nots, ranunculuses and great white Michaelmas daisies, campanulas and butterwort. Such a wealth of scent and colour! We could fancy Flory standing knee-deep in the lush grass and making hay there, her dainty fingered nymphs and the butterflies and bees getting intercalated together with overmuch honey and sweetness. Over the crest of the soft green grasses rose the grand outline of the Scabers, and far away out of the mist distance we saw the range of the Ortler Alps, their snowy summits marking with a silvery line the boundary between blue mountain and blue sky.

We descended to the level of the lakes again, and camped out under their shade, enjoying a second breakfast. What healthy appetites and what good consciences are lost at such a time! With what scorn we reverted to the ordinary tea and those weak-



nesses of mortality, at the low, hoary and fastidious tastes of an elite civilization! We drank red *vin du pays* out of a caoutchouc cup,

spilling out its contents in bright drops over the spout of the glass, and demolishing a whole colony of responsible little insects who



were before innocently ignorant of such fountains of iniquity. An aged ant dipped his antennæ into a big pool in a dock-leaf, and tasted the ambrosial nectar. The mischief was done; his grandchildren, uncles, brothers-in-law, and other relations, dropped their loads of earth and rushed to drink. It mattered little to us; we had passed beyond the sense of moral responsibility, and only idly wondered a little whether in future ages these inebriated insects might discover a mode of extracting fermented liquors from the pine sheaths. We had an old guide in a blue blouse and a young one in a long white apron, who danced together on the grass; the old man was a *bon enfant*, and sang in a queer droning voice like an aged cockchafer a deep bass "bum," "bum," "bum,"

to the music of a tin harmonicum which his companion played. We lay on the green turf, and talked and sang, and idled away a pleasant hour; a little dog which had travelled that day with us ate up the crumbs of our feast; a cow with soft eyes and a big tinkling bell stopped chewing to look at us, and blinked a kindly recognition; our guide, Bartholome Walther, lay on his back, and made switches from the fir branches to whisk away the flies: the two peasants danced a clumsy measure to their own music, footing it together as Pan and an old goat might have done before English tourists invaded Arcady; there was a beautiful harmony in everything; the grand rocks of the Schlern towered before us, a grey mass, with violet depths where it was seamed and rent, and a silver shimmer



where the edges caught the sunlight; the warm hazy stillness wrapped us round, and made us happy and idle and forgetful for the moment; in that utter accord with nature which is the peaceablest earthly gladness.

For one blissful moment our rushing busy life was at a pause; we and all the sweet living things about us—trees, birds, flowers—were just conscious of existence, and that that was happiness.

The sun, rising higher and higher, found us out even under the fir-trees, and drove us down a rapid descent into the thicker shade of the wood, and to the little inn of Bad Ratzes, where we were to dine and sleep and wait for our mountaineers.

If you ever have the misfortune to be quartered in a German or Swiss bathing establish-

ment, see that you are there before the season commences; then, though the floors be damp, it is with recent scrubblings, the tobacco smoke is limited, and the discomforts of the place are at least negative ones.

Bad Ratzes is much frequented by the peasants of the neighbouring districts, who are possibly better fellow-lodgers than the small *bourgeois* from the towns, or the *petits propriétaires*, might prove themselves. The little inn is constructed on the simplest architectural principles, two cottages standing half looking at each other, and connected by a wooden balcony, from whence the outside ladder-like staircase descends to the grass; here the cook airs herself, and the *mädchen* hang the linen, and the very small son of the establishment, aged six, smokes continuously.

A number of little wooden cells, with tiny cottage windows, open into the same long narrow passage on the first floor; above there is a second passage and more cells, below ditto ditto, only darker, damper, and containing baths instead of beds.

Across the wooden balcony is a big *Stube*, where the guests are entertained at one end of a long table, and where your guides and porters make themselves happy over their beer or schnaps at the other.

Having investigated the resources of the kitchen, we ordered a frugal dinner at one o'clock, reserving the one dish of beef as a *pièce de résistance* for supper, when F. and E. would have joined us and we could all feast together, feeling our work was done. Mrs. C. and H., who were both very hungry, looked a little unhappy at this arrangement, but bravely endeavoured to hide their feelings by eating an extra amount of *mehlspeise*. As the day wore on the heat became intense, clouds gathered, and the whole sky grew dark. We busied ourselves with various occupations, L. and C. painted the wild flowers and made illustrations for "Zigzagging,"\* H. read "Westward, Ho!" to us, and Mrs. C. brought out her work. Every now and then there was a pause, and one or other looked up at the sky and said, "How well we started so early! Our mountaineers too must be long before this at the end of their work, and will be with us directly."

Darker and darker the clouds came down like dirty cotton-wool on the fir-trees, and we said, "What a mist there must be on the hills!" and then a roar of thunder made the rafters shake, and a blue gleam of light flashed across the flowers on the table, and then plash! plash! came the great drops, and with a roar and swirl of waters, the storm was upon us. With anxious faces pressed against the window, we watched and listened.

Five o'clock! No tidings. Six! Mrs. C. finds it is too dark for her work, and reluctantly puts aside her stockings. They *must* come by seven—supper was ordered at seven. A quarter to seven! No tidings. L. steps out quietly and countermands the beef. Supper. No tidings! They try to be grimly cheerful. L.'s heart sinks. C. is braver, but has lost her appetite. H. says there is no cause for anxiety, so does Walther, so do the porters. The landlord chimes in, "None whatever,—the Herr travellers are reposing, that is all. They do not like wet skins." Eight! Raining harder than ever. Still not

the least need for alarm, but H. will just look out at the weather, so will Walther. Nine! The torrent is swollen by this last rain, and moans dismally over the stones; the trees are dripping, and so are the eaves of the house; there is a damp, depressing atmosphere about the place, and our spirits sink lower and lower. Ten! We walk from window to window restlessly miserable, only darkness and the noise of the river and the ceaseless rain. Eleven! We say to each other, "They must be safe; they would have found shelter hours ago; they won't attempt to join us to-night; we must go to bed." With a melancholy attempt at cheerfulness, we say, "Good night." Ah me! what good night can there be for us, as we lie listening to the howling of the tempest and that steady plash, plash, from the wooden roof?

L. and C. had a corner room, with a window looking out upon the wood, and instead of attempting to go to sleep like sensible people, they unfastened the casement and put their heads out into the darkness; nothing came of that but a splash on the nose and the probability of a heavy cold the next morning. Suddenly the bark of a dog sounded. Once more out went the heads. There were voices somewhere under the trees. There was a faint glimmer of light.

"It is nothing," said L. "Don't let us excite ourselves;" but she held her breath.

C., with her head out, answered—

"It is only a servant going for water;" but she knew in her heart she was waiting for tidings.

The light flickered and went out. No, it was only behind a tree. It brightened, it came nearer, it was not of the house—it was something coming to them—it was tidings. Then for one moment of intense suspense they waited, the lantern beamed them with a steady tramp, horribly suggestive of a stretcher—would it never speak? Ah! it *jodels*—what happiness, what an ecstasy of satisfaction, what a sudden rebound from the anxious tension of the last few hours, what happy laughter and welcome! The poor washed-out creatures were too weary to speak to us. They stumbled up the ladder, and dripped on the balcony, and looked as though they had been resolved into their original atoms, and resembled possibly "the larvae of existing Aspidians," which is something a good deal older and wetter than a sponge. When the balcony got too damp to be comfortable, they dripped up-stairs, and so to bed. H. made up the fire, and concocted a great brew of soup and hot wine, and fed

\* "Zigzagging amongst Dolomites." With 300 Illustrations. London: Longmans.



them between short naps. Santo was the hungriest. "He had a great appetite—a wonderful desire to eat, madame," said Walther. "He slept all in a moment, but it

spot they had reached, by being let down a perpendicular face of rock, and then continuing along the ridge beyond; but as the others could not prudently follow, from the impossibility of getting back with no one to haul them up, and he could not proceed alone, he had to relinquish the attempt after scaling the rough crag. F.'s pleasure was in ice-work, but E. was greatest upon rocks, and for those who love really hard rock-climbing, the range of the Dolomites offers a field of wonderful adventure and excitement. The mountain sides are too precipitous and their crags too serrated for much ice and snow to lodge there, and often there is so little foot-hold that a man must be ready to "hang on by his eyelids," and be prepared to take standing leaps off nothing in particular.

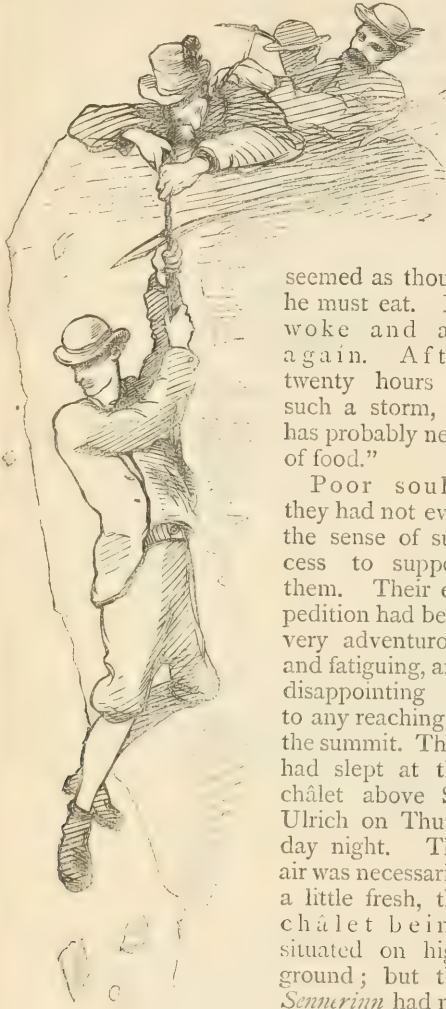
They took counsel with each other. Christian Lauener and Santo looked up at the mountain and down at their boots, and generally at the time of day, and said "*unmöglich*" suddenly, under their breath, with a deep melancholy. F. and E. accepted the inevitable, and tried to *jodel*, and, acknowledging their defeat, prepared to descend.

But they had not heard the last of the Langkofel. The beautiful summer brightness had changed, clouds gathered, the heat was intense, and suddenly a great storm grew out of the darkness and burst over their heads. This had come to us in the valley with torrents of rain, with wind and thunder, which were sufficiently terrifying, but there on the mountain they saw it in its greatest awfulness, and were in the very midst of the hurly burly and the wild warring of the elements, as though by this rash enterprise they had roused the demons of the mountains to beat them back with all their cannonades and musketry and forked fire. The frozen rain fell in one great torrent of stones, cutting their faces and hands, and striking them with tremendous force. Half blinded, they staggered on, each figure looming vaguely through the white mist. The lightning, as it played about them, was like tongues of red fire: they were in the very heart and centre of the storm, and the flashes of light darted round them as they hurried down. On that bare stone slope there was no hope of shelter; the air seemed charged with death, or rather, with that keener essence of life before which our poor humanity shrinks in a moment. Had the storm found them a little higher on the rocks they must have been lapped up by those hungry tongues of flame, or buried in its darkness. As it was they had a terrible

seemed as though he must eat. He woke and ate again. After twenty hours in such a storm, he has probably need of food."

Poor souls! they had not even the sense of success to support them. Their expedition had been very adventurous and fatiguing, and disappointing as to any reaching of the summit. They had slept at the chalet above St. Ulrich on Thursday night. The air was necessarily a little fresh, the chalet being situated on high ground; but the *Sennurim* had neglected to have

blankets or even hay for such casual paupers, and our mountaineers had to sleep on the bare floor, their small plaids being their only counterpane. Soon after three they started for the ascent of the Langkofel, gaining the rocks about five o'clock; but unfortunately taking a wrong course, they had to retrace their steps after a steady grind. A second attempt proved equally hopeless, and they had the vexation of knowing that the mountain was not a hard one to climb if they had hit upon the right side on which to assail it. E. made an attempt to overcome the difficulties in the way, from the



time of it: the steady down-pour—now hail, now rain—wetted them through very thoroughly; the lumps of ice, that fell almost continuously, were as large as walnuts, and if it gave the Langkofel any satisfaction to know that they were all four soaked and pelted, buffeted and bedraggled, and well-nigh exhausted, it must have had a good deal of comfort out of them. Hour after hour they plodded on, driven before the pitiless rain, and, having no clothes to change, dared not stop to shelter in any hut that they might pass. At a *châlet* they got a little milk, a morsel of black bread, and some bad schnaps, and so made their weary way as best they might. Then night came, and they despaired of ever hitting the right track, as the darkness settled down upon them on the Seisser Alp, where there is no path marked over the billows of grass across which we had made such joyous progress in the morning sunshine.

What a beginning for an allegory! The meadows—the travellers—the bright flowers—small temptations—the wine in the gutta-percha cup—ditto, ditto—Mrs. C. nearly led away by a butterfly—the mountaineers—difficulties—disappointments—storm—insufficient commissariat arrangements—general failure! Moral:—Be contented with the lower levels, and avoid all dangerous ascents. I should like to write it; but then anything with a moral is so dull.

At last they found a *senn hut* with a man in it, who undertook to guide them down through the wood, and then came two more hours of tramping over slippery stones,—the hardest work of all after a long day, when your boots are so caked with mud and melted snow that you have trodden all over them, and don't know where the soles end and the sides begin, when your legs seem as though they did not belong to you, and you only feel your feet where they hurt you,—till under dripping boughs the light of their lantern shone on us out of the darkness.

When we woke the next morning it was still raining. You may have too much water even in a bathing establishment. It was so damp everywhere that it seemed to us people were giving themselves superfluous trouble in encasing themselves in the coffin-like boxes with which the lower cells were provided, in order to get wet all over. They were not a cheerful sight. The boxes are arranged with covers having a hole for the head, and the bathers look like condemned Chinamen waiting for execution.

During a little gleam of fine weather we

mounted, well provided with waterproofs and umbrellas, and congratulating each other that after such a storm we were almost sure of fine weather. The clouds were high, and the glimpses of blue sky made us hopeful for the future, and we were in great spirits at



being all together again—a grand party of ten, with numerous porters, men, and dogs in addition. We had not gone far down the steep wood paths under the trees, before drops began to fall, and down came a violent little shower; then, for a quarter of an hour, clearer air and dripping leaves, with views between of beautiful blue distances, and much talk with our *Diogenes* as to their adventures, and then rain again—a down-pour this time as though it meant mischief. The sky darkened, and the minute guns began to fire, one answering another with an angry roar from hill to hill as the storm swept across the valley; the lightning flashed, and that fierce artillery pealed out its challenge as though tort after tort were opening fire upon us, and they might well have done so in sober earnest; for the shot came about us in a thick shower, hailstones bigger than marbles, making the horses plunge and muddle with terror, and absolutely taking away breath every time the whole air seemed full of them: our dogs were streaming with water, for the rain must have splashed up from our knees and saddles as it fell. The water was running down our backs like spouts of clocks and water-falls, so that our personal experience of Dolomite bad weather was thoroughly printed. At last the rain was an infusion of man, but we took our campy rest. Our path by this time was nothing but the bed of a stream, a whole flood of water in a minute was pouring down it, and as we rode on, under the trees the long wet branches gave us an ominous and almost as we passed!



For a few moments we felt thoroughly terrified, exposed as we were to the fierce and pitiless beating and drowning of such a tempest, with the snapping, roaring thunder, with the plashing of rain making one sob and struggle for breath. At last there was a pause and rest, the rain became less violent, but always there was the sound of rushing water, as hundreds and thousands of little streams flowing together in our path hurried downwards towards the river Eisach below: we had to cross a spot where the water brought down with it a small avalanche of stones, and where real danger threatened. Walther cried to the leading porter, "Go with care, but quick," and with our hearts in our mouths

we hurried our horses past the dangerous slope. A few more minutes of tearing rain and lightning and blasts of thunder, and we neared Atzwang, where the church bells were clanging out to ward off the storm, if by much ringing such good speed might be! There was not quite sufficient depth of water for our horses to swim with us into Atzwang, though the high road was a river, but one of our party nearly performed that feat; a stream had to be crossed on horseback just at the edge of a waterfall, over which the waves were now foaming angrily. Just as one of us was in the midst of the brown swirl of water, a tremendous clap of thunder shook the air, the horse started and nearly lost his



footing, and at the same moment our little dog was carried over into the eddies and rescued with difficulty as very wet salvage lower down.

We were a strange sight in the kitchen of the big inn at Atzwang; the people crowded about us with pitiful faces, and piled more wood on the fire. We stood round it drinking hot wine and steaming, while the dripping cloaks and dresses were hung in the smoke to dry. It would have taken a week for them to do that, so we had recourse to our carpet bags, and then making bundles of our wettest clothes, prepared to start by train for Botzen. Meanwhile, of course, we had ordered dinner; but some one had mistaken the time-table,

the local Bradshaw was inexorable, and, hungry, weary, and but half dried, we had to run out once more into the storm, and walk, or rather wade, to the station. We were much too merry a party to think of catching cold, so we sat in the train congratulating each other as we whizzed along that there was at least a roof over our heads, and dripped contentedly.

The angry foaming river was a wonderful thing to see, with tributary streams pouring into it everywhere, from the grass meadows, from the edge of the high road, from the hills, from houses and gardens, from every place where one would least expect it, bringing down avalanches of *débris* and

stones, often such masses of rock and rubble that the way must have been impassable for very many hours of hard digging and carting away.

We had never before realised the power of these great mountain storms, the marvellous amount of water that is everywhere in a moment, its huge power and force, and how in half an hour a great stream can rise and overflow its banks, and break down all walls and barriers that venture to oppose its resistless force. This was the end of our summer in the Dolomites; we were fairly drowned out, and giving up the mountains, we took refuge, with much secret repining, in the civilisation of Botzen, travelling on northwards by Innsbruck to Munich with one happy Sunday at Ammergau, sharing in that wonderful idyll of its peasant actors, and its miracle play.

For ordinary travellers amongst the Dolomites Cortina d'Ampezzo is the best possible head-quarters. At a height of four thousand feet you find a fresh bracing air, miles of green meadows rich in flowers, surrounded by a glorious circle of hills, tinted with vermilion and orange, and soft grey and white stone, mountains of alabaster in their colouring, and which look as though they were dreaming of the sunset when the mid-day brightness is still upon the firs. There is a broad foaming river, a good high road for timid travellers, peaks enough to content the most adventurous mountaineers, and all the Ghedinas, a good friendly family, ready with hearty welcome to their clean, beautiful inn; the sons of the house are good and clever; there are sons who climb, who hunt, who drive, who carve, and above all, who paint; and they live together in the old home, and give you pleasant, friendly greeting. Alas! why, when one knows of such a spot,

of such kind, simple people, of such a beautiful home, is one rash enough to write of it? In a year or two the British tourist will have found it out; cream and eggs will have become scarce, the consciences of the inhabitants as to monetary transactions will be destroyed, and the meadows let out for building ground; even the Ghedinas will be injured, for a great company, limited, will build a new big hotel and bath house, and an omnibus will run on the high road.

At least, we saw it when it was fair and young.

We took a last farewell of the Dolomites from the great bridge at Botzen—the big bridge that goes meandering across the river, with its curves where there are seats for weary travellers, and its picturesque coping of wooden tiles, red and brown, and eloquent of mountain forests and long winter evenings, when peasants cut them out over a smoky fire. The people crossed it in gay *festtag* dresses, Tyrol hats, gold-tasselled and bellflowered, green and brown and black, bright bodices, full dark petticoats, and broad, smiling faces; there were little children, large-eyed oxen, horses with tinkling bells, voices in merry talk sounding over the water; below us the arrowy river broadening in the sunlight, and far away through the soft air that seemed to blow from some Italian sweetness further south, the range of mountains, dome and pinnacle and tower, fair white spires as of some city of light,—the people call it the Rosengarten,—and as we looked the pink flush grew over it, and all the tracery and fretwork and powdering of snow caught the light and shone beautiful and triumphant against the blue heaven.

The church bells rang for vespers, and a little bird flew on to the bridge and sang.





## A SMALL HOSPITAL WITH A LARGE NAME.

IF Parliamentary institutions are on their trial, so are certain other matters of our social organization: and among them the hospital system as at present arranged. Hitherto it has been the pride of hospital life to have large, clean, airy wards, well peopled, well nursed, well attended to; but of late certain doubts have stolen into the minds of the faculty, and it has become a question with them whether smaller wards, as clean, as airy, as well nursed and well attended to, but by no means so populous, would not answer the purpose better; as also, whether a greater number of small hospitals, set at closer distances, would not be more efficient than the grander but sparser institutions we now possess. It has been found by experience that massing large numbers of sick together is bad for cure, and that no matter what the care taken, special hospital diseases, such as erysipelas, gangrene, &c., break out by the mere fact of multitude; and we do not need experience to show us the cruelty of carrying long miles through the streets, before he or she can be deposited in the quiet sanctuary of a ward, some poor creature half dead with a frightful accident that demands instant attention, or racked with a painful disease that renders the smallest movement agony. Struck then by these considerations, a few gentlemen and ladies resolved in 1856 to open a small home-like hospital near King's Cross, where unfortunately there was great need of such an establishment—accidents from the cattle market, the railway, the buildings always on hand in the district being very numerous—while, as the whole quarter was both poor and populous, there was not any lack of disease about; and the nearest hospital to the King's Cross district was that in Gray's Inn Road, or the University.

This much-needed hospital began in a very humble manner, in one small house close to King's Cross, though it called itself by what sounds an imposing title enough, "The Great Northern Hospital;" and its present condition in the Caledonian Road, where it is now located, is not much grander than its original. It is simply three houses knocked into one, and is an interesting experiment to those who believe in the small-ward system, and in the good of putting surgical and medical cases together; for only two rooms can contain so many as eleven beds, while the larger proportion have two or three, and some only one.

These single rooms are generally, though

not always, paying beds; for those who can, do pay according to their means. When I was there, one woman, the wife of a poor furniture-dealer, was paying ten and sixpence a week, which, though only about half the expense to the hospital, was better than quite gratuitous aid both for the good of the establishment and her own self-respect. Patients of a better class pay a guinea a week; which sum about covers the average cost to the hospital; the average cost for each bed being about fifty pounds a year, for the working expenses of a small hospital are comparatively larger than those of a large one, as can easily be understood. Still, no one could have at home the same medical attendance and skilled nursing as they get in the hospital for anything like the same amount. So that the arrangement of paying beds suits all concerned, and is one which might be adopted advantageously in every hospital, with a tariff varying according to circumstances.

The Great Northern Hospital is poor, and lives, as it were, by faith. It has no endowment whatsoever, and is kept up by a perpetually recurring series of miracles in the way of voluntary contributions, not the least remarkable feature of such institutions. Last year it was on the point of dissolution, when timely aid came by means of an anonymous gift of one thousand pounds; and for the last two or three years it has had an anonymous gift of the same sum yearly, with no kind of clue to the donor save such as can be got out of three letters of the alphabet. "The Ladies' Association" also help to keep up one ward for two beds, paying eighteen pounds a quarter towards that purpose: and it may be as well to state here that the price for a nomination bed is thirty pounds a year. It would be perhaps more to the general good of humanity to buy the right of sending one's disabled fellow-creatures to a place where they would be healed and set on their legs again, than to spend forty guineas on an opera stall, a cigar-case, a silk dress, all of which could be done without. Take the average of six weeks for a cure, and then calculate how many hard-working fathers of families whose health is the only barrier between them and the Union, how many toiling mothers, how many good girls striving to keep cleanly and honest by working hard on a pittance which breaks down their youth irrevocably unless cared for in time, how many little children fast going to physical destruc-

tion, might be saved, soothed, and set on their way renewed and rejoicing for less than the price of a momentary pleasure or a bit of needless luxury. When the time comes to cast up accounts with our consciences, the remembrance of our selfish preference of personal vanity over the claims of humanity will not tend to make the dreadful passage of the river of death any more bearable or less terrible.

Hitherto the average of beds occupied has been twenty-five, but now there are thirty-five, and the male ward is being added to. The hospital could accommodate twice the number it has, but for that miserable question of funds. If six people would subscribe thirty pounds each, for six nomination beds, it would have all it wants for the present in the male ward. Things have, however, gone well on the whole; for this ward, which began with six beds, has now ten and a crib, and, as I said, is to be still further enlarged, eighty pounds of the anonymous thousand having been appropriated to that purpose. When I say that the male ward is to be enlarged, I mean more rooms occupied and more beds assigned; not that the walls are to be pushed out, or the absolute amount of space already in use filled with more beds. At present the Great Northern Hospital is the only general hospital north of the New Road for the Islington district. Yet, as was said before, the needs of this district are great; the cattle market alone supplying a large proportion of inmates, as Smithfield fed Bartholomew's. A hospital, or hospitals rather, making up a hundred and fifty beds, are wanted in this district; the great difficulty experienced by this present good attempt being to get room for medical cases, the accidents, or surgical cases, being so much more numerous and pressing. In the total of three hundred and four in-patients who passed through the hospital in the year ending June, 1869, two hundred and three were surgical cases—principally casualties. Of the out-patients relieved the table stands thus:—

| OUT-PATIENTS                                   |        |        |        |
|--|--------|--------|--------|
| Relieved for 12 months ending 30th June, 1870. |        |        |        |
|  | NEW.   | OLD.   | TOTAL. |
| Physicians' Cases . . . . .                    | 8,786  | 15,763 | 24,549 |
| Surgeons' Cases . . . . .                      | 4,897  | 11,823 | 16,720 |
| Dental . . . . .                               | 622    | ...    | 622    |
| Diseases of the Eye . . . . .                  | 535    | 626    | 1,161  |
| Diseases of Women and Children . . . . .       | 432    | 582    | 1,014  |
| Casualties . . . . .                           | 6,736  | 10,415 | 17,151 |
|  | 21,518 | 39,599 | 61,117 |

Though, as was said, the average cost of each bed is necessarily large in a small hospital, yet in this Great Northern Hospital there is a striking amount of gratuitous service. Only the house-surgeon, the apo-

thecary, the servants and four nurses (three day and one night nurse) are paid. All the other gentlemen and ladies connected with it give their services: and more—four Sisters, three of them blood-sisters, the daughters of a gentleman of position, the other also a lady of independent means, have devoted themselves to the work for pure love of it, and for the desire to do good. Of these, one is the matron, and one is the night Sister; and the following extract from the report of the year ending June 30, 1870, is only a well-deserved testimony to the devotion, the zeal, the noble charity by which they are actuated:—

"The nursing of the hospital is under the charge of a society of gentlewomen, who devote their whole time and attention to the need of their patients. These ladies have carefully qualified themselves to act as skilled nurses, and while they take the complete superintendence of the wards, they also make a point of themselves undertaking the performance of all personal details of nursing and surgical-dressing that in any way call for skilled care and gentleness. They are assisted by pupil nurses whom they train to their work. The medical staff, individually and collectively, have expressed themselves in the highest terms satisfied with these arrangements, which leave nothing to be desired. It is especially to be noted that this educated supervision of the wards extends over the whole twenty-four hours, a sister sitting up during the whole night. The value of this care has been apparent in the rapid recovery of many patients, for the strict personal supervision of all details on the part of the Sisters ensures that the directions of the medical staff shall be strictly attended to during the whole of the night as well as the day, and that the patients shall thus receive the full advantages of their skill."

In the midst of the aimless idleness, the dreary monotony of some women's lives, and the diseased excitement of others, it is beyond measure delightful to fall upon a set of women who quietly, without ostentation, without false heroics, without notoriety, dedicate themselves to the service of humanity, and do good deeds for their own reward. Not that these ladies are alone, thank God, in such-like good work; there are other hospitals in London where the same self-devotion, the same quiet sacrifice and patience in well-doing, may be found; but the special charm of this little band is in the blood-relationship of three out of the four, the union of family affection with philanthropic zeal and the necessary discipline of the institution.

No one can go into a hospital without learning more of human life, and what the suffering poor undergo, than he knew when he went in. Not that so many children die, but that any are saved at all, is the great marvel, when one considers the never-ending dangers



to which they are exposed; dangers of all kinds—the foul air of their wretched homes, the reeking gutters and pavements of their “playgrounds,” the crowded courts where they swarm like mice or rabbits, insufficient food, insufficient clothing, exposure to all weathers, ignorance, neglect, want of the most elementary care—what wonder, then, that every hospital has its sad tales of those little cribs, where the potentialities of wholesome and capable human lives have passed away into nothingness, or have been set into a hopeless failure! There is nothing more mournful than the stories of the children brought into hospital—the dangers they run, the mishaps they encounter. On the day when I was at the Great Northern, one little baby of two years old was brought in with concussion of the brain. Left in the care of a mature nurse-brother of eight, the younger one had fallen out of the window; and, according to that frightful accident, fresh in the memory of us all, when three little ones fell out of a window one after the other, and one because of the other, the poor parents might be thankful that only one of the two had come by what might have been death to both on the spot, what may end in idiocy or in deformity to one for life.

Another young child, pretty little “Jessie,” was lying in her clean bed, wan and patient, with her legs scalded from her knees to her toes. Her mother was a charwoman, and little Jessie took her initiation in the trade rather more rudely and less profitably than might have been. She was a lovely child, one that “quality folk” would have been proud to own; but she was only a mass of smarting sore now, for want of as much care as goes to the preservation of a petted child’s favourite toy. A very sad, ah! how inexpressibly sad case, was mentioned to me of a baby brought in dead—the mother having a distracted hope that science could overcome nature, and call back from the tomb the young life that had already laid itself down there for ever. This was a baby of three years old, the child of a woman who had to be absent all day at work—a charwoman, I think; and who had no one with whom to leave her child. So the little thing was tied into a chair, with its meals placed beside it, and left to feed itself the best way it could. It was alone in the house all day: and it took bronchitis. There was no one to attend to it, and it died—died quietly in its chair where it was tied, with its coarse food untasted beside it. Oh! if the fine ladies and gentlemen who have leisure and

means, and only want the will to help the large struggling masses of their fellow-creatures who cannot fully help themselves—if they would but take this story home!—carry it up into their own well-adorned, luxurious nurseries; picture it as it was—the bare and squalid room, the coarse and scanty food, the ragged, half-clothed child, set for long, long hours in its chair, left to cry, to fail, to fear, to want; left to feed itself at three years of age as it best could; left to die of sheer neglect and destitution! And this in a Christian, moral country—a country so moral that it must not look on sin! But children may die of such destitution as this, with hundreds and thousands of women of means and education yawningly complaining of their want of interest in life, and how they wish they had something to do!

In a small bed, somewhat in the shadow, lay a patient, plaintive little sufferer of four, one Johnnie, badly burned by his sister of six. She put a bit of paper in the fire and burnt him, he said lispingly, with a touching air of patience, yet sense of ill-usage all the same. These burn cases are difficult to deal with; and the Sister told me the smell of the burnt flesh was very terrible. Granulation is slow, and the injured part sloughs. They had a little creature in the hospital for more than a year, with a burnt back. They did all they could for it, and tried to engraft pieces of healthy skin on to the sore. But all that tenderness and skill could do was of no avail; the poor little thing, after having been the hospital pet for a year, gradually drooped and died; the injury had been too severe to be got over. One was brought in with a vain hope of salvation, dying from burns got by having set its own mattress alight with lucifer matches. And the number of children who are burnt by fire, or scalded by water, among the very poor is something appalling.

A fifth, and most lovely little creature, had a broken leg; also the result of neglect and unavoidable want of care: and these were all the children in the women’s wards on the day when I visited this pleasant, cheerful, homelike hospital. Though the creatures come in ragged and naked, they are sent out clad and shod as substantially as the hospital stores can afford; for which purpose, be it remarked, that the good Sisters are thankful for any parcels of old clothes, as well as for new ones of suitable material.

There were no specially interesting cases among the women when I was there—no cases, that is, of any romantic or melo-

dramatic character. There were the usual hospital characters: the young woman from the country, who had fallen sick at her work, and who had no friends in town, and no home at hand to go to; the young townswoman, whose friends and home were too needy to assist, and who had lost her health and strength by sitting at machine work, or in a milliner's crowded workroom, making court-dresses for grand ladies; the half-child, half-girl, with hip-joint disease as her welcome into the life of womanhood; the religious matron, composed, resigned, taciturn; and the religious matron excited, talkative, tearful—such as the one to whom I spoke about an operation that she had to undergo, and who, particularising her malady, said she felt it “distinctionally;” an unhappy wife, wild and wan, but uncomplaining; and the irritable exacting old woman, who is the torment of the ward, and to be accepted as a dose of moral senna, salutary but unpleasant.

Of the men the most prominent cases were, as the father of the ward, a quiet, civil, little-speaking, elderly man, who had been brought in with a bad scalp wound that would effectually prevent all work or movement for many a day to come. He was a lodger: we will call him lodger number one; and he had fellow-lodgers. He also held somewhat peculiar religious tenets; so it may be supposed did at least one of his fellow-lodgers—him we will call lodger number two; and it seems that the peculiar religious tenets of lodger number one angered number two to such an extent that he took up a brass candlestick, and by cutting open his brother Christian's head, expressed more forcibly perhaps than apostolically his abhorrence at doctrines he held to be unsound. Result: Great Northern Hospital, and many a day's lying-by under the Sisters' care.

There was one smart, bright-eyed young man, with a face brimful of electric intelligence—a face that seemed alive in every fibre, who had had hip disease for three years. He had been in the Great Northern for seventeen weeks, but he expressed himself confident of ultimate restoration, and he said that he already felt better for the good care he had received here. He was a young fellow that would have paid for thorough education, if ever a face spoke the truth of the unseen mind. Then there was a nice, clean, manly-looking young cricketer, who had broken his leg in the cricket field. He was the family favourite when at home, and the poor father, on leaving him, said patheti-

cally to the staff grouped about his darling's bed, “Be kind to Pet, gentlemen and ladies!” Pet was doing well when I was there, and by this time it is to be hoped is in a fair way to play cricket again, if not already bowling as well as ever he did.

Then there was a battered, bruised cabby, with a face all colours, puffed, cut, bloody; his jaw was broken, his eye was—I scarcely know how to describe it, it was so dreadful; but the sight was not gone, though at first they feared it had—his lip was sewn up; his nose was broken, and reduced to a mass of shapeless pulp. I have never seen such a face; but poor mistrusted cabby was very manful and patient, and made no great matter of it when he told how the accident occurred, in such thick sounds it was difficult to follow him. Besides these, there was a country boy, whose face had the honest stolidity of the country in it, and whom it was almost impossible to make talk; there was a bright little fellow sitting up to tea with the bandaged lodger of peculiar religious tenets; and sundry others, of whose fate and fortunes I heard nothing to detail.

The tea was homelike, and served in a homelike manner. The bread and butter was delicious, and the tea surely tasted more like the real thing when poured out of the teapot by themselves, and poured into cups and saucers! It was all very like home, and every one seemed to feel it so: even the Sisters were part of the ordinary homes; and the “Yes, Sister,” “No, Sister,” “If you please, Sister,” of the patients had quite a family sound in it. I noticed, too, large nosegays of fresh flowers set where they gave most pleasure: and there was the hospital cat for a living plaything. I was specially struck by the remark which some one made, to the effect that “no nerves were allowed there;” which accounted, I thought, for the singularly cheerful and unembarrassed expression of every one connected with the establishment. Whether it is that the smaller wards, which are in fact simply the ordinary dwelling rooms of a very ordinary house, give a greater feeling of snugness than the long and echoing corridors of a large hospital; or whether it is that the smaller number of patients in a room together tends to less strain, less embarrassment, and more confidence; or whether it is an effect due to the special manners, habits, tempers, or mode of management of the Great Northern Hospital staff, I do not know; but certainly there is more simplicity of life and demeanour here, and less of that conscious, shy embarrassment so visible in



hospitals in general, than in any such institution I have yet seen. I think it only due to this special institution to write of it as I saw it, in the hope that others may be as much interested as I was, with greater ability of expression: for these small unostentatious establishments make no great noise in the world anyhow. They are mainly supported by a small band of personal friends; they do

good in a quiet, silent, and practical manner; but they have no blare of trumpets or roll of drums to herald and announce them, and their very modesty is likely to cause them to be overlooked if some one does not undertake to tell the reading world a little about them, and show where and how they are labouring for God and for humanity.

E. LYNN-LINTON.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF FRANCE AND ITALY.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

### XI.

#### TO FLORENCE.

*JUNE 2nd.*—At setting off (from Incisa) we were surrounded by beggars as usual, the most interesting of whom were a little blind boy and his mother, who had besieged us with gentle pertinacity during our whole stay there. There was likewise a man with a maimed hand, and other hurts or deformities; also an old woman, who, I suspect, only pretended to be blind, keeping her eyes tightly squeezed together, but directing her hand very accurately where the copper shower was expected to fall. Besides these there were a good many sturdy little rascals, vociferating in proportion as they needed nothing. It was touching, however, to see several persons—themselves beggars for aught I know—assisting to hold up the little blind boy's tremulous hand, so that he, at all events, might not lack the pittance which we had to give. Our dole was but a poor one after all, consisting of what Roman coppers we had brought into Tuscany with us; and as we drove off some of the boys ran shouting and whining after us in the hot sunshine, nor stopped till we reached the summit of the hill, which rises immediately from the village street. We heard Gaetano once say a good thing to a swarm of beggar children who were infesting us. "Are your fathers all dead?"—a proverbial expression, I suppose. The pertinacity of beggars does not, I think, excite the indignation of an Italian, as it is apt to do that of Englishmen or Americans. The Italians probably sympathise more, though they give less. Gaetano is very gentle in his modes of repelling them, and, indeed, never interieres at all as long as there is a prospect of their getting anything.

Immediately after leaving Incisa we saw the Arno, already a considerable river, rushing between deep banks, with the greenish hue of a duck-pond diffused through its water. Nevertheless, though the first impression was not altogether agreeable, we soon became reconciled to this hue, and ceased to think it an indication of impurity; for, in spite of it, the river is still to a certain degree transparent, and is, at any rate, a mountain stream, and comes uncontaminated from its source. The pure, transparent brown of the New England rivers is the most beautiful colour; but I am content that it should be peculiar to them.

Our afternoon's drive was through scenery less striking than some which we had traversed, but still picturesque and beautiful. We saw deep valleys and ravines, with streams at the bottom; long, wooded hill-sides, rising far and high, and dotted with white dwellings, well towards the summits. By-and-by we had a distant glimpse of Florence, showing its great dome and some of its towers out of a side-long valley, as if we were between two great waves of the tumultuous sea of hills; while far beyond rose, in the distance, the blue peaks of three or four of the Apennines, just on the remote horizon. There being a haziness in the atmosphere, however, Florence was little more distinct to us than the Celestial City was to Christian and Hopeful, when they spied it from the Delectable Mountains.

Keeping steadfastly onward, we ascended a winding road, and passed a grand villa standing very high, and surrounded with extensive grounds. It must be the residence of some great noble, and it had an avenue of poplars or aspens, very light and gay, and fit for the pas-

sage of the bridal procession when the proprietor, or his heir, brings home his bride; while in another direction, from the same front of the palace, stretches an avenue, or grove, of cypresses, very long, and exceedingly black and dismal, like a train of gigantic mourners. I have seen few things more striking, in the way of trees, than this grove of cypresses.

From this point we descended, and drove along an ugly, dusty avenue, with a high brick wall on one side, or both, till we reached the gate of Florence, into which we were admitted with as little trouble as custom-house officers, soldiers, and policemen can possibly give. They did not examine our luggage, and even declined a fee, as we had already paid one at the frontier custom-house. Thank heaven, and the Grand Duke!

As we hoped that the Casa del Bello had been taken for us, we drove thither in the first place, but found that the bargain had not been concluded. As the house and studio of Mr. Powers were just on the opposite side of the street, I went to it, but found him too much engrossed to see me at the moment; so I returned to the *vettura*, and we told Gaetano to carry us to a hotel. He established us at the Albergo della Fontana, a good and comfortable house. . . . Mr. Powers called in the evening—a plain personage characterised by strong simplicity and warm kindness, with an impending brow, and large eyes, which kindle as he speaks. He is grey, and slightly bald, but does not seem elderly nor past his prime. I accept him at once as an honest and trustworthy man, and shall not vary from this judgment. Through his good offices, the next day we engaged the Casa del Bello, at a rent of fifty dollars a month. I may say here that this journey from Rome has been one of the brightest and most uncareful interludes of my life; we have all enjoyed it exceedingly, and I am happy that our children have it to look back upon.

*June 4th.*—At our visit to Powers' studio, on Tuesday, we saw a marble copy of the fisher-boy holding a shell to his ear, and the bust of Proserpine, and two or three other ideal busts; various casts of most of the ideal statues, and portrait-busts which he has executed. He talks very freely about his works, and is no exception to the rule that an artist is not apt to speak in a very laudatory style of a brother-artist. He showed us a bust of Mr. Sparks by Persico—a lifeless and thoughtless thing enough, to be sure—and compared it with a very good one of the same gentleman by himself. The consciousness of power is plainly to be seen, and the assertion of it by

no means withheld, in his simple and natural character; nor does it give me an idea of vanity on his part to see and hear it. He appears to consider himself neglected by his country—by the government of it, at least—and talks with indignation of the byways and political intrigues which, he thinks, win the rewards that ought to be bestowed exclusively on merit. An appropriation of twenty-five thousand dollars was made, some years ago, for a work of sculpture by him, to be placed in the Capitol; but the intermediate measures necessary to render it effective have been delayed, while the above-mentioned Clarke Mills has received an order for an equestrian statue of Washington. Not that Mr. Powers is made bitter or sour by these wrongs, as he considers them; he talks of them with the frankness of his disposition when the topic comes in his way, and is pleasant, kindly, and sunny when he has done with it.

His long absence from our country has made him think worse of us than we deserve; and it is an effect of what I myself am sensible in my shorter exile, the most piercing shriek, the wildest yell, and all the ugly sounds of popular turmoil inseparable from the life of a republic being a million times more audible than the peaceful hum of prosperity and content which is going on all the while.

He talks of going home, but says that he has been talking of it every year since he first came to Italy; and between his pleasant life of congenial labour and his idea of moral deterioration in America, I think it doubtful whether he ever crosses the sea again. Like most exiles of twenty years, he has lost his native country without finding another; but then it is as well to recognise the truth that an individual country is by no means essential to one's comfort.

Powers took us into the farthest room. I believe, of his very extensive studio, and showed us a statue of Washington that has much dignity and nobleness. He expressed, however, great contempt for the coat and breeches and masonic emblems in which he had been required to drape the figure. What would he do with Washington, the most decorous and respectable personage that ever went ceremoniously through the realities of life? Did anybody ever see Washington nude? It is inconceivable. He had no nakedness, but I imagine he was born with his clothes on and his hair powdered, and made a stately bow on his first appearance in the world. His costume, at all events, was a part of his character, and must be



dealt with by whatever sculptor undertakes to represent him. I wonder that so very sensible a man as Powers should not see the necessity of accepting drapery, and the very drapery of the day, if he will keep his art alive. It is his business to idealise the tailor's actual work. But he seems to be especially fond of nudity, none of his ideal statues—so far as I know them—having so much as a rag of clothes. His statue of California, lately finished, and as naked as Venus, seemed to me a very good work; not an actual woman, capable of exciting passion, but evidently a little out of the category of human nature. In one hand she holds a divining rod. "She says to the emigrants," observed Powers, "'Here is the gold, if you choose to take it.'" But in her face and in her eyes, very finely expressed, there is a look of latent mischief—rather grave than playful, yet somewhat impish or sprite-like; and in the other hand, behind her back, she holds a bunch of thorns.

When we had looked sufficiently at the sculpture, Powers proposed that we should now go across the street, and see the Casa del Bello. It is a palace of three pianos, the topmost of which is occupied by the Countess of St. George, an English lady, and two lower pianos are to be let, and we looked at both. The upper one would have suited me well enough; but the lower has a terrace, with a rustic summer-house over it, and is connected with a garden, where there are arbours, and a willow tree, and a little wilderness of shrubbery and roses, with a fountain in the midst. It has likewise an immense suite of rooms, round the four sides of a small court; spacious, lofty, with frescoed ceilings and rich hangings, and abundantly furnished with arm-chairs, sofas, marble tables and great looking-glasses. . . .

To me has been assigned the pleasantest room for my study; and when I like, I can overflow into the summer-house or an arbour, and sit there dreaming of a story. The weather is delightful; too warm to walk, but perfectly fit to do nothing in, in the coolness of these great rooms. Every day I shall write a little, perhaps, and probably take a brief nap, somewhere between breakfast and tea, but go to see pictures and statues occasionally, and so assuage and mollify myself a little, after that uncongenial life of the consulate, and before going back to my own hard and dusty New England.

After concluding the arrangement for the Casa del Bello, we stood talking a little while with Powers and his wife and daughter, be-

fore the door of the house; for they seem so far to have adopted the habits of the Florentines, as to feel themselves at home on the shady side of the street. The out-of-door life, and free communication with the pavement, habitual, apparently, among the middle classes, reminds one of the plays of Molière and other old dramatists, in which the street or the square becomes a sort of common parlour, where most of the talk and scenic business of the people is carried on.

*June 5th.*—For two or three mornings, after breakfast, I have rambled a little about the city, till the shade grew narrow beneath the walls of the houses, and the heat made it uncomfortable to be in motion. To-day I went over the Ponte Carraja, and thence into and through the heart of the city, looking into several churches, in all of which I found people taking advantage of the cool breadth of these sacred interiors to refresh themselves and say their prayers. Florence at first struck me as having the aspect of a very new city in comparison with Rome; but, on closer acquaintance, I find that many of the buildings are antique and massive, though still the clear atmosphere, the bright sunshine, the light cheerful hues of the stucco, and—as much as anything else, perhaps—the vivacious character of the human life in the streets, take away the sense of its being an ancient city. The streets are delightful to walk in, after so many penitential pilgrimages as I have made over those little square, uneven blocks of the Roman pavement, which wear out the boots and torment the soul. I absolutely walk on the smooth flags of Florence for the mere pleasure of walking, and live in its atmosphere for the mere pleasure of living; and, warm as the weather is getting to be, I never feel that inclination to sink down in a heap and never stir again, which was my dull torment and misery as long as I stayed in Rome. I hardly think there can be a place in the world where life is more delicious for its own simple sake than here.

I went to-day into the Baptistery, which stands near the Duomo, and, like that, is covered externally with slabs of black and white marble, now grown brown and yellow with age. The edifice is octagonal, and on entering one immediately thinks of the Pantheon, the whole space within being free from side to side, with a dome above; but it differs from the severe simplicity of the former edifice, being elaborately ornamented with marble and frescoes, and lacking that great eye in the roof, that looks so nobly and reverently heavenward from the Pantheon.

I did little more than pass through the Baptistery, glancing at the famous bronze doors, some perfect and admirable casts of which I had already seen at the Crystal Palace.

The entrance of the Duomo being just across the Piazza, I went in there after leaving the Baptistery, and was struck anew—for this is the third or fourth visit—with the dim grandeur of the interior, lighted as it is almost exclusively by painted windows, which seem to me worth all the variegated marbles and rich cabinet work of St. Peter's. The Florentine cathedral has a spacious and lofty nave, and side aisles divided from it by pillars; but there are no chapels along the aisles, so that there is far more breadth and freedom of interior, in proportion to the actual space, than is usual in churches. It is woeful to think how the vast capaciousness within St. Peter's is thrown away, and made to seem smaller than it is by every possible device, as if on purpose. The pillars and walls of this Duomo are of a uniform, brownish, neutral tint; the pavement a mosaic-work of marble; the ceiling of the dome itself is covered with frescoes, which, being very imperfectly lighted, it is impossible to trace out; indeed, it is but a twilight region that is enclosed within the firmament of this great dome, which is actually larger than that of St. Peter's, though not lifted so high from the pavement. But, looking at the painted windows, I little cared what dimness there might be elsewhere, for certainly the art of man has never contrived any other beauty and glory at all to be compared to this.

The dome sits, as it were, upon three smaller domes—smaller, but still great—beneath which are three vast niches, forming the transepts of the cathedral and the tribune behind the high altar. All round these hollow, dome-covered arches, or niches, are high and narrow windows, crowded with saints, angels, and all manner of blessed shapes, that turn the common daylight into a miracle of richness and splendour as it passes through their heavenly substance. And just beneath the swell of the great central dome is a wreath of circular windows, quite round it, as brilliant as the tall and narrow ones below. It is a pity anybody should die without seeing an antique painted window with the bright Italian sunshine glowing through it. This is "the dim, religious light" that Milton speaks of; but I doubt whether he saw these windows when he was in Italy, or any but those faded or dusty and dingy ones of the English cathedrals; else he would have illuminated that word "dim" with some epithet

that should not chase away the dimness, yet should make it shine like a million of rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and topazes, bright in themselves, but dim with tenderness and reverence, because God himself was shining through them. I hate what I have said.

All the time that I was in the cathedral the space around the high altar, which stands exactly under the dome, was occupied by priests, or acolytes, in white garments, chanting a religious service.

After coming out I took a view of the edifice from a corner of the street nearest to the dome, where it and the smaller domes can be seen at once. It is greatly more satisfactory than St. Peter's in any view I ever had of it; striking in its outline, with a mystery, yet not a bewilderment, in its masses, and curves, and angles; and wrought out with a richness of detail that gives the eye new arches, new galleries, new niches, new pinnacles, new beauties great and small to play with, when wearied with the vast whole. The hue—black and white marbles, like the Baptistery, turned also yellow and brown—is greatly preferable to the buff travertine of St. Peter's.

From the Duomo it is but a moderate street's length to the Piazza del Gran Duca, the principal square of Florence. It is a very interesting place, and has on one side the old governmental palace, the Palazzo Vecchio, where many scenes of historic interest have been enacted; for example, conspirators have been hanged from its windows, or precipitated from them upon the pavement of the square below.

At one corner of the Palazzo Vecchio is a bronze equestrian statue of Cosmo di Medici, the first Grand Duke, very stately and majestic. There are other marble statues—one of David, by Michel Angelo—at each side of the palace door; and, entering the court, I found a rich, antique arcade within, surrounded by marble pillars, most elaborately carved, supporting arches that were covered with faded frescoes. I went no further, but stepped across a little space of the square to the Loggia di Lanzi, which is broad and noble, of three vast arches, at the end of which, I take it, is a part of the Palazzo Uffizi, fronting on the piazza. I should call it a portico if it stood before the palace door; but it seems to have been constructed merely for itself, and as a shelter for the people from the sun and rain, and to contain some fine specimens of sculpture, as well as antique and of more modern times. Benvenuto Cellini's Perseus stands here, but it did not



strike me so much as the cast of it in the Crystal Palace.

A good many people were under these great arches, some of whom were reclining, half or quite asleep on the marble seats that are built against the back of the Loggia. A group was reading an edict of the Grand Duke, which appeared to have been just posted on a board, at the farther end of it; and I was surprised at the interest which they ventured to manifest, and the freedom with which they seemed to discuss it. A soldier was on guard, and doubtless there were spies enough to carry every word that was said to the ear of absolute authority. Glancing myself at the edict, however, I found it referred only to the furtherance of a project, got up among the citizens themselves, for bringing water into the city; and on such topics, I suppose, there is freedom of discussion.

*June 7th.*—Saturday evening, we walked with U—— and J—— into the city, and looked at the exterior of the Duomo with new admiration. Since my former view of it I have noticed—which, strangely enough, did not strike me before—that the façade is but a great, bare, ugly space roughly plastered over, with the brick-work peeping through it in spots, and a faint, almost invisible fresco of colours upon it. This front was once nearly finished with an incrustation of black and white marble, like the rest of the edifice; but one of the city magistrates, Benedetto Ugucione, demolished it three hundred years ago, with the idea of building it again in better style. He failed to do so, and ever since the magnificence of the great church has been marred by this unsightly roughness of what should have been its richest part; nor is there, I suppose, any hope that it will ever be finished now.

The campanile, or bell-tower, stands within a few paces of the cathedral, but entirely disconnected from it, rising to the height of nearly three hundred feet, a square tower of light marbles, now discoloured by time. It is impossible to give an idea of the richness of effect produced by its elaborate finish; the whole surface of the four sides, from top to bottom, being decorated with all manner of sculpture and architectural sculpture. It is like a toy of ivory which some ingenious and patient monk might have spent his lifetime in carving; and when it was finished, being so beautiful, he prayed that it might be made doubly magnified from the size of one hundred to that of three hundred. This idea

somewhat satisfies me, as conveying an impression how gigantesque the campanile is in its mass and height, and how minute and varied in its detail. Surely these mediæval works have an advantage over the classic. They combine the telescope and the microscope.

The city was all alive in the summer evening, and the streets humming with voices. Before the doors of the cafés were tables at which people were taking refreshment, and it went to my heart to see a bottle of English ale, some of which was poured foaming into a glass; at least it had exactly the amber hue and the foam of English bitter ale; but perhaps it may have been merely a Florentine imitation.

As we returned home over the Arno, crossing the Ponte de Santa Trinità, we were struck by the beautiful scene of the broad, calm river, with the palaces along its shores repeated in it on either side, and the neighbouring bridges, too, just as perfect in the tide beneath as in the air above,—a city of dream and shadow so close to the actual one! God has a meaning, no doubt, in putting this spiritual symbol continually beside us.

Along the river, on both sides, as far as we could see, there was a row of brilliant lamps, which in the far distance looked like a cornice of golden light; and this also shone as brightly in the river's depths. The hues of the evening in the quarter where the sun had gone down, were very soft and beautiful, though not so gorgeous as thousands that I have seen in America. But I believe I must fairly confess that the Italian sky in the daytime is bluer and brighter than our own, and that the atmosphere has a quality of showing objects to better advantage. It is more than mere daylight; the magic of moonlight is somehow mixed up with it, although it is so transparent a medium of sight.

Last evening, Mr. Powers called to see us, and sat down to talk in a friendly and familiar way. I do not know a man of more facile intercourse, nor with whom one so easily gets rid of ceremony. His conversation, too, is interesting. He talked, to begin with, about Italian food, as poultry, mutton, beef, and their lack of savouriness, as compared with our own; and mentioned an exquisite dish of vegetables, which they prepare from squash or pumpkin blossoms; likewise another dish, which it will be well for us to remember when we get back to the Wayside, where we are overrun with acacias. It consists of the acacia blossom, in a certain stage

of its development, fried in olive oil. I shall get the receipt from Mrs. Powers, and mean to deserve well of my country by first trying it and then making it known; only I doubt whether American lard, or even butter, will produce the dish quite so delicately as fresh Florence oil.

Meanwhile, I like Powers all the better because he does not put his life wholly into marble. We had much talk, nevertheless, on matters of sculpture; for he drank a cup of tea with us, and stayed a good while.

He passed a condemnatory sentence on classic busts in general, saying that they were conventional, and not to be depended upon as true representations of the persons. He particularly excepted none but the bust of Caracalla; and, indeed, everybody that has seen this bust must feel the justice of the exception, and so be inclined the more to accept his opinion about the rest. There are not more than half a dozen—that of Cato the Censor among the others—in regard to which I should like to ask his judgment individually. He seems to think the faculty of making a bust an extremely rare one. Canova put his own likeness into all the busts he made. Greenough could not make a good one, nor Crawford, nor Gibson. Mr. Harte, he observed—an American sculptor, now resident in Florence—is the best man of the day for making busts. Of course it is to be presumed that he excepts himself; but I would not do Powers the great injustice to imply that there is the slightest professional jealousy in his estimate of what others have done, or are now doing, in his own art. If he saw a better man than himself, he would recognise him at once, and tell the world of him; but he knows well enough that, in this line, there is no better, and probably none so good. It would not accord with the simplicity of his character to blink a fact that stands so broadly before him.

We asked him what he thought of Mr. Gibson's practice of colouring his statues, and he quietly and slyly said that he himself had made wax figures in his earlier days, but had left off making them now. In short, he objected to the practice wholly, and said that a letter of his on the subject had been published in the *London Athenæum*, and had given great offence to some of Mr. Gibson's friends. It appeared to me, however, that his arguments did not apply quite fairly to the case, for he seems to think Gibson aims at producing an illusion of life in the

statue; whereas, I think, his object is merely to give warmth and softness to the unmy marble, and so bring it a little nearer to our hearts and sympathies. Even so far, nevertheless, I doubt whether the practice is defensible; and I was glad to see that Powers scorned, at all events, the argument drawn from the use of colour by the antique sculptors, on which Gibson relies so much. It might almost be implied, from the contemptuous way in which Powers spoke of colour, that he considers it an imperfection on the face of visible nature, and would rather the world had been made without it, for he said that everything in intellect or feeling can be expressed as perfectly, or more so, by the sculptor in colourless marble as by the painter with all the resources of his palette. I asked him whether he could model the face of *Beatrice Cenci* from Guido's picture, so as to retain the subtle expression, and he said he could, for that the expression depended entirely on the drawing, "the picture being a fully coloured thing." I inquired whether he could model a blush, and he said, "Yes," and that he had once proposed to an artist to represent a blush in marble, if he would express it in picture. On consideration I believe me to be as impossible as the other, the life and reality of the blush being in its momentaryness, coming and going. It is but in a faded red, just as much as in a scorching pulseless red, and neither the sculptor nor painter can do more than represent the circumstances of attitude and expression that accompany the blush. There was a great deal of talk on what Powers said about the matter of colour, and in one of our memorable New England winters, it ought to comfort us to think how little necessity there is for any less but that of the snow.

Mr. Powers, nevertheless, had brought us a bunch of beautiful roses, and seemed as capable of appreciating their delicate blush as we were. The last thing he said, against the usual custom in marble was, to the effect, that the whiteness removed the object represented into a sort of spiritual region, and so gave character and animation to those qualities which would otherwise suggest immediately. I have myself felt the truth of this, in a certain sense of saying, as I looked at Gibson's tinted *Venus*.

He took his leave at about eight o'clock, being to make a call on the Harbys, who are at the Hotel de New York, and also on Mrs. Browning, at Casa Guelfi.



## THERE ARE TWA SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION.

"WHAT makes ye sae merry, my bonny woman, and why are your een sae bricht?"  
 "It's a' because o' my ain true love who is comin' hame the nicht."

"And for why do ye wear the blue ribbons and the yellow knots?" said he.  
 "Eh, but he's just a Parliament chiel, and these are his colours," said she.

"These sma' bits o' duds and things, hech, sir, I wouldna tyne,  
 For they're just his ain colours, ye see, this braw lover o' mine."

"And what has he given ye for a token, the worthy man?" said he.  
 "Never ane o' his pamphlets or speeches, or a gude book," said she;

"But a diamond ring for my finger, and love enough for my life,  
 And sax children to ca' me mither, the day that I am his wife:

"Twa big bonny sons, wha'll be gude sons to me,  
 Twa more, ane to haud by the hand, and ane to set on my knee;

"And twa sonsy lassies, whom I love wi' a' my micht:  
 Reckon them on your fingers, neebour, and ye'll find I've set them richt."

"I'm no objectin' to the children, they'll mak you steady," said he;  
 "But the diamonds I'm no' sae sure of—" "Merry and wise," said she:

"I'll wear my rings and my bit ribbons, and be steady all the same,  
 And lace on my best boddice whenever my man comes hame.

"And ye that hae a gudewife o' yer ain, it's her way maybe—  
 She wears all her fine things for you, I'm nae doubtin'," said she.

"My gudewife puts on her best mittens when the minister comes, 'tis true."  
 "Eh, love, he may be a godly man, but I'd rather wear them for you!"

"The gudewife wears a grey kirtle, and nane o' yer gauds," said he.  
 "And eh! but I love a grey kirtle, with just blue ribbons," said she.

"Ye remember St. Paul's discourses—a man wi' knowledge of life,  
 "Whether it was apparel he spoke of, or the call of a virtuous wife."

"And if it's texts ye're quotin', for a wise woman," said she,  
 "We'll just turn to Proverbs, for that's the gudewife for me.

"She did well by her household, and pranked them fair and fine,  
 Wi' the scarlet linen and the purple, and a good haggis to dine.

"She got credit for good intentions, and her man praised her," said she;  
 "The minister may do it for your gudewife, but I'd fain my man praised me!"

"My bonny woman, I'm no sayin' but there's sense in your mother wit;  
 Ye havena a man's grasp o' mind, but ye mak the best o' it."

"A braw man's enough in himsel'." "That's gospel truth," said he.  
 "But it's always well for the weaker vessel to be *made* bonny," said she.

"I'm no' just sayin' that blue ribbons are the verra deevil's snare;  
 From your ain lover's point of view, they may do nae harm in your hair.

"'Her clothing was silk and purple,' 'twas Solomon wrote that same:  
 If ye wear the bit gauds for yer lover, I'll no' say ye're to blame."

"And a good-day, neebour." "And a fair good morrow," said he.  
 "And eh but I am a happy woman, and a wise woman," said she.

## THE SYLVESTRES.

BY M. DE BETHAM-EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "KITTY," "DR. JACOB," ETC.

## CHAPTER LIV.—REST!



**T**RAGEDY very little affects ordinary minds; and after the first spasm of horror had passed away, the neighbourhood woke up with alacrity to the unwonted, all-delicious bliss of a thorough piece of sensationalism. Now came into full play those petty,

prying instincts of human nature which flock about an unpleasant thing, like the eagles that gather round the carcass. The appalling crime and the noble grief, with all their meanings, were lost sight of; bitter feelings were absorbed in consideration of the thousand and one minutiae connected with death or burial. Would Ingaretha put on black, and if so, what kind of black? These, and hundreds of other questions, the good people of Culpho and Peasemarsch asked themselves impatiently, catching hold of any rumour with unhealthy appetites. Not a yard of crape or a pair of black gloves could have been smuggled into the Abbey without the fact becoming instantly known for miles round. If inquisitiveness could be taken as the gauge of public sympathy, Ingaretha was surely the most beloved and pitied of any lady in misfortune.

And there were not wanting demonstrations of a kindlier nature. Besides the outpourings of real affection, such as that of Amy Greenfield and her children, and Mrs. Minifie, came little tokens of brotherly, sisterly feeling, alike from rich and poor. Flowers were left at the Abbey all day long, modest posies plucked by village children in cornfield and wood, and costly bouquets of exotics; and with both friendly messages and inquiries. Poor, pale, heart-broken Ingaretha had no smile to give in return for these peace-offerings. "Why should they not have shown

René a little kindness?" she said. "It cannot do me any good now."

Why describe a day of complete mourning?—why paint hours of unmixed pain and unassuaged misery from sunrise till nightfall? We all know well enough what such days and such hours are like, and need no reminder of them beyond the whitened hairs and deep lines they have left behind. Are we better or worse for the griefs that have no consolation? God in heaven only knows. His stricken creatures would fain not doubt.

Early that dreaded morning Euphrosyne had flown to Ingaretha's arms. The old woman and the girl were brought as near to each other then as if they had been descended of the same stock, begotten of the same parent. Ingaretha only remembered what Euphrosyne suffered. Some recording angel seemed to have blotted out the sin. Long they wept together without a word.

"How pale you have grown in these last few days!" at last Euphrosyne said. "You must not weep too much now."

"Why not?" asked Ingaretha. "If I am pale, there is nobody to grieve about it since René is gone. I shall soon be old and ugly, and die. I can't eat. I lie awake or dream horrors all the night. The summer air seems stifling. Oh! who can comfort me?"

Then she threw her arms about Euphrosyne's neck and moaned like a sick child.

"You must go away from this place; you will feel differently in another atmosphere," Euphrosyne said cheerfully. "At your age one can never say, 'All is lost.'"

"Lady Micheldever means to take me to the East, I think," Ingaretha answered, still resting her head on her friend's breast. "But I cannot go without you—I will not."

Euphrosyne made no answer, but kissed the pale cheek with passionate emotion.

"Promise that you will not forsake me," Ingaretha said persistently.

"We must wait a little," Euphrosyne answered. "Perhaps it will be best for you to see no one who reminds you so nearly of the beloved ones lost to us. For a time I think you ought to travel with Lady Micheldever, and leave us here—" she corrected herself, adding, "anywhere—away from you."

But Ingaretha persisted. They, too, could console each other a little, perhaps. They must not part yet. And then, by and by, Euphrosyne and Maudie must settle their



plans, so as to be near her always. But no talk of plans just yet, only to get away as fast and as far as possible!

Just then Ghénilda came in and asked if Carew might speak to Ingaretha for a moment. She assented, and the four met, for the first time since he had received their congratulations as poet and master of the ceremonies nearly a week, nay, surely an age ago. To-day he was again master of the ceremonies, but of what a different kind!

They shook hands and sat down, all three looking on the ground, one was no sadder than the other. Carew, who had been quite calm a minute before, was overcome at the sight of Ingaretha's black dress and pale face. After a long silence he rose and said,—

"I must not stay, it is time to set out. Maddio is waiting. Have you anything to say to me before I go?"

"No—yes," said Ingaretha; then rising with a sob in her throat, "Yes," she repeated, and snatching up a pair of scissors that Euphrosyne had been using for garlands, cut off a long thick lock of her beautiful hair. "That is for René's grave—you understand. God bless you," she said, turning her face away.

"It shall be as you say," he answered.

Then he went, and they heard the low grating sound of wheels on the gravel path underneath. Ghénilda came to try to comfort them. Amy, too, was in the house, and Bina, ever anxious to play the part of a good little fairy to her adored Ingaretha. The hours passed somehow. When the carriages came back, and she knew that all was over, Ingaretha hid herself from the others, and went out of doors. All the morning she had been pining for solitude. Not the kindest of kindly looks, not the tenderest of tender words, but had driven her almost crazy with a sense of their impotence. What were caresses, looks, words? Who or what could console this poor, half-maddened, desolate thing called Ingaretha? Could Nature? Could the great all-prevailing spirit called God? Could the Christ, to whom miserable men and women had throughout ages fled for healing? She sat down in a solitary spot and wept abundantly. Did any comfort come? She knew not, but when she had done crying the whole aspect of the day had changed. A shadow had fallen over the noontide glory of the day, the mocking triumphant singing of the wind had ceased, and the noisy chorus of throistles and linnets; instead came little rippling sounds of softest breezes, amid birch and abele, and the plaintive note of solitary stockdove.

How placid it was, how gracious, how lovely! When the park ended, the pastures began, and what pastures! The happy cows stood knee-deep in the warm grass, or eyed themselves meditatively in the clear little river. The silvery grey sallows waved gently to and fro. Far away the same picture—grazing cows, and clear shadows, and silvery sallows—was repeated in miniature. There was nothing else to be seen, except the sky, in which shifted a few bright clouds. Ingaretha threw aside her hat, and rested her head on a knoll of turf, thinking all the time of new-made graves in her own churchyard. The two friends lying there had been her heroes. Sooner or later she felt sure that the world would have recognised their grand qualities, and now they were dead, and their chances of glory with them. She had never doubted of René's great future. He possessed moral and intellectual qualities which the other lacked—self-denial, a practical turn of mind, pride, discretion, insight into the characters of men. There was in the complexion of his being something that took stronger hold of the thoughtful and the truth-seeking than the dazzling fascinations of Monsieur Sylvestre, something not wholly moral, not wholly intellectual, but made up of both, and heightened by a daring, uncompromising temper.

If he could only have lived in the beautiful world a little longer, and unlearned that cynicism for which she had so often chidden him! What had his thirty years brought? Alas, nothing but want and disappointment, and the frustration of ideals and hopes. And just when her whole life had been so planned as to make his own perfect, came this cruel ending. The old rage came back, the old horror, the old longing for retribution; but for a moment only. These poor besotted Suffolk labourers were not his fate; they had but accomplished blindly an inevitable consequence. René and Monsieur Sylvestre were not of this world; they were purer, better, loftier than the best of their fellows, and it was of such stuff that martyrs were always made, whether of faith, of progress, or of doubt. But where were they? What meant this impenetrable darkness and silence that hindered their spirits from communing with her own? Would such separation last throughout life? And after?

She bowed her head, praying, almost involuntarily, that it might not be as she had sometimes feared, that the heavenly world to come and life everlasting might be as true as the golden age upon earth, in which she had never doubted. Only a little hope to hold

her on, a little courage to live, a little faith to guide her; she asked for nothing more.

#### CHAPTER LV.—A CONSPIRACY.

THAT same afternoon Maddio and Euphrosyne set out on foot for Pilgrim's Hatch. They had never talked of familiar things since the dread events of a week ago. Now their hearts were full to overflowing, and as they sauntered along under the shade, their tongues were unloosed. Both had wept till they could weep no longer. Calmly and without break they began to speak of the future.

"What do you mean to do, little mother?" asked Maddio. "Our poor dwelling is nearly destroyed, our stores consumed, our purses empty. Unless some great piece of good luck happens to us, we can never get on our legs again. And then, how can we feel safe in this place any more? The people are as ferocious as the Bedouin."

"Dear Maddio, listen to me," Euphrosyne said, talking coaxingly, as if to a six-year-old school-boy. "I have much to say to you, and I know you will be patient and yielding. Promise me that you will do all I require of you."

"Of course, you know best, being a woman, and for years the adviser of our beloved father and teacher," Maddio answered with emotion. "Only speak, dear mother."

"Well, to begin at the beginning—alas, my poor head is so sadly confused, that I hardly see any beginning or any end. I fear my wits are going, and what would become of you then?" answered Euphrosyne, putting her hand to her brow. "But I must begin somewhere, and it shall be with our plans. We will leave this sweet, but for us ill-omened, place at once and for ever. Let us go to-morrow."

"So soon?"

"And why not? We can bring no comfort to the living, and the dead need us not. Let us go to-morrow."

"As you think best," Maddio said reluctantly; for the poor man could not contemplate losing the flesh-pots of Egypt without a pang.

"Dear brother, only think a moment, and you will see that we ought to do it. Our Ingaretha's heart is well-nigh broken by these miseries, and all that her friends can do is to put out of sight the reminders of them. We cannot console—at least, let us not trouble that sweet child any more."

"But who will take care of her when we are gone?"

"Oh! what kind of care was ours?

During the year we have spent in England, anxiety after anxiety, sorrow after sorrow, has been heaped upon her head, till her cup of endurance is filled to the brim. The longer we stay, the more she will have to bear."

Maddio made no answer. Even the events of the last few days had failed to damp the childish ardour of his nature. He could not help thinking that after a time the wounds would be healed, and life would smile afresh.

"I have thought of a plan for sparing her," pursued Euphrosyne, looking older and grayer and more like a ghost of her former self, with very sorrowful mood; "we will go secretly, and without a word of farewell."

Maddio started as if stung.

"Listen, dear brother. Though we sleep to-night under Ingaretha's roof, we can get away unknown to her. The men, fortunately, are in a different wing of the house, and the servants sleep so late in the morning that there is no fear of being discovered. We can slip out at night, and get the early morning mail to London, and once there are placed out of every one's reach."

"True enough," Maddio answered meekly.

"In London we will stay a few days, till all search for us shall be over, and then form our future plans," pursued Euphrosyne with feverish eagerness. "I think we had better go to the Far West. We have one good comrade there—you remember the Alsatian Sigbert, who was once with us in Algérie—he would surely be kind to us. Or we could settle down in some friendly little town in Alsatia. I could earn my bread by teaching; you could do it also, and even Aglaé might do something—"

"Would Aglaé go with us?" asked Maddio, brightening.

"Maddio," Euphrosyne said, stopping short, and looking at him with an expression of solemn appeal, "I have something to tell you about that young stranger which you must never divulge to any living soul. She is my own child, born of that first misbegotten, unhappy marriage of which you have heard me often speak. By some strange chance she was led here, became an unhappy, neglected wife, the victim of a narrow, miserable existence. But, as yet, I have not made my self known to her. I think I should always have kept silence, had not two things happened—"

She stopped short, wiped away two big tears, and added:—

"My husband never knew, for I felt all along that I ought to reconcile her with her own people and persuade her to go home."



and I knew that, being fond of Aglaë, and interested in her, as he was, he would have felt all the more sorry to part with her had he known all. But a little before my dear saint died, Aglaë, too, became a widow, and was thus free to choose her own career. Hitherto we have not yet talked of the future, but this very day I am going to tell her all, and she shall do as she likes."

"Of course she will go," Maddio said, growing more and more cheerful; "and why should we not found another Pilgrim's Hatch in the New World? Let us go to Central America. The climate is perfect. The natives are kindly disposed to Europeans. The flora and fauna are beautiful and varied. Dear mother, I am ready to go this very moment."

"As full of hope as ever!" Euphrosyne said with a mournful smile, "whilst I long for nothing else but to lie down by my husband's side. Alas! dear Maddio, I have no courage to clear, plant, dig, and build afresh. To obtain a shelter and food is all I seek, and it may be to do a little good to my suffering fellows. Were Aglaë willing I would fain join one of the sisterhoods whose mission it is to nurse the sick. It is a practical scheme, and oh! how tired I am of dreams! We shall see. But what hinders thee from going whithersoever thou wilt? It would be hard to part, but we should love each other all the same."

"No, I will never forsake thee," said Maddio fervently; "never, whilst I live. Do not speak of what is impossible."

"Let us set out this very night, then—without bidding any one adieu—except the dead," Euphrosyne said eagerly. "We have money enough to carry us a little way. Aglaë is not penniless. We must trust to heaven for the rest."

Silently and sorrowfully they made the round of their so late happy home, gathering a flower here, dropping a tear there, lingering long in the haunts they had loved best. The afternoon was perfect; radiant, glowing, balmy. And when the purple and gold died out of the sky, a soft haze settled upon the place, subduing the summer landscape to the complexion of their thoughts.

"It is as if the spirit of our beloved master spoke to us and compelled us," Maddio said in a low voice. "Never in my life did I feel so assured of the immortality of the soul as I do at this instant. Dearest mother, believe with me that our adored friends have still part in the activity and love of the universe."

"I will try," said the poor woman meekly.

Long they remained standing at the gate, not able to tear themselves away from the scene of such mingled enjoyment and hope, foreboding and despair. Not an inch of ground before them but had been hallowed by affection, beautified by the graces of daily life, desecrated by hate! They were turning their faces towards a new home and another life; but they knew that they should never find any home very dear, or life very sweet now. Their adored master, their beloved comrade, were gone, and with these two was lost to them what had been more precious than life itself.

Without a word they returned to the Abbey. On their way they met two or three of the village folks, who slunk past in silence. Had they followed the instinct of the moment, they would have gone up to Madame Sylvestre and said—"Poor thing, we are sorry for your misfortunes and our own. You have always been a good friend to us. God bless you!" But pride and sullenness kept them silent, and years after they were sorry.

It was the last ever seen of those two pathetic figures in the village.

Early next morning news was spread abroad of their mysterious departure. They had fled, leaving no trace behind, and with them the young Frenchwoman, for whom Madame Sylvestre had shown such strange tenderness. And years after, when the agony of that stormy time had passed away, the remembrance of Euphrosyne and Maddio was cherished among the country-people. They felt that they had been more sinned against than sinning, and the sayings of these gentle souls, their deeds of Christian charity, and their sufferings, were wept over as if nothing had marred the harmony of their intercourse. There was in the teaching of Euphrosyne and her companions an almost divine pitifulness, that made them feel sure of being forgiven for the direst offence of their lives.

#### CHAPTER LVI.—FAREWELLS.

RUMOUR said that Ingaretha was about to flit also, and many signs portended a long absence. Packing up was going on all day long at the Abbey. Several servants were to accompany their mistress. Mr. Minifie, moreover, was dismissed, and a new agent—reported to have liberal views—took his place. Miss Meadowcourt was going to the East with Lady Micheldever, people said, and none knew when she would come back again. Visits of condolence had already been paid, and now friends and neighbours flocked to say farewell. Ghenilda

received most of them, but there were one or two Ingaretha would not treat so cavalierly. Mr. Whitelock, for instance, who had many things to say to her.

Touched by her pallor, her sadness, and her black dress, he began with a fervent "God bless you!" and sat down, not knowing what to say next.

Ingaretha made a great effort to be cheerful.

"You will have heard my plans," she said; "we start to-morrow for Malta, and from thence to the East, where Lord Micheldever is to meet us. I do not intend to return home for several years."

"I am sorry to hear you say that," Mr. Whitelock answered, "sorry for all our sakes, though glad for your own. I can but hope that change of air and scene will mitigate the painfulness of these unhappy, though not wholly unforeseen events. May it be God's will that great good may come out of much apparent evil."

Ingaretha had determined not to take offence, let the rector say what he might. She held her peace, and he continued:—"Of death, how seldom it happens that one can say, 'Thou hast come too soon!' Your friends, whatever might have been their mental gifts, lacked the faculty of discretion, and took no account of the realities lying around them. Can aught of good issue from the schemes of those who live without God in the world? My dear Miss Meadowcourt, pray pardon me for speaking so plainly to you, but we are old friends, and I cannot believe that plain speaking amongst old friends is ever a real harm. And now we have to think of those through whom offence hath come. There is naturally great distress among my poor people, and great dread of the punishment that may fall upon the wrong-doers."

"I hope the law will deal gently with them," Ingaretha said. "I have talked with my guardian, Mr. Mede, about it, and he seemed to think that it was sure to be so."

The rector shook his head: "Perhaps no heavier verdict will be awarded than manslaughter against the ringleaders, who will be sentenced to several years' transportation. Lesser punishments will surely be inflicted upon two or three foolish lads whose misfortune it was to have been besotted with drink in honour of your wedding—"

Ingaretha's cheeks flushed with indignation.

"Nay," she answered quickly, "none of the village-folks went away drunk from the Abbey. It was no fault of mine that they

afterwards flocked to the ale-house, and gave way to excesses."

"Be that as it may," pursued the rector, "they got maddened with drink and acted like madmen. But who can doubt that, all things considered, their punishments will be far greater than they deserve? These misguided plough-boys belong, in almost every case, to honest, hard-working, church-going families, and the lightest sentence the law can inflict will bring sorrow, and shame, and desolation to a hundred hearts. A few months' imprisonment may seem little to us. Think of what it is to them! The very fact of being tried at the assizes brands their brow with an ineffaceable mark of disgrace. Babes now sucking at the breast will learn to point their fingers in scorn at this or that fellow-parishioner; little children at the Sunday-school will be ashamed of their fathers and brothers; family will be set against family in never-ending feuds, which vainly may I, or my successor when I am gone, try to heal. My heart is well-nigh broken at the sorrows of my flock."

His lip quivered, his eyes filled, and Ingaretha too was greatly moved. She held out both her hands to her friend. They wept together. All grievances were forgotten in that incomparable reconciliation.

"Oh!" she cried with great emotion, "what can I do? What can any one do to make things better? I would willingly give up the greater part of my fortune to buy back the peace of the old times. But what are words?"

"My dear friend," answered the rector, wiping away his tears, "that my prayers have been offered for you night and day during the past weeks, I need not say. But, by the light of our own poor, unassisted reason, we may perhaps arrive at some conclusions not wholly without service in this emergency. In the first place, have you taken any steps towards providing these unfortunate people with counsel?"

"Mr. Mede would not hear of such a thing. He said that the law must take its course."

"And what does Mr. Carew say?" asked the rector. "I have, unfortunately, no influence over him, and on more than one occasion lately we have vehemently differed on several points. Still, Mr. Carew is a kind-hearted man, and would be likely to take quite an opposite view to that of a cut-and-dry lawyer."

"Mr. Carew promised to provide the counsel himself. He is very kind."



"He is, indeed," answered the rector. "I see Mr. Carew's faults as clearly as any one. But the sweetness of his temper—except when he is defending your friends—atones, one might almost say, for all. Dear me, that is really generous of him!" And the rector seemed on the verge of falling into a reverie.

"What else can we do?" asked Ingaretha.

"You are quite right to keep me to the point, Miss Meadowcourt. What else can we do? There are the families of the convicted to think of. Dick Smithson, who seems to have been the ringleader, supports his widowed mother and two younger children. Maple—as you know, never a very sober fellow—has a wife dependent upon him and a large young family. If any are convicted of manslaughter, it will be these two."

"Of course the women and children must not suffer. I am ready to leave with you any amount of money you think proper and necessary. Will you administer it, Mr. Whitelock?"

"I cannot refuse such a request," answered the rector graciously; "and you may rely upon my economy and discretion. There will be the children to send to school."

"Let everything be done that is necessary," Ingaretha said, unwilling to waste time in details. "How little I can ever do for them or anybody now! I have lost all heart. I feel as if I should never have courage to come home again."

"In time this feeling will pass away," the rector said encouragingly. "Dear friend, I can but hope that you are destined to work much good in your native place still, though without doubt after a different fashion. I have watched your career for the last few months with mingled feelings of admiration, pain, and amazement. Were those admirable qualities of intellect and character you have so amply displayed in what you must forgive me for calling a bad cause, placed at the disposal of a conservative party, it would be enormously strengthened for all good purposes. We live in a time of dissension and dismemberment. He who is not with us at the present day, is doubly thereby against us. May I hope that when you return to England riper in experience, sobered in judgment, and having grown in grace as well as in years, you will no longer stand aloof from those who have never ceased to need and regret you? Well, one may say too much when the heart is full. Forgive and forget what has pained you in this or any

other conversation with me; remember only the kind wishes and sincere aspirations of your true friend and faithful pastor."

He rose to go. She held out both hands to him. They said good-bye, and then he went away, wiping his eye. Never in the course of his existence had the good rector felt so sad, so humble, so melancholy. Ingaretha gone, all the brightness of the world seemed gone. He wished that they had never pained each other.

The next person admitted to an interview was Mrs. Minifie.

"Oh dear!" said Mrs. Minifie. "Who'd have thought that in the midst of all this trouble I should have the one wish of my heart gratified? My dear Miss Meadowcourt, I should never have stayed so long in this miserable world but for the hope of seeing my husband meet with his deserts! And he has done so now, and no mistake. Your dismissal will make people wonder where their wits have been to let a wolf go about in sheep's clothing so long."

"I don't look upon Mr. Minifie exactly as a wolf in sheep's clothing," Ingaretha said with a faint smile. "We have never been able to agree about important things, so that it was much better to part before coming to a downright quarrel. That is all."

Mrs. Minifie shook her head.

"Not quite all, I think; of course, I can say what I like of my own husband, and between ourselves, dear Miss Meadowcourt, he is to blame for much of the bad feeling against poor dear Monsieur Sylvestre, and——"

"Do not let us talk of it," Ingaretha said quickly. "How good you have been to poor Euphrosyne, and how grateful she was! Oh! Mrs. Minifie, nothing is yet heard of her. I cannot tell you how uneasy their mysterious silence makes me. They may be starving."

"Madame Sylvestre won't starve, God bless her!" Mrs. Minifie said with cheerfulness. "If there's a penny to be earned, by hook or crook, she'll turn to and earn it, were the trade as new to her as steeple-chasing to a sailor. Maddy might, poor innocent, but then who's better off than a fool with a woman to look after him?"

"True, true," Ingaretha answered absently. "I understand why they are silent. Madame Sylvestre is as proud as a queen, and cannot endure the thought of receiving further help from her friends. She could do it for her husband, but not for herself."

"What a blessing to be relieved of such a helpless creature!" was on Mrs. Minifie's lips.

She checked herself, however, and said, "Well, one never knows how people will take things. Now, if it pleased God to make me a widow, I should feel twenty years younger. But then Madame Sylvestre never saw faults in anybody, least of all in her husband."

"What faults, indeed, had he?" said Ingaretha, speaking more to herself than her companion.

"As far as I can make out, only one, but that a mighty inconvenient one. He never could see straight before him. Whether the mischief lay in his eyes or his brain, or the way in which his head was set on his shoulders, I don't know; but it is certain he was always thousands of miles or hundreds of years away from the matter in hand. Why, you couldn't turn out a decent apple-dumpling under those conditions."

"I suppose, when I have lived a few years longer, I shall judge him as the rest of the world does," Ingaretha answered ruefully; "but I know I shall always love him."

"What has love to do with such faults as his?" Mrs. Minifie said. "You can forgive anything in a man who has the disposition of an angel."

"True; it is so."

"Now, with my husband it is different," began Mrs. Minifie; but Ingaretha had no wish to hear a tirade against Mr. Minifie.

"Shall we take a turn in the garden, or look at the greenhouse?" she asked.

Ingaretha fetched hat, basket, and scissors, and they went; the scissors were used so recklessly that soon the basket was full; roses, Japanese lilies, grapes, peaches, and plums, lay heaped together in gorgeous confusion.

"Think of all these beautiful things wasted whilst you are gone!" Mrs. Minifie said, sighing.

"Why need they be wasted?" asked Ingaretha, and ere the words were fairly uttered there was the clamour of five little voices, and the tread of five pair of little feet.

It was the curate's children come to bid their adored Ingaretha good-bye. Amy had brought them dressed in their best, and each brought some tiny parting gift—a flower, a home-made pincushion, a pair of mittens, even baby presented an apple.

After a long, happy hour in the garden, Amy said they must go. The little ones looked at mother, brother, and sister, wondering who would begin to cry soonest, and at the first sign of moisture in Amy's eyes all burst into loud sobs. Pennie and the two youngest children clung to Ingaretha's skirts.

Bina and Sammie each held one of her hands, fondling it with tears and kisses. Ingaretha's self-possession forsook her, and even Mrs. Minifie betrayed emotion.

At last it was over. Ingaretha, left alone, went indoors, and walked about her haunted rooms with a pale, dreamy face.

She felt that an era of her life had ended. The story was told, the dream was over. The vision passed away. She could not look towards the future with hope, nor could she quite despair. But for a time, at least, she had done with tears.

#### CHAPTER VIII.—GHENILDA: FIVE YEARS AFTER.

It was Midsummer-day, and alone in her rose-garden wandered, dreaming, the Lady of the Abbey. Was this stately creature indeed the Ingaretha of old? Had Time so enlarged the girlish figure, so ennobled the candid brow, so subdued the playful smile? Golden-haired, fair-complexioned, sweet to look upon as ever, still she was greatly changed. The maiden had grown into a woman, and the womanhood was grand and calm and beautiful.

She had only just returned to England after five years of foreign travel, and to-day for the first time had put aside her mourning. Again and again Ghenilda would coax her to put on a coloured dress, and again and again she had refused. "What does it matter whether I wear black or not?" she used to say impatiently, and nothing Ghenilda urged in reply could persuade her to swerve from this determination. But on returning home her mind wholly changed. Those long years of sorrow and isolation had also been years of self-questioning and inward conflict. She said to herself that sooner or later the effort must be made, and the life in England must be begun afresh, though for months and months she could not summon resolution enough to say, "I will begin to-morrow." At last it was done. She had wrenched herself by a violent effort from an indolent surrender of individuality and never-tiring enjoyment of æsthetic impressions. She had returned to England to gather up the broken threads of neglected duties, and weave them, it might be, into something tangible and good.

Such a return home could not but be dreary. For the first time the truth dawned upon her that she had parted with her youth. Her brow was still smooth; there was no streak of silver in all the gold of her hair; her limbs were full of vigour and elasticity; yet she had



parted with her youth, and with it that intoxicating enthusiasm, that enthralling hope, that unbounded faith, which are indeed not of youth only, but youth itself.

And what had she gained? A little more clearness of vision, a little more humility, a little more reverence, a little more steadfastness. She asked herself the question many times, but as yet the answer had not come.

Another question she asked herself often, and that was also unanswered: What should she do with her life?

The past had taught her many things, but it had not taught her this. From whence would the teaching come?

All these thoughts passed lightly across her mind as she wandered about her garden this rose-crowned, joyous June day. The old Abbey seemed to smile greyly down upon its owner. The happy summer winds were singing a pensive welcome in the trees. The little river rippled with a caressing, enticing sound. Her heart grew lighter as the hours wore on. She sat down by the river-side singing to herself.

On a sudden the inner gate clicked. Looking up, she saw Carew. She had expected him, and rose with outstretched hands.

There was such an affectionate candour and ease about this meeting, that at the first glance a stranger might have said they were brother and sister. But when the greeting was over, and the two sat down side by side, it was not so. They talked carelessly, almost absently, of far-off, unfamiliar things; or if they touched upon the near and the cherished, it was after the fashion of swallows skimming a pool. Again and again he was fain to talk of herself and the past they had lived together; again and again she found herself approaching upon those inner experiences that had made them the true friends they were, and even the surface was stirred lightly, and the depths left untouched.

The poet never grows old, and Carew looked the same as he had done five years ago. His eyes—true poet's eyes—were irradiated ever and anon as he spoke with some exquisite thought or some happy emotion; his voice, musical as the sound of waves upon a summer's night, was clear and soft as of old; his smile had no look of age in it; sportive one moment, grave the next, alive to every passing impression of grace and loveliness; his was indeed the temper over which Time in vain seeks to assert sway. Looking at him, Ingaretha was half disposed to envy that happy unconsciousness, that

winning trustfulness, that fascinating quality of enthusiasm, by which life is made a never-ceasing enchantment. He, on his part, was saying to himself the while he talked lightly of books and art—"What am I beside this noble, self-contained, large-natured creature? Alas! a dawdler, a dreamer, a half-poet, and nothing more!"

Thus they sat, side by side, each little divining the other's thoughts. It was nearly five years since they had parted, and during that time many things had happened, of which they chatted carelessly, now and then dropping unawares into some deeper channel.

"You are going to spend some time here, I believe?" Carew said.

"Yes," she answered.

"And so am I."

Then both fled from the welcome topic like birds coquetting over the spot where they have selected to build.

"Have you heard any news of Madame Sylvestre?" asked Carew after a long pause.

"Ah! I have so much to tell you about her," Ingaretha answered gratefully. "You remember that we—that is, Ghenilda and I—found them—the three, Euphrosyne, Maddio, and Aglaë—living in a little village of Alsace. Madame Sylvestre had opened a school for very little children, Maddio cultivated a garden, Aglaë was the dancing-mistress of the place, their little home was peaceful, and I might say happy. You can imagine what our meeting was like. How joyful, how sad, how full of emotion! Euphrosyne showed me very proudly a little sum of money she had laid by for old age; perhaps eight pounds in all; and I think I never saw her so contented with herself. But we wrote all this to you when you were wandering about—I think in the rose-gardens of Cashmere," she said with a smile.

"Do go on. You did not tell me half enough. You don't know how I have looked forward to your narrative."

"How can I go on?" she said, her face suddenly overshadowed by an expression of pain. "We had hardly reached England when the war broke out. They lost their little all—house, garden, furniture—and had to fly. We next heard of them, with the red cross on their arms, following the English ambulance. They were foremost in the battle-field, and seemed to have enchanted lives. It was grand! But when all was over, and peace was made, they had no heart to begin life afresh. Maddio submitted to be separated from them, and set out alone to join some old comrade in the Far West. Euphrosyne

and Aglaë have joined a Protestant sisterhood. That is the end of their story."

"It might have been sadder," Carew said.

There was another long pause; then he made one more effort to carry on the conversation.

"And the village folks?" he asked. "Have you had time to see any one here?"

Her face brightened.

"I have seen Amy and her children—all grown big children now, and so radiant! Did I ever tell you that a year ago I was enabled to present Mr. Greenfield with a

living?—worth only five hundred pounds a year, with a house, garden, and two acres of glebe, but wealth to them. I don't think there are happier people under the sun. The children get good food and clothes and education. The curate—now the rector—holds up his head. There is nothing they desire now but to be useful."

"You did not tell me that. How glad I am! And the poor people?"

"The two who were convicted of manslaughter—you know why—are just out of prison. I hope now that all things will go



on smoothly in the old place. At any rate, it will not be my fault if it should be otherwise."

"And the good rector—Mr. Whitelock? You must forgive my curiosity. Remember that I have come straight from Constantinople, and during my travels had no news except what I gained from yourself and Ghenilda."

"Mr. Whitelock is married to the young lady who admired him, and made black-currant jam for him in the old days. He was here yesterday with his bride."

Again there was a long pause.

Ingaretha knew well enough why Carew stayed so long, and what he wanted to say before he went: and at one moment, on the next, capricious all the time, she would have had him go without a word. The spirit of the past seemed to hold her back, whispering pensively, "For sake me not! forsake me not!" The spirit of the future beckoned her onwards with caressing, melodious voice. She felt as if she belonged to two separate existences.

"And now let us talk of ourselves," Carew said at last.



"Oh! why?" she exclaimed, with perverse deprecation. "I told you in my letters how grateful I was for all your kindness, and Ghenilda will bear witness to the statement."

It was an ungracious speech, and Carew resented it as any man must have done. But her lips, not her face, had spoken, and he took heart. There was, moreover, something so enchanting about the presence of this new Ingaretha, an unspeakable sobriety and sweetness, an indefinable witchery, made up half of the trust she had learned to place in him, half of the empire she had chosen to exert over him, that he found her lovelier, sweeter, by far than the old. He felt impelled to exquisite joy and broke—

"If not to-day, then to-morrow; if not to-morrow, the next day," he answered. "I have plenty of patience left."

There was something pathetic in these words, and Ingaretha, blushing, apologised for the incivility of her own speech.

"How childish is this ceremoniousness between us two!" he said. "You know well enough that I did not come here to receive your thanks. You cannot help knowing what I mean when I ask permission to talk of ourselves."

Again she blushed. This time without a word, but she put her hand in his, and he saw that she would never send him away in sorrow any more.

"After all," he went on, with a self-conquering, radiant smile, "there is this to be said in my favour. Circumstances have favoured me. I am your neighbour. Having so many interests and duties in common, I must be a poor creature indeed to be of no use to you."

"As if I were thinking of that now!" she said.

"But I ought to think of it. I ought to ask myself, when I demand so much, what I have to give in return. Ah! there is the subject of our old quarrel, though I don't think we shall ever quarrel any more."

"You have an unfair advantage over me," she replied, with a tone of vexation underlying the sweet arch voice. "I cannot for a moment forget how good you were to us all when I was in trouble."

"What is mere kindness?" Carew asked with bitter impatience. "You have made my life heavenly. Is that no kindness?"

She turned away her face, but, in spite of

the gesture, he knew how pale she had grown, how tearful, how serious! With a great effort, she said at last—

"You have wasted your youth upon me."

"Was it wasted? Oh, no. What I am now I have become by reason of that infinite probation. Could I speak to you frankly, and could I lay bare my heart to you—could I still be your friend, had it been otherwise? Never. Looking back, it seems to me that we were both children when last we talked of familiar things. Since then you have learned to understand me, and I have begun to understand myself."

She smiled gratefully, tearfully. There was no need of words. Her face said that she had learned to understand him of late years.

"How absurd our strife was about art and philanthropy!" he said. "You were often wrong, and I was not always right, when we were younger, dearest."

It was impossible not to smile at his *naïve* way of putting things. He felt too happy to pick and choose words or phrases. What friendship was sweeter, purer, more tried than theirs? He knew that he might speak freely without giving affront.

Thus, gliding from mood to mood, from joy to melancholy, from tenderness to caprice, they spent the long summer afternoon. Now they talked of serious things in low, memory-freighted voices; now of trifles, sportively and with frequent smile.

At last Carew reluctantly took up hat and stick to go. She walked with him to the little garden-gate. The light of the setting sun still lingered rosy-red about the dense shadows of the park, whilst overhead, floating in rosy clouds, sailed the crescent moon.

All was very still.

"I shall see you to-morrow. What a prophecy of happiness!" he said.

She smiled response to his prophecy and left him, looking back to wave her hand and utter a last adieu. He waited till her hair no longer illumined the dusky twilight, and then walked home, dreaming, under the starry, lucent heavens.

The golden visions of youth and the rapturous dithyrambs of early passion could no longer reach those two tried hearts; but they were filled to overflowing with an exquisite sense of perfect sympathy and unbounded repose.

## WORK IN INDIA.

BY A BENGAL MAGISTRATE.

INDIA and Indian subjects are nowadays matters of interest to thousands in England, and yet it is astonishing to find how few amongst those who have friends or relations there have any but the vaguest ideas as to the work which their countrymen have to do in that far-off land. If there is one fallacy more than another which is unfair to those who "bear the burden and heat of the day" in India, it is the general belief which is entertained at home that work in India is merely nominal, that official life there is all roses and luxury, and that most Anglo-Indian officials pass their time in ease and indolence. In the following notes, on the management of a district in Lower Bengal, all that I propose attempting is to show the kind of work our officials have to perform, in the hope of affording some grounds for entertaining the opinion that there is hard work to be done in India in the prosaic days of peace, and that it is done by our fellow-countrymen who serve there.

A district in Lower Bengal is a large and populous tract of country, the population varying from half a million to a million and a half of inhabitants, living in perhaps a few large towns, and thousands of rural villages and hamlets.

The executive staff, wherewith this million and a half are ruled, consists of a magistrate and collector, a couple of assistants (one of whom is exclusively employed in judicial work), and two or three deputy magistrates at head-quarters; a district superintendent of police, who is like the chief constable of an English county; and three, four, five, or six subdivisional officers, according to the number of subdivisions in the district. These subdivisions, it may be remarked in passing, are quite a recent creation, and even yet there are districts of very considerable extent and population to which the subdivisional system has not been extended. In olden times, the magistrate, his joint magistrate and assistant, with perhaps a couple of deputy magistrates, were thought sufficient for the executive wants of a million and a half of men, and people are still to be found who maintain that the country did quite as well in those days as in the present time of subdivisional supervision and control. Those olden days were undoubtedly pleasant times for the lawless and for those who wished to do what was right in their own eyes. With the magistrate perhaps three or

four days' journey off, with native police who were miserably paid, inefficiently supervised, and with whom receipt of bribes was a profession, it was infinitely easier for the landholder or indigo planter, European or native, to commit a riot, remove a village, plough up a troublesome ryot's crops, or arrest a recalcitrant villager, than it is now, with a stringent penal code, and officials within every twenty-five or thirty miles ready to enforce it. It is an unquestionable fact that since the establishment of subdivisions in districts, where affrays or riots were of every-day occurrence, such breaches of the peace are rarely heard of, and the bands of hired *latrals*, or club-men, whom native or European landholders were not ashamed to employ, finding their occupation gone, have migrated from these districts to less law-governed tracts, or have betaken themselves to some less dangerous calling than that of professional braves.

Here is a case which occurred under the old system. A. and B. were two landholders, who owned contiguous properties, and were of course at feud with one another. A. lived in a house which was separated from B.'s residence by a river, although both owned extensive lands on that side of the river on which B. dwelt. B., in pursuance of the feud, one day collected a large body of *latrals*, and set out, intending (so A. said) to sack his house. A., on the other hand, whose house it was that he could assemble above one thousand *latrals*, by simply beating the warning drum in front of his house for a few minutes, prepared his forces and awaited the attack. B. did not cross the river at once, but encamped for the night in one of A.'s villages. A. was equal to the occasion. During the night he secretly sent some of his retainers across the stream, and fired the village, his own property. He then gave information to the police that the village had been fired by B.'s people; and the promise of the latter in the village for an avowed purpose being manifest, there was no lack of evidence against them, supplied by the agents A., in the depositions of villagers who were (so they said) eye-witnesses to the act of wilful fire-raising in the village by B.'s retainers. The police investigation—properly aided by A.—resulted in the arrest of a number of B.'s people, and the trial at the sessions issued in a conviction for arson, and a sentence of several years' imprisonment, with



labour in irons, on B.'s clubmen. It would be perilously difficult for either A. or B. to repeat this case in a district with well-officered subdivisions.

But this is a digression. Let us return to the magistrate and collector and his duties. The term *collector*, associated as it is in the minds of people at home with periodical visits of the tax-gatherer, or applicant for subscriptions to charitable societies, is a considerable stumbling-block to the British public, who with difficulty realise the fact that there are taxes to be collected in India, and that their young hopefuls, who stood high at stiff competitive examinations, are the tax-gatherers who collect them. And yet it is the fact that our Indian collector is nothing more than a rate-collector on a large scale. With the development of the country he has doubtless become something more, and under the influence of the notion that the combination of tax-collecting, police, and judicial-criminal functions, is not inharmonious, the collector is now the collector-magistrate, a tax-gatherer, policeman, and criminal judge.

His principal duty as collector is to collect the land revenue, that is, the sum due by landholders to Government, as representing the portion of the produce of the soil to which Government considers itself to be entitled. This is done in a summary manner. All the estates which pay revenue at the district treasury are noted in the collectorate registers. The revenue payable to Government, which was fixed in the time of Lord Cornwallis, is payable by instalments, and the days for payment to the collector have been long quarterly, and are as well known to the payees as the amounts due. If the instalment due is not paid up by sunset on the quarter-day, the whole estate is liable to sale by auction. This seems a harsh provision, but experience shows it to be absolutely necessary. Punctuality in anything is what the soul of a Bengali abhors, and most of all distasteful to him is punctuality of payment. His servants' wages, his subscriptions for charitable objects, his rents, his household expenses, are all paid spasmodically and irregularly, and the only thing which he does pay regularly—and that only because he loses his estate if he attempts irregularity—is his Government revenue. But even in paying this, although he must be punctual, he may be procrastinating. He has three months within which to pay, but he is not compelled to part with the instalment until sunset of the quarter-day, and until sun-

set, or as nearly that time as he thinks he may safely venture, he defers payment.

On the last day of payment, the collector is obliged by law to be present in office till sunset—a touching reminiscence to over-worked collectors of the present day, who have an opportunity daily of seeing the sun set from within their office doors, that there was a time when attendance in cutcherry till after sunset was only quarterly, and so exceptional that a special legislative enactment was required to prescribe its observance. The scene at a treasury at sunset on a quarter-day is a noisy one. As the sun dips there is sure to be a crowd of applicants to pay who have put off paying until later than safety warranted, or who in the press which has thronged the office all day have not been able to get in, or purchase entrance, at the narrow door. The legal time for payment is now past, and their estates may appear in the defaulter's list, and pass away from them at an auction sale. But they have still one resource left—the clemency of the collector; and a forest of brown arms is thrust forward, each with a bag, or bundle, or sheet, or box containing the instalment now receivable only by grace, and a chorus of voices in tones of entreaty, doubt, fear, flattery, is raised, the burden of the song being a request to receive the money and save the estate from sale. The collector orders the parcels to be received, and forthwith they are all bundled into a box, locked and sealed, to be counted next day, and the prayerful crowd moves off chattering in the dusk, with many a chuckle of relief that escape once more has been secured, and with the full determination to be not more than five minutes earlier on next quarter-day.

The accounts of each estate having been made up and defaulting landholders ascertained, a sale list is published, and, after the observance of certain formalities, the estates in arrear are put up to auction by the collector and sold to the highest bidder. As a rule the number of sales which takes place is few. The low rates fixed at the time of the settlement of Lord Cornwallis are too favourable to allow of a Bengali willingly parting with his land, to which besides he clings with an affection which is only approached in intensity by his love of litigation. It is no part of the policy of Government to sell for selling's sake, to mercilessly insist on the rights of sale which the law allows; it is sufficient that punctuality of payment is insured by the threat of sale, which, when necessary, can be enforced, and that the

unpunctual Bengali landholder is induced to pay up his instalments of revenue in wholesome dread of the "force held in reserve."

But the collection of the land revenue is not the only duty which our collector has to perform. He is also settlement officer, in which capacity he has to assess, let, farm, or sell crown-lands, or lands which have become the property of Government by default and sale or escheat. He has further to take up all lands required for public purposes—such as roads, railways, public buildings—determining the amount of compensation to be paid to the owners—a most wearisome and troublesome business; he is agent for the Court of Wards, and as such has to manage the estates of all minor or lunatic landed proprietors in his district; he has further to control and manage the Excise department, the object which he is supposed to have in view being to tax drink of all kinds as highly as he can without inducing smuggling. His operations in this department, which, of all others, is most distasteful to a collector, are supposed in some mysterious way to discourage drinking—at least, there is a hope in this direction dimly shadowed forth in his instructions; but such fondly-hoped-for result has not yet been attained by any collector, who, as an excise officer, has merited the approbation of his superiors. The collector has moreover to perform the pleasing duty of collecting the income-tax—a tax universally unpopular, unsuited to the country, and ordered to be collected with an agency so inadequate, and under a procedure so radically defective, that instead of instances of oppression during its collection having been on the whole few in number, the only wonder is how the tax can be collected at all without habitual oppression. The collector has further to conduct all civil suits in which Government may be interested; to divide estates when the heirs of a landlord quarrel and wish to have the share of the patrimonial acres which falls to each of them marked off and held separately—a work of time and toil and trouble; to look after waste lands, and sell them to applicants; to furnish supplies for troops; he has charge of the public treasury; is vendor of opium; wholesale distributor of judicial stamps; and is even not above turning an honest penny for Government by sales of not less than ten shillings' worth of postage stamps or stamped envelopes. In a word, the whole charge of the most important and most petty fiscal arrangements of the district is in his hands.

and its fiscal administration proceeds on his responsibility.

The duties of the collector, however, are not more onerous and harassing than those of the magistracy, and the same officer performs both. The magistrate is first of all head of the district police. He has under him a district superintendent of police, under whose control is the management of all the details of police administration, the posting and promotion of the men, and the internal organisation of the force. To the magistrate attaches the responsibility of seeing that the police are properly employed in keeping the peace of the district, in detecting crime, and in protecting life and property. All heavy cases are reported to him, and it is for him to consult daily with the district superintendent as to the working of his subordinates in such cases. The mere going through reports of heavy cases forms a very important item in the magistrate's daily official work, but he is also expected—although from the extent of his cutcherry duties this expectation is now less and less realised—to investigate cases personally, and do a little thief-catching himself.

In one of the eastern districts a very prevalent crime was forgery, professional forgery, carried on by men, generally Mussulmans, as their regular means of livelihood. To such an extent did this crime prevail, and so great was the demand amongst all classes for the services of these men, that the Courts were filled with fabricated documents, often sealed with a forged official seal, and purporting to bear the signature (forged) of European officials. Landholders employed forgers as frequently as ryots, and letters were known to pass between them asking for the services of a particular *painter*—under this innocent term was the forger veiled—who excelled in some special branch of his craft. Several professional forgers had been arrested, and a partial check given to the crime; but one man, who was believed to excel in fabricating seals, had hitherto defied all attempts at detection. Information at last reached the magistrate, one day in the heat of May, that this chief of forgers was to be employed for a few hours at a certain house a few miles off. Not as it was, so good an opportunity was not to be lost; and the magistrate and joint magistrate resolved to act as detectives on the occasion themselves. They started in a small covered boat, and concealed themselves from public gaze, the boatmen, who were not to be trusted, announcing to any whom they met that their passengers were two women from



Dacca. Arrived at the house, it was necessary to cruise about so as not to attract attention, and the two women in the boat groaned inwardly that they had come too soon, for the sun was pitiless, and the heat in the boat stifling. At length the proper hour arrived, and the magistrate and joint magistrate, arrayed in native female clothing, without shoes, and covering their faces, with a modesty becoming those whose proper sphere was the Zenana, stepped secretly ashore, and moved swiftly towards the room where their information led them to believe the forger would be at work. It was a time of day when, owing to the heat, no one was moving about, and the room was reached without discovery. Leading from the left side of the gateway of the house was a small room, and beyond it an inner chamber, communicating with the small room by a door, which was shut, and having an open window looking into the courtyard. The smaller woman looked through the chinks of the door leading into the inner chamber, and there sat the forger, with a rounded piece of clay in his hand, which he was carefully graving into the form of a seal. A pattern of the seal to be fabricated, a few receipts for rent on which the forged seal was to be impressed, and a pair of compasses, lay beside him. There was no time for delay; with a vigorous kick the door gave way, and the forger alarmed, jumped through the open window, and ran with the speed of conscious guilt through the courtyard to the gateway. Here, however, his progress was interrupted by a tall and burly woman, who seized him with a powerful grasp, and throwing off her *sarhi*, informed the discomfited forger that he was in the hands of justice, and that his female captor was the magistrate of the district. The man confessed his guilt, all his forging instruments were found, he was imprisoned for a long period, and professional forgery for a while almost disappeared from the district.

A few good blows struck at crime of different kinds, soon makes a magistrate known in his district; and experience leads me to believe that successful police work is the foundation of magisterial influence in a district. I do not say that police influence should be the only object aimed at by a magistrate in his exertions—a magistrate who is merely a policeman is a low type of the official in India—but I do say that the way to district progress is opened by police work successfully carried out. Until a magistrate is feared in a district he will not be respected; until he establishes his supremacy over actual and would-be criminals, philanthropic projects for

the social improvement of other classes are but signs of weakness; before he puts on the silk glove, he must have worn the iron gauntlet. Justice begins in the eyes of a Bengali with the criminal classes, before it concerns itself with the civil rights of other classes not criminal. If any one goes through a district and asks about its former administrators, he will find that the men whose names are remembered amongst the villagers all began their career by being vigorous in police work, and in the repression of crime. He will hear, that in such a *sahib's* time the villagers slept with their doors open; that in such another's reign they had no need of watching their fields at night; that the *bad-mashes* all "did pooja" when such a magistrate left the district; and he will not fail to note that the officers who cut canals, threw up embankments, constructed roads, and left their mark in a thousand ways in districts, all began by first being masters of their police. Is not our Government of India at its foundation but a gigantic piece of police work—provinces policed by a native army, watched by a European army, with a European policeman at the head, called the Governor-General?

Besides, however, being a policeman, the magistrate is also road-maker. Throughout his district there are some hundreds of miles of fair-weather roads, and a few miles of brick-metalled roads, which it is his business to keep in repair, besides having to improve existing communications by the construction of new roads as occasion requires. The construction of such roads, the magistrate, after some years' experience, finds he can undertake; but bridge-making is a veritable thorn in the flesh. With native overseers to plan, and native contractors to construct, after the plan has been approved of, the completion of a bridge is a work of considerable anxiety. I have known a contractor, who agreed to give a bridge three feet of foundation, on the bridge unaccountably falling down admit that he had only given two feet of masonry foundation, and that he hoped the third foot would be supplied by the bridge sinking to that extent in the sand; a hope which was realised by the whole superstructure falling down. The innocent contractor, however, had not forgotten to charge for his third foot of sand as if it had been masonry.

The magistrate has further to manage toll collections, the toll-bar being an institution which has never attained great popularity in England, and is equally in disfavour in Bengal. To evade the toll-bar is with the Bengali a

duty which it must be admitted he strives most consistently to perform; and having no idea of the value of time, and not having been instructed according to the laws of political economy to calculate the precise cost of the wear and tear of his bullock's hoofs, or his cart-wheels, in making a detour, he has no objection to make a deviation of miles from the straight road to avoid a toll-bar. The country being so level, the fields unfenced, unhedged, unwall'd, he has little difficulty in accomplishing his object. Let a magistrate place his toll-bar where he will, he will find the Bengali equal to him in devices for evasion of the dues. I recollect an instance of a toll-bar which was placed at a bridge over an unfordable river, beside a bazaar where considerable trade was carried on from both banks of the river; a bar which ought to have been profitable if any bar ever was, and yet payment of the dues was systematically evaded in a most ingenious manner. Bullock-carts, which approached laden from the south side, and were going northwards, used to wait outside the toll-bar, in the expectation of finding some bullock-carts coming similarly laden from the north side and going southwards. An arrangement having been come to between the drivers, the loads were unpacked, and deliberately carried by the bullock-drivers through the bar, and packed on to the carts on the other side, the loads from the south being similarly transhipped to the carts from the north. There being no due payable by foot passengers, and no penal provision for evasion of the toll, the ingenious bullock-drivers escaped scot-free beneath the very eyes of the toll-man.

Over pounds, too—and there may be fifty or sixty in his district—the magistrate is supposed to keep a watchful eye, seeing that the pound-keeper does not cheat in too barefaced a manner, and that a fraction of the proceeds of fines reaches Government. These pounds, intended at first to be useful in putting a stop to cattle trespass, are useful in other ways. They serve as good safety-valves for petty spites and quarrels of villagers, which would in the absence of pounds find vent in trivial, in many instances false, cases in the courts; and it is cheaper for a villager to impound the cow of a neighbour to whom he owes a grudge, than to pull him up before the magistrate on a charge of abuse or insult. To a magistrate in charge of a district where indigo is cultivated, or where rival landholders are turbulent, pounds serve as most useful indices of the state of feeling in the various parts of

his district where they are situated. So long as the receipts of the pounds continue at their normal standard, so long he knows he need not direct his special attention to the neighbourhood. A sudden rise in the receipts is a sure sign of bad feeling and coming disputes between rival parties in the quarter to which the pound belongs; a sudden fall is sure an indication of a temporary cessation of ill-feeling and reconciliation of differences. The magistrate in such districts could ill spare such a useful barometer as pounds.

Space would fail me were I to enter in detail into other miscellaneous duties of the district officer. He it is who provides funds for police postal communication within his district; he is supposed to be the proper person to direct and control the young Bengal idea of self-government by municipal institutions—for the most part solemn shams; he it is who is expected to accustom the people to, nay, to popularise, local taxation in the shape of road and education cesses. Does an epidemic of cholera break out, who but the magistrate is responsible for timely communication of the fact, and for the adoption of energetic, but inexpensive, measures for its repression? Is a census of the people for the first time to be taken, who has so much leisure to conduct it, who so likely to do the work at least cost, as the magistrate of the district? Is a gazetteer to be compiled, whose brains are so easily socked for possible and impossible information as those of the magistrates of districts? Are irrigation operations to be introduced, who but the district officer is called on for "exhaustive reports" as to the reproductive powers of works of which he knows nothing, and who is so likely as he to "persuade" the people to take water which they do not want? Does an extra shower of rain fall, or is the rainfall short of the usual supply by a few inches, whose life is rendered a weariness to him with "prospects of crops" reports but that of the magistrate of the district, who is sometimes supposed apparently to have the heavens under his control? For censusing statistics of all kinds, from statistics of crime down to statistics of the number of dead Hindoos carried to the sacred Ganges over a particular bridge, what officer is so readily available as the omniscient district officer?

But besides all these executive duties, the magistrate has also judicial functions which he is expected and enjoined to exercise by taking "a large share of the criminal (judicial) business of the district." Judicial work nowadays is something very different from the



rough-and-ready business which was designated by that name twenty, or even ten, years ago. The days of "Baraduree Justice" \* are at an end, and with them have gone the days when the magistrate took "a large share of the criminal judicial business" by simply listening to statements of witnesses who were not examined in the presence of the magistrate, but whose depositions were recorded behind his back and in absence of the accused by a corrupt clerk—when every magistrate was a law unto himself, and when, as the natives say, "at the master's simple order every one had to sing amongst the stubble."

But since 1861, with the introduction of the Penal Code and Criminal Procedure Acts, things have very much changed. There is now no more hole-and-corner practice by a corrupt clerk behind the magistrate's back; only one case can go on at a time; the deposition of only one witness must be listened to; every deposition must be recorded by

the magistrate in his own handwriting; no witness may be examined save in the presence of the accused. The power of the clerks is at an end, and there is no need for any complainant or accused to pay one farthing to any subordinate of the court for the purpose of having his words written down. In a word, the criminal business of a magistrate's court is now done by the magistrate himself; in former times it was done by the magistrate's clerks.

To "take a large share of the criminal judicial business" of a district nowadays, it will appear from the above remarks, is a very different thing from what it was ten or twenty years ago.

In the above sketches of a district officer's duties, I have made no mention of the correspondence which he has to conduct; I simply state it as a fact that this alone occupies at least four hours of a magistrate and collector's time every day. And when I state, as a matter of several years' experience and of simple truth, that a district officer in a heavy district—and to a conscientious officer the lightest district is a heavy one—cannot keep his work down under at the least ten hours' work a day, in some districts not under twelve or fourteen hours, I hope any readers of these notes will believe that Anglo-Indian officials have some work to do, and that district management in Bengal is anything but a sinecure.

\* The writer of a recent article, headed "Baraduree Justice," in GOOD WORDS (p. 460), bewails the decline of the old rough-and-ready system, and apparently blames the civilians who have gone to India under the Competition system for the change to a "reign of law." This is surely putting the saddle on the wrong horse. The competition men have not made the system which they administer; it is devised for the benefit of the people, by members of the service who are not competition men; and, however much competition men (who, I affirm from experience, like hard riding and easy work quite as much as non-competitors) might prefer the simplicity of "Baraduree Justice," as described in the article, they could only in the present day adopt that procedure at the risk of breaking the law, and disobeying the orders of their superiors. Are they then to be blamed, as the writer seems to think, for not acting according to a system which is proscribed?

## SHALL WE EVER MEET AGAIN?

SHALL we ever meet again  
 In the woodland by the sea?  
 Will the moment bringing pain  
 To the heart, and to the brain,  
 Come again to thee and me?  
 Shall we hear again the moaning  
 Of the ocean to the shore,  
 Like the ever low intoning  
 Of a celebrant, Lenore,—  
 Shall we ever meet again?  
 Ah me, that Joy should borrow  
 A thorn to wound the heart  
 From the pale-red rose of Sorrow!  
 Adieu! for we must part.

We may never meet again  
 In the woodland by the sea,  
 But the song, and the refrain,  
 Which we sang beside the main  
 Will be ever dear to me.

There is no sun that shineth  
But hath its spot of shade,  
The brightest day declineth,  
And sweetest roses fade.  
We may *never* meet again.



Ah me, that Love should borrow  
A thorn to wound the heart:  
From the pale-red rose of Sorrow!  
Adieu! for we must part.

EDWARD CAPERN.



THOUGHT *VERSUS* LEARNING.

An Address to Self-educated Men.

BY THE LATE PROFESSOR GROTE.

IF there is anything which I would wish especially to urge upon those who have not had the advantage of much education, it is that, if they but knew the way to it, they are far nearer to the best truth and knowledge than they may perhaps suppose. In saying this I do not mean to undervalue education, even the highest; it is an inestimable blessing; but the real strength of the mind of man is independent of it; at least, of much of it. I merely mean that there is no very great reason in the nature of things why a person who has had little education should not think about things much as I do, supposing, *i.e.*, I have learnt to think about them wisely. The way to wisdom and truth may be to one man through many books, to another through few; to one as a result of much leisure, to another of little. For of the many books which are in the world, a very large number, as even small experience in book reading will show, say the same things; and many say nothing more than the mind, if wisely directed, might have made out for itself. And for leisure, doubtless many have little enough leisure for *writing*, and little enough leisure for *books*; but all, I think we may say, have leisure enough for *thought*, and for a great deal of it, as is manifest by the amount of idleness and vacancy of mind which exists, often tormenting to themselves, even among the most occupied.

I think that to persons who have not had much opportunity of learning, it may be a matter of interest to remember that several of the most remarkable persons who have existed for thought, and mental insight, and clearness of understanding, have not considered their actual learning to have been of much use to them. Descartes commenced his systematic thinking about philosophy by determining to be as though he had never learnt anything, and resolutely set himself to prevent what he had learnt influencing his judgment till he should come to it again (if he did so) in the course of his thinking things out for himself. Hobbes said that if he had read as many books as it appeared his opponents had, it was probable he would have talked as much nonsense as they did. Socrates, the master of the wise, avowed himself not only to know nothing, but to be unable to learn anything, as he counted *learning*, by the manner of education of his time,

which was substantially the manner of education of all times; he wanted to make out things for himself, and to have them clearly present to his own mind; and he considered that a great deal of the actual teaching and learning not only stopped short of effecting this, but hindered it.

There was a good deal of affectation in all this, even with Socrates. Men are fond of talking off-hand and paradoxically for effect, and of disparaging what they possess when they know there is no fear that people will accuse them of not possessing it. We should be foolish, therefore, to receive implicitly this depreciation of learning and education, but still we may consider that these were men thinking in earnest about things, who found that they wanted something else than their learning, and found also that there was much for their mind to do in which their learning gave them no direct help. I think, therefore, that what they said may really lead those who are denied the opportunity of much learning to consider that in any case the mind may do a great deal independently of it. Men of learning, who are men of thought as well, are apt to feel at times something of disenchantment about their learning, and to consider, that for the obtaining of important results they must sometimes, on a smaller scale, follow the example of Descartes, and try to make themselves, not ignorant, as he described it, but young and fresh-minded again. One of the best things, it appears to me, which books can teach a man, and after a time they do so teach a good many, is not to trust to them too much, or expect too much from them, but to consider that even the best part of the mind's action must be independent of them. And if those who cannot read much would learn this lesson independently of books, they would have gained without learning, one of the great advantages of it.

It will be said, "Surely *this* is a lesson easily learned, if that is all. There are thousands of people in the world who despise books and learning altogether—who think they can get on perfectly well, and that they know everything already out of their own heads without the help of books. Is this all? and is this what you want?" Certainly not. Those people whom I have mentioned were the last people in the world to think that they

knew everything already, or that learning everything and thinking rightly and truly was a ready and easy matter. Their valuing books, as they did, *less* than many other people arose from their valuing something else *more* than most other people, viz., the power of the mind in seeing things, and thinking them out for itself. Few of the thousands who despise books and learning would, I think, have any disposition to try to do for *themselves* what other people (rightly or wrongly) think books and learning will help them to do, viz., to gain a right and clear way of thinking about things, and to penetrate to the truth. The person who despises books and learning without knowing what they are, is on the face of the thing merely presumptuous and ignorant. But what I want is, that the person to whom much of book-learning is by circumstances denied, should not feel a mistaken reverence and a vain yearning after this, as if the denial of it was of necessity the shutting of his mind, and the balking him of his rightful prospect of being a reasonable creature. As we have seen, many of those who possessed this book-learning have felt the necessity of being *in mind* somewhat what he now is; have felt that for the presenting to themselves of truth they had to go through many mental processes which are as open to him as to them.

Far be it from me to lead any one to suppose that bare thought can do anything without knowledge; but I would have those who cannot have much learning, and who pine, perhaps, and are discontented in mind on account of this, not only look forward to that which they do not know, but look back a little and around, to see what they ought to know. Any wise book about the mind of man will tell them that all the later mental processes which lead to what is called learning and developed knowledge, are as nothing in magnitude and importance to the earlier steps by which the great outlines of the intelligible world, corresponding to the world of sense, are drawn within us. And they would find that the greatest and deepest books which exist are much more in relation with the earlier steps of our mental development, borrow more from them, and more lean upon them, than they do upon all the added learning which, it may be, or it may not be, their writers possessed. If they try to read Plato, they probably will not understand him, and they equally probably will lay their not understanding to the account of their ignorance of the times in which Plato lived, of the history of the people and the country, &c. In

reality, their not understanding will be due in the main to their not having, even in the slightest degree, the idea of putting their mind into the sort of position in which Plato in his Dialogues represents the minds of those who there think, inquire, and discuss; the position, I mean, not of Greeks of the time, but of men. It is not that, for reading Plato in this view, they know too little, but they know too much. One of the best results which their knowing more would have, would be that it might help their minds to move more freely and less enslaved under what they know even now; for in many parts of what we commonly call knowledge they know already a great deal more than Plato did. His opinions about the solar system would be laughed at from a school-child now. What is wanted for their entering into much of the best thought of this kind is not more knowledge, but that their minds should move better under the knowledge which they have already.

It is not really ignorance, but inobservance and inattention which is the great hindrance to understanding. People are unobservant either of nature or of men about them, and yet they perhaps complain that they have not time to read poetry, a great deal of which would probably be only a description of what they might any moment look at with their own eyes, only that—the one great thing—it has never come into their mind to do so. They are thoughtless and inattentive in their talk and listening to others, and yet it is the examination and analysis of the manner in which this is done, which constitutes a very large part of the literature they deplore the want of. When they come to books, they will often find them occupied with thoughts which they need not have waited for books to suggest. They deplore that they cannot learn foreign languages; but any man of thought will probably tell them that their want of this knowledge is in no respect such a gap in their minds as their entire inobservance of their own language.

Thus it is not worship literature and, if circumstances deny them much enjoyment of it, will be sad and occupation, while for that which has at the bottom of all literature they feel no thankfulness, make no real use of it, scarcely think it can be of use at all except to give physical comfort, or to make the time pass in the apparent doing of something. They admire a comparatively dead literature, and expect from it what it cannot give, while the endless sympathy possible between human hearts sleeps within them, and



that which might be the vehicle of it is despised and misused.

For it must be always remembered that language is talk ; that literature is a growth or development of outward talk, just as thought, on the other hand, is inward talk ; that the real language of mankind, or of a nation, the stock upon which these two glorious prerogatives of man must be grafted, is the habitual talk or communication between man and man, which is always going on about us. They may spread and rise far away from their humble stock, but they cannot break their connection with it, or they lose at once their worth and vigour. When it degenerates or becomes unhealthy, they cease to be anything living in the present, and become things of past history only, if that. The daughters on the two sides may wonderfully help and improve their mother, but they cannot live without her ; she is the essential and universal character of man, they, compared with her, are results and accidents ; man, logically speaking, is social before he is individually reasonable ; his communication with others (speaking generally, and of the race) is a precondition of the development of his own intelligence.

Of the two daughters of language, thought is far the more important, for this inward talk, where the sympathy is imaginative only, is very often the most real society. It is true the spring of the mind is primarily to communication ; individual thought, in the first instance, is most naturally an accompaniment of this ; as a substitute for this it is rather of the nature of an after-growth ; still the calling out of thought, as distinct from that leaning upon books to which I have referred, makes a far more important difference between one man and another than any superiority in learning or knowledge.

Now, in all talk or conversation there are two persons concerned : the listener is as important an agent in the process of language as the talker. This may, perhaps, suggest subject for thought as well to those who wish they could read more books, as to those who do little else. How do they use the talent (in scriptural language) which is committed to them ? If their mind, through their misfortune, is less full of ideas than they could wish it, are the ideas which they have got clear ? Do they know what they mean ? If not, is there any reason to suppose that they would become clearer if there were more of them ?

No one can use language right unless he first distinctly understands what it is he wants

to say ; and he cannot know this, in anything worth speaking about, without clearness of ideas. This clearness arises principally from the continuance in the mind of that activity, which, under the name of curiosity, is the first principle of knowledge in children, and which is too apt to slacken as we get older. Of such curiosity there are two forms—the one impelling to wider, the other to deeper, knowledge ; the one desiring novelty, the other desiring reason for things and account of them. They are not probably really and at first distinct : the one looks after things, the other into them : the one as through a telescope, the other as through a microscope : the one says, " Let me look at that ; " the other, " How is it that it is so ? " We think books will refresh this curiosity or activity of mind ; and so perhaps they may, but also they are very likely merely to alter the manner of its growing dull. They furnish a kind of gentle excitement perhaps to that form of it, which consists in the desire to see new things ; but in doing this they may contribute more effectually to extinguish the other form, the desire, viz., of understanding things and knowing the reasons for them. If they do this, a man had better have been without books altogether.

I have said that listening is quite as important a part of language as talking, being, in fact, what is called the complement of it, that which is necessary to make it completely itself, that without which it is of no meaning or importance. In many respects the root of the much foolish talking which there is in the world, is foolish or imperfect listening. Even in conversation the listener is as important an actor as the other, and listening is not merely the receiving sounds into the ears, it is the movement of the mind towards the meaning which is in them, to appropriate it, and make a communication between our mind and that of the speaker. Listening is not passive, nor is it impatient ; it is an Aristotelian medium between the two. It is *impatient* listening (if it is to be called listening at all) which makes the speakers what they are—talkers wide of the mark, more anxious to speak than caring what they say, because they are aware of the little attention they will have, and know they must make haste to secure that. It is *passive* listening which is responsible for all that empty declamation which the listeners think it a pleasure to let pass through their mind, now and then squaring accounts with themselves by talking of its folly. We ought to value truth, and we ought to value each other ; if we did this, then we

should each value what another said, and be anxious that it might be truth; and this good listening would do more to produce good talking than all the lessons or direct efforts in the world.

In speaking thus of talking, I have had more in view the action of our mind in thinking and in reading than in what we ordinarily call talking: for what is necessary beyond everything else for talking is that it should be natural and free, and even the little which I have said might possibly have a tendency to make it otherwise. Only it is a pity that its freedom fails sometimes to act in the way it should. But in respect of the inward talk which we call thought, and in that talk with the absent and the dead which we call reading, there is less danger of interfering with freedom and naturalness, and in these the part of the listener is at least as important as we have seen it is in the other case. The latter, in fact, as I have described it, is all listening: but it is only by doing this well that we can be fit to speak in that way to others.

Without any of that sort of affectation with which a rich man might be imagined to congratulate a poor man on his having a good appetite, one might perhaps say that those who feel sad at the want of opportunity for study and reading, are by this very feeling sometimes made inattentive to one thing which is within their reach—the greatest and perhaps the worthiest of all intellectual pleasures—the pleasure of finding a thing out for themselves. They think if they could be taught by books, they would have all they want: but the pleasure of being taught by books, has in most people not equalled the pleasure of putting them together in a way their authors never meant, in order to find out something by the comparison: and this pleasure of finding out has in some been so great, that it has outweighed any pleasure derived from the possession of truth itself. It is impatient and passive readers who at once get no good from reading themselves, and make bad writers: if we do not think it worth while to listen, *i.e.*, search and think what the writer means, we may very possibly give him as good as he deserves, but (probably) we should not be giving him what he would have deserved of us if he had had any reasonable expectation of better attention. Advice is often given in this view about reading a book through. I would say, be really anxious to know what the writer means, and what makes him think as he does, and this will guide the reading better than any particular rule: some parts may want much

attention, some comparatively little: the writer may have said his say long before the end, or may not. But were it but for the reason that it doubles the interest of a book, it is worth while to make out its history so far as the book itself tells us, to say to ourselves all that we can say in its favour, to hear it out, as I should call it, and listen to it thoroughly, before we come to what is really the important thing, the judging how our mind and feeling ought to be affected by it. And it is upon these that all our criticism of the book ought to rest. If our criticism is unfavourable, its resting thus upon thorough knowledge and real conviction, will make it doubly effective. And whatever it is, it will be intelligent.

In reality, the listening which I am speaking of will not make people more critical in any unfavourable sense of the word. Most of the foolish intolerance which exists in the world is more the result of impatience than of anything else. Where some accident has suggested an unfavourable opinion, we shut our ears against anything further. The real remedy against this precipitate intolerance is the feeling, that it is ourselves to whom the thinking truly is in the first instance important, or rather perhaps that it is we who are the chief losers if we think untruly. Our thinking untruly and in a prejudiced manner may very likely be a sort of injury to others, but it is a more intrinsic business to ourselves. Truth is the object of our thought, we think for it; it is at our own mental cost that we misuse our thought. And what a difference does it make in the mind of a man whether he has this kind of feeling of the value of his thinking truly to himself; not for any purpose, but for itself; for there is no purpose so worthy as itself! It seems to me that, if we were once possessed with the idea that truth is the one thing, which, as regards thought, is of real importance to us, we should find it an indefinite relief in freeing us from all extraneous considerations, and clearing up our mental way before us. And first of all it would perhaps set us considering what truth we are even now in a position to attain, and what use we have made of our present materials for its attainment. I apprehend that some of those who are curious for more knowledge, and complain of want of opportunity for the gaining it, will find that they have, as it is known, *e.g.* perhaps a good deal—lying in their mind idle and useless, by which I mean not made use of as an instrument for attaining further truth. For that is the real way by which knowledge is gained, whether through



books or in any other manner. It grows from the fructification of what is in the mind already. When this is alive, and can do, if need be, without books, then books will help it, perhaps indefinitely : where it can do nothing without books, and must have them, then it is very possible that books will be useless.

It is singular that those who, from want of the aid of books, might seem the most likely to have fallen back on their own individual exertions, should more than others require to be taught the great lesson, that everything which is worthy to be called knowledge is either wrought out by the activity of the mind itself, or largely mixed with it, and can only be made a man's own by effort and exertion. Yet so apparently it is : the idea of study and knowledge requiring sweetening to make them go down, seems an idea far more entertained and acted upon in relation to the communication of knowledge to the less perfectly educated, than in relation to the communication of knowledge to those whose education is intended to be more complete. Little as one or the other may learn, still the youth of the higher classes have, I think, from the first more the idea of learning as a thing to be done, whether pleasant or not, than those of the lower. And it is better to think thus of learning as something which *must* be done, imperfect as this conception is, rather than to think of it as something which it may be all very well to do if put in a pleasant shape and with pleasant accompaniments. The former calls forth more individual activity, and is nearer to the true idea. We should seek knowledge first of all for its own sake : we should seek it, next, as that which, for whatever reason, must and ought to be done : the worst motive of all for seeking it is that, if put into a pleasant form, it is a pleasant way of passing time, and is what others do. Hence it has always been a wonder to me that people have not felt something of indignation when it has been thought necessary to present knowledge to them in some pleasant disguise, and have not rather been ready to answer, that if they wanted knowledge they were ready to work and labour for it.

Within the mind, as without, impatience and passiveness are the evil extremes ; little or no truth comes to the mind without patient waiting, various effort, and lively watchfulness. All this, it will be seen, is something like listening : it is a sort of listening which must go before shaping of the truth in inward language. We should not take up contentedly with anything indistinct or half thought out.

We should be mentally true to ourselves : the voice of imagination or suggestion within us should be listened to with deference to be understood, but with discrimination to be examined. What countless suggestion is ever present to the mind of any who cares to listen to it ! How many in the meantime live half asleep, and in their few intervals of watchfulness are quite without patience for any continuous effort.

We should think of language then not, partly as a thing mean and of no account, and partly as a matter of display, refinement, and ornament, but throughout as one, as a thing of the most noble use, at once helping us to understand ourselves, and bringing us into intellectual fellowship with others. When we think so, we shall be worthy to read books : and a few books, if we can get only few, will stand for many, for they will overflow with meaning to us. And if we are anxious about having our own thoughts clear, it will not be very easy for language to deceive us. Philosophy is to good sense very much what literature is to talk or language. Many of the best results of both philosophy and literature are near at hand with us if our minds are active and in earnest, and if, in default of opportunity for the study of philosophy and literature, we try to do a little in the way of thinking and imagining for ourselves. For while genius is God's highest and rarest intellectual gift, one important constituent of genius is to a certain extent in our power for the willing it, and that is, the having our own view of things, the seeing things with our own inward eye ; I do not mean necessarily or probably seeing things differently from others, but only not with their eyes. Let us think what we think, and not merely say we do. Then our language will mean something, and it is its meaning something which is the specially important thing about it. For language is really misused when any of the accidents of it, its elegance, its classicalness, whatever it may be, is looked at by itself, and the attention is turned away from its real work, the carrying its message from one mind to another. This is not so very easy always, as the complaints of philosophers about language may have shown us. That it is not so, is the fault in the main of language in the mind, of the manner of thought.

The best books were written when the fewest were read. Now that they are written, it would be foolish and ungrateful not to value them, but equally foolish to think that *by* them is the only way to the spirit which pro-

duced them. Take them as a great blessing and means of enjoyment; as what if you do not make the most of, so far as you are able, you are foolish; but do not take them as what they are not, necessary for intellectual development, for very little of them would suffice for this if only the mind is not suffered to sleep. And if we want something to think about, let us think about words. Our stock of language is a great book in our minds

always ready for us to read, suggesting to us all kinds of images which a Milton could do no more than put together, and full of home-made philosophy of the kind which Socrates brought to bear against the book philosophy of the Sophists. We have all this in our mouths without giving it a thought, while we are murmuring that our minds are empty and stagnant, because what we want of other people's thought is perhaps denied us.

## TWO SONNETS.

## I.—THE CATTLE-TRAIN, PENMAENMAWR.

ALL light or summer gloom—no hint of storm;  
 White wreaths of foam, born in blue waters, broke  
 Within the mountain-shadows; all bespoke  
 A summer-day on Mona and the Orme.  
 My open window overlook'd the rails;  
 When, suddenly, a cattle-train went by,  
 Wrapt in a moment from my pitying eye,  
 Far from their lowing mates in Irish vales;  
 Close-pack'd and mute they stood, as close as bees,  
 Bewilder'd with their fright and narrow room;  
 'Twas sad to see that meek-eyed hecatomb  
 So fiercely hurried past our summer seas,  
 Our happy bathers and our fresh sea-breeze,  
 And hills of blooming heather, to their doom.

## II.—CONTINUED HUMAN SORROWS.

OUR happy bathers! pardon my romance!  
 I spake of gladness only, for the tide  
 Ran sparkling to the shore in merry dance;  
 But, oh! what sorrows haunt our sweet seaside!  
 Man, child, and woman mourn the wide world o'er.  
 Yon maiden's snowy foot, that meets the wave,  
 Has just come faltering from her lover's grave;  
 And lo! that orphan group upon the shore!  
 The yacht glides gaily on, but as it nears  
 The land, I see a night-black dress on board:  
 The lonely widow dreams of those three years  
 Of summer-voyaging with her loved lord.  
 Too oft when human figures fill the scene,  
 We count from woe to woe, with no glad heart between.

CHARLES TURNER.



## SAGO.

**A**MONGST the important farinaceous substances which we derive from tropical climates, sago holds a prominent place; together with arrowroot and tapioca it is one of those pure forms of starch so useful in the dietary of invalids and children. Like many other articles of every-day use, but little is generally known amongst consumers about its origin, or the countries from whence we obtain it. Though sago, tapioca, and arrowroot are all similar in their composition, and are used for similar purposes, they are yielded by distinct plants, and are natives of widely different parts of the world. Genuine sago is furnished by two or more species of *Sagus*, true palms, natives of the islands of the Indian Archipelago, where they not only form extensive natural forests, but are likewise very largely cultivated. The two most important species are *Sagus Rumphii* and *S. levis*. They are both trees, the latter growing to a height of from thirty to fifty feet, and the

enclose the lower portion of the flower spikes, are armed with long sharp spines, while in *S. levis* they are smooth—hence one is known as the prickly and the other as the spineless sago palm. The flower spikes are produced when the trees are about fifteen years old, and it takes three years to ripen the fruits, after which the trees die. The fruits of this group of palms are, perhaps, the most beautiful of any throughout the entire vegetable kingdom. The figure will give a better idea of their character than any written description



Fruit of *S. Rumphii*.



*S. Rumphii*—A Sago-yielding Palm.

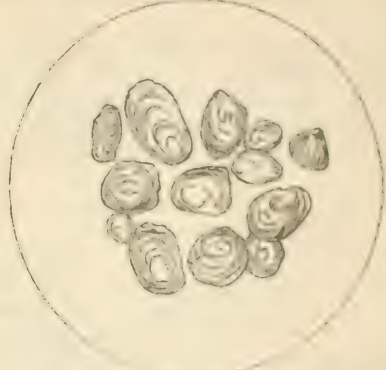
former somewhat smaller. They bear a crown of large pinnate leaves, somewhat erect, but bending over sufficiently to give a very graceful appearance to the plants. The flowering spikes are terminal, arising from the centre of the crown of leaves. In *S. Rumphii* the leaf-stalks (petioles) and the sheaths, which

Sago is contained in the soft cellular or central portion of the trunks, and to obtain it the trees are felled, and the trunks cut up into truncheons, about two feet long, which are split down the middle, and the interior scooped out, pounded, and thrown into water. The starch, of course, separates from the remainder of the pulpy mass, and is poured off with the water, which is allowed to stand or settle, and the residue is collected and purified by successive washings, and finally dried, the result being the production of a meal or flour known as sago meal. This, however, undergoes a further system of refining and granulating before it enters into European commerce. The granulating process is said to be of Chinese origin, and it is chiefly carried on at Singapore. The meal, as taken to the manufactory, is usually packed in bags made of plantain leaves. It is carefully washed and strained, and exposed to the air for a short time. When the mass becomes tolerably dry it is then broken up into small pieces and again placed in the air

under cover, where it remains until it is thoroughly dry. The lumps are then pounded until the whole has become small enough to be passed through a sieve, the meshes of which are so made as to produce by the final operation of granulating the several forms or sizes of the "pearls." This last operation of granulating or "pearling" consists of placing the sifted sago in large bags, and thoroughly shaking them backwards and forwards for several minutes, when the sago is turned out of the proper form, and requires only to be dried before packing for exportation.

The largest quantity of sago is formed in the trunk just at the period when the flower spikes appear. If the flowers were allowed to develop, and the fruits to ripen, the trees would become exhausted and die, and in this state the central portion of the trunk is dried up and is consequently worthless, therefore any delay beyond the proper time in cutting

however, is somewhat altered in granulated or pearl sago. The heat used in its preparation causes the starch masses to become larger and much more irregular.



Starch granules of Pearl Sago meal, &c.



Sago starch magnified.

down the trees would be attended with loss to the grower. The plants are usually propagated by offsets.

Sago is exported from Singapore not only to Europe, but also to India and the Cape. Quantities of sago meal are carried in native boats from Sumatra and other neighbouring islands to Singapore, to be manufactured into "pearl sago;" but the article is not so important in Sumatra as it is in the Molluccas, where, indeed, it is the staple food. It is used in various ways. In Ceram it is made into flat cakes, about two inches square, and half inch thick, four of such cakes being considered sufficient food for one day. The granules of sago starch, as seen under the microscope, are large, and of an elongated form, compressed at one end and round at the other, where there is usually a crack or slit, and a series of fine ring-like markings surround the granules. This appearance,

Sago is known in British commerce under three distinct terms, namely, "small," "medium," and "large." Several sizes, however, do actually occur, the smallest being about the size of pins' heads, and the largest about the size of coriander seeds. The colour also varies much, some sorts being of a beautiful white, and others of a dull whitey-brown. A good deal of the very white sago is bleached by chloride of lime.

Sago is imported both in bags and boxes, each containing about a hundredweight or rather more. It is free of duty.

A great deal of factitious sago is made on the Continent from potatoe starch, and finds its way into this country chiefly for mixing with genuine sago.



Sago flour, from European starch, magnified.

Sago four, an article but little known in British trade, is the meal after it has undergone a perfect system of washing and sifting, minus the granulating process.



The generic name *sagus* is derived from the commercial *sago*, which, perhaps, would be more properly spelt *sagu*, and which in the language of the Papuan races means bread, in allusion to its use as an article of food.

Sago is, to a certain extent, nutritious like tapioca, arrowroot, and other alimentary starches. Its great recommendation is that it is very easy of digestion, and on this account is valuable as an article of diet for

invalids and children. Though British commerce is chiefly indebted for its supply to the two species of *Sagus* before mentioned, several other palms yield sago, which is used in the respective countries where the plants grow, such for instance as *Phoenix farinifera* in India, *Corypha Gebanga* in Java, and *Sagus Vitiensis* in Fiji. It is also obtained from the stems of some of the *Cycadaceae*.

JOHN R. JACKSON.

## RETALIATION.\*

### A Temple Sermon.

"Overcome evil with good."—ROM. xii. 21.

THE first verse and the last of this chapter lie not so widely apart as an indolent reader might place them.

"Present your bodies a living sacrifice." Let the fire of the great Altar, on which lay once the Divine Sin-offering, kindle your body, this living, feeling, speaking, acting frame—this (not yet spiritual, but) spirit-moved, spirit-stirred, spirit-guided frame—into a perpetual, a holy, an acceptable victim, not of propitiation—that it cannot and it need not be—but of devotion, of obedience, of gratitude, reflecting Christ's sacrifice, and setting forth God's praise.

This sacrifice of the body, presented by that will which is the man—immolated, day by day, by the risen Priest who alone can supply to it the fire of the Holy Ghost—will be, in the first place, a sacrifice of transformation: the life will be a new life: not the Adam-life, of earth and sense and time, but the Christ-life, of spirit, of heaven, of eternity.

But let us not lose ourselves, St. Paul seems to say, in high-flown generalities. You ask me what will this grand, this lofty, this heavenly life be, as men see it and take knowledge of it. I will tell you.

It will be, first of all, a life of sober estimates, and therefore of genuine humility. Next, it will be a life of conscious membership in a body of which Christ is the Head. Whatever you possess, of gift or grace, will be regarded, will be exercised, will be enjoyed, as your particular share in a distribution in which all have something, and in which each assignment is meant for the good and for the happiness of the whole. This thought will animate, will control, will in-

tensify, every act and every energy of your being. It will make you diligent. It will make you pure. It will make you loving. It will make you patient. It will make you devout. It will make you sympathizing. It will make you forgiving. If any have done you wrong, you will requite him good, not evil. The sacrifice of the body, as it burns upon God's altar, will be a warming, a melting, a kindling influence, upon the coldness, upon the hardness, upon the selfishness which surrounds it. It will not be "overcome of evil"—it will "overcome evil with good."

To be overcome by evil is not, as fallen nature would read it, to be overborne or vanquished, in the struggle of life, by the oppression of the powerful or the cruelty of the malevolent. St. Paul does not bid us be on our guard against a rivalry which might outstrip, or a craft which might undermine. St. Paul does not count it a failure to be unfortunate, or a victory to be successful. When he says, "Be not overcome by evil," he says this—Do not suffer wrongdoing to make you do wrong. Do not suffer the evil of another to infect you. Do not allow the tempter, when he comes in the form (say) of a strong inducement to anger, to resentment, to revenge, to find in you that disposition which shall respond to him, which shall catch fire when he applies the spark, and so turn the evil done to you into an evil done by you, or the injury suffered into an injury imitated. To be "overcome of evil" is to be assimilated to it—to let another's wrongdoing be an infection and contagion to you. A man might think himself a conquered man, when he was made the victim of slander or malice or perjury; when he

found his business taken from him by a specious competitor, or the desire of his heart stolen away by a worthless rival. No, St. Paul says, not then, not thus. Not until you are goaded by a sense of wrong into angry recrimination, unfounded suspicion, or savage retaliation. Not until you think hard thoughts of God, as though He had neglected you; or take into your hand the enemy's weapon, and wield it too skilfully against himself. It is not the widow whose house has been devoured, it is not the orphan thrown against the stones, it is not the rightful heir kept out of the inheritance, nor the innocent prisoner sworn into servitude, nor the righteous (if there be such) begging his bread, nor the broken-hearted maiden who finds man's vows lighter than vanity; it is not they, nor any of them, to whom St. Paul's saying is necessarily applicable, "overcome of evil." Rather is it the son who has suffered a father's harshness to alienate him from his home; the friend who has found his friend treacherous, and has replaced in his heart love with hatred; the faithful lover, deserted without cause by his betrothed, and now embittered by the injury into an exasperation against his kind; or the worshipper who has discovered hypocrisy in his pastor, and has suffered that individual disappointment to make him say in his haste, "All men are liars," and religion itself is a trickery and an imposture. These are the persons whom St. Paul speaks of as "overcome of evil," because they have suffered the evil which was without them to come in to them inwardly; because another's wrongdoing has seduced and contaminated them, so that they who ought to have stopped with being its victims have gone on to become its abettors and its accomplices.

We are prepared then now to enter with intelligence into the precept—

"Overcome evil with good."

I. And we must read it first in direct contrast with the prohibition, "Be not overcome of evil."

The immediate subject of both is that of injuries and their treatment.

As to "be overcome of evil" is to let evil master us, so that it shall subdue and lead captive, instead of merely oppressing and overwhelming us; so to "overcome" that "evil with good" is, to bring into conflict with injury, not anger, not sullenness, not resentment, not revenge, but the very opposites and contraries of all these—patience, and meekness, and forbearance, and charity—and this so earnestly, so skilfully, so persistently, that

they shall vanquish the evil, shall make it ashamed of itself, and repentant, and reconciled, inasmuch that the saying shall be verified, "Whatsoever is made manifest is light:" darkness shone upon is darkness no more, and evil kindled by a coal from the altar becomes the good which it sought to overbear.

Never, my brethren, in this world of discord and warfare, can this most literal application of the text be inopportune or superfluous.

(1) It becomes not, perhaps, the minister of the Word to deal with the subject in its bearing upon warring nations. We presume not to say—because it is no business of ours to import into the Pulpit topics of political or international polemics—whether indeed there may not come, or has not come, a moment, when a generosity, as human as it is Christian, might sheathe the sword of an internecine and a suicidal conflict, the conqueror proposing terms of reconciliation, and seeking with honest earnestness to "overcome evil with good." Is it impossible, is it Quixotic, to imagine a new-made Emperor, in the very pride and flush of conquest, saying to a prostrate yet indestructible nation—so soon as he can find the responsible body to which to address himself—"I will none of your spoils. I came not for aggression, and I will return without aggrandisement. I have vindicated the insulted honour, I have scorned the threatened independence, of my throne and of my race: enough has been done—enough, too much, has been suffered. Breathe again—repair as you may the waste and the breach—and remember that the enemy, made hostile by yourselves, was not more potent in battle than he was generous in victory?" Who shall dare to say that a policy thus magnanimous might not also be prevailing? that voluntarily to forego might not be as wise as insolently to enforce? that the peace of the future might not rest more securely upon generosity than upon annexation? that, in short, St. Paul's words might not even here find their application, "Overcome evil with good?" In their spirit at least, if not in their letter—in some modification, if not in the stringency of their meaning—we are confident that one who wars in the name of the God of battles will find it his wisdom, as his consistency, to remember them; and that a retaliation luxuriating into barbarity can bring after it nothing but a reverse of disamillure to states and to kings, as to private men, who will thus trample under foot the precept and the spirit of the Gospel.



There is another sense in which the maxim of the text has a national application to the present.

Few will deny that there has existed—would to God it were utterly extinct to day—a sort of traditional antipathy—we can understand, though we cannot justify it—between France and England. Banished long ago from the minds of the refined, the cultivated, the thoughtful; banished from the counsels of kings, the arguments of senates, and even the motives of parties, it has yet found a lodgment in meaner and vulgarer natures, and has not wholly lost its influence upon those masses of the population which contribute much to the action, if not much to the intelligence, of their race. My brethren, in whatever form or degree this evil may have survived into the present, we have now a magnificent opportunity of overcoming it with good. The queen of cities sits to-day desolate, her little ones fainting for bread, the hearts of her mighty men failing them for fear. Surely, surely, it will have been one small result of good out of the horrible evils of this hateful warfare, that it will have trodden out of us every feeling but one of deep sorrow and sympathy for that afflicted, that noble nation. Surely, every English hand will now be outstretched to aid her in her hour of anguish. Now that at last the house of lies has been demolished, and the very truth, of fact and reality, has forced itself upon the convictions of a people cruelly wronged, through these months past, by a cowardly spirit, in its self-made rulers, of ingenious but contemptible falsehood; we shall come forward, one and all, to minister to unexampled calamity, not less in the generosity of our sympathies than in the largeness of our gifts. And God grant that we may find our reward, not only in the gratitude of the moment, but still more in the perpetuity of a cordial fellowship between two nations which the God of Nature and the God of the Bible certainly destined to be at one!

(2.) But that use of the text which we can make but doubtfully and tentatively on so gigantic a scale as this, we make, without hesitation and without apology, in reference to the discords and dissensions of private life.

In there no person in this congregation who has an enemy? The word is too strong—not one man in a hundred admits it. Say, then, Is there no person in this congregation who has a quarrel, a breach, a misunderstanding, with some one? Let him ask himself honestly, here in God's presence, Has he tried, fairly tried, St. Paul's precept, "Overcome

evil with good?" Yes, I hear you say to yourself, "the fault is not mine; the injury was all the other's; even now I bear no malice. Let him confess himself wrong, and I am ready for reconciliation." Such pleas do not evade St. Paul's charge. He *presumes* that the fault was on the other side. He speaks of *evil*—and that evil the other's, not yours. It is precisely to your case that he addresses himself. Some one has wronged you. The fault was all his. What St. Paul says is, Let not his wrongdoing draw you in. Let not his injury, let not his sin, vanquish you into its imitation. It does, if you wrap yourself in your innocence, and allow the quarrel. Have you tried good upon this evil? Have you endeavoured to be at peace? and that, not by prescribing difficult terms of reconciliation—as when you bid a proud man confess himself in the wrong, or a hard, morose, obstinate man soften himself and change himself, that you may forgive him—but rather by making every possible concession—by even waiving altogether the discussion of the offence, and merely treating him as at peace? "Forbearing one another and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any; even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

2. Yet important as the maxim is in its original sense and first application, there is involved in it a principle broader and deeper and higher still.

Evil, St. Paul says, is never vanquished by evil. Satan casts not out Satan, nor does the wrath of man ever work out God's righteousness.

Evil must be conquered by good.

If evil is brought against evil, whichever combatant conquers, the victory is with evil. If violence meets violence, if retaliation attacks injury, if cruelty, if barbarity, avenges its like; then, in the aspect of truth and of God, the result, as the beginning, is evil still; the devil remains master of the field, whichever side has won.

We carry the argument one step further.

The victory over evil is never won by negatives. It is not by a mere abstinence from wrong that wrong is overcome. It is by the antagonism of good.

View the saying in two aspects.

(1.) View it in reference to truth and error.

The mind of man is ingenious, is fertile, in error. Never was an age more conspicuously so than this. You cannot count the sophistries, the fallacies, the lying inventions, by which the enemy is laying snares for souls.

He has found it safe to be bold. He finds it answer to venture audacious flights. It is no longer about particular doctrines, such as the descent into hell or the resurrection of the body, that incredulity is busy. It has touched, it has assaulted, it has shaken, everything. Nothing is sacred. An intelligent man will look you in the face and say, There is no God—or no such God as has either mind, or will, or choice, or hearing. It is idle to pray. You cannot affect—it is presumption to expect it—the orderly march of cause and effect, of circumstance and consequence. As things are to be, so they will be. Do you flatter yourself that Nature will vary her working, will arrest the course of a fever, or prevent the coming delirium of the drunkard, on account of the muttered words of a friend's supplication, or because you have willed something different into the ear of an unlistening, unregarding, perhaps non-existent, God?

Such blasphemies—for in this place, assembled in the name of Christ, we may dare so to designate them—do with effect, with fatal precision and frightful rapidity, that which more cautious and more timid innuendoes would require years and lifetimes to execute. You know that they are rife in the world. Men presume to assert—thank God, we know it to be a falsehood, yet, like most falsehoods, it is founded on fact—that *there is not to be found a young Lawyer who believes*—that this whole Profession, taken as the sample and specimen of English intelligence, has renounced its faith in Christianity. God forbid! But the very assertion shows the abounding of infidelity; men durst not hazard the saying it, were there not in it a large element of truth.

Now, it becomes, in such times, a very serious question for those who are charged (or believe themselves to be charged) with a divine commission to teach and to preach. In what manner is this "evil" to be "overcome?" Often they are asked to take in hand the conviction of this person and that, who has embraced (as it is said) sceptical opinions, supposed to be capable of refutation, were there but the will to undertake it. And we say not that any one is justified in turning away from such a task if it is laid upon him. Only we would ponder well with ourselves, before undertaking it, St. Paul's hint in the text, "Overcome evil with good." Not in a spirit of strife and debate, not in a spirit of disdain or defiance, not in a spirit of superiority or of self-confidence—in none of these tones ought any earnest believer to ad-

dress himself to the separatist from his faith. That were indeed to assail evil with evil.

But more than this. We understand St. Paul to exclude negatives as well as evils. You might enter the lists with your antagonist in the meekest, most Christian of tempers, yet you would probably avail nothing so long as you encountered him with "answers to objections." There is no intellect so stored with knowledge, or so disciplined in polemics, as to be capable of answering in detail all the objections which may be urged against believing. The fool can always cavil faster than the wise man can reply to him: he is no wiser man who would even adventure the enterprise.

There is one way, and but one, to the mind of the unbeliever—and that way is through the heart. Not by negatives, but by positives; not by meeting this "evil" in hand-to-hand warfare, but by bringing into the field a wholly new and unexpected ally; by appealing to his sense of want, to the instincts of his nature, to unsatisfied affections and insatiable yearnings, to the heart as it beats, and the soul as it feels, and the life as it thirsts and hungers (do not *these* make the man?), and the love which expands or is driven inwards according as love meets love or is denied to it; and then by showing how Christ understands, and undertakes, and ministers to this life, and this soul, and this need, and this unrest just as it is, and has in Him, for all who will try it, the very food, and the very medicine, and the very rest wanted; and so, while recognizing some of his difficulties, and suspending, or postponing, or quietly passing by others, carrying him half unawares into a different region, not of cold negatives, but of warm, and rich, and glorious positives—it is thus, if at all, that the unbeliever will find itself believing, and the infidel himself persuaded to be a Christian—even by applying to it and to him, the great, and wise, and magnificent saying of the Apostle, "He not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

(2) We have space for but one word on the application of the same maxim to another subject—not that of error and truth, but of sin and holiness.

They who have had experience (and who has not?) of the entrance into their being of some definite growth or root of evil, will admit that the prospect of its cutting off or eradication has at one moment seemed improbable or desperate. There is a collapse of the moral being, in the face of a sin once admitted, which precludes victory by paralyzing resistance.



Has St. Paul a word of counsel in reference to this sorest, direst experience of human life?

Does he say, with regard to this struggle also, "Overcome evil"—not (of course) with "evil"—as when a man escapes from one sin through another, casts out lust through pride, or sloth through ambition—but not even by negatives—not even by mere refusals to sin—not even by bare cold resistances to the indwelling enchaining sin—but rather, "Overcome evil with good?" Introduce into your soul, by prayer and supplication, with strong crying and tears, a new affection, even the positive love of God, even the positive powerful sense of a personal affection for Him who died for you, such as shall expel by filling—expel the evil by filling and satisfying with good?

Yes, you may fight and fight again; resolve at morning and repent at evening; convince yourself of the folly, of the wretchedness, of the wickedness, of sinning—you may live thus unquiet days, and find yourself a year hence no nearer to the goal or to the triumph—for the strong man armed will ever keep his palace till the stronger enters, and no might is really equal to the might of evil save

the one mightier than the mightiest, which is, "the love of Christ constraining." Bring this good into the war with thine evil, and thou shalt overcome yet! Oh, it is no easy thing, it ought not to be easy, to light up this fire on the cold hearth-stone—it needs many a prayer and costs many a tear to make this idea, which has so long been a familiar phantom name to us, a reality, and a comfort, and a power—yet by the help of God it can be done. Rouse within thee the sleeping, faint-hearted, cowardly *man*, and make him wrestle for this grace in ceaseless prayer. On some day, some early day, he will see in the distance a glimmering light—enough to quicken him and nerve him for further effort. In proportion as the love of God enters, the love of sin will depart. In proportion as he begins to know Jesus Christ and Him crucified, the victory will come to him, little by little, over the besetting sin. At last he will have overcome—and to him that overcometh shall be given the crown of life. He shall have "overcome evil with good"—and shall find himself conqueror, yea (St. Paul says for himself) "more than conqueror," through Him who loved him.

C. J. VAUGHAN.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF FRANCE AND ITALY.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

### XII.

#### FLORENCE.

*JUNE 8th.*—I went this morning to the Uffizi gallery. The entrance is from the great court of the palace, which communicates with Lung' Arno at one end, and with the Grand Ducal Piazza at the other. The gallery is in the upper story of the palace; and in the vestibule are some busts of the princes and cardinals of the Medici family, none of them beautiful, one or two so ugly as to be ludicrous—especially one, who is all but buried in his own wig. I at first travelled slowly through the whole extent of this long, long gallery, which occupies the entire length of the palace on both sides of the court, and is full of sculpture and pictures. The latter, being opposite to the light, are not seen to the best advantage; but it is the most perfect collection, in a chronological series, that I have seen, comprehending specimens of all the masters since painting began to be an art.

Here are Giotto, and Cimabue, and Botticelli, and Fra Angelico, and Filippo Lippi, and a hundred others, who have haunted me in churches and galleries ever since I have been in Italy, and who ought to interest me a great deal more than they do. Occasionally, to-day, I was sensible of a certain degree of emotion in looking at an old picture—as, for example, by a large, dark, ugly picture of Christ bearing the cross, and sinking beneath it, when, somehow or other, a sense of his agony, and the fearful wrong that mankind did (and does) its Redeemer, and the scorn of his enemies, and the sorrow of those who loved Him, came knocking at my heart and got entrance there. Once more, I deem it a pity that Protestantism should have entirely laid aside this mode of appealing to the religious sentiment.

I chiefly paid attention to the sculpture, and was interested in a long series of busts of the emperors and the members of their

families, and of some of the great men of Rome. There is a bust of Pompey the Great, bearing not the slightest resemblance to that vulgar and unintellectual one in the gallery of the Capitol; altogether a different cast of countenance. I could not judge whether it resembled the face of the statue, having seen the latter so imperfectly in the duskiness of the hall of the Spada Palace. These, I presume, are the busts which Mr. Powers condemns, from internal evidence, as unreliable and conventional. He may be right, and is far more likely, of course, to be right than I am; yet there certainly seems to be character in these marble faces, and they differ as much among themselves as the same number of living faces might. The bust of Caracalla, however, which Powers excepted from his censure, certainly does give stronger assurance of its being an individual and faithful portrait than any other in the series. All the busts of Caracalla, of which I have seen many, give the same evidence of their truth; and I should like to know what it was in this abominable emperor that made him insist upon having his actual likeness perpetrated, with all the ugliness of its animal and moral character. I rather respect him for it, and still more the sculptor, whose hand, methinks, must have trembled as he wrought the bust. Generally, these wicked old fellows, and their wicked wives and daughters, are not so hideous as we might expect. Messalina, for instance, has small and pretty features, though with rather a sensual development of the lower part of the face. The busts, it seemed to me, are usually superior as works of art to those in the Capitol, and either better preserved or more thoroughly restored. The bust of Nero might almost be called handsome here, though bearing his likeness unmistakably.

I wish some competent person would undertake to analyse and develop his character, and how, and by what necessity, with all his elegant tastes, his love of the beautiful, his artist nature, he grew to be such a monster. Nero has never yet had justice done him, nor have any of the wicked emperors; not that I suppose them to have been any less monstrous than history represents them; but there must surely have been something in their position and circumstances to render the terrible moral disease, which seized upon them so generally, almost inevitable. A wise and profound man, tender and reverent of the human soul, and capable of appreciating it in its height and depth, has

a great field here for the exercise of his powers. It has struck me, in reading the history of the Italian republics, that many of the tyrants who sprung up after the destruction of their liberties resembled the worst of the Roman emperors. The subject of Nero and his brethren has often perplexed me with vain desires to come at the truth.

There were many beautiful specimens of antique, ideal sculpture all along the gallery: Apollos, Bacchuses, Venuses, Mercurys, Fauns, with the general character of all of which I was familiar enough to recognize them at a glance. The mystery and wonder of the gallery, however—the *Venus de Medici*—I could nowhere see, and, indeed, was almost afraid to see it: for I sometimes apprehended the extinction of another of those lights that shine along a man's pathway, and go out in a snuff the instant he comes within eye-shot of the fulfilment of his hope. My European experience has extinguished many such. I was pretty well contented, therefore, not to find the famous statue in the whole of my long journey from end to end of the gallery, which terminates on the opposite side of the court from that where it commences. The ceiling, by-the-bye, through the entire length, is covered with frescoes, and the floor paved with a composition of stone, smooth and polished like marble. The final piece of sculpture, at the end of the gallery, is a copy of the *Laocoon*, considered very fine. I know not why, but it did not impress me with the sense of mighty and terrible reprobation—a repose growing out of the multitude of trouble—that I had felt in the original.

Parallel with the gallery, on each side of the palace court, there runs a series of rooms devoted chiefly to pictures, although statues and bas-reliefs are likewise contained in some of them. I remember an unfinished bas-relief by Michel Angelo of a Holy Family, which I touched with my finger, because it seemed as if he might have been at work upon it only an hour ago. The pictures I did little more than glance at, till I had almost completed again the circuit of the gallery through this series of parallel rooms; and then I came upon a collection of French and Dutch and Flemish masters, all of which interested me more than the Italian generally. There was a beautiful picture by Claude, almost as good as those in the British National Gallery, and very like in subject. The sun near the horizon, of course, and throwing its line of light over



the ripple of water, with ships at the strand, and one or two palaces of stately architecture on the shore. Landscapes by Rembrandt; fat Graces and other plump nudities by Rubens; brass pans and earthen pots and herrings by Teniers and other Dutchmen; none by Gerard Dow, I think, but several by Mieris; all of which were like bread and beef and ale after having been fed too long on made dishes. This is really a wonderful collection of pictures, and from first to last—from Giotto to the men of yesterday—they are in admirable condition, and may be appreciated for all the merit that they ever possessed.

I could not quite believe that I was not to find the Venus de Medici; and still, as I passed from one room to another, my breath rose and fell a little, with the half-hope, half-fear that she might stand before me. Really I did not know that I cared so much about Venus, or any possible woman of marble. At last, when I had come from among the Dutchmen, I believe, and was looking at some works of Italian artists, chiefly Florentines, I caught a glimpse of her through the door of the next room. It is the best room of the series, octagonal in shape, and hung with red damask, and the light comes down from a row of windows, passing quite round beneath an octagonal dome. The Venus stands somewhat aside from the centre of the room, and is surrounded by an iron railing, a pace or two from her pedestal in front and less behind. I think she might safely be left to the reverence her womanhood would win without any other protection. She is very beautiful, very satisfactory, and has a fresh and new charm about her, unreachd by any cast or copy. The hue of the marble is just so much mellowed by time, as to do for her all that Gibson tries, or ought to try, to do for his statues by colour, softening her, warming her almost imperceptibly, making her an inmate of the heart, as well as a spiritual existence. I felt a kind of tenderness for her; an affection, not as if she were one woman, but all womanhood in one. Her modest attitude, which before I saw her I had not liked, deeming that it might be an artificial shame, is partly what unmakes her as the heathen goddess, and softens her into woman. There is a slight degree of alarm, too, in her face, not that she really thinks anybody is looking at her, yet the idea has flitted through her mind, and startled her a little. Her face is so beautiful and intellectual that it is not dazzled out of sight by her form

Methinks this was a triumph for the sculptor to achieve. I may as well stop here. It is of no use to throw heaps of words upon her, for they all fall away, and leave her standing in chaste and naked grace, as untouched as when I began.

She has suffered terribly by the mishaps of her long existence in the marble. Each of her legs has been broken into two or three fragments; her arms have been severed; her body has been broken quite across at the waist; her head has been snapped off at the neck. Furthermore, there have been grievous wounds and losses of substance in various tender parts of her person. But on account of the skill with which the statue has been restored, and also because the idea is perfect and indestructible, all these injuries do not in the least impair the effect, even when you see where the dissevered fragments have been reunited. She is just as whole as when she left the hands of the sculptor. I am glad to have seen this Venus, and to have found her so tender and so chaste. On the wall of the room, and to be taken in at the same glance, is a painted Venus, by Titian, reclining on a couch, naked and lustful.

The room of the Venus seems to be the treasure-place of the whole Uffizi Palace, containing more pictures by famous masters than are to be found in all the rest of the gallery. There were several by Raphael, and the room was crowded with the easels of artists. I did not look half enough at anything, but merely took a preliminary taste, as a prophecy of enjoyment to come.

As we were at dinner to-day, at half-past three, there was a ring at the door, and a minute after our servant brought a card. It was Mr. Robert Browning's, and on it was written in pencil an invitation for us to go to see them this evening. He had left the card and gone away; but very soon the bell rang again, and he had come back, having forgotten to give his address. This time he came in; and he shook hands with all of us, children and grown people, and was very vivacious and agreeable. He looked younger, and even handsomer, than when I saw him in London two years ago, and his grey hairs seemed fewer than those that had then strayed into his youthful head. He talked a wonderful quantity in a little time, and told us—among other things that we should never have dreamt of—that Italian people will not cheat you if you construe them generously, and put them upon their honour.

Mr. Browning was very kind and warm in his expressions of pleasure at seeing us; and,

on our part, we were all very glad to meet him. He must be an exceedingly likeable man. . . . They are to leave Florence very soon, and are going to Normandy, I think, he said, for the rest of the summer.

The Venus di Medici has a dimple in her chin.

*June 9th.*—We went last evening, at eight o'clock, to see the Brownings, and after some search and inquiry we found the Casa Guidi, which is a palace in a street not very far from our own. It being dusk, I could not see the exterior, which, if I remember, Browning has celebrated in song; at all events, Mrs. Browning has called one of her poems "Casa Guidi Windows." The street is a narrow one; but on entering the palace we found a spacious staircase, and ample accommodations of vestibule and hall, the latter opening on a balcony, where we could hear the chanting of priests in a church close by. Browning told us that this was the first church where an oratorio had ever been performed.

Mrs. Browning met us at the door of the drawing-room, and greeted us most kindly—a pale, small person, scarcely embodied at all; at any rate, only substantial enough to put forth her slender fingers to be grasped, and to speak with a shrill yet sweet tenuity of voice. She is a good and kind fairy, and sweetly disposed towards the human race, although only remotely akin to it. It is wonderful to see how small she is, how pale her cheek, how bright and dark her eyes. There is not such another figure in the world; and her black ringlets cluster down into her neck, and make her face look the whiter by their sable profusion. I could not form any judgment about her age—it may range anywhere within the limits of human life, or elfin life. When I met her in London at Lord Houghton's breakfast-table she did not impress me so singularly, for the morning light is more prosaic than the dim illumination of their great tapestried drawing-room; and besides, sitting next to her, she did not have occasion to raise her voice in speaking, and I was not sensible what a slender voice she has. It is marvellous to me how so extraordinary, so acute, so sensitive a creature can impress us, as she does, with the certainty of her benevolence. It seems to me there were a million chances to one that she would have been a miracle of acidity and bitterness.

We were not the only guests. Mr. and Mrs. E——, Americans, recently from the East, and on intimate terms with the Brownings, arrived after us; also Miss F. H——,

an English literary lady, whom I have met several times in Liverpool; and lastly, came the white head and palmer-like beard of Mr. ———, with his daughter. Mr. Browning was very efficient in keeping up conversation with everybody, and seemed to be in all parts of the room, and in every group at the same moment—a most vivid and quick-thoughted person, logical and commonsensible, as I presume poets generally are in their daily talk. Mr. ———, as usual, was homely and plain of manner, with an old-fashioned dignity, nevertheless, and a remarkable deference and gentleness of tone in addressing Mrs. Browning. I doubt, however, whether he has any high appreciation either of her poetry or her husband's; and it is my impression that they care as little about his.

We had some tea and some strawberries, and passed a pleasant evening. There was no very noteworthy conversation, the most interesting topic being that disagreeable and now wearisome one of spiritual communications, as regards which Mrs. Browning is a believer, and her husband an infidel. Mr. ——— appeared not to have made up his mind on the matter, but told a story of a successful communication between Cooper the novelist and his sister, who had been dead fifty years. Browning and his wife had both been present at a spiritual session held by Mr. Hume, and had seen and felt the unearthly hands, one of which had placed a laurel wreath on Mrs. Browning's head. Browning, however, avowed his belief that these hands were affixed to the feet of Mr. Hume, who lay extended in his chair, with his legs stretched far under the table. The marvellousness of the fact, as I have read of it, and heard it from other eye-witnesses, melted strangely away in his hearty gripe and at the sharp touch of his logic, while his wife, ever and anon, put in a little gentle word of expostulation.

I am rather surprised that Browning's conversation should be so clear, and so much to the purpose at the moment, since his poetry can seldom proceed far without running into the high grass of latent meanings and obscure allusions.

Mrs. Browning's health does not permit late hours, so we began to take leave at almost ten o'clock. I heard her ask Mr. ——— if he did not mean to revisit Europe, and heard him answer, not uncheerfully, taking hold of his white hair, "It is getting rather too late in the evening now." If any old age can be cheerful, I should think his might be; so good a man, so cool, so calm, so bright too, we may say, his life has been "like the days



that end in pleasant sunsets." He has a great loss, however—or what ought to be a great loss,—soon to be encountered in the death of his wife, who, I think, can hardly live to reach America. He is not eminently an affectionate man. I take him to be one who cannot get closely home to his sorrow, nor

feel it so sensibly as he gladly would; and in consequence of that deficiency, the world lacks substance to him. It is partly the result perhaps of his not having sufficiently cultivated his emotional nature. His poetry shows it, and his personal intercourse, though kindly, does not stir one's blood in the least.

## CITY LIFE IN THE CAPITAL OF THE OEZBEGS.

WHERE the boundless Hyrcanian desert approaches the Oxus, a river in Central Asia, celebrated far back in ancient history, which, bending here at a right angle, takes its course northwards to Lake Aral, lies Khiva, the capital of the Khanat Khiva, situated on the right bank of the channel or arm of the Oxus, called Hazreti Pehlivan. Striking, indeed, is the contrast between this tract of land, on the right bank of the river, so famous for its fertility, and the deserts and fathomless oceans of sand, which extend on all sides as far as the eye can reach; but quite as striking and remarkable is the difference between the social relations of the Oezbeks, as exhibited in Khiva, their capital, and those of all the other Asiatic nations, not excepting their immediate neighbours in Persia and Bokhara.

Restrained by the formidable barrier of this perilous desert, Asiatic conquerors have seldom, and then only for a short time, made the ancient Khahezrm the arena of their savage deeds of arms. Whilst its eastern neighbour, the ancient Sogdiana, lay on the high road along which the mighty waves of Altaic nations rolled westward from the valleys of the Thian-Shan mountains, or the inspired sons of Arabia once advanced victorious as far as Kashgar and Yarkend, leaving behind them on the Zerefsan traces of their power, Khiva, situated farther distant, has been comparatively exempt from foreign influence. Dshingis and Nadir alone sent hither a portion of their troops. The former maintained his supremacy a few short months, the latter only a few weeks. The rude and impetuous nature of its inhabitants, and the still ruder spirit of the nomadic tribes on its borders, have always been powerful obstacles to foreign invaders. No wonder then, that in spite of Islamism, and a few surviving traces of Iranic refinement, we discover in Khiva the genuine spirit of ancient Niguric civilisation, and the impress of that primitive Turco-Tataric life, which at the present day we meet with nowhere in Turkestan, nowhere in Western Asia, nowhere else among the

Turco-Tataric tribes but here. It is, therefore, well worth the trouble to make a small excursion to Khiva, in order to obtain a nearer view of this picture. In books of travel a reader finds but faint and meagre outlines. Two Russians, Muravieff and Butenieff, and five Englishmen, Abbott, Conolly, Shakespeare, Richmond, and Thompson, who have been my predecessors in the present century, have not been able to furnish us with more than scanty reports, in consequence of the thick veil of mistrust and reserve which, on their diplomatic mission, obscured their area of observation. They dwelt at some distance from the town, in the summer-palace, called AbdulAziztöre Havlisi, the usual residence of ambassadors, and could observe Oezbeg life only in so far as it presented itself to them within the narrow circuit of their official abode. They were not allowed to move freely about, to have intercourse with the people, or to gain even an occasional insight into their daily life. Can I then be blamed, if from among my reminiscences of the part I played of a sainted Mollah, an honoured guest from Constantinople, I should wish to give some particulars of daily life at Khiva?

As Constantinople must be seen from the Bosphorus, to make the most favourable impression, Ispahan from the southern mountain-range *viâ* Majan, Herat from the road through Khodsha Abdulla Ansari, Bokhara from the road at Karakul; so a traveller should approach Khiva by the road from Merv or Derégöz through that part of the Karakum (black sand) which extends, like a tongue, to the walls of the town. Here we come at once from a bottomless waste of sand to verdant meadows, from the region of tamarisks to delightful elms and poplars, from the chilling aspect of death to the luxuriance of life and vegetation. The outward appearance of this capital, together with the square citadel, rising in the centre, and separated by four gates from the rest of the town, offers little or nothing of interest to the eye ac-

customed to Asiatic memorials, or of what would satisfy his expectation of a capital. To wander through this chaos of houses and crenelated courtyards would not repay the trouble. We will merely present the reader with a bird's-eye view, and make him in this manner acquainted with Khiva.

Let us go aloft. The compact mass of houses, in which a couple of narrow and crooked streets are distinguishable, is the citadel, just mentioned, Itsh-Kale, the residence of the sovereign and some of the principal functionaries, and where the bazaar and the higher order of mederesses, are situated. Round this inner quarter of the city extend far and wide the gardens and public squares. Eastward lies the quarter Or Rehin Bendi, and farther off, to the south-east, the reservoir Bala Hauz, with the bazaar of the barbers contiguous to it, just as in Bokhara, and, if I am correctly informed, in Khokand and all the larger towns of Central Asia. Looking southward, we see, in all its extent, the large quarter Jeni Bazar; to the west, Jeni Kale and Rafenek; to the north, Bahdshe, with the reservoir of the same name. This confused mass of large and small buildings, seen from above, may be anything, but does not convey the impression of a capital; and, but for the few scattered monuments, marked by their ornament of glazed tiles, which rise from the multitude of yellow clay dwellings, there would be literally not a single point on which the eye could rest, for a change from its fatigue.

The finest view is from the short tower of the Medemin College. This tower was intended to have been a third part higher than it is at present, but the death of its builder frustrated his plan. From this point appear the dome-shaped roofs of the medresse Ali Khuli Khan, the elegant dome of the Hazret i Pehlivan, and some private dwelling-houses. Farther south-east, the mosque Shalcker strikes the eye. The public squares, the tanks of dirty water, and the subterranean baths, form a very disagreeable prospect, and it is a refreshing relief to the spectator to look beyond these ancient and modern monuments of Oezbeg architecture, upon the chain of pretty summer-houses on the right and left, with their gardens luxuriant with vegetation, which skirt the fore-ground of the horizon. Nature often puts art to shame, but nowhere more conspicuously than in Khiva. So much for the external aspect of the capital; we will now make a small tour round the interior, and inspect the daily life of its inhabitants.

A summer's morning in Khiva! How in-

initely its charms surpass the poisonous atmosphere of low-lying Bokhara, and many other places in Turkestan, familiar to me! The air, although only for a short time, is of marvellous purity. An indescribable, solemn stillness reigns throughout all nature, and it seems as if the silent image of the surrounding desert were reflected in this calm during the hours of the early morning.

By three or four o'clock everybody has crept forth into the open air from out the square mosquito nets, which even the poorest person draws over his left bed. Attendance at mosque is not here, as in Bokhara, a matter of obligation; only thick-headed Melahs, and the orthodox who pay court to them, are seen there at morning prayer. Sun and activity, but only sparsely, can be seen at this time on the banks of the canals and the public water-tanks, where all are engaged in performing the sacred ablutions, and arranging their toilet as their religion prescribes. The time occupied by prayer is shorter than in Bokhara, but all the longer is the duration of the breakfast which succeeds it. Whilst the *beau monde* there, on the Zereshkan, are refreshing themselves with tea, here, in Khiva, people, at this early hour of the morning, lay hold of the huge bowl full of rice swimming in fat, or the strengthening dish *horva*, or a savoury cutlet of mutton or horse-flesh; nor does any one, not excepting the Prince himself and grandees, go to his work until he has thoroughly eaten his fill, a business with which the day invariably begins.

In the bazaars, also, and public street-corner signs of activity and life are at this hour perceptible. Activity indeed it is, but how different from the bazaars at Bokhara, Karchin, and Samarkand! How striking is the contrast between the Tadjik element associated by the lively Iranic blood, and the sleepy sedateness of a group of dimes and ungainly Oezbegs!

It is not merely in the very expression of the eye, not merely in the quiverings of gesticalation, the picturesque turban, the light *chemise*, the short upper tunic, the brighter colours, but in all and every particular, that the ease and lightness of the aborigines of Turkestan formerly contrast with the Turkish race, the countries their close neighbours. The Turk sees only something ridiculous and humiliating in any eager and impetuous movement, any outward manifestation of feeling or excitement, any supple and graceful turn of the hand or foot. On the contrary, he prefers upon his knee a cap, several pounds in weight, and shaped like a



stuffed sheep-skin; he wears, even in the height of summer, a wadded over-coat, which reaches down to his ankles, and is buttoned up and hermetically sealed from top to bottom; his boots are so clumsy and capacious as to hold at least one large bundle of straw and three yards of linen; nay, even the women are allowed to make but a slight difference in their head-dress and *chaussure* from that of the men. The idea of heaviness, in whatever manner represented, affords them pleasure. It is only in the image of a marble-like impassiveness and gravity, that an Oezbeg can discover a state of perfection.

Twice a week only, on the customary market days, is Khiva the scene of more animation. Among the crowd of town-traders and hawkers, who throng the narrow space of the bazaar, move men and women from the country selling their wares. It is chiefly natural products and those of primitive industry which are exposed for sale. In the spring you see long pieces of linen, of a thin, loose, texture, coloured silk stuffs, and undergarments, which have been made during the long winter evenings. Some people are walking about with large pitchers, similar to that of Rebekah, which has become historical. These pitchers cannot be put down on the ground, but only placed in a leaning position; and, on account of the narrow opening, the vessel has to be broken in order to reach its contents—a kind of syrup called *shire*, which is prepared of the finest fruits of the country, such as mulberries, marillas, melons, and some sort of small plums. Bread, vegetables, and any other victuals are sold only in the early morning and the evening, and never in such large quantities as in other Asiatic towns, since every Oezbeg house-keeper, however high in rank, herself prepares daily what is required for the house.

About ten o'clock a perceptible silence creeps through the cool rooms of the bazaar and the public streets. The sun in Khiva is hot, burning hot, and the *siesta* of the Oezbegs, addicted as they are to an immense amount of rest and ease, begins earlier and ends later than in any other sister-towns of Turkestan. Long before this hour the caravan has been ready for the journey, and has left the town; the tradespeople have returned from the market; the artisans in their workshops, and the students in the medresses have finished their morning work. Even the Khan has to discharge his duties as ruler at an early hour of the day. All withdraw, and at noon scarcely any one is seen in the streets of Khiva, except an occasional slave, or perhaps

some wandering madman, running about in the garb of nature, despite the burning sun.

I preferred generally to survey the scene of public life from some tea-shop, in the cool interior of which many a loquacious Oezbeg or poetical *bel esprit* would endeavour to kill time; but often I felt delighted when the fourth hour of the afternoon arrived, and I could resume my study in the open air. The best and most faithful representation of life and customs afforded to the stranger, is witnessed along the banks of the Balahanz, a small piece of water to the north-east of Khiva. This pool, and indeed the whole neighbourhood, are said to resemble, on a larger scale, the Rigistan in Bokhara, but it is not kept with the same care, and is less frequented than the latter. Several tall and shady elms fringe the water's edge, and here and there are plots of ground laid out in flower-beds, but I never met here with life so varied or animated as in Bokhara.

Here you perceive a knot of elderly Oezbeg gentlemen, seated in a close circle upon a reed-mat (*buria*), and reaching to each other the short-tubed *tschilim*, the pipe of Central Asia, whilst the most honoured among them is serving out tea from a teapot covered over with a pocket-handkerchief. The heat of the day and the warm beverage produce together a visible effect. One of the party wipes off the perspiration with the wide sleeve of his coat; another rubs his brow with his skin-cap, which may occasionally be slightly raised, but which for propriety's sake is seldom taken off in public places. The conversation is carried on calmly and quietly; the subject is generally politics, that is to say, stories of robbers and brigandage, court intrigues, and the small affairs of officials. Religion is here, as in the sister Khanat, confined solely to the abodes of the learned and recluse. Often, when I have been standing in my disguise before such a group, shaking my *keshkul* (beggar's tray) before them, and begging alms, the admiration I have felt for the dignified and earnest demeanour of these people has kept me staring at them, even after several among them had untied their long purses and thrown a few coins towards me.

At some little distance from this group is seen a number of young dandies. Their garments are of lighter and more gaudy colours; their girdle consists generally of a red Russian kerchief, and the small articles of daily use, which hang down from it on the left side, denote clearly the rank and age of the wearer. Their conversation is more

lively than that of their elders. They examine each other with care and minuteness; but the remarks on this Oezbeg boulevard are chiefly directed to the handle of the weapon, worn at this public parade, which is inlaid with precious stones, or to the quality of the blade, or they talk of horses and harness, of the "lions" of the day, renowned for their bravery, of the deeds of heroism on marauding expeditions (*alamans*), and so forth.

In another spot are gathered the youths of hope and promise, for age alone, and not rank, forms here the line of separation. One of them has brought with him a falcon, and is diverting the company by letting it loose among some harmless sparrows. Others again find pleasure in watching an encounter between two rams, or a partridge-fight,—a sport confined to Khiva,—for which the birds are early tamed, and provided with sharp spurs. Then there are a number of blind men, sturdy beggars, reciting the Koran, and especially *Bachshis* (Troubadours), who move undisturbed from one group to another, performing either their own or other people's compositions, and giving life and animation to the scene by the inspiring strains of their music.

In this manner the inhabitants spend some three or four hours together, until at last prayers and the approach of evening send them to their homes. The streets in Khiva, as in all the towns of Central Asia, soon become deserted, and solitude reigns almost unbroken in the early hours of the evening. The *pashas* (watchmen and policemen) perambulate every part of this labyrinth of houses, beginning their round from the eastern gate of the citadel, and brandishing with martial ardour their huge sticks, armed with iron rings. Woe betide the man whose way lies past them, if he has ventured out without a lantern, or is passing along the street in a noisy manner or a somewhat jovial mood. Nay, their quiet but authoritative glance of security penetrates even into the interior of the houses. They know exactly those youthful knight-errants of society, who carelessly sally forth on some forbidden love-adventure, or join in carousals and other amusements, contrary to the national ideas of morality. And since they are tolerably well rewarded for the discovery of any supposed crime or offence, it is easily explained why they devote themselves with such unobstructed zeal to their business of *espionage*, and take such immense pains to effect the publication of a scandal. But a terrible fate awaits the delinquent thus captured, for even the most trifling offence,

as we should esteem it, is there punished with death.

On some occasions Khiva assumes the appearance of more than ordinary stir and excitement, as, for instance, when the army sets out on service, or some high officer of state departs to take the field, or especially when the Khan leaves his residence in town, however short a period he may be absent. Even when he takes his ordinary rides he is subjected to certain ceremonies, which are strictly observed. Two hours before his departure the loud and shrill sound of trumpets from the tower announces to the people that soon they will be permitted to refresh themselves with a sight of their sovereign's countenance. Quickly those shops in the bazaar, past which the procession will go, are decorated with bright-coloured cotton stuffs and kerchiefs; every one takes his position, ready to make deep obeisance; and should even the royal company pass daily through the same street, still the same profound gravity and solemn devotion is uniformly manifested by the populace. For centuries this ceremony has remained unchanged, and whoever has seen the present Khan of Khiva in public, will realise exactly the appearance of the solemn procession of a Timur, Sultan Mahmud of Giznee, and other Central-Asiatic Princes, celebrated in the middle ages. The procession is headed by two, four, or six trumpeters, marching in file, the horrible noise of whose instruments would pierce the tympanum of even an Oezbeg rustic. Behind them are several *shatirs* (runners), who wear bells on their ankles and thighs, and look very strange in their red garments and pointed head gear. Then follow three or four *jettis* (led horses), richly caparisoned, which are led by the bridle, and step proudly along; and next appears the *mehter*—a kind of minister of the interior—on horseback, attended by a small retinue. Behind him comes the minister of police, who is also chief executioner; he is likewise on horseback, and brandishes a huge, silver-studded bâton. Immediately after him rides His Majesty the Khan, generally in a sleepy attitude, without a sign of majesty, or of what passes in Europe for chivalry and stateliness. Sometimes two servants walk by his side, on the right and left, who answer the greeting "*Salam aleikum*" of his subjects, with an "*Aleikum e salam*," since His Royal Highness thanks the trouble too great to respond in person, by a slight movement of the head, to the salutes and acclamations of welcome that await him. Behind the Khan walk the *Inaks*, four grandees of the Khanat.



in company with the children and male relations of the reigning Prince. A whole crowd of servants conclude the procession.

In addition to such moments of popular excitement, life in Khiva presents an extremely animated and solemn aspect at the time of the *Noruz* (the festival of the New Year). This festival is of Persian origin, and is celebrated with well-known solemnity in Iran; and for this reason it is held in great estimation throughout Central Asia, and especially in Khiva, because here Islamism was comparatively far less successful in effacing the ancient manners and customs of Parsee civilisation than in Bokhara, where the *Noruz*, although considered of high importance as late as the period of the Samanides, is now almost entirely prohibited, on the ground of its being contrary to the Islamic law.

In Khiva, as in Iran, this festival is celebrated at the time of the spring equinox; but with less astronomical exactness here than in the Persian capital, for want of an accurate calendar. A few days before the appointed time, the city magnates repair to the Khan, in order to obtain his permission to celebrate the feast. They bring with them, as presents, either fruit or sweetmeats, served upon large wooden saucers (*kondsha*), and receive other presents in return, mostly knives with ornamented handles, handsome robes, or pieces of cloth. The whole of this interview is, of course, a formal affair of civility, and His Majesty the Khan condescends accordingly, with a due regard to the state of his political relations, to fix the duration of the festival for either five or seven days. Before the appointed time arrives, tents are erected in all the public squares. By so doing, the inhabitants of Khiva pay homage to a national passion, viz., to leave their dwellings, which, being built, are stationary, and therefore distasteful to their ideas, for at least a few days, that is, as long as the festival lasts. In this manner they turn nomads for a time. Whatever their houses possess in the way of elegance or comfort, whatever savoury food or sweetmeats are contained in their store-rooms, all is removed to the tent: the great and wealthy even erect tents for their guests: in a word, it appears as if some influential guest were expected by each and all. This guest, whose arrival is thus eagerly awaited, is the *Noruz*, the beginning of spring, the awakening of nature,—that nature, which to an Eastern, destitute of art and industry, is of far greater importance than to the nations of the West, and on the regulations of which his food and clothing, his welfare or misery, his very existence depends.

The court astrologer having signified the change of the year from the pages of an old, torn almanack, quite out of date, and which he himself does not understand, the grandees of the land repair on a solemn visit to the Khan. He awaits their arrival, robed in his festival attire; and after his lips have pronounced the "*Hait kutlug bolgai*" ("May the festival be propitious!"), and they have returned the customary salutation, the feast begins. During the first three days uninterrupted carousals, incessant feasting, and the everlasting drinking of tea embarrass even the most active of Oezbeg stomachs. The children are busy colouring eggs, with which they divert themselves at spring-time here in the far East, in Islamic Asia, in the same manner as with us at Easter in Christian Europe; a remarkable coincidence, and a fact which lends additional interest to the origin of this very ancient custom. In some tents, it is said, the table is spread, and eating carried on incessantly, except when momentarily interrupted to receive a visitor, or for the performance of some solemn act, as, in particular, that of giving a slave his freedom. As with us in Europe, the faithful servant receives a New-Year's gift, so in Central Asia, on the arrival of the *Noruz*, the master is in the habit of emancipating a slave. The Khan also provides public amusements from his private purse. Musicians are stationed in various places, as well as the favourite *Bachshis* and popular rhymers: here and there gigantic cauldrons are kept in readiness, filled with rice swimming in mutton-fat; tea also is served out at the expense of the state; and after the whole assembled population have taken their fill, wrestling acrobats, rope-dancers, and camel and ram fights are provided for their amusement. Illuminations even are not forgotten, but these evince an extremely primitive power of invention. Old, worn-out overcoats, women's garments, and other material of the same kind, are dipped in rancid fat, and are then hung up on tall poles in various parts of the town, and set fire to at an appointed signal. The crackling noise of the flames affords peculiar delight to Oezbeg ears, but our European public would ill brook this foul-odoured display of pyrotechnics. Similar exhibitions are said to take place at the celebration of a victory. On these occasions musicians are placed upon all the town gates, and for several days in succession, from sunrise to sunset, delight the multitude assembled below with the deafening noise of their instruments. After the capture of Merv, where the Sarik-Turkomans suffered a signal

defeat, the celebration of this victory lasted in Khiva twelve days.

Together with the above details, which contribute to form a picture of the capital of the ancient Kharezm, we will give, in conclusion, a *résumé* of the difference in the character of its inhabitants from those of Bokhara.

Khiva bears the stamp of the roughness of disposition so characteristic of ancient Tatars, but offers a striking contrast to their taste for music, poetry, and trivial amusements. Islamic culture and refinement of manners, according to the general idea in Turkestan, have little interest for the inhabitant of Khiva. He, on the contrary, loves to absorb himself in the contemplation of the warlike pictures of old times; his types of manly virtue are Timur, Mohammed Shah the Kharezmi, and Ebu Muslim: in a word, he is characterized by a strange mixture of primitive nomadic life and martial impetuosity, of feelings of compassion and unheard-of cruelty, of an idyllic tranquillity of mind and a lust for universal conquest. He cares little for the outer world; the inner relations of daily life interest him perhaps for a day; and although extremely happy to be in possession of the fertile lands on the lower Oxus, yet

neither the prince and the grandees, nor the mollahs and the country people have hitherto exhibited much alarm or disquietude at the threat of Russian occupation, which hangs, like the sword of Damocles, over their heads. Like his kinsman on the Bosphorus, whose exclamation is, "Nasib baka ilmi" ("Fate, we shall see"), so he comprehends his whole thoughts and cares in the sentence, "Khudar kala gani" ("As God wills it").

In Bokhara, on the contrary, where a desire for Iranic culture is united with a truly Islamic and ungovernable religious fanaticism, the *tadshik* (i.e., Iranic) population has always longed for the flourishing period of the Bagdad Khalifat, or of a Sultan Hussein Mirza Beikeras, to return. The civilisation of Khiva is considered identical with a Kirgiso-Turkomanic rudeness and absence of refinement; instead of war, Bokhara seeks for learning and erudition; the charms of poetry and domestic contentment give way to the attractions of outward show and splendour. And just as the population itself contains a large admixture of Irano-Turanic elements, so the portrait of their character is crowded with the most unmistakable features of these two races.

A. VAMBERY.

## A GENTLEWOMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.\*

SHE lived in Georgian era too.  
Most women then, if bards be true,  
Succumbed to Routs and Cards, or grew  
Devout and acid.

But hers was neither fate. She came  
Of good west-country folk, whose fame  
Has faded now. For us her name  
Is "Madam Placid."

Patience or Prudence,—what you will,  
Some prefix faintly fragrant still  
As those old musky scents that fill  
Our grandams' pillows;  
And for her youthful portrait take  
Some long-waist child of Hudson's make,  
Stiffly at ease beside a lake  
With swans and willows.

I keep her later semblance placed  
Beside my desk,—'tis lawned and laced,  
In shadowy sanguine stipple traced  
By Bartolozzi;  
A placid face, in which surprise  
Is seldom seen; but yet there lies  
Some vestige of the laughing eyes  
Of arch Piozzi.

For her e'en Time grew debonaire.  
He, finding cheeks unclaimed of care,  
With late-delayed, faint roses there,  
And lingering dimples;  
Had spared to touch the fair old face,  
And only kissed with Vauxhall grace  
The soft white hand that stroked her hair,  
Or smoothed her wimples.

So left her beautiful. Her age  
Was comely as her youth was sage,  
And yet she too had been the age;  
It hath been hinted,  
Indeed, affirmed by one or two,  
Some spark at Bath (as sparks will do)  
Inscribed a song to "Loosey Tree,"  
Which Urban printed.

I know she thought; I know she felt;  
Perchance could sum, I doubt not yet,  
She knew as little of the Cæsar  
As of the Saxon.  
I know she pined and wept, for yet  
We keep the tumble-down apertures  
To which she quavered ballads set  
By Anna or Jackson.

\* See "A Gentleman of the Old School," *ST. PAUL*, 1870, July, 1870.





Her tastes were not refined as ours,  
 She liked plain food and homely flowers,  
 Refused to paint, kept early hours,  
 Went clad demurely ;  
 Her art was sampler-work design,  
 Fireworks for her were "vastly fine,"  
 Her luxury was elder-wine,—  
 She liked that "purely."

She was renowned, traditions say,  
 For June conserves, for curds and whey,  
 For finest tea (she called it tay),  
 And ratafia ;  
 She knew, for sprains, what bands to choose,  
 Could tell the sovereign wash to use  
 For freckles, and was learned in brews  
 As erst Medea.

Yet studied little. She would read,  
 On Sundays, "Pearson on the Creed,"  
 Though, as I think, she could not heed  
 His text profoundly ;  
 Seeing she chose for her retreat  
 The warm west-looking window seat,  
 Where, if you lifted up your feet,  
 You slumbered soundly.

This, *entre nous*. The dear old dame  
 Had sunk into the earth for shame  
 If such a heartless scandal came  
 Within her hearing ;  
 Her plain-song piety preferred  
 Pure life to precept. If she erred  
 She knew her faults. Her softest word  
 Was for the erring.

If she had loved, or if she kept  
 Some ancient memory green, or wept  
 Over the shoulder knot that slept  
 Within her cuff-box,  
 I know not. Only this I know,  
 At sixty-five she'd still her *beau*,  
 A lean French exile, lame and slow,  
 With monstrous snuff-box.

Younger than she, well-born and bred,  
 She found him in St. Giles, half dead  
 Of teaching French for nightly bed,  
 And daily dinners ;  
 Starving, in fact, 'twixt want and pride ;  
 And so, henceforth, you always spied  
 His rusty pigeon-wings beside  
 Her Mechlin pinnars.

He worshipped her, you may suppose.  
 She gained him pupils, gave him clothes,  
 Delighted in his dry *bon-mots*  
 And cackling laughter ;  
 And when, at last, the long duet  
 Of conversation and piquet  
 Ceased with her death, of sheer regret  
 He died soon after.

Dear Madam Placid ! Others knew  
 Your worth as well as he, and threw  
 Their flowers upon your coffin too,  
 I take for granted.  
 Their loves are lost ; but still we see  
 Your kind and gracious memory  
 Bloom yearly with the almond tree  
 The Frenchman planted.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

## AUTUMN.

AUTUMN is with us once again, laden  
 with sunny fruits, and crowned with vine  
 leaves and ears of yellow corn ;—Autumn, in  
 green and gold. "Io triumphe !" The high  
 triumph of the year is passing by ! Through  
 deep-hedged country lanes, red with hips and  
 haws and ripening brambles ; past waving  
 fields waiting the sickle ; through breadths of  
 golden stubble covered with leaning shocks ;  
 past busy bending reapers, brown in the sun,  
 and high-piled loads of sheaves slow rocking  
 homewards, amidst harvest songs ; past many  
 coloured woods, and scattered trees, robed  
 like kings, for very joy, and looking down on  
 all around, like monarchs on a pageant that  
 they love ; past green and purple vineyards ;  
 past orchards bending with their ruddy fruit ;  
 onward it passes, a very visit of the gracious  
 God ! It is Nature's great Thriambos !

Worthy of wide glorying, surely, for harvest  
 joy is joy of half a world at once ! The  
 boundless western continent ; the sunny plains  
 of France and Spain ; the rolling landscapes  
 of these islands ; the length and breadth of  
 Europe, with its Russian steppes, and the  
 wide corn-fields which the Danube waters ;  
 Northern Africa, from the Atlantic to the  
 Nile ; Asia—wherever wheat is grown—are  
 sending forth their peaceful hosts of reapers.  
 The northern hemisphere is one vast granary.  
 The sun looks down, in all its course, on far  
 stretching fields, white for the sickle. It is  
 the high day of the year for man, abundance  
 crowns the labours of the husbandman, and  
 there is plenty, once more, for all.

There is no happier time than harvest.  
 The master and the reaper share a common  
 joy. The jocund laugh, the village gossip,



and the jest, lighten the toil. The peasant and his lass work side by side, and have their hearts as busy as their hands. The farmer eyes the thick-standing plenty, and his heart swells with joy. The old man leans upon his staff, and laughs to see the laden wains go by, each with its cheery songs. The mother, with her baby in her arms, stands in the door, and smiles to hear the children's cheers, and the shouts of strong men, as the last load wends to the steading. Well;—if they not only see it pass, but have some blessing from the rich abundance. Day's wages are not return enough to God for full barns; no, nor for any other kind of harvest.

The sower, in the spring-time, seems rather an element in the picturesque than any great power in the State. He is poor enough, and rarely treads his own acres, or sows his own seed. Poor as he is, nevertheless he makes many rich, for does not all society rest on the land? We can do without many of the occupations, or no-occupations, in our midst, but he who scatters the wheat on the fields is indispensable. Hodge with his seed-bag before him, coming from his clay-floor and his poor cheer, is the one man without whom the community could not hold together. There have been theories for and against crowns and coronets, and every particular in politics, but the strictest unanimity for the seed-bag. No wonder: it carries in it Caesar's fortunes and the fortunes of us all. Bread is the common phrase in every tongue for necessary food. Take away the sheaves of autumn, and civilisation follows them. We might get a savage subsistence, like the Australian, on roots and grubs; or on fruits, like the Tropical Negroes, if our climate were not what it is; or on the chase, like the Red Indian, if there were game enough; or on our flocks and herds, like the Tartars; or from the sea, like some tribes: but settled life, in communities, would be impossible. Were grain gone, how much would die! Arts, luxuries, learning, political constitutions, our liberties, religion, progress, would become traditions of a golden age. Our utmost energies would be demanded to obtain a precarious living; or, at the best, we could get nothing better than a maintenance so rude as to degrade us to a barbarous level. We owe to the cereal grasses everything of which we boast. They give us stores in advance, that leave us free for other thoughts than hand-to-hand subsistence. They fix our dwelling; they form the basis of our commerce, which is only the exchange of luxuries for wants; they make the flock and herd the substitute of the chase, the snare, and the fish-

spear; they temper despotism by its own dependence on them; they ultimately make the serf a free man; and they bind all ranks together by making all interdependent. Is not the standard of all value what wheat brings on such a day?

But it is a strange world, my masters! We, in England, are pattern Christians, in our own eyes, and yet Hodge, like other benefactors of the species, has not had his merits much recognised as yet. Feeding all, he is himself almost without food; he grows wheat, but must eat barley; he drives the herds and flocks to the pastures, but hardly ever tastes meat. "Little better than the cattle they drive," says Premier Disraeli of the peasantry of the shire he represents. Hopeless, half fed, lumpish, feeble, prematurely old, is the generalisation of their state through wide districts: chance doles, degrading condescensions, are their bits of good fortune; and the workhouse the inevitable, dreaded refuge of their worn-out old age. A poor commentary this on our statesmanship, religion, prudence, or humanity. And yet this is the richest country in Christendom; with the richest nobility, the richest Church, and the richest middle-class in the world! If Hodge should, perchance, hear of the Gospel, having the promise of the life that now is, as well as of the other, what would he think of his share of the blessing? The saddest thought is, that he should not, long ago, have realised what bitter mockery his part in the national life has been. Saddest, as showing a darkness of spiritual degradation deeper than any outward debasement; for it is ever true, that a man's outward condition is but a reflection of his inner being. The leprosy on the skin is only the efflorescence of deep-seated disease within.

Yet, thank God, the eye that sees everything does not see itself. Better still, it accommodates itself to what light it has, and learns to see in twilight if unaccustomed to day. Happiness, in some sort, is universal. Frankincense grows on bare stones, and sweet flowers blossom on poor soil. The song from the harvest-field is as blithe as that of the larks overhead. Rude health is itself happiness; and even if there be not that, poverty finds joy in small blessings. Goldsmith's cripple at the gate thought himself the envy of the country-side in having such a post as opening and shutting it; and Wordsworth's servant-man thought he must be a favourite of fortune, for he had never been a day out of place in his life.

What shall we say of the fact that there is

no such thing as wild grain of any kind, from which our bread-plants could have come? Wheat, and all the related grasses, are only found as they are—in unnatural development which has no parallel—vegetable monstrosities, unique in botany.

Our fruits can be traced back to worthless stocks, made what they are by cultivation, but the food plants exist only in their cultivated form. Still stranger, they can be kept as food plants at all only by constant culture. Neglect them, and they speedily run to worthless grasses. Nip the head from a stalk of corn, and it will bud from the root next year; nip it again and again, in successive years, and it will sink to a useless blade. But to raise it again to corn is another matter: try your best; no care, no time, no labour will do it. The grain plants grow nowhere spontaneously; they do not sow themselves; and if left alone, they die out. They must have been created as they are, ready for man's use, but dependent on his industry; a miracle in the vegetable world, and a standing witness to a beneficent and intelligent Providence.

The harvest-field is a golden lesson of God's law of work as the condition of reward. All you see in the rich landscape is the kindly wage paid by Him to industry. The sweat of human brows must water the earth to make it fruitful. That sea of brown wheat, stirred by the soft air, is transfigured toil. The reaper is only the last of many workers round the year; not even the last, for is there not the threshing-floor and the winnowing, with much besides, before it comes to bread? Left to themselves, our richest valleys would soon fall back to rank wilderness. Patient duty is the price exacted for all harvests, of the soil, and of all else. There is no royal road to God's bounty in the fruits of brain, or heart, or life, or nature. Spring and summer must go before autumn; spring with its sowing, summer with its waiting, and its hopes and fears. True progress is slow as that of the yellow ear from the green blade. Working and waiting are the two poles of all healthy profit, higher or lower. Tropical spontaneousness corrupts; thrifty toil is the one condition of true thriving.

You think, perhaps, that you and your race are the special favourites of the Almighty? Pray disabuse yourselves. See how impartially He ripens the fields round the world. The harvest landscapes of other lands show the same bounty as your own. Men may disown each other; may think

their countrymen the chosen people; may yield themselves to petty jealousies of other nations; but God, the great Father, knows nothing of these childish heart-burnings and follies in his earth-wide family, and sends his sun and rain and fruitful seasons to them all alike. Why, the very bread you eat grows, most likely, on some far-off fields under other skies. Watch the fleets of grain ships, white-winged like flocks of sea fowl, bearing to our ports the food of distant continents and islands, and be more kindly. Russian steppes, Egyptian deltas, far Western prairies wave with as heavy crops as our own acres. The great heart of God is far above our foolish strifes and floutings. We are all his children, fed at his common table with an impartial love.

City and field, how identical their interests! The city, factor for the country, its broker and go-between with the great world; the country, in repayment, feeding the town. Cities rose to defend the land, and liberty has made their walls her cradle. Their blood has flowed like water, generation after generation, to keep the landscapes arround for their own people. But who made those landscapes what they are? Once nothing better than swamps, and woods, and wilderness, the patient toil of ages has reclaimed them, and turned their worthless wastes into gardens and cornfields. Neither can do without the other; each is the other's debtor for immemorial reciprocities of service. Speak of rival interests! As well have the right hand jealous of the left, or the head envy the heart. Apparent difference in public ends to be sought, or of policy to be followed, is of man's making. Educate town and country to the same intelligence, give them the same rights, and they are in all things one.

How God gives! See how the hedges are sunk deep in the red wheat crops! how sun, and air, and rain, his angels, have striven which can do the most to load the bending branches of the orchards and the climbing vines! How they have filled all fruit with ripeness to the core! the apple, rudely as the evening sky; the glowing peach, the luscious pear, the clustered grape. It matters not on whose ground they grow. The vine trained on yon cottage front can scarce cover its full bunches with its shading leaves, and the apple-tree in the poor paddock at its side has its branches propped to ease their breaking with their load. The early autumn comes blow the same in the hind's garden as in his lord's, and smell as sweet. What cares God for estates and classes? He knows nothing of them, but



sees only his sons and daughters in all the family of man. Year by year the clouds drop fatness over the broad earth, that all living things may be fed and rejoice. Man doles out his charities, and thinks himself bounteous; and yet, what are they? But the whole round of the world is needed, each autumn, to hold the boundless charity of the Almighty.

It is infinitely touching to think how, in the rude simplicity of nature, all men share alike; but how, whenever they join in civilised life, rich and poor appear forthwith. The contrast between Dives and Lazarus is as old as sin, in every community. The master stands yonder in the harvest-field watching the reapers, and thinking how he will need new barns to hold his wealth; but the reapers are poor enough, though they come to their work with the early light, and toil under the moon at evening. The aged gleaner, ragged and bent, behind them as they cut the sheaves, follows for stray grains, as the fowl of heaven follow the sower in spring. Yet gleaner, and reaper, and master, what are they but fellow-men? And is not manhood the one great patent of nobility, after all? The humblest of us has the divine Shekinah—the cloudy glory of God—in him, as Chrysostom says, as much as the greatest. Does not Moses call man the image of God? Imitate your common Father, then, ye richer and richest; as He deals with you, deal with your brother. Let your joy spread like the light of the morning, and make many glad. The poorest of men is a son of the Eternal like yourself.

Men are afraid at times, however religious, that, whatever the Bible may say, there is nothing to which they can trust. The golden stars of the promises get overclouded, and the whole sky is dark. Look abroad on the waving harvest, and be done with misgiving. The seasons are ever new witnesses to God's magnificent fidelity to his word. For how many thousands of years have they kept in their steadfast round? Have they ever failed? Yet, to fill even the circle of a single year, how much is needed! This great shining mystery of nature is not many, but one. The painted heavens are but the veil of other heavens beyond, in inconceivable remoteness. The mist that floats in the clear blue is the blended light of innumerable suns, shrunk into a cloud of faintest vapour in the far recesses of space. Yet all must move, and interact, moment by moment, to quicken a single seed in the furrow. That sickle-full cut down, even now, by the reaper is the

gift of the whole universe. That He may not fail in his promise of seed-time and harvest, the Almighty has intrusted its care to no single minister, but has given it in charge to the whole circling heavens. True in one thing, he is as true in all.

Ah! yes, you say, the seasons come in their order, certainly, but your affairs are not like the steady and ordered procession of the year. Indeed! Is it, then, easier to guide the stars, and the clouds, and the mighty sun, than to guide your footsteps and direct your lot? But you see nothing to which you can look as a ground of hope; nothing that seems like a means by which the ends you desire can be gained. It may be—need that disturb you? Look out on a winter landscape; do you see any hopes of spring? Does any visible power reveal itself as the year advances? Does the Almighty show himself guiding the heavens; scattering the storm; filling the sky with ethereal softness; strewing the valleys, and pastures, and mountain slopes with the flowers of summer; or filling the Amalthæa's horn of autumn? And yet the rolling year is full of Him. Abate your distrust. Through winter darkness, spring changes, and summer fears He leads on the sunny harvest, after all. It is the old story of all ages, to doubt when we do not see. "I fear," said one of Luther's friends to him, "that our cause is lost—all human help has left us." "Come to the window," said the great man. "Do you see that great ocean of clouds above? What holds them there? You see nothing? And yet they float safely and do not fall. Take courage, then, my friend; the power that bears up the heavens upon nothing can bear up his own cause without man's knowing how!" Why not, then, trust Him with your own poor affairs?

The fields in harvest are the gift of the seed of spring, but that seed died that we might have them. Pull up that tuft of wheat; the grain that fell from the hand of the sower, from which it sprang, is gone, and the rich ears in your hand are the gift of its death. The law, this, of all good in the world: it is only another name for self-sacrifice. It was of himself that the Saviour said, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Nature is full of types of the same great law. The flower withers to make the fruit; the soil is fertile by the mouldered leaves of all past summers and autumns; the insect dies when its eggs are laid. So in our own lives. Your child,

dear sir, and dear madam, borrows its being from yours, and will owe its manhood to your loving self-sacrifice for it in infancy. Born in sorrow, it will reach its maturity only by your yielding up strength and toil to rear it. Every new generation rises only by the expenditure of the lives of the one before it. Suffering is the condition of all benefaction. To give is to lose, be it ever so little, and great gifts are great losses—losses that are, nevertheless, the joys and rewards of love. For what does love mean but service and self-denial? To be selfish and care for your own interests is the contradiction to love. The world, bad as it is, continues, at all, only by virtue of world-wide self-denial. Unselfishness is its life, from generation to generation; unselfishness of parents, of children, of friends, of charity; dim shadows in a cloudy sky of the love that fills the bosom of the Eternal. Self-sacrifice is at the root of all the blossoms of goodness that have survived the wreck of Paradise. There never was a heart but had gleams of it. Shining at times, in some royal natures, diffusive as the light of a day without clouds, there is yet no life so dark and clouded but it sends a golden shaft through some opening rift. To be great-hearted, for the love we bear to our Master, and in imitation of Him, is the ideal of Christianity, for it is the religion of Him whose life and whose death were alike self-sacrifice. If we are to follow Him, we must, like Him, bear a cross. It has been so from the beginning. Call the beadrill of the world's worthies—its prophets, apostles, martyrs, and saints, the great teachers of mankind, the architects of our liberties, the heroes of civilisation, the ministering angels who have blessed the poor, the sick, the dying, the hopeless. Has not the measure of their goodness been that of their self-denial? They have suffered that others might suffer less; they have died for the truth that others might have the truth and live; they have defended human rights by enduring unspeakable wrongs—the tree of human happiness and hope has been watered with tears and blood. Love, like the fabled bird, pierces its own bosom to feed its loved ones. Is not heaven itself to be reached only through death? The Blessed One entered not into his glory until He had been crucified. The leaders of mankind have had to tread a blackened and scorched path of suffering, and we enter into their labours without their sorrows. White robes of earthly saintship, like those of heaven, are only gained through much tribulation. There is nothing good that has not cost much self-denial.

We never think of the seed from which the harvest has sprung: and we think or know as little of the sources of higher harvests. Can any one tell who invented letters, or who first cultivated corn, or tamed our domestic animals, or framed the first principles of law which have been the bulwarks of man's rights and freedom? Our great men were trained by minds and hearts of which we know nothing; and yet we owe them who can tell how much? Try if you can be contented that a harvest springs from your endeavours or example, although your share in it may rest unknown. It is the law of life and nature that it must be so far oftener than otherwise.

The coming of autumn is full of joy, but its passing away is irresistibly sad. Yellow leaves, or none, or few, hang on the boughs on which the sweet birds sang in the summer. It is the twilight of the pale descending year: its death-bed. The mists, born of the first chills of winter, hide the landscape by night and morning, and blot out, in melancholy grey, the fields and woods that erewhile were so beautiful. The sun grows weak and cold. The shepherd on the bleak uplands loses his way in the raw fogs, and wanders helpless on accustomed slopes. The day grows short. The marshes, waters, meadows, are mantled by daily colder and thicker vapours. The long yellow leaves of withered osters choke the slow streams. The flowers droop, and those that still make a show of blooming are faint in colour, and have lost the odours of summer. The red leaf shivers on the branch. All nature droops, what with the falling sun, the sighing winds, the bare boughs, and the pale flowers. The acorns are beaten from the branches by the heavy rain drops, or strewn around by the storm. The over-ripe fruit, left by chance unplucked, lies rotting in the wet grass. The air is damp, hushed, close. The moist smell of the mouldering leaves rises as you pass, and the borders, green of late, are yellow. The beds are bare, or show only *Michælis daisy* and *Black-eyed vetches*. The ruddy haw, the black hawthorn, the auburn hazel, and the red rowan are gone, or hang sally on leafless branches. The hollows between the churchyard graves are filled with the wreck of the shadowing trees. The winter months are coming one by one to watch, like dim shadows, at the tomb of the dead year.

It comes to this at the last, but the descent is slow. It is a calm and unperceived decay, hastened at times by wintry chills and storms. We have no sign of it when autumn first approaches. It is the full glory of the year.



with loveliest skies, and warmest landscapes, and dreamiest days, and brightest moonlit nights. Then comes the Indian summer. The leaves are gilded, and touched with flame as the weeks pass. It is the first sign of the yet distant end. The sun loses its glare, and shines white, through a veil of haze. Light clouds lie sleeping round it. The landscape has a spiritual beauty, with its many-coloured fading woods, its enchanted softness, its complete repose; and when the brown dusk has swallowed up the view, another, paler, day succeeds. The harvest moon rises serene, sailing through clear heavens, or stooping through clouds. Her silver radiance fills the whitened air. But, still, it is the autumn, and the night winds are beginning to grow chill. The dream of the year is passing; the end creeps on apace.

The decay of nature finds its counterpart in that of man. The autumn of a well-spent life is beautiful as that of the waning year. The end comes on as softly as the shadows of the fall steal over sky, and hills, and meadows. It is cloudy and dark at times, the rains only passing to gather afresh; but, when the air clears, the rainbow spans the valley, and dyes the broken fringes of the storm with prismatic colours. The good man does not die; he only passes to a higher life. It is with him as it is with nature. We think it dies, but it is only its outward seeming we see perish. The spirit of the year, like a blest soul, has done its work—has filled a thousand vales with golden corn; weighted the trees and vines with fruit; glorified all the earth with flowers and beauty; and now, lingering for a last fond look, its earthly robes laid off, sheds over the world a farewell smile, and so returns to God.

Autumn is the Sabbath of the year; the time to think of all the past: nature's calm twilight before the darkness. It does make all men think at times; even the lightest and the worst. The distant days of our spring-time, our faded summer, comes over us like a dream. We sit in the evening of our life in tender musings, and all that has been takes shadowy form again, and passes through the thoughts. Joys gone, beauty decayed, flowers faded, friends dead; our brightest memories mere wreck of broken rainbows; the gardens bare, the birds silent, except the robin and the cushat, the swallows fled, the last fruit falling to the ground; the last leaves waiting a passing breath to join their fellows underneath. Sad enough, if earth were all! But the yellow twilight speaks of other lands

on which the sun is rising as it sets with us. Christian faith has learned to think of death as but a name, the passing of the spirit, like a summer bird, from scenes grown wintry to other, brighter skies.

All nature teaches to prepare for winter. The flowers hide; the seeds are ripened; the insect burrows out of reach of frost; the bees close up their cells; the mole roots deeper down; the very mouse has filled its nest with far-fetched ears. Well for us if we be as wise. Better than nothing, to prepare even in autumn; infinitely better to make all life a preparation. Wasted spring can never be made up. We may sow in the late months for a coming spring, but we cannot make up for the past. If our early years upbraid us, and our riper maturity have not in part repaired the folly, at least let our last make what haste they can to do what is possible before it be too late. Blessed, they whose whole story has been Christian—whose whole life has yielded autumn promise! They come with serene breast to the great change, and bend before the Reaper like a shock of corn fully ripe. "Not weary, worn-out winds expire so soft." The leaf that falls to the ground so silently and gently in the quiet air falls not more gently or silently than they.

Harvest has earlier as well as later storms. Watch the autumn skies. Two days ago the fields were at their loveliest, but heavy rains have fallen ever since. They came, as usual in these months, with heavy thunder. Clouds, slow gathering from all the heavens, rolled in great masses overhead, Blackness reached to the very earth along the west, where the storm was deepest. Then came the white lightnings, and the bellowing thunder, and the lashing rain. The streams were flooded, labour stopped, the birds hid, the fields lay sodden. It is fine at last, after recurring rains; but how the bravery of the farms has suffered! The grass below the hedges is laid flat, the ruts and roadsides full of water. Hardly any air is stirring, but overhead the clouds are driving past in shaggy rack. The oats are beaten down, the wheat is partly in the mire. This burst of unexpected storm has spoiled the husbandman of gains he thought his own. Type of much else in life; for is there any harvest that may not be wrecked when we have come to think it safest?

The birds teach us a lesson. The storm made them cower, but, the clouds once parted, they are making glad at the returning sunshine. The lark is fluttering down into

its nest, after filling the air with music for the sky being once more bright. The chaffinch, and the hedgewarbler, and the whitethroat, are filling the trees and hedges with their notes. Whole flocks of them are busy picking in the fallen oats. True philosophers; patient and silent in trouble, brightly grateful when it is past; wisely diligent to take to their work with heart again, and repair their losses, without fretting or murmuring!

How some leaves cling to the boughs! There they are, yellow and withered, and still they keep hold, as if they were of any use to the tree, or it of much good to them! But it is very hard to believe that life is not worth having, if it be only the life of the last leaf of October! No one, retaining his intelligence, can be too old to be of priceless value to others, whether by feeding their reverend love, or by the silent influence of a religious temper. Frail age often keeps alive towards it sacred affections that are to the heart—which the world might make hard and stony—like the desert fountain, that keeps all around it green, while all beyond it is waste. The love of an old mother, or an old father, keeps our better natures fresh, links us to the days of innocent childhood, prevents our forgetting obligations we can never repay, and doubles the pleasure of kindness shown by the sense of its being so due. Helpless weakness leaning on strength, weakness that once was strong, strength that was once so weak; love, that nursed the feeble beginning of life, now nursed, at its feeble close, by the life it reared! A worthy old age is unspeakably sacred. There is nothing so tenderly touching as the descending years of a godly life. Heaven brightens as earth fades. The past and the present give place to the future. The whole soul is mellow. Ambition is over, passions and worldly cares have no power; the heart is fixed on only one thought—preparing to meet its God. I question if there be any one who does not treasure some simple saying of an aged saint he has known, perhaps in his childhood. For children are much in the company of the old, and their simple minds cherish a natural piety towards them, that gives lightest words a great weight. Many a seed shaken from an old tree grows up when the old tree is laid low. It is wonderful, too, how often the mind, decayed as to all else, keeps clear and hale on the things of heaven. Second childhood may have lost all thought or memory of things around, and may sit a touching wreck of its former self; yet, speak of the soul, or God, or heaven, or the Saviour, and the wandering mind comes back

at the sound, strong and clear, on things like these, as in its palmiest days. This one pillar stands, still erect, amidst the ruin of all besides. Amidst the darkness on all things else, there is light on the way to the land they love. I sometimes wonder how it can be. Men, foreign born, have been known, in fever, to lose the language they have spoken through life, since they left their own land in early childhood, and to begin again to use the words they learned from their mother's lips in those long past days. Is there with the godly, in their wandering senility, such a bright reminiscence of a higher life, that had been sunk for a while in the cares of the world, but returns again in its long-lost speech as they near the heaven from which they came to earth? Fruitful, such lives as theirs, to the last hour.

It is not with influence on others as a motive for wishing life, I have at present to do. Rather with the desire of life for its own sake, apart from all considerations of use, or even of pleasure. "Would you wish to be in heaven?" said a watcher at the death-bed of a very old woman, an excellent creature. "Not yet," came the answer. How many Pauls have there been, "having a desire to depart," while yet in health and unimpaired vigour? Some, doubtless, but fewer than we would think. Cloistered visionaries may sigh for heaven, sick-bed languishing may crave repose, but men in active, practical life, have rarely grace enough to prefer the grave to the light of the sun, even if they look for a heaven beyond. They will rather flutter alone, the last yellow leaf of November, than be rotting out of sight. For my part, I don't blame them. He who made them put the clinging love of life in them. Yet it would be nobler, would it not, —more Christian, more blessed, if faith were stronger and heaven more real? The true truth is that of a dear old friend, now gone, who bade me farewell when I last saw him, with these words: "My wife is dead, my children dead, and here am I, a poor old man, waiting for the Master's call!" But, as a rule, we always want death to come to-morrow, not to-day. This life and we get old friends, and are loath to part. I suppose the poorest solitary last thinks it better to flutter in the raw air than to be trodden under foot. There is no sin in waiting to live: the saint is as unwilling to go before his time as the sinner. Our hearts are tuned to this craving by Him who made them, else earth would soon be rid of not a few of her surplus population. The grand thing is, to be willing to go when the time comes, and



to be passive as to the date : ready to go ; willing, rather, if it be God's will, to stay a little longer in the light of life.

Some trees, the haw and the rowan, for example, are bright with their berries when

their leaves are gone. Fruits still yielded to the latest autumn, like some gracious lives in old age !

It looks at times, in the fall of the year, as if, instead of death being, itself, swallowed



up in victory, it were to swallow up all things : as if its haughty wish to reign alone were to be granted. All things bow to it. Spring, and summer, and autumn presently pass into paleness and dust. Icy winter, driven away at the opening of the year, regains possession

at the close. Evil still seems to be let prey on good. It is the same in higher spheres. The hopes of the world are often clouded. Marcus Aurelius has a Commodus for successor, and Vespasian a Domitian. The Reformation is followed by reaction ; spiritual



life by torpor; Puritanism by a reign of Nell Gwynne; countries once Christian fall under the Crescent; Voltaire and Jean Jacques become the apostles of a new era. But, after all, fluctuations are not defeats, else the tide would never cover the beach. Watch it: the wave that broke at your feet but now, runs back into the depths; there seems no progress, but rather ebbing. Yet come again, an hour hence, and the glittering waters, after all, cover what was dry when you left it! Winter passes: spring returns and quickens into many blossoms each seed of the preceding autumn. The golden fields of this year's harvest cover a vastly greater breadth than those of a hundred years ago. The wilderness recedes, worthlessness is reclaimed, and the cottage smoke rises blue in the air of valleys and plains that were unsubdued in the days of our fathers! Believe me; the world does move. Winter is but a quarter of the year, and cannot keep its ground against all the rest! Life, not death, reigns: the sun has more to ripen at each return. Spring is hidden in the seeming death of winter, but will reappear when favouring skies return, to yield a plenteous increase. It is with good as with the light of day by night. You think it lost, do you? Swallowed up of night? Nay; not a gleam of it has perished. It floats, unseen, but indestructible, around us, in the darkest hours, waiting only the morning sun to kindle its luminous ether again to brightness. Nothing good can die: it comes from God, and, like its source, must live for ever. The roses may shed their leaves, but their life is safe: hidden in the root till soft Favonian breezes and quickening suns return to bring them back with wider glory. Don't fear for God's cause or for the right. As groundless that as for the simple Indian to lament the moon eclipsed, as if it were extinguished. Wait, and it will ride serene in a clear sky, when the passing shadow is forgotten!

There are other harvests than that of the whitened field; notably, one, hereafter. Earth is the spring-time of eternity; its spring and its autumn. Death is the reaper

sent to gather the sheaves and cut down the thorns; the one for the garner, the other for—we know what! Poor human weeds, cast aside when the grain is carried home! We burn the autumn tares and thistles, but there need no other flames for a wasted life but those of its own bosom. Self-excluded from that heaven which, in all our sin and folly, we fondly hope to reach after all; what can remain but unextinguishable regret and self-reproach? There needs no other place of torment than the soul itself. Indeed what is outside can never reach the spirit; it dwells apart, beyond the reach of all material pain, able even to turn the fiercest furnace into a silvery paradise bower, with the Son of God for company, if it be innocent. Have not martyrs stroked the flames that consumed them, and glorified God in the fires? But, self-condemnation—Who can bear that? Let us see that our lives yield the hundred-fold of the good soil, for the garner of heaven!

We often think there is but little good in the world, as we might think that there is little yield of harvest, compared with the breadths of waste on the earth's bosom. But, were the autumn wealth of the whole year gathered together, we would reverse our judgment. So, hereafter. All the good, now scattered and unknown, will then be brought together. All the golden grain of truth and love that time has ever yielded will be housed at last in heaven, and we shall wonder then at all our fears and mean despondencies. Depend upon it, the many mansions will all be needed. The eternal Father has many children of whom we do not know; many that shall come from the east and the west, and the north and the south, from all peoples, and kindreds, and nations, and tongues, to sit down in the kingdom. The tares are nothing to the wheat in the wide harvest fields of men, and I cannot think they will be more in those of God! The victory, in the end, will be with God, not with the devil. Darkness will well-nigh vanish in the boundless circumference of light.

CANNINGHAM OUTH, 1840.

## SIR JOHN BURGOYNE.

### *The Model Soldier.*

[I owe it, in some measure to myself, but much more to my readers, in contrast that for an exact verbal accord between the following discourse as it is printed and as it was preached, I cannot perform to you. I had no manuscript to guide me while speaking. I had not made an such as a note of what I proposed to say. The sermon has, therefore, been composed since it was preached, partly from my own personal recollection of what was said, partly from reference to the reports made of it in newspapers.



I think, however, that even in diction no very marked discrepancies will be discovered between what it was and what it is. I am quite sure that in spirit and general tone it is at present exactly what it was when spoken.]

"How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!"—1 SAM. i. 27.

THESE words occur more than once, like the refrain of some ancient melody in the grand ode through which the Hebrew bard poured out his own and his companions' sorrow over a great national calamity. A terrible disaster had overtaken the arms of Israel, and in the lost battle, vainly striving to rally the fugitives, the king, with three of his gallant sons, died a soldier's death. The tidings came upon David suddenly and accompanied with very harrowing circumstances. In the shock of so sudden a grief, he forgot his own personal wrongs. He remembered no more that he was at that moment a sufferer from the capricious tyranny of the fallen monarch; that he had been hunted from place to place for many days back like a wild beast of the forest. He thought only of the time when the music of his harp used to operate upon the troubled spirit of Saul, like oil upon the waters, and of the early growth of that friendship between himself and Jonathan, which had culminated, to use his own expression, in "more than the love of woman." He thought also of the condition and prospects of his country; with a foreign enemy victorious in her midst, and all the horrors of civil war impending over her. And though we cannot doubt that his faith in the Lord God of his fathers never wavered, or suppose that he failed to see in the distance his own advancement to power, and with it the beginning of that course of preparation which in the fulness of time was to bring upon the world "the blessing of David," still the brighter vision could be realised only through such a vista of horrors, that there was no power for him at the moment to take it clearly in. Hence that ode of which it is scarcely too much to say that anything more touchingly grand and beautiful is not to be found in the poetry of any nation, ancient or modern.

We have great reason to be thankful that from such evils as Israel suffered and David deplored, our own favoured country, almost alone among the nations, has been long and mercifully guarded. Not for ages past can the foot of a foreign enemy be said to have polluted our shores; and of civil war—and that in a very mitigated form—the nearest approach to our own time of which history makes mention, is separated from us by not less than a century and a quarter. Look where you may over the earth's surface, and no such spectacle will elsewhere meet your

gaze. Within that space of time almost every other nation in the world has either sustained the misery and humiliation of conquest from abroad, or, which is infinitely worse, has passed through the burning fiery furnace of intestine strife. Thrones have fallen, old institutions been cast down, fields laid waste, towns and cities sacked, and the best and bravest in both hemispheres have freely rendered up their lives, yet failed even by that sacrifice to mitigate the evil. God has been very gracious to us in such matters, and not surely without a purpose. For though we have had our trials too, and encountered great dangers, his providence has so ordered the course of events that dangers have been contemplated by us only from a distance, and that they who died to keep them there, died not in vain. It was thus that in the first year of the present century the brave and veteran Abercrombie fell, where, through old Egypt, Nile rolls his fertilising waters. It was thus that on the quarter-deck of his ever-victorious vessel, Nelson, the first of naval heroes, not of his own time, but of all time, received his mortal wound. It was thus that on the heights which overlook Corunna the chivalrous Moore was struck down, breathing, as soul and body parted, the hope that his countrymen would do him that justice which they did when the sad tidings came, and still render willingly and sorrowfully to his memory. All these and many more whose names we may not stop to particularise, gave their lives freely in England's defence; and England, while deploring their untimely fate, and her own great loss, found comfort in the reflection that each, while smiting down the arm that was raised to strike, wrote with his blood a fresh chapter in the history of her glories.

Nor has this chequered measure of good and evil, of natural sorrow and holy compensation, been meted out to us exclusively by the incidents of flood and field. Death has over and over again claimed of late as his victims the noblest from among us, in peace time not less than in war. Nineteen years have barely run their course since the streets of London rang with the tramp of horses and the tread of men, accompanying to their last resting-place the mortal remains of one whom high and low, rich and poor, the soldier and the statesman, the woman and the child, revered and trusted to the last hour of his life as no English man, perhaps, had ever been trusted and revered

before. Who paused while the solemn dirge came floating on the breeze, to count up the reckoning of the old man's years? or stopped to consider that the work which God had given him to do, gigantic as it was, had been done to its completion? We better understand this matter now. We know that, as he lived to be his country's great benefactor, so, being dead, he still speaketh: for the truly great and good never wholly cease to make their influence felt down to remote generations.

And this thought naturally leads on to another, more sad, in many respects, than itself, because, to our finite understandings, less easily harmonized with a Christian man's faith in the unerring wisdom of God's providence. We see at once the fitness of things even while grieving over it, when the aged go from us, no matter how important their services to the State may have been, and might have still continued to be, had death spared them a little longer. It is not so easy to accept in a becoming spirit the cutting short of precious lives ere yet one-half of their natural course seems to have run out. So felt we all; so felt the nation, when the sudden cry arose that he who stood nearest to the throne, and was its best and most disinterested adviser, would advise and strengthen it no more. Those muffled bells to which we listened, as they answered one another from tower to tower, spoke to us of a calamity, the extent and bitterness of which perplexed almost as much as it saddened us. And now the universal admission is that we never appreciated aright the merits of the wise and good prince till God took him from us. Yet even in this case of surpassing sadness, England takes comfort while she remembers that his life, too brief for her benefit, was one of unwearied exertion for good, and that by his example, and the excellent things which he initiated, he has left upon society an impression which no lapse of time will utterly efface. And so it is throughout. Every great statesman that has risen among us, every accomplished divine, every poet, painter, sculptor, historian, philosopher, every man who has striven to elevate the moral tone, to increase the physical comforts, to enlarge the capacities, or refine the tastes of his fellow-men, was, while he lived, a benefactor to his country, and when he died the nation, though it mourned his loss, sought and found consolation in the knowledge that his works lived after him.

We have this day to speak of one whose public career, extending over a wider interval

than the allotted term of human life, exhibits no single blot at which the finger of scorn can point, nor any shortcomings upon which even hostile criticism may with justice fasten. Entering the military service of his country, before almost all here present were born, he sought in various lands, and under every clime, opportunities of proving how well he understood the trust he reposed in him. No man, on such occasions, ever thought less of himself, or more of the requirements of duty; and the consequence was that few ever commanded in a greater measure than he the respect and confidence of all with whom he was associated. Even in early youth, while as yet his position was necessarily subordinate, they on whom devolved the care of directing great operations conferred for his assistance; and having assured it, they went about their business in a spirit more hopeful of success because he was near them. Neither then, however, nor later, after years had matured his experience without cramping his energies, was it ever known beyond the circle within which he advised, how far the advice thus given tended to clear up doubts or determine consequences. In this respect, indeed, he may be said to have stood well-nigh alone in a profession where the highest prize which men aim at and achieve is reputation. To him it was a matter of the most perfect indifference to whom the credit might be awarded so long as some unflinching hero with dangers, and surrounded with difficulties, were well begun and successfully carried through.

The same rare abnegation of self, the same modesty, amounting well-nigh to humility, characterized all his actions, and gave the tone to all his words in private life. Keenly endowed with knowledge outside the line of his profession but less than within, his conversation had a charm about it peculiarly its own; yet such was the gentleness of his nature that discussion so warmly approached the verge of controversy than it repelled him, and from disputation he at once turned away. Even when consumed by duty or that strict regard for truth which was with him a living and ever-ensuring principle, to consider or point out the error into which a subordinate had fallen, he invariably so expressed himself as to allow the least possible wound upon the self-respect of the reproved. He never salutely entered the schools of men, women, or child; coming nearest in this respect to the great prototype of perfect humanity than any other individual whom I have known through life. Later he would



correct, the erring he was anxious to reclaim, but he could not "break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax."

Sir John Burgoyne was a religious man, but his religion was without ostentation or parade. He found no vent for it in platform oratory; it carried him into no arena where party questions were discussed. It was the simple, sanctifying, beautiful religion of Him who laid this charge upon his disciples, that when they prayed "they should enter into their closets, and shut their door, and pray in secret." This he well understood. This he truly practised, nor can we doubt that "his Father which seeth in secret" will, when the great account is taken, "reward him openly." The influence of religion upon him made itself mainly known in a life blameless and pure; a life so pure, so blameless, that looking to the particular channel through which its course lay, I find myself unable to point to any other with which it may be fitly compared. Bear with me, if in so expressing myself I seem to go beyond the limits even of pulpit oratory. I am no chance preacher, no hired advocate called in to paint in exaggerated terms the character of one who was to him while living a comparative stranger. I saw Sir John Burgoyne for the first time when with his glass he swept the breaches of St. Sebastian, in order that they who filled the trenches might be instructed how best to move to the assault; and from that day to the hour of his death, our personal knowledge of each other, though less than either could have wished bringing us into daily contact, has suffered no interruption. Therefore am I justified in speaking of him as of a man rarely to be found in any rank or station; brave, able, intelligent, upright, a humble Christian, a modest citizen, one who could bear no malice were he ever so deeply wronged, who would not bring reproach upon another—no, not even if by so doing he might avert unmerited obloquy from himself. There was one public occasion, I need not stay specially to point it out, when this rare exercise of Christian forbearance was exacted from him. It was a heavy burthen to bear, but he bore it without so much as a remonstrance, and he lived long enough, God be praised, to reap his reward.

I cannot doubt that amongst such as follow these details upon paper, as among the crowded congregation who listened to them when spoken—there are many youths about to enter, or recently admitted into the profession, of which, for threescore years and thirteen, Sir

John Burgoyne was so distinguished an ornament. These might perhaps expect that in setting before them a pattern for their imitation, I should speak to them of one who surpassed all the soldiers of his day—our great Wellington;—great in peace not less than in war, and greater still, if that were possible, in the simplicity and truthfulness of his character. But on the present occasion, I offer to them no such exemplar, and for two reasons. In the first place, the young soldier who looks in these days to Wellington as his model, may be likened to one who gazes into the noon-day sun—the light is too strong, it blinds him. In the next place, conditions are required for the development of another Wellington from the bare contemplation of which we shrink with horror. A second Napoleon must be raised up to scourge the nations before an opening can be made for a second Wellington to put him down; and God, of his infinite mercy, avert from the civilised world so dire a calamity. But in the good and gallant man who has just gone from us, all soldiers, be their rank and length of service what they may, will find a model at once worthy of their closest imitation, and not set upon a pedestal so lofty as to be beyond their reach. His services were as those of others are likely under existing circumstances to be,—in kind multifarious; in degree most unequal. Here they placed him in the fore-front of his profession; there they were very often subordinate. He undertook them all, be their aspect before the world what it might, in the same spirit of cheerful, zealous, quiet determination, never being diverted from their conscientious discharge by any consideration of personal ease or dread of personal degradation. No business to which by authority he was set, presented itself to him except in one aspect. Be it hazardous or facile, important or trivial, falling in with his own cultivated tastes or doing to them some outrage, he gave to it all his diligence, and went through with it to the end. You never heard him murmur at his lot; you never knew him seek to escape from it by turning to the right hand or to the left. Along the narrow pathway he held his course direct, because it was the pathway of duty. So likewise over all his personal habits, as a husband, a father, a companion, and a friend, the same light from Heaven was shed. Pure among the impure, his habitual cheerfulness never degenerated into ribaldry; his tender heart was open to every tale of sorrow; his liberal hand, forward far beyond his means, to relieve distress.

Him the young soldier may fairly hope, with God's blessing, to imitate; to go beyond him in any of these respects would be impossible. Full of years, full of honours, he has passed away from among us. His great age seemed scarcely to have affected the vigour of his constitution till a terrible domestic calamity overtook him, from the shock of which he

never rallied. No word of complaint escaped his lips, no thought of impatience under the Hand that dealt the blow, sullied his spirit. But the old man's strength gave way, and he died as he had lived, calmly and quietly. May we not say of him as was said long ago of Jairus's daughter, "He is not dead, but sleepeth?"

G. R. GLEIG.

## A SPIRITUAL SONG.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF NOVALIS.)

WITHOUT thee, what were I, worth being?

Without thee, what had I not grown?

Anguish and fear all round me seeing,  
In the wide world I stood alone;  
For all I loved had found no shelter;  
The future a dim gulf had lain;  
And when my heart in tears did welter,  
To whom had I poured out my pain?

Consumed in love and longing lonely,  
To me the day wore midnight's face;  
With hot tears I had followed only  
Afar the world's wild-rushing race.  
In strife, by deeper turmoil driven,  
Grief-gnawed beside the hopeless hearth—  
What man without a friend in heaven  
Could bear his burden on the earth?

But if his heart once Jesus bareth,  
And I of him right sure can be,  
How soon a living glory scareth  
The bottomless obscurity!  
Manhood in him first man attaineth;  
All fate in him transfigured glows;  
On frozen Iceland India gaining  
Around the loved one blooms and blows.

Life turns a twilight softly stealing;  
The world speaks all of love and glee;  
Grows for each wound a herb of healing,  
And every heart beats full and free.  
I, in return for all his giving,  
His humble child, will seek his face;  
Nor doubt we share his presence living  
When two are gathered in one place.

Forth, forth to all highways and hedges!  
Compel the wanderers to come in;  
Stretch out the hand that goodwill pledges,  
And glad invite them to their kin.  
See heaven from common earth up-dawneth!  
By faith we see it round us clear:  
One faith with us whoever owneth  
Shall also see it plainly here.

A guilt-illusion quenched all hoping—  
Our hearts crushed with an ancient doom;  
Blind in its darkness we went groping;  
Pleasure and pain did both consume.  
Whate'er we did, some law was broken,  
And man appeared God's enemy;  
If we supposed the heavens had spoken,  
They spoke but death and misery.

The heart, of life the fountain swelling—  
An evil creature lay therein;  
If more light shone into our dwelling,  
More unrest only did we win.  
Down to the earth an iron fetter  
Fast held us, trembling captive crew;  
Fear of Law's sword, with Death the whetter,  
Did swallow up hope's residue.

Then came a saviour to deliver—  
A son of man, in love and might!  
His fire, of life the one all-giver,  
In our cold hearts he set a-light.  
Then first we knew heaven was not idle—  
Our own old Fatherland we trod!  
To trust and hope we now were able,  
And knew ourselves akin to God.

Then vanished sin's old spectre dread;  
Our every step grew glad and brave;  
Best natal gift, in rite baptismal,  
Their own faith men then children gave.  
Holy in him, life since hath dwelt  
Like happy dream across the heart;  
To endless love and joy devoted,  
We hardly know it when we part.

Still stands with wondrous glory roundeth,  
The holy friend his friends to keep;  
His crown of thorns our hearts hath wounded,  
His faithfulness doth make us weep.  
Whoso with us his hand hath grasped  
Is dearly welcome in our eyes;  
He to his heart with us is clasped,  
A ripening fruit of Paradise.

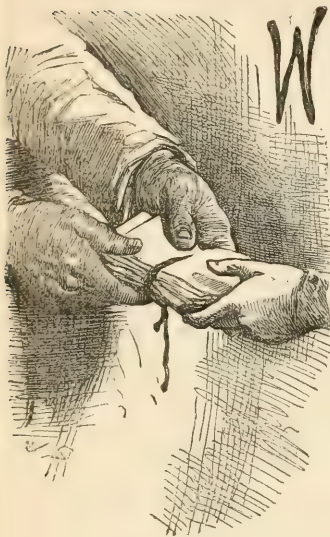
GEORGE MAC DONALD.



## THE HIGH MILLS.

BY KATHERINE SAUNDERS, AUTHOR OF "GIDEON'S ROCK."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.



WHEN Michael saw Nora he shrank back into a corner of the dusky little room. He stood like a stone figure carved there when the wall was made; his head and shoulders bent so as to fit under the sloping ceiling; his brows

drawn up; his nostrils wide; his lips kept apart by thick-coming breaths; his eyes turned to the opening in the floor with inexpressible dread.

His torture was to begin afresh he felt. Nora, unable to believe in or endure the idea he had given of George's faint regard for her, had come to demand more of him: to implore him by all he had lost to her to tell her if there had really been no message, no last word forgotten in Ambray's terrifying presence, and which he could now remember and repeat to her. The thought of this stricken widowed heart coming to plead to him against the double widowhood his history of George's last days suggested in hinting at the death of George's love before his own death, filled Michael with such alarm and pain, he had not the power to move when Nora knocked, or to answer when she opened the mill door and called his name,—

"Michael Swift."

He pressed back more tightly, straining his lowered head and shoulders against ceiling and wall as if he meant to lift and throw them off like some movable burthen.

"Ma'r's Michael!" cried Ma'r S'one.

Michael heard them come up as far as the grinding-floor, and stand still there.

"He is not here, Ma'r S'one," said Nora under her breath. "He has gone."

"'Cline our 'erts! he's aarf!" answered Ma'r S'one lower down the mill.

The dots of light from the lantern holes moved from where they had been resting tremblingly on the wall, by which was the square opening leading to the steps.

No sooner did Michael grow conscious that his visitors were giving up their search for him and going away, than the idea of being left alone to the long night, the bitter morning, the strange journey, the terrible companion, became suddenly so insupportable he could not keep his agony from bursting from him.

"Ma'r S'one!" he cried in a kind of frenzy, "Ma'r S'one!"

After a short pause, a voice from below answered tremblingly, and as if remonstrating against some influence that would hold it silent—

"'Cline our 'erts to keep this la'! Hollo! Ma'r's Michael! where be?"

By this time Michael was repentant of his cowardice, his cry.

The dots of light came back upon the wall; they danced higher, passed to the ceiling, the dusk lightened.

First appeared the intricate embroidery of the back of Ma'r S'one's smock collar—then his head, its silver hair flat with the sweat of a harvest day's labour; then a timorous hand grasping the rope balustrade, an enormous boot, hob-nailed, clay-coloured, and a mere thread of a gaitered leg attached, a struggle, a little panting and creaking, and Ma'r S'one was landed on the shooting-floor.

Nora, better used to the mill-steps, rose up to Michael's view, with her lantern in her hand and her light about her, gently, softly, as mist from the hollows at harvest—a vision as wraith-like and tender as the unexpected image of the moon in dark waters, to eyes too full of tears to look upward for the moon herself.

Michael, who had been unable to look anywhere yet but down deeper and deeper into his great sorrow, finding suddenly this light and loveliness in its black depth, felt his soul hushed, awed, and for the moment mysteriously comforted. It was now that he felt for the first time with strange joy and almost with terror that the sweetness of her presence to him was a fact that was to remain unchanged by all that had happened this day, and that being unchanged was too truly

unchangeable. He at once suffered over this feeling and gloried in it. He gloried in it as one unassailable treasure that neither Nora, nor Ambray, nor law could take from him, let all do their worst. He suffered over it because of the thought that it would be useless to him as known but unreachable wealth to a starving man.

Nora did not approach any nearer than sufficed for her to set her lantern down, and then lifted her eyes and saw Michael looking like some half-human bat; for from the corner where he stood the walls with their crossed and recrossed laths spread round him like dark, sinewy wings, of which his figure, with its bowed head, and arms laid back, seemed the centre.

He strained back closer as she raised her eyes to his, catching her breath, and shuddering at the sight of him. She saw the misery in his eyes, but had no leisure from her own sorrow to give it notice or thought. This sorrow—Michael's own gift—looking up at him from eyes so surrendered to it that it and their beauty seemed one strange light, so overcame him that the large drops fell from his own, making black spots in the flour dust on the floor.

"Why have you not gone?" asked Nora.

She spoke in a low voice, and sighed afterwards, as one watching by the dead speaks low and then sighs, remembering how indifferent alike to silence and sound are the ears they guard.

Her voice was awful to Michael, bringing him suddenly into the secret chamber of her sorrow, and to the re-opened coffin where the young athlete lay, still challenging his last conqueror, matching the strength of his dead beauty and youth against the worms.

"Why have you not gone?" repeated Nora. This time she spoke wearily and reproachfully, as if wondering how he could retain her from a vigil so sad and sacred as her soul must keep that night.

"Gone!" echoed Michael, looking down on the black drops on the floor, and not knowing what he answered.

"Yes," said Nora, with a yet more weary impatience; "I am surprised your are still here. You must know that it is better for you to be away out of his reach. You must know we shall have enough to bear. Go—pray go!"

"Go!" Michael again repeated after her.

"Yes; do you not understand? We wish you out of his way. There is danger for both of you while he knows where you are. We all feel you had better go. Now do you understand?"

"Yes, yes," answered Michael, clutching the rafters on either side of him, and pressing with his stooping shoulders and head against the walls and ceiling till all the slight mill-top shook, and Mar S'one looked round, murmuring, "'Cline our 'erts!" "I understand. It is expected I shall go—run away—escape—hide myself."

"Certainly it is," answered Nora.

"Like a murderer," said Michael with excessive gentleness, but such anguish, that Nora, for the first time since she had been in the mill, had her attention drawn to him for his own sake. Stepping up to the floor, she saw his face fully, and its misery.

Michael perceived this, and was near falling upon his knees and letting out all the longing of his soul for a little pity, but then he also saw that she no sooner had given him and his fearful plight this brief attention than her own sorrow, growing jealous, seized all her soul back again to itself, and its object; and the impatient wringing of the hands, with which she turned away from him, he interpreted into the complaint, "O why,—why should I be troubled with this man's misery—have I not enough to bear—is it not unnatural that I should have to think of him—to pity him? Why does he not go out of the path of those he has bereaved so awfully?"

This double change in her was watched by Michael with a wistfulness as patient and meek as it was intense.

At the last change he came from where he had stood, and taking up the lantern placed it in Mar S'one's hesitating hands.

"Hold it high now, Mar S'one," he said; "and low when you are out—so—so when you pass the corner of the ten acre, and this way as you cross Stone-Slip—be careful there."

Then turning to Nora, he laid one hand on the wall and extended the other toward the steps, with that gentle eloquence of gesture so un-English, and perhaps peculiar to himself.

"If it would be any real good to you, my going," he said, "I would go; but I know it would not; he would never rest till—till the thing was brought before the world. Why not let it be? Do not trouble—I will be my master's keeper, as well as his possessor. He shall come to no harm while he is doing this against me—and then—"

Nora looked up at him, gung by what she thought this wretched man's folly, into something like curiosity, and repeating ineptly,

"And then?"

This look—the first that had ever come upon him from her—not questioning of others,



but directed at himself, and at his fate solely—for the moment made Michael unable to speak. He lowered his eyes, that she might not see their great gratitude, and withdrew the cause of it in shuddering self-reproach.

"And then," he said, as soon as he could speak (strong self-control pressing on him made his voice as sweetly and truly modulated as the sound of some instrument at the touch of fingers full at once of tenderness and power); "then, when all is over, and he feels he has got justice—when he has had the law on me—he will be easier to manage—more satisfied and quiet. But do not trouble, he will get no hurt on my account, either from me or for me—unless I really did as you say—escape from him now—that would madden him."

A sense of conviction came to Nora, but she repelled it.

"This must not be," she said, looking up at him with eyes full of helpless distress. "As *he*—as George forgave you"—a mournful authority stole into her voice in saying this—"you shall not suffer the same as if he had not done so. You must know that. You must know his wish is sacred to us. For his sake, then," she added, more coldly and imperiously, "we wish you to go before more harm is done, before his name and life—"

She ceased, turning away her face; then, again fronting Michael, said firmly—

"And his *death* shall be brought in such a way before the world. You must question no more what your duty is. You must go. Surely you will not—you dare not—refuse to do so, when you know we—I wish it—require it."

"You would be blamed," said Michael gently. "I would do what you wish, but that what I must do for you—your good, your peace, your best chance of peace, is different from that. No. It must be gone through with; it is better it should be gone through with. I must stay. My master must find me here in the morning."

"I must send others to reason with you; I cannot," said Nora, drawing her shawl closer, and laying her hand on the rope balustrade.

Ma'r S'one, ever since Michael gave him the lantern, had been painfully absorbed in trying to remember and to practise the lesson he had received as to its use, starting Nora and Michael, and making his own small eyes blink, by darting the light about in all directions.

When Nora began to descend the steps,

he followed, holding the lantern so as to cast the light well behind him, and turning a look of almost frenzied anxiety on Michael to see if he was acting according to his orders.

Michael quietly took it from him and went down with it, giving it back into his eager but nervous hands at the mill-door.

Nora turned here suddenly and looked at Michael.

He knew at once the thing he so dreaded was coming.

"Michael Swift," she said, "you have acted rather strangely with regard to myself once or twice. I should not have noticed it—*now* I must. I must ask you to tell me truly, as you would have your God deal mercifully with you in this great trouble that is on you, if you have been tempted to keep back some other message of George Ambray's than those you have given?"

Michael looked into Nora's searching eyes with a profound and lowly sympathy. It was evident to her that as he looked at her his thoughts went deeper into the grief that prompted the questioner than the question itself.

"Oh, Miss Ambray!" he said at last, his voice and eyes full of reverence and pity. "George could not understand you. Your letters, your beautiful letters—forgive me, but they were lost upon him. He knew that they were beautiful; he said so to me often as he read them; but—"

"To *you*!" cried Nora in haughty and sharp pain.

"But," continued Michael, not startled from his train of thought, "he read those wise and beautiful, most beautiful passages of comfort, as if—as if it was from a book; he read them, not—not taking them as—as a man perishing of thirst takes water—as sweet astonishing answers to those questions that trouble and disappointment makes one ask oneself without any hope of having them answered. George was a boy; he had not come to want these things you gave him. He suffered; but as yet a little money that would make him welcome among his friends was what gave him most comfort, was what made him as happy as could be. A five-pound note in a letter was more to him than wise, beautiful words. He could not help it, any more than a child; it was so; it was his nature. He would say to me, 'Why, Michael, there's not a man in England gets such letters as I do. Bless her! I'll put this by and read it to-morrow; we mustn't lose a minute of this tide,' and there, upon his mantel-piece, the letter would be left, an evening, a day,

sometimes two or three days, and I—I, who had been so wonderstruck, so lost and dumb in hearing him read the beginning as to make him look at me and say, 'Ah, poor old Michael, *you* don't understand this sort of thing'—I would have to see it there, to touch it in sorting his things, to hold it in my hand, open. Oh, it was then I knew for the first time I was a patient man."

"What of his letters?" asked Nora, hiding her sting under a look of angry suspicion. "Were all destroyed?"

"Destroyed!" repeated Michael, shrinking a little from the advance of the wandering ray of Ma'r S'one's lantern. "Yes, yes, his letters were destroyed."

"I asked you," said Nora sternly, "were *all* his letters destroyed?"

If Michael had not known Ma'r S'one to be the most harmless creature in existence, he would certainly have strongly suspected him of 'malice aforethought' at this moment, for his lantern light rested steadily on his face.

"A few—I think a few were—were not destroyed," he answered.

"Were these which were saved mine?" asked Nora.

"There might—yes, there might be some of yours, certainly. I could not say—not positively—to the contrary."

"Michael Swift, if *you* have these letters, give them to me."

"In the morning then," answered Michael, scarcely to be heard. "I will give them in the morning."

"Have you them *here*?"

"In the morning," cried Michael imploringly. "I will give them in the morning."

"Have you them *here*?"

"Yes, they are here."

"Then give them to me instantly."

Ambray, in one of the fits of magnanimity common to most tyrants, had given up the huge deal desk in the corner of the ground-floor to Michael's exclusive use. To this Michael now went, and in a moment returned from it with a packet in his two hands, looking down at it as he came.

"Why!" exclaimed Nora the instant she saw them, "these *are* my letters—these are all my letters."

"Yes, these are *all* your letters."

He did not immediately give into her outstretched hand the packet, but held it, looking down at it, his chin on his breast.

"I have but two other books in the world," he said gently; "my Bible and my Shakespeare. And this," he added, giving the packet into her hand with a smile, that seemed half

light half water in his eyes, "*this* was the key to both. I never understood them till *this* taught me how. Take it, take it; the night's work is complete!"

"You are a strange and most unfortunate man," said Nora, turning towards the door. "I can say no more; others must reason with you about this perversity."

She went out sighing, with a sense of a sorrow that she could not look into because of her own sorrow. And Ma'r S'one, after turning to Michael and crying with tremulous sympathy, but in a whisper, for fear of offending Nora, "Oh, Ma'r's Michael, I lend his money 'pon us, and 'dine our 'erts to keep this lot!" tottered after her, casting the light of his lantern brightly back into the mill.

"Ay, George, it is complete," cried Michael, looking up into the black, hot, starless night. "It is complete!"

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

THOUGH Michael found himself acting as if he had resolved upon the course which he was taking, he had not really done so. He was not sure the morning would find him as he had told Nora it should—still in Ambray's power. A strong instinct that it would do so had moved him to say what he had said to her; but when she was gone he considered her words and Mrs. Ambray's as to his flight, and fell into a state of tormenting and hopeless indecision.

Meanwhile he had a fearful sense of Time marching away stealthily and silently his only delences—the night and early morning hours.

Sleepless, and sick with fatigue and want of food, which he had not tasted since the bread fell from his hand when the reapers had passed at breakfast time, he sat and listened to the sharp rasping cry of the corn-crake and the chirping of the crickets, the only musics awake to chant their shrill and jubilant harvest song. Sometimes—but very seldom—a few rich swallows went through and through the curves of these noisy creatures had disturbed the earth's slumber, and made her heart sigh under its rich burthen and whisper "bush!" and the whisper spread from field to field all over the dark undulations of the valley—the wheat stirred its mellowly, the barley nudged with it more than the wheat, the eye advanced it more alight than all. The long fuses bore it to the sea, the sea turned the small fire back into a mighty one.

Michael, whose sorrow could not be



"hushed," sat at the open mill-door, taking from the night that additional and profound dreariness which is so often found in the insensibility of outward things to human suffering. In natures submissive and gentle like his, thought goes on still wonderingly and inquiringly under the greatest sorrow, the mind lifts itself and looks with patience and awe on the new and dark world into which it is cast, and sees so much sooner than the passion-blinded mourner the small rifts in the clouds where stars may come, or the light on the horizon from which the day may break. The first stars in the rifts that Michael's patient eyes beheld were the thoughts of his home, and of having at last some sympathy from those who he felt could but learn all he had suffered and was yet to suffer with amazement and pity. More than this Michael did not expect from his family when the truth should be made known to them; but the thought of this pity in the dear faces gave him of itself much comfort, having been denied all sympathy so long. It seemed to him that no sentence which could be passed on him could be so very hard when accompanied by his father's indignant protestations, his mother's silent, clinging embrace, his brothers' black, helpless, but sympathetic looks, and his little sister's tears and caresses. These were the stars in the rifts; but the sun might rise—there might be the deep, glad comfort of hearing that Nora herself was turning merciful towards him as her grief grew less bitter and absorbing. She had friends and money at her command, who could tell what she might not do towards lessening his punishment? and what so sweet as liberty coming by a gift from her hand?

So sat this meek Daniel all the night, guarding himself with humble and gentle hopes, against the lions of disappointment, injustice, terror, and despair, that crouched around him in the darkness.

The morning came, not yet with any sound of human life and work, but that first dewy glory of the day so seldom seen except by the eyes that wake to suffering or lonely toil.

Michael's spirit, which had known communion with so many of these hours, gazed up even on this daybreak with the shrinking tenderness of a child at the aggrieved eyes of a beautiful mother teaching him with tears that pain must be given him for his good.

This warm and lovely morning, like a mother indeed, took Michael from the black nurse night; and with the fresh songs of her

bright lips, and the warmth and light of her smile, that awakened the rest of the world, soothed *him* to the sleep he so much needed.

The morning came—the working morning, with the ring of the anvil, the creaking of cottage gates and draw-wells, and the chopping and breaking of faggots.

When Michael opened his eyes, the first thing they saw was a face at the window, looking in upon him with an expression which brought all the truth at once to his mind. The face belonged to a labourer of Mrs. Grist's; he had seen it at the Team on the first day of his arrival at the High Mills, and now the sight of it instantly brought to his recollection the kind of terror he had had in looking on the assembled faces that day, and in wondering what judges their owners would prove if his strange case should ever come before them. They had stared at him then with no more regard for what he thought than if he had been a dog. This morning, when face after face closed up the window as the signal was passed that Michael was awake, there was the same expression, accompanied with one of blank unhesitating abhorrence.

He rose, and for the first time since his confession felt a passion for escape, for release from the torture preparing for him.

At this movement, and at his wild glance round, figures filled up the door, and he knew he no longer had any choice as to keeping his promise to his master.

He sat down again, only wondering now what the time was, how long it would be before half-past nine, when Dynely, the carrier, would drive up his tilted cart to the Team.

#### CHAPTER XXX.

MANY a morning had Michael watched the loading and the slow laborious setting forth of this one and only public conveyance to and from Lamberhurst and the Bay. He had heard of it before he came to the High Mills, George had made him laugh with his description of its progress and adventures on the few occasions when necessity had obliged him to make use of it. Little had he thought to hear the words "Dynely's cart," which had always been uttered with a smile by George, used by his father at such a moment, and with such meaning, as he had done last night.

Was it nine yet? he wondered, or had he even more than half an hour to sit here with these eyes upon him! He forgot, as people under great mental suffering do forget, that

half his sickness and deathly fear was caused by want of food and common physical exhaustion. He thought all his suffering was caused by the horror of his position, and so was all the more alarmed for himself and his fertility during the days that were to come.

With a breath of relief he looked up when he heard a stir amongst his gaolers, and one of them announced, in a low excited voice,

"Here be Ambray!"

From the lethargic excitement, mutterings, and nudgings that ensued, Michael understood that there was something even more noticeable than the approach of his master being watched, and presently saw that the old man was not alone.

He had obtained an order for Michael's arrest, and two men to take charge of him to London.

Mrs. Ambray came behind them with some breakfast for the prisoner; which it was reported all over Lamberhurst, with righteous horror, he thanked her for, and ate and drank "like a Christian."

Ambray, as he approached his servant, and delivered him up to the men he had brought, neither looked nor avoided looking at Michael's face, raised towards him with a wistful curiosity, in which there was no reproach, no consciousness of self at all.

Mrs. Ambray stood watching Michael eat the food she had brought with no more feeling for him on her white, absorbed, and pain-drawn face than if he had been a dog that she was feeding.

Michael, as he looked at her and saw this, thought the bread he was eating must choke him. They had been such friends—once or twice she had said to him "my son," giving him, all unconsciously, a foretaste of the greatest joy and triumph he ever wished to know in this life—the triumph of being called "my son" by Ambray when all should be known, the heavy penalty paid, the pardon earned and rendered.

As for Ambray, it was easy to see he only now lived and breathed in his purpose of punishing his son's destroyer—of "having the law upon him."

"It will cheat me; it will give me as little as it dares, I know," he had said to his wife: "it always does. But what I *can* have out of it I *will*, and then—*then I'll leave him to God.*" And with what prayers for divine vengeance he would do this, his voice and thickening veins across his brow avowed.

"Leave him to God *now*, John," Mrs. Ambray had implored. "You hear what

they all say, how little his punishment can be except from his own conscience. Oh, stay and comfort your poor dear heart—and *see*. I do think you forget I *am* that last's that precious angel's mother, I really do!"

Ambray turned upon her impatiently, opening his mouth to ask her how she supposed he could have endured her existence near him so long if it had not been for his remembrance of this fact; but seeing her pathetic old eyes caught the sense of his words before they were uttered, he was satisfied, and shut his mouth again without speaking.

In answer to another appeal from his wife and niece together, he had cried out, trembling all over at the very idea of the inaction they advised:

"Why, why, one would think you were mad! What in the world *will* I do if I did *not* prosecute this man? Sit here, walk out, lie down at night, live on this land that was my father's, hearing—as I should—no sheep bleat but what would mind me of our last lamb of the fold crying out to me in death! Seeing with my failing sight nothing but *him*," and Ambray had started, and seemed actually looking on the vision that he called up, and trembling as if in the very presence he imagined—"but *him*, my pale boy, led to death, white, beckoning me with his flower, as white! O Father! O Nora! *You* have cost me this! Say no more, oppose me no more!"

So Michael, and his two new acquaintances, and Ambray, met the astonished carrier at the Team, and were made room for in the tilted cart, among the parcel, lockers, and two women, each with a brood of small sun-bonnets and infantine snoods. From amidst these Michael's eye soon drew a little frowd to sit upon his knee and be a shield for his stooping face against the glances of such wayfarers as might chance to know him.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

Sitting cramped under the tilt of Drury's cart Michael, from behind his little golden-haired shield, lifted his eyes to take their last look at the High Mills.

Though now spare still, while all their kindred, standing now and far between on the faint horizon, kept up a dreary mutter, the High Mills looked busier with life than morning, not unlike, Michael thought, two vigorous gigantic giants, hunched ready for a leap.

How different all was from what it had been



that March day when he first came into the village! He had thought his new world wonderful enough then—and indeed its beauty had been great—but at that time it was like some lovely beggar maiden sparely clad and fed, her green gown patched with russet, her sweet breath fitful and uncertain, now wild, now soft. Since then, like a rich prince, had come the summer, and married her; arraying her in golden harvest robes, and lavishing upon her all the glories of his kingdom.

Through a slit in the tilt Michael's great eyes, worn and sad, but moist with good-will and liking, took this last look; and he bore the picture with him, and often saw it afterwards in prison.

Yes, in the exercise-yard at morning, beyond the cropped heads and listless figures, in all their uniform and insignia of vice and sorrow, beyond the little band of the defeated soldiers of sin, bent on their monotonous and inglorious march, beyond the white walls that grow close, and become as a film upon the eyeball, and press in upon the very soul, beyond or through all this would rise that fair, green world.

In all its August glory it would come before him; the woods spreading up the hill-side in great dark masses; no foliage, no separate form, nor any variety of colour apparent; but only the dull, soft, velvety undulating ground; the swelling corn-fields, and those farm clusters for the soft russet tints of which George Ambray's eyes had yearned in death; the little thatched cottages, each with its stack of faggots near it, almost as big as itself, reminding one of a white straw-hatted master and black naked serf; the emerald meadows speckled with sheep; and over all such glorious abundance and warmth of colour, such fervour and excess of it in spots and on things where no human artist would dream of expending his skill. Round all rose the soft line of hills against the sky, like a new wave of earth just up-gathered, faint-tinted, humid, as if light shone through them.

On these and over all were the mills, looking scarcely like fixtures at all, but newly alighted, busy-winged creatures, incidental to the time of year, to the season of the corn.

Michael did not think of bearing it away to be his prison picture as he looked at it from the tilted cart; he thought of the harvest, of the contrast it was to *his* harvest which he was reaping from that little grain of

hope he had sown here, and looked for through all the summer, and which had come up such a bitter tare.

The possession of that hope had been the only thing which had seemed to render life supportable since George's death; and now he was obliged to own, as he glanced at Ambray, that it had been an unnatural one; that all his struggle had been against the laws of nature.

So all now was over. The stain must be left upon the mill-stone; heaven would send him no such wind as should enable him to grind it out. George's old father and mother must be left childless and servantless; and he who would have been their son and their servant bear in his soul for ever the reproach and bitterness of their thoughts of him—of their loneliness.

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

MICHAEL had no fear about his trial; indeed he looked forward to it with that kind of melancholy satisfaction with which a neglected member of a family will sometimes regard the idea of a long illness because of its bringing him for a time the constant remembrance and attention of those for whose sympathy he yearns.

It was the only comfort now left to him, that thought of the return to those primitive, simple, unvarnished affections, whose strength, it seemed to him, must outlive all changes. For a little while his bruised, stunned heart, might give itself up to the exquisite comfort of keen sympathy, of passionate solicitation, from the dear hearts too unsophisticated and rough for feigning. All through that hot and dreary drive among the parcels, smocks, and sun-bonnets, this quiet prisoner beguiled the time with imaginary looks, acts, and conversations of the large family in the tiny house at Thames Dutton when all should be known there. The thought that his father could feel anything but horror and sympathy at knowing all he had suffered at the time of Grant's death, never occurred to trouble him. He only pictured him and his mother trembling for his life, while his brothers would disperse in twos and talk of him, and sweet little Cicely would cry by herself till some of them found and comforted her. Dear old home! dear old times! thought Michael; there would be but the few, few years in prison—there *could* not be many—and then all would come back again—the solid honest life, with its solid, honest pleasures, and the High Mills and their story become but as a dream.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE sails of the High Mills hung motionless for seven weeks.

In that time Michael Swift, apart from his trial for the death of George Ambray, experienced a trial of a kind which few perhaps are called upon to undergo, and which ends in either giving the person so tried great and peculiar advantages over the rest of his fellow-creatures, or in utterly ruining him.

The result of this second trial of Michael's was not known to himself or to any one on earth at the time when he received his sentence for the manslaughter of George Ambray and was taken to prison. All he knew himself yet was, that his loosening hold on hope had been beaten off, as it were, finger by finger.

It was not that his case had been dealt with hardly. While caring very little *how* it went, Michael could not help feeling all through it a certain dull surprise at the leniency with which his great error was regarded by the world. It seemed to him that if he had heard his father read all this that went on from day to day so wearily as old Swift used to read out such cases, with the vague idea that no law proceedings could be *quite* legal without his judgment being passed upon them—it seemed to Michael that if he had heard his own case so read, he would have thought the prisoner ought to consider himself peculiarly fortunate in his trial. The truth was that Michael at the end of all, when he heard he was only to be imprisoned for a year, even suffered a shock at the knowledge that he would be so soon in possession of the liberty for which there seemed no use in all the world.

In *this* darkness no stars in the rifts gleamed for his wild and wandering gaze. At the time when he had lifted his eyes trustingly and gratefully to look for them in the time of his great need they had all fled. He found himself denied all sympathy in his own flesh and blood. By some strange freak of his weak intellect, ever supported by his strong obstinacy, old Joseph Swift was led into condemning his son as something a few degrees better than a murderer; and, being despotic ruler over all judgments in his own house, forced the whole family to regard him in the same light, to their great wretchedness.

Michael's spirit was so stunned and sickened within him when this state of things revealed itself, that he scarcely knew or cared

what was going on around him in the court where he stood so many hours, listening like one in a dream.

The only thing he had any interest in was the grateful and loving obstinacy of Polly Bardsley, in her refusal to give evidence against the man who had saved her grandfather's life.

Her sweet weary face turning from her questioners, her pretty flaxen hair having to be incessantly thrust back into her bonnet by her red little hands, and her pendant "I doo know," in answer to all questions, haunted Michael throughout the year of his imprisonment. He often wondered to what end her rebellion against Bardsley had brought her; for Polly was only one day in court, the morning after this she had disappeared from her home, and the evidence which Bardsley and "Traps" were giving against Michael was stopped through the blind beggar's distress, and his departure in search of her.

How often Michael wondered, months afterwards, if they had met; or if the two still wandered apart through the miserable winter days, in their great darkness, like two lost familiar spirits seeking each other after death!

Joseph Swift, in his new character of martyr, which his view of Michael's calamity obliged him to assume, was so over-conscientious at the trial as to make himself thoroughly unpopular.

Michael pitied him. He knew the old man had the true Spartan spirit in him, though it was only to be the slave of a wrong idea. After the first surprise Michael showed no pain at anything he said. Sometimes when he went out of his way to mention a thing that did his son harm, the sad eyes would turn and look at him in dull, callous wonder.

The secrets which George Ambray had confided to him at his death, and which Michael had refused to tell George's father, were now revealed to the world, and proved only fresh revelations of sin and error.

Ambray heard them, and heard also the whole truth of Bardsley's story, with increased hatred towards Michael. Yet it was not he who had brought these things against George, but the evidence marshalled against him by Ambray himself which had laid open the truth; they came to light indeed so simply that Michael was amazed, and could half fancy the spirit of his friend was present, refusing to let him any longer bear the burden of his sin.

The most striking feature of the trial was



the contrast in the position of the two fathers.

With obstinate martyrdom in his rosy little face, blue eye, and sleek silver hair, stood Joseph Swift—one of the many silly ensigns that make themselves a nuisance on life's battle-field by persisting in clutching the wrong colours to the death. Conscious rectitude, and high-minded indifference as to results, made him feel himself a hero, too great to be ever appreciated on earth; though all the time his foolish old heart ached at the sight of Michael standing so patient, reproachless, vaguely wondering.

How different the old miller looked! No blameless and clear conscience lent such light to his hollow eye, and firmness to his tall shaking form. Trembling constantly, now leaping up, now sinking prostrate, at one moment brightening and listening in passionate hope when the evidence against the prisoner seemed growing serious, at the next bent double, grinding one clenched hand in the palm of the other, he would mutter, "My boy! my boy! May he get justice in heaven, for he never will here!"

But infinitely worse than the loss of the vengeance for which he thirsted was the ill fame that rose, obscuring the brightness of his idol, and that in so doing showed Michael's character more and more honest and spotless in all but the one stain. It nearly maddened Ambray to think that he was there defending his son with such passionate vehemence, and a not too great regard for truth, yet proving him less worthy at every step, while "that absurd old Swift," with all his severity, only brought more light to shine on Michael's good life. It was bitter, too, beyond expression, for him to feel that his own faith in Michael had become stronger than any one's; that even whenever a suspicion of dishonesty or meanness of any kind rested on Michael for a moment in the course of the trial, Ambray had always a hateful confidence in its being instantly removed, or at least unmerited.

Once when Joseph Swift *did* seem about to bring something serious against Michael, when, with stern heroism in his eye, and his blue-and-white spotted handkerchief mopping away at his bald crown, he confessed that his son had two months before his departure for the High Mills committed forgery on him—his own father—Ambray's heart beat high. The next instant he fell back as if a cannonball had struck him—the crime proved George's, though the shame and blame had been borne by Michael, according to his last

vows to his friend. This came out through Michael's sister.

Another theme for morbid jealous thought that Ambray took with him from this trial was the recollection of Michael's manner towards his father—his sincere pity for the needless pain he was giving himself—his gentle answers when the revelations of Swift's domestic tyranny elicited comments of surprise, or caused such questions to be put to Michael as—"What? Do you mean to say that when you were earning that sum weekly your father only allowed you this? What was his reason?"

Michael, instead of explaining that in all things but good living Swift was the greatest miser on earth, would only turn his head and answer, looking with gentle respect at the excited little man, "*My father is peculiar.*" This answer was given to the same sort of question so many times by Michael in his sad self-absorption that it became famous in the court.

Mrs. Ambray, down at the High Mills, read it in the papers, and showed it to Nora with tears in her eyes, asking if it was not like the honest simple soul—if she could not hear him saying it?

When all was over, and the sentence passed, Ambray threw up his arms, and with fearful looks and words called for a Higher judgment on the prisoner, and fell down in a fit.

Michael's face was turned towards him, and appeared at most without expression except for a strained look in the eyes.

Most people who saw him thought his heart had hardened—that he had grown careless—but a lawyer who happened to know a little of a law higher than that he professed, remarked as the prisoner left the court—

"That man will come out of prison an angel or a devil."

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

"WELL, Ma'r S'one, so t'hopp'n begins o' Toosday. Think the weather'll bear out?"

Ma'r S'one, whose back formed one of a row of backs visible through the long latticed window of the Team, first lowered with difficulty and rested on his knee the pint pewter mug, from which he had been drinking for the sake of "peace and quiet," then, after trembling with diffidence at the honour of being addressed instead of any of his neighbours, and after glancing timidly on either side of him to see if any one had taken offence at it or would like to answer in his

stead, looked up and replied, with studied cheerfulness—

"Yees, we begin hopp'n o' Toosday, Ma'rs Dynely. Missis be dunned her hirin'—a pretty middlin' fair lot—she's got this year—not quite so rough as laarst. As fur weather, Ma'rs Dynely, there be rain somewheres, and we must hope the Arlmighty ull be over w' it 'fore Toosday—but 'cline our 'erts."

"I arlwis say as a wet hopp'n's onlucky," remarked a neighbour of Ma'r S'one's in a slate-grey smock, and with as sombre a countenance.

Ma'r S'one looked as much impressed as possible, murmuring in a very low voice lest any one else should object to the remark—

"Sure!"

"Why, rain don't do t'hops no heert as I've heerd tell on," observed another of the window row, smiling with one eye and but one side of his mouth, as his pipe was in it, and wagging his head at the end of Dynely's whip as if he saw there more support to his argument than he cared to let out all at once. "Not as *I've* ever heerd tell on, it didn't."

"Sure!" said Ma'r S'one again, as deferentially as he had done to the other speaker.

"What say yourself, Ma'r S'one?" asked Dynely, placing himself opposite the door that he might watch the tilted cart and large white horse given to backing, by which he was drawing upon himself the indignation of the several dogs waiting for their master outside the Team, and the gentler comments of the hens dozing under the holly hedge; "what say—yourself—Ma'r S'one?"

Ma'r S'one, thus appealed to, looked as startled and bewildered as a little boy at the bottom of the class suddenly asked a question which those at the top cannot answer.

At last he got up, and taking his long fork and seeking forgiveness in every eye for his presumption, answered—

"Well, Ma'rs Dynely, I don't want fur to goo an' fly in nobody's face, I don't—but 'cernin' the hops and the rain, 'cernin' them I caan't, I really caan't say as it doos 'em any good. No, Ma'rs Dynely, I caan't; and if the Lord ull be over w' it 'fore Toosday—not as *I'd* interfere—'cline our 'erts! No."

"Doos t'hops no heert, a little rain don't," persisted the smoker at the window, still keeping his eye on Dynely's whip in its changed position, and still smiling as if he said, "You may move my argument about, but *I* can find it."

"Well," remarked another of the row in the window with the tone of one about to start an entirely new idea, "what *I* say is—

myself I doos—is as th' rain falls th' harder on the pickers."

"That bees it, sir," avowed Ma'r S'one, shaking his head sadly; "it falls harder on the pickers and the measurer." (Ma'r S'one himself was Mrs. Grist's measurer). "See th' old people it gives the rheumat—th' rain does—and put 'em out, and they can't pick so quick. And the young folks they comes to look out for to get married, and the rain spiles the bunnets and ail that, and *they* can't pick so quick; and then when comes measuring time, the measure bean't what they s'pected, and they arl falls on me, old and young they doos, and it's 'Look here, that old Ma'r S'one's been cheatin'!' and tells me I'm gett'n too old to do the measurin' no more, and did ort to give it up—and if I give a shake more, just for peace and quiet, there's missis ready to rail out: 'Ma'r S'one, Ma'r S'one, be this a charity hop-garden, as you bees squeezin' down the measure like that?'"

Ma'r S'one's difficult position during the hop-picking season was considered over in silence.

Conversation was slow at this hour of the afternoon, when the September sun was blazing on the heads and backs at the Team window, and the hens kept up an intermittent comfortable grumble under the hedge of the garden across the road, while the cat, like a jungle tiger, sprang about among the lettuce and herb beds to eye them from different points of view, making a rustling in the crop vegetables as she tore off in frenzied anxiety to escape temptation.

Sometimes an observation would be made or a question put by one of the feathered loungers in the little hen room, and not replied to till some cart-wheels, in which all had listened, had been waited for, and feet passed, and their sound died away.

"Poor old Ambury's had a same eye it since this end o' laarst year," remarked the carrier, "when I brought him home in my cart after lawin' that Michael swim."

A lumbering sound was heard along the Tidhurst road, and followed in mind it passed into the lane as the church fields towards the large hop garden.

"Yees," said another, but still less animated after the last remark had been made. "They say—I din know who says a saying—were it you, Ma'r S'one?—nobody was a sayin' they bin poety wile starvin' this laarst month."

Ma'r S'one only sighed out his favourite entreaty, and shook his head sadly.

"Old Ambury won't have nothin' to do



with Miss Nara, or she wouldn't let 'em want—not she," said the carrier.

"Be this true, Ma'r S'one?" inquired Ma'r S'one's next neighbour, "'bout old Ambray and Esther a-goin' hoppin' down at your missis's."

"Yees," answered Ma'r S'one, turning up the end of his fork and shaking his head as he stared at it with watery eyes. "It be true

'nough; they come to arst her to let 'em arn a little this hoppin'."

The Tuesday was as fine a September day as ever dawned upon the moving poles—sun-bonnets and brown hands busy at earliest light.

An hour later the tall old couple came leaning on each other to take their place and task in the busy garden.



Page 85.

Both their hands shook as they first touched the hops.

Esther meekly gathered hers, but Ambray's hand fell as if it had been burnt, and he lifted his face and looked up through the lovely garlands in an ecstasy of bitterness.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

FEW changes but those brought by the

seasons had come to Lamberhurst during the year of Michael Swift's imprisonment.

It is true Ma'r S'one had, this hop-picking time, to be content with side views only of the weather when he came out to open the oast-house doors in the morning, his back being now so much bent as to render any other view impossible. But while such glimpses showed him fair skies, he was infinitely thankful, and ready to endure the

grumbling of the pickers with surprising patience.

Perhaps, too, the grey-walled church had a few more of those tiny dents with which it was covered, as if through Time having let so many of his baby years cut their teeth on it.

As for the High Mills themselves, they reflected, as mills will do, the fortunes of their master. The white one wanted but a background of snowy clouds to render its soiled chalky hue positively ghastly. The black mill had changed its state of slow decay to one of such rapid ruin, that poor Ambray could half suspect it of making suicidal attacks on itself in the night; or of being the victim of some furious Quixote, for whose tracks across the barley the miller looked with half suspicious eyes, as he came forth yawning wearily in the face of the rising sun.

All the year he had worked harder than he had ever done in his life. After the prostration that had made his days all like one long dark dream for weeks after Michael's trial, there had come with returning strength a passionate desire to hide his feebleness and his broken heart from the world which he considered to have used him so cruelly. It should see, he told himself, whether or not his boy's mother had need to depend on the "unpunished" murderer for her daily bread. It should see that *he* at least was not crushed to the earth with shame at the fall of his idol. He would show it that he gloried still in his son's memory—that no revelations had yet, nor ever could, lessen his love for him or lay low his pride.

In the winter evenings he had sat with the Bible that had belonged to his great-grandfather open before him—not seeking in it any comfort, but only gazing at the beloved name—the last of the long list on each of the two pages recording births and deaths; and dreaming of the time when scornful eyes should see the sabbath sun shine in upon that name on the church wall just over where its owner used to bend or lift in prayer or song his careless comely face.

The "nest egg" of the store for this cherished purpose was taken from the first money that came into his hand after the trial, and was hidden in the mill where none but himself could find it. It would not do to tell Esther. He might fall ill, and she would at need take it for his comfort.

He had in truth almost ceased talking to her about George; he thought her grief was too soon lost in care for himself; and he

was imbibed against her for this, though he took all her care as his due. Yet there were times when he would almost exult in the thought that he *only*—the father to whom George had cried out at his death—he *only* loved him still beyond all things. He was eager to cherish his own joyless life that the young man's name might not yet die out of the world, "for when I am in the grave," he said, "who will speak well of him? The mother who bore him forgets him; the woman who was nearly his wife is already comforted and again happy; his friends who led him astray—of them, who hears anything?—while as for *me*, my very food and drink is still to me as his funeral cake and wine—I drink to him, I eat to him, I get up in the morning and force my limbs and pains into my clothes, and work and win my daily bread that his only mourner may remain yet a little longer in the world, in case that out of heaven, or worse still, out of hell, my boy should look back and see himself forgotten—so soon—so soon."

Therefore, the great mill-sails laboured round for George, lying a stranger in the churchyard at Thames Dutton, as they had laboured round for him when he sat a little flaxen-headed child clapping his hands at them; the difference being that then a broad ruddy face would often come to the mill-window and look down with fondly concealed love and pride, while *now* a white face would come there and look up with eyes on whose bitter waters the same love and pride, all wounded as they were, rode boldly still, like two defiant war-maimed ships upon a troubled sea.

People thought all the first half of the year how well the old man bore himself in his bereavement, how steadily he worked, how little he complained of his ailments to what he used to do. But in time a change came over him. Instead of rising in the morning immediately he woke, and seizing on his clothes with trembling, resolute fingers, he would sit up and stare at the light, then fall back on his pillow, letting the cold, sluggish tears creep from his unwinking eyes. The *comfort* which his own devotion to his son's memory had given him was beginning to leave him, though the devotion itself did not change. The idea of living and working on purpose to honour George's name was one which time robbed of its tenderness and tangibility. Recollection began to fail; the beloved image grew faint, so faint; the eyes of his soul ached with straining to see it; it was dying from him—he was being left alone;



he had been almost content to live for the sake of a shade—a spectre—that he thought at least would be with him always; and now *that* was vanishing; the very echo of the voice he had so loved was growing silent—the faint sweetness of the fallen rose was leaving the dead leaves, passionately as he tried to retain it. He could scarcely now remember things about his son which Esther had thought it impossible for him to forget; and whenever he discovered this to be the case he suffered frightfully. He showed unwonted gratitude when his wife recalled to his memory things about George concerning which he was confused in this manner—

"Thank you, Esther," he would say, laying his shaking hand on hers; "thank you—yes, you're right. Oh! I remember now; don't let me forget that again, Esther; don't, for God's sake, let me forget it again."

Finding as he did the grave's victory growing greater every day—hearing as he did only a deeper silence each time his soul listened and knocked at those doors of awful mystery that had closed on all he loved—he sat down and contemplated the black, sunless world agast and helpless like a child left in the dark.

He could not work; but for his wife's toil both might have starved. He was furious at the thought of help from Nora, whom he charged with utter falsity and fickleness because she did not die, or continue to wear mourning for George. Neither would he knowingly receive anything beyond what he considered his due from Mrs. Grist, who had refused to help him in the prosecution of Michael.

He did not mind the thought of starving himself—as for his wife he did not think about her. Sometimes when his breath left him in a fit of coughing, he hoped it might never come back again. If his foot slipped on the mill-steps he regretted he had not fallen and been killed. He wooed death, and found it, as its wooers generally do, the bitterest of coquettes.

The only star that ever shone for him in all the blackness of life was a lurid and baleful one enough. It was the thought of Michael, of some possible revenge, and the darker his life grew the more this attracted and charmed him; though it was so far off as to cause him to gnash his teeth and moan at it, like a madman through the bars of his cage at the unreachable object for which he wishes.

The goodness that had attached itself to Michael's name at the trial was now the chief

theme of Ambray's thoughts—memory in losing its grasp of George became strong in its hold on Michael—not one good trait in his character was forgotten, or ever failed in being thought over to feed and nourish the hatred which was now as strong a passion as the old man's grief.

He mentioned his name to no one. None guessed the thoughts with which he beguiled the long hours as he sat in the house before his fireless grate, or out in the sun under the motionless mills.

Old Esther, looking up from her work at him, would shed many a tear for the faithful servant he had lost. Once, when Ambray sat with his long face framed in his bony fingers staring at the still sails with their coverings wrapt about them in shroud-like fashion, his wife said to him with tears—

"Ah, John, what would you give to see 'em going round again, and hear that Michael clamping up and down the stairs with his great gruff voice singing his '*Heigh, Will! and ho, Will! whistle for a breeze!*'—or his great easy figure lolling there in the doorway?"

Ambray dropped his hands from his face and gazed up at her as she stood beside him. It was clear he realised the picture vividly. Then he got up and walked round the mill several times, looking up at it often, and was unusually excited all the rest of the day.

It was just before the hop season that Esther one morning, while waiting upon her husband, suddenly fell down, and lay at his feet, supporting herself on her elbow, and gasping faintly.

"Why, what's the matter now?" asked Ambray, recoiling, with the bandage that she had been binding round his rheumatic arm hanging half off; "What's the matter with the woman now?"

"O dear!" moaned Esther faintly. "I'm afraid, John, I've gone too low."

"Too low!" repeated Ambray. "Yes, I should think you had. I want to know what you've gone so low for?"

"O dear! I'm afraid, John—don't worry yourself—but I'm afraid it's for want of food."

"For want of food!" echoed the miller, putting his hand to his forehead and looking down at her in feeble perplexity. "Why, how's that, Esther? You're dreaming, woman. If it was *that*—I should be bad too. *I'm* not hungry. *I've* had enough."

Esther smiled as her elbow gave way, and her cheek touched the brick floor.

"Yes, dear," she said, "that's it. You've

had it *all* these two days. God bless you!"

It was this little scene that had led to M'ar S'one's good heart being pained by the sight of the old couple coming to ask his mistress to allow them to join in the hop-picking.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

MRS. GRIST'S hop-picking lasted just a fortnight.

During this season nearly all Southdownshire seems to abandon itself to a kind of hop idolatry. The small village shops are mostly open only for an hour early in the morning, and then closed till dusk, and any chance customers seeking admittance are told from some upper window or neighbouring door that its owner "bees gone a-hoppin'," the informant being generally a cripple, or too aged a person to go a-hopping likewise.

As early as five o'clock in the morning one may see on the high parts of the roads, or hear in the misty hollows, the family parties proceeding in their carts with dangling kettles and sleepy children to the different hop gardens. Scarcely a child is to be met without hops in its hat or a paper of the worms they call "hop-dogs" in its hands. The cottage chimneys are smokeless all day, the hardy monthly roses—Southdownshire's autumn glory—vivid scentless scarlet and sweet pink—open and beat themselves to death unnoticed on the latticed windows and still doors. While one looks and wonders at the stillness and desertion, the very sparrows on the thatch-edge seem trying to explain its cause, to express in dumb show the fact that the inmates are "gone a-hopping."

Most of the gardens seem strangely out of the way and secluded, but whether through the trees having begun to thin, or whether the eye at this season naturally looks for them, the oast houses certainly have a prominence and importance in the landscape they never had before throughout the year. Perhaps the faint odours of the hops themselves issuing from these is after all the true reason of this. Whatever it may be, there they are, consequential, and looking like an old woman shawled and bonneted for some important mission.

The last day of Mrs. Grist's hopping was as fine as the first; but some heavy rain intervening, had given what Ambray called a "sharp edge" to his cough, and he had much difficulty in keeping to his task through the day.

In the afternoon, when the pickers divided into little tea parties, he and Esther sat alone, just outside the poles, to eat their bread and drink their bottle of cold tea that they might be refreshed for the last two hours of picking.

On one side of them the incessant gossip went on, at the other a little stream of water trickled cheerily down the hill.

Ambray sat staring into this water as he ate, his face averted from the poles. Esther's eyes were fixed on him, though she inclined her ear a little to catch the bit of news and the gossip which while she had life must needs have interest for her.

Ambray had noticed this, and was letting contempt for woman's frivolity and weakness swell the bitterness that already filled his soul without being conscious that he was himself listening, the difference being that *his* ears received the men's remarks only, while Esther's heard but the shriller voices of her own sex.

If both had remembered and repeated what they listened to, as they paused after their meal, before getting up, they would have given each a totally different account from the other.

Esther's would have been this,—

"I want a frock fur little Ann; be woilit fash'nerbul, think you?"

"Well, I bees goin' to have brown meriny for *my* two gals."

"Bees you! well you do s'prise me. But now I want's somethin' downright uncommon fur 'ur. Set up, miss, and leave aarf throwin' th'y 'op dogs in my tea, will you! See she's a goo'n to school next week, and there's sich mischief as never wur if a child fin's itself worse dressed than the others, so I want fur 'ur to have somethin' reel fash'nerbul an' good—like what none o' the rest—they Moon's child'n and arl them caant get. I thart a nice woilit—"

"I'm s'prised now as you fancies wilit. Your 'usband's sister's got one."

"Noo!"

"She bees."

"Who telled you?"

"Jane—she wur pickin' down at Leweses, side o' old Mary Vidler."

"O my 'ert! I *bees* glad you telled me, naasty mischief-maakin' thing; I bees sick of her naame! My 'usband's just been over theer, and caant tark o' nothin' else. Noo I won't have a woilit if I know it."

"Movver, I *wants* a wilit. You said I'd hev a wilit if you picked a bin."

"Then you won't hev it, miss. You put that theer doll's 'ead in that tea-pot agin!"



Likely I'll pick a bin or aarf a bin wi' *you* to mind. She's ben arl set on woilit 'cause she see Miss Armbray in one yest'y."

"Not down at her aunt's, sure? I wur telled she wouldn't speak to her agin."

"Who telled you that?"

"Orrey Moon heered it up at Stone Crouch, pickin' side o' Betsy's brother."

At the time Esther took sad heed of this, Ambray was listening unconsciously to the talk of the husbands in the same group.

"So old G'ist's bought that farm o' Ray's. Know wut she's gev fo' it?"

"Noo—nat more'n's worth, / lay."

"Don't think much o' the land up that end myself. Be she go'n to plough that theer holler, or fence it aarf?"

"I caant tell you. Ma'r S'one, be your missis go'n to fence aarf that holler up at thet field or to plough it?"

"She hevn't quite made up her mind yet, Missis hevn't—not 'bout that holler."

"She art to plough it, Ma'r S'one."

"It 'ud be good fur her to plough it, sir; I 'grees to that; it's the best corn as grows in th' holler—so 'tis, sure."

"Nonsense, Ma'r S'one; you persuade her to fence it aarf."

"Or it ud be very handy, fenced aarf; so 'twould sir, sure."

"I was told corn never didn't, nor never wouldn't grow, not in theer holler."

"Who telled you that?"

"Why I wur pickin' side o' Tom laarst week, and he said your faather-in-la said so."

"Waugh! My faather-in-la! Old idjut! Lot *he* knows, 'cept to set the wemmen javin' at ye. 'Cause he's a gaardener, and potters 'bout his bit o' ground arl day, there's my wife at me everlastin' 'bout our bit; it's 'faather has paarsley arl the year round,' or 'faather' this, or 'faather' that. Ugh! *he* said so, did he? Then arl the more fur that I say, G'ist's a fool if she don't plough that holler."

Doubtless, if the hearing had been reversed—if Esther had listened to the gruff guttural tones and Ambray to the shrill ones—both would have found the logic they heard defective. As it was, it of course appeared perfectly natural. But what far-away, unreal things these that the pickers talked of seemed to both! They sat outside the garden and all its worldly interests like two children who in the great game of life had been quarrelled with and ordered to stop playing. Lonely and sad and inexpressibly weary, they waited to be taken by

the hand from the road whose dust *was* dust to them, never again to be made into playthings and imaginary viands; the mud-pies which had cost so much labour in making were irrevocably mud again; they had dropped them from their hands, and now watched their companions still making them with dull and dreamy interest, half envious, half pitying.

The sweet-voiced water in the ravine beside them, though incomprehensible in what it uttered as the talk of grown people to infants, seemed to have a meaning, a comfort, a reliableness deeper than the human voices on the other side of them. So had that of the little air-sailor, the skylark, letting itself up and down in its hammock of song: so had the wind, creeping through the woods like music through a ball-room, and setting the autumnal brocades of gold and green and brown all richly rustling.

Nature's face was sweet as her voice at that hour: the aged eyes looked up into the golden clearness, and closed in pain. Her smile fell upon them, but was not for them. It was as if it had cast them off before death was ready to take them. They seemed waiting in some intermediate stage in which the miseries of both had access to their souls.

Ambray beheld in the lovely scene before them the house where he was born, whose doors and stairs the hopes and dreams of his wakefulness and his slumber had never ceased to haunt. These had not been selfish dreams—they had sprung from all the better part of his nature, and he knew this, and mused over their destruction, and upon the God whom he charged with destroying them, with a doubt and sarcasm of spirit that appalled himself even while he could not put it from him. If his life and losses were part of a divine plan, what a cruel plan it was that these things should be necessary! How could it benefit God for Him first to fill those windows with the sweet vision of George's children, and then to wash it out with George's blood, so that now those windows, glittering in the sun, had as tragic a look to him as beloved eyes whose joy had suddenly been turned into horror?

He withdrew his gaze from them shudderingly, and looked down upon the running water.

He heard the voice of her who had usurped his place in his father's house and lands speaking in vulgar dictatorial tones to the hop-pickers in that very garden where she, a shoeless, ragged tramp, had pleased his

brother's easily attracted eye. Was *this*, too, part of the divine plan men talked of, for grey hairs to be thus abased to the earth while still the earth refused to cover them?

Mrs. Grist approached, her silk dress rustling harshly against the hop-poles.

Ambray set up his shoulders and lowered his head.

"Well, John Ambray, how are *you* getting on? M'ar S'one tells me you're doing wonderful. How are you, Esther? you don't look over well; but, la! we can't expect to be young always—can we? I'm thankful for a'rl of us as we've had a fine finish-up day. I shall pay up o' Friday. Good evening, I must go and find M'ar S'one."

She went rustling away, leaving Ambray's head lower than ever on his shoulders, and his lips parted in a bitter smile as he looked into the water.

Most of the pickers were rising and resuming their tasks. A little group, nearest the miller and his wife, began a wild, rhapsodical Methodist hymn. An old woman cried out to Esther through the poles:

"Come, Esther, you a'rlwis used to beat us a'rl. Sing a bit, woman, it'll do ye good."

Esther, who had been looking wistfully towards the singers, at this turned her sorrowful old face proudly away.

Her husband, still bending over the rivulet, had heard the invitation, and interpreted the bitterness of her silence. He held his hand out to her, without looking up, and as she took it, closed his shaking fingers over hers, saying or almost groaning,—

*"By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept."*

At this the cup, so full already, overflowed. Esther dashed her apron up to her eyes, and for the next few minutes Ambray's bony fingers covered all his face.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE whole of Mrs. Grist's hops were safely picked before sunset, and Ambray and Esther went home while the light was still golden and warm along the road.

At those who passed them by, guessing what their earnings would come to, according to M'ar S'one's measuring, and talking of the ways in which they should be spent, the haggard old eyes looked as they might have done at creatures of another world.

To the aged poor of Southdownshire these last days of hop-picking are mostly sad enough in the retrospection that they compel. The young voices around them declaring they will not be content without the greatest prize

that a hop-picker can win, reminds them how they also made the same boast, how year by year both hope and realisation have dwindled, till at last they are glad to earn a warm garment to cover them, a little tobacco or snuff to deaden the sharp reality of the long winter hours, a penny or two to win the services of grandchildren strong and careless, or the smile of great-grandchildren, helpless and as yet innocent of worldly hopes as themselves.

The memory of their own youth and its hopes stole over Ambray and Esther with the faint narcotic odours of the drying hops from the oast houses, and made their feeble steps and breathing more feeble still, as, leaning on each other, they toiled up towards the High Mills.

The white lane was hot and wearisome at this hour, and the south wind did nothing but blow the dust, which flew into the eyes of the old miller and his wife, and encircled their stooping forms so as to cause Ambray to smile bitterly, and mutter, as Esther murmured at it on his account,

"Why should it stand on ceremony with what will so soon belong to it? It comes for us, as we won't go to it."

This dust and the heat, the quick cloud of gnats before their eyes, and the steepness of the road made them oblivious of a sound and light which otherwise must have much sooner attracted their attention. As it was they had passed the spot where Michael first saw the white tip of the mill-sail flash up against the sky before Esther happened to raise her eyes. When she did so, she started back crying,

"Oh, my heart! John, the mill's going!"

The miller strained his eyes passionately through dust, gnats, and sun; then caught his wife's arm with both hands, and looked into her face.

"Esther," he said, in a quick whisper, "has she done it at last? Has she taken them from us? Has she put some one in it, Esther?"

"No, no; nonsense," answered Mrs. Ambray, trying to keep herself from shaking; "it's those boys again, John. Of course it is."

"Rascals!" ejaculated the miller, with a strange mixture of relief and anger. "Yes, of course it must be them. I'll teach 'em—but—but, Esther, they've set it right for the wind; those rascals never got it just right like that. Oh! if she has, Esther!"

"It's the boys, John, it's the boys," said Esther reassuringly. "They'll make off as soon as they see us. Let's hurry up; don't stand here frightening yourself like this. Come."



They pressed on together, each supporting arm trying to conceal its trembling from the other.

Ambray stood still as they reached the mill-field.

He had no voice, but as he turned to Esther shaking his head and moving his lips she understood him to say—

"It's not the boys. She has done it. She has put some one in."

After this he strode on before her towards the mill, and did not stop till he stood close under it. He paused before the half-open door listening without making any movement to enter. Then he walked round looking up at all the windows.

As he again met Esther at the door he said with the calmness of utter despair—

"If she's let it—if she's put any one into it, I shall burn it, Esther. I shall burn it to the ground."

He had not finished speaking before Esther's hand caught his and held it against her heart, and looking at her face, he saw it raised towards the mill with colour coming on its white cheeks, tears brimming and softening the eyes, hope parting the thin lips.

"John," said she, "as I'm a living woman I think——"

"What! what!" gasped Ambray, shaking her arm and turning his back on the mill that he might keep off a sound, a sense he was beginning faintly to perceive. "What, Esther, what?"

"Yes!" cried Esther joyfully, pushing past him and standing by the mill-door with both hands caught back almost to her shoulders, and her head bent and inclined to one side in the eagerness with which she listened. "Yes, yes! It is! It is!" she cried, bringing her hands one over the other on her side.

"What, woman, what?"

"It's Michael Swift's voice and step as sure as my old heart's a-beating!"

The miller crept up to her and stood between her and the open door, listening and fixing his eyes on her face as if looking for it to assist by its expression his feeble senses.

Standing thus they both heard the run of unmistakable feet down one of the upper ladders, and the deep honest roll of an unmistakable voice rising and sinking with the noise of the stone and sails,—

"Heigh, Will! and ho, Will!  
Whistle for a breeze,  
Run, Will, turn the mill,  
Set it to the seas."

The little bell up over the grindstone

tinkled, it was answered by a shout half cheery, half grumbling, just such as Michael used to answer it with to Ambray's grim amusement in the old days, then the feet went clamping up higher and higher, and when the voice was next heard it came from the tiny square window of the shooting floor.

Ambray let out his suspended breath, crept a few steps further away from the mill, then looked up at this window pressing both hands on his throat as if to hold in his cough, which was shaking him. Mrs. Ambray followed and stood at his side, holding up her finger and leaning forwards to watch his face with such a smile on her own as had not lit its wan features for many years.

The great shadow of the sails swept round at their feet as the voice rolled out with the immemorial mill tune, to which every miller has his own words, imitating in alternate lines the peculiar "thump-thump" of the sails and their soft prolonged rush.

"Day breaks, the breeze wakes,  
Bless it every mouth!  
Run, Will, turn the mill,  
Set it to the south."

Mrs. Ambray in her excitement had moved her hand tremblingly in time to the song. Ambray seeing this had seized her wrist, and held it down with a grasp like iron.

Then they heard the steps and the voice lower in the mill—the noise of the door opening on the little terrace. Ambray's breath came quicker; his pressure against his own throat and on Esther's hand tightened.

The well-known figure stood in the little doorway in an attitude so familiar to the eyes watching it, that it seemed as if all must be a dream since the day it stood there last.

How many times the miller and his wife had seen it looking exactly as it did now, leaning against one side the door in an utter abandonment to rest and ease, the back of the hand laid across the forehead, pushing off the cap, the black eyes looking right away over Buckholt fields, never wincing as the tips of the sails flashed round before them, but gazing on dreamily while the same mysterious words which nobody could ever understand came rolling out, as they did now:—

"Hi, Will! say why, Will,  
You, when *she* comes forth,  
Find, Will, the wind, Will,  
*Al-*ways in the north."

Ambray, looking round at the aspect of the land, and smelling the hops in the breeze, remembered that the story of his son's death was no dream. Michael had never been here so late in the year. It was all true enough. He and Esther had picked Mrs. Grist's hops—this was the last day—they had come home

—had seen the sails moving—this man was Michael Swift; Michael Swift had come back to the High Mills.

He watched him shut the little door, and listened to his feet coming lower till he heard the sound of his step half smothered by the dust on the ground-floor.

Ambray turned his eyes to the half-open door. As he did so it was pushed quite open. Michael's eyes met his.

At that moment Mrs. Ambray ran to Michael and clutched at his shoulder, looking in his face and shaking her head in speechless emotion.

Ambray seemed surprised at this, for he gave a sigh of horror, and retreated a few steps while watching them intently.

Michael looked at him, scarcely heeding Mrs. Ambray's clinging hands and eloquent face.

He was very pale; his face looked smaller, his eyes larger, Ambray thought, his clothes hung upon him loosely.

"My son," said Mrs. Ambray, "do you mock us, my son? Where are you bound for, and why do you come here, setting the old mill going, and making us remember what you were to us? How have you the heart to do this, Michael Swift?"

Ambray, with his eyes still upon Michael, seemed so lost in curiosity as to what his answer would be, he forgot to keep any control over his face.

Michael, still apparently ignoring Mrs. Ambray's presence, spoke to him in the manner and voice of one making the simplest matter-of-fact statement, though his eyes were full of suffering and his lips white.

"My time is up," he said. "You have had the law upon me. I have come again. Why not? Your son bought you my services, *he* gives them to you—not I. You need them. They are yours. There is nothing to pay for them, not even forgiveness if you still choose to hold it back."

Ambray looked at him still, weighing every word.

His first thought when he understood all Michael had said was how he should conceal his own increasing excitement. It was almost more than he could bear, the idea of having this unlooked-for change in his life—of having constantly before his eyes—in his service, in his power—the only object of interest the world contained for him.

He looked at Michael, wishing he could speak the words necessary to decide his staying. He trembled lest in his inability to do this he might lose him.

"By all that's good in this wicked world," sobbed Mrs. Ambray, "the Lord will repay you, Michael. He surely will. When will you out of prison? How long have you been in the mill? What have you had? Near starving, I dare say. Come—come home."

For once in her life Esther, in her delight and enthusiasm over Michael, showed a defiant disregard of Ambray, never looking at him as she tried to draw Michael home-wards.

But Michael gently broke from her, and went nearer to the old man.

"What do you say, master?" he asked. "You have had the law upon me as you wished. *That* is over. I have come to go on keeping my promise to George. Do you forbid me?"

At these words the miller approached a step nearer, his white face became more excited, and he shook his head with peculiar emphasis.

Michael's heart failed him.

"You do *not* forbid me then," he asked. "to come here and work for you again?"

Ambray shook his head even more emphatically, then turned and signed to Esther for her arm, and began to hasten home-wards.

Michael stood for a moment, rendered motionless and cold as death by the deep and terrifying mystery of Ambray's expression. Seeing, however, that Esther looked back for him affectionately and anxiously, he roused himself and followed.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE old life began again.

For a whole week Ambray was absorbed by his efforts to realise Michael's presence. When Michael was in the mill he naturally removed his eyes from it, when Michael sat in George's old place in the chimney corner, where Mrs. Ambray always boasted on placing him, he never looked towards the miller but he encountered the fixed, furtive gaze of that terrible eye.

When Ambray had really learnt to regard his return as a certainty, he gave himself up to long fits of morbid reflection as to how weak and helpless as he was—the work of penitence might be begun.

He had no desire to fire the mill when he saw Michael's light there in the night. He could sit near Michael with knives on the table between them without the slightest wish to take one up for any terrible purpose; he could sit with his loaded gun in his hand, watching for the mill rats hours together, and



let Michael pass and repass him securely a hundred times. It was not his life he had any wish to strike at. He knew that a life such as his was a complete and a good thing—a triumph—end when and how it might. What he *did* desire with all the strength that remained to him was to see that spirit—in whose brightness and good odour George's had shown so vile and dull before the world—defiled, brought low, maimed, annihilated.

His having returned to the High Mills now—showing that his patience and devotion had

triumphed over prison miseries—was in itself a new theme for hatred and wrath to Ambray, glad as he was of the return, which had come to be his first recollection at morning, his last thought at night.

A new thing, too, which he noticed in Michael since his imprisonment, moved in him at once his whole heart's interest, commendation, and intensest bitterness. This was the simple and strong manner in which Michael kept his mind and heart free from the sad influences of the past. He evidently,



Page 363.

the miller thought, regarded his error as a thing already atoned for—forgiven by God. Life, so dark to *him* by reason of so much of its light being shut away under one little lid, was still full of promise and sunshine for Michael, whose hand had caused this shutting away. He never now saw the dark eyes turn sick and confused when they encountered his look, as they had done so often in those days when George's fate was his own fearful secret; their look still was gentle enough, but fearless as the light. Without desisting from his hard work, Michael enjoyed life as much as he could in a place where he was still regarded

as little better than a murderer. Not that the inhabitants of Lamberhurst were particularly unjust or hard-hearted, but because a village idea—like a village fever—having once become settled is not easily removed.

When Michael had to pass groups of distrustful and disliking faces, he did so with a half amused, half pitying look in his much-worn but still glad great eyes. When little children, taking the cue from their elders, lay down and kicked and screamed after he had tossed them in the air, or threatened to send them up with the sails, instead of being hurt in his good heart, he laughed till the old

millers would come hobbling out to glare at him.

It was in search of some means of smiting down this bright hopefulness, independence, and courage that Ambray brooded through the shortening autumn days and lengthening autumn nights.

The year wore on.

The dead bind was picked from the hop-pole, and lay in little black heaps at regular distances between the pole stacks. The berries and the robins' breasts brightened to vivid scarlet in the hedges which lay across the country now—long streaks of warm, rich colour. In the woods, too, the red stood thick, like blood settled at the surface in aged cheeks. The silver hoar-frost came, only visible a moment or two at morning, then snatched away like a forgotten garment of the night. The white hoar-frosts came, lingering hours later, striving with the sun till nearly noon for possession of each rustling leaf and tender blade of grass.

These changes were watched by the old miller with a bitterness indescribable. Would the winter come, he asked himself, and chain him to his bed—as it usually did—while this fearful thirst in his soul was still unsatisfied? If this went on much longer, *would* the mill be safe from fire, the knife lie harmless on the table, or the gun in his hands?

But the day did come at last when the coveted power was given him.

Michael, through a kindly act in a corner of the village where fever was raging, fell ill himself, and lay for five weeks in the old black mill which Ma'r S'one, who was his only nurse, had made habitable for him.

When he came out and resumed his work, he was much changed: his cheerfulness was gone, and he was quick to take offence, and peevish as a child.

Ambray now quietly exulted. Michael fell completely into his power. No swine-herd was ever treated with more contumely. Every little duty that fell to his hand was embittered by puerile opposition and abuse; every step he took, every word he uttered, was laid wait for by the same furtive, sleepless tyranny.

The healthful mind was brought so low, it retained now but one idea, which only became the more firmly rooted as the work of ruin went on. This idea was that duty compelled him to stay where he was; then as he grew weaker, it was no longer only duty, but fate also. He felt he had it not in his power to go.

He was now reduced to such weakness of body and mind, that when he saw Ambray thrust his letters from home unopened into the fire, he could only stare through his swimming eyes and gnaw his lip in helpless sickness of soul. The miller prevented him also in all his feeble efforts at writing to his family, and delighted in the idea of their looking vainly for his letters as Michael had so long allowed him to look vainly for George's.

Mrs. Ambray did all she could to comfort Michael in these innumerable mortifications and sufferings, but the state of him by whom they were rendered filled her with such terror and anguish, that her whole time was occupied in watching and serving him, and in fruitless endeavours to induce his spirit to let go its fierce grip of this harmless and helpless creature. But it seemed as if nothing save death *could* ever loosen it.

Michael's sufferings deepened with the winter. Ambray kept all his clothes from him but one thin summer mill-suit, in which he went about shivering so that his teeth chattered, and he became an object of pity and commiseration to all the village. The boys only, with that innate cruelty which makes human nature so terrifying a mystery, found untiring amusement in adding to his torture; and Michael had come to such a pass as to weep like a child when they placed things in his way by which he received painful falls, or when they injured the machinery of the mill, or threw stones at the windows.

Ambray seemed to have received a new lease of life from this excitement. It kept him from his usual winter prostration. He had now no other thought than going on with this work of retribution as long as he might. He foresaw that it must be brought to an end some day. Already people were interfering. Two or three clergymen whom Ambray had known and respected in his better days, General Milwood, who had fought with his father at Waterloo, and even Mrs. Grist herself, "for the credit of the family," had been up to the High Mills to remonstrate with the feeble but bitter tyrant there.

At last Nora came. She had been abroad with Miss Milwood, and had but lately come back and heard of Michael's return, his illness, and Ambray's treatment of him.

It was on a cold afternoon that she came, when the sails went harshly round in the east wind, and Michael stood leaning at the mill-door with closed eyes, and breathing on his icy fingers.

Ambray sat at home, cowering over the



fire, and put up his shoulders and let his chin fall as he heard her horse's feet coming.

In another moment she stood before him, declaring her pity for Michael, and calling upon her uncle to put an end to these shameful stories, that met her wherever she went.

As she ceased speaking, Ambray looked up at her and his face softened. Bitterly as he spoke of her in her absence, he could never see her without a certain tenderness and the sense of a different and gentler grief, that fell upon his own hard sorrow like soft rain on frozen ground. He never looked at her but his regret that George should have lost her came upon him as a fresh thing. It did so now, and the thin, white old face smiled at her and wept, forgetting her appeal.

"He has not even heard," she sighed, looking away impatiently.

"Yes, Nora," said the miller, "I hear you; and I *see* you—fresh roses, bright eyes, gay, cold heart!"

"Gay!" echoed Nora, taking off her gloves and warming her hands at the fire: "What I have to bear from Aunt Jane, and what I have to bear from you, keeps my heart very gay, certainly! But if you hear me, uncle, will you think of what I have said? Will you send this man away if you cannot overcome your feelings against him? He will not go, they tell me, unless you *do* send him. *Will* you do so, and stop *this* trouble and disgrace—this wickedness?"

"My child," answered Ambray, taking her hands as she held them to the fire, and looking down at them tenderly—"do you dare to judge *me*. *Let the faithful judge the faithful*. Go—the world has many lovers for Nora—but—no son for *me*! Remember this, Nora, and do not judge me."

"This man would be a son to you if you would let him," said Nora. "Why, what a miracle of patience he is, if what I've heard is true! It seems to me he is either an idiot or—he is grand!"

"Go," muttered the miller, dropping her hands, and shrinking down again, as if he had received a blow. "Leave me, Nora, you do no good—you do harm—leave me alone."

"I will!" answered Nora, indignantly; "and I will persuade Michael Swift to leave you. I will go to the mill myself, and try to shew him his folly in being faithful to you. *Let the faithful serve the faithful*."

She went out, and the miller hearing the door close after her, roused himself and looked round.

When he had made sure she was gone, he

muttered, stooping low and gazing into the fire,

"He is either an idiot or—he is grand."

He drew back from the fire suddenly, saying, with quiet decision:

"He is not an idiot."

He stood up—holding one trembling hand clenched tightly in the other—

"Is he then—grand?"

At this moment, as Esther came in, he met her, and seizing her arms cried—

"What am I doing, Esther? what am I doing? Making a young Job of him? A martyr! To draw *her* eyes upon him! Is *this* my revenge? He's taken the boy's life—his good name—his mother's love"—he cried, shaking her savagely—"and now—now could it be possible! No, I am mad to think it—mad! Yet, Esther! You should—oh! you should have seen her eyes when she flashed 'em upon me and said, '*or—he is grand!*' She has gone to the mill to speak to him. I will follow her—give me my hat—I will follow her."

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.

NORA, on her way homeward, rode round by the mill, and stopped at the door. It was partly open, and she rode close up to it and knocked with her whip, and called Michael by name.

Almost directly the door was opened wide; but the ground-floor of the mill being somewhat dark, Nora did not recognise the person who had opened it.

"Is Michael Swift here?" she asked leaning a little forward.

The person appeared deaf, for he did not answer her.

"Michael Swift," repeated Nora, in a louder voice—"is he here?"

"I knew a *man* by that name once," answered a voice that sent a chill through her blood. "*Now*, I bear it."

He stood a little more in the light—she saw him plainly. All the pathos of the wasted strength, the patient misery, the baffled but still heroic strength of purpose, came over her at once out of those great hollow eyes, and she had to turn her face hastily away.

When she spoke, all her decision and vehemence were gone. She was surprised at the timidity and trembling of her voice.

"Why do you stay here?" she said.

"To grind it out."

"It *is* ground out."

"I thank God that I hear you say it."

"Be content, then, and go."

"I cannot do that; I must wait till I hear *him* say it too."

"You will never do that. He would never say it, never think it, unless his whole nature changed, and he is too old to change."

"Yes," answered Michael, in a low voice, full of patient despair, "I think so, too. He is too old to change."

"Then why wait here?"

"I must wait—I must serve him while he lives—or while *I* live."

Nora was silent. She could not think what possessed her that she had suddenly lost all power to oppose him. The old mill seemed to have assumed the dignity of a castle; the wasted, half-imbecile wretch she had heard so much of was causing her to hold down her head meekly before the doorway where he stood.

"Then you will stay?" she said at last, almost humbly.

"Yes."

"Can I not assist you in any way?—you will take no money. Is there nothing by which we may make your life less hard?"

"Thank you—God bless you—no; nothing more."

"More! why I have given you *nothing*, done nothing for you."

"May I tell you about a picture George had at our house?"

"What about it?"

"It was the picture of a ship."

"Yes," said Nora, hearing that his voice trembled.

"Yes; it was the ship of some great man, I cannot tell you who; but he had had some great victory, and those that he had taken captives were being lashed as they were in the galley, with their muscles straining ready to snap, and their eyes starting, and hands bleeding, while up above on the deck the conqueror feasted among ladies crowned with flowers. There was one lady, with her face so turned that her eyes fell on the face of one of the straining galley-slaves; but she did not know where she looked; but *he* did, and you could see he half forgot his slavery, his toil and pain under her look."

"Well?"

"This is all the picture—but—but I wished to tell you of it that I might ask you to think how, if the galley slave forgot his pain under *this* look quite cold and heedless, how he would have felt if he had seen the eyes run over with such—such pity, such sweetness, kindness, gentle pain, and—what! Tears too? Oh! go back then, *my* lady, go back to your feasting and music and merry-making,

let the muscles crack, the blood pour down, the galley slave is happy. He can work until he drops under the lash!"

He ran into the mill, and Nora rode home half blind.

#### CHAPTER XL.

It was a month after Nora's visit that one morning Michael, on his way to the mill, heard the bell tolling.

Mrs. Grist had died suddenly in the night.

Michael did not think the news would greatly affect his master, as he knew him to be far more reluctant to accept help from Nora than from his sister-in-law. He was therefore much surprised when on returning to the miller's cottage at noon Mrs. Ambray met him outside the gate with gestures of caution and distress.

"Don't go near him just now, Michael," she whispered; "he would fly at you, he has only just heard."

"What?" asked Michael. "That she's dead?"

"Oh! my son, don't you know what has happened since, Michael? My poor John has come into his own—we are rich, Michael."

"My God!" cried out Michael, letting his face fall to her shoulder with a great sob.

"Then I am free—I can go home!"

"You *are* free, you *can* go home, if you will when I have told you all.—Come here."

She drew him to the side of the parlour window and pointed for him to look in at it cautiously.

Michael did so, and saw a sight he never forgot. It was only the old miller sitting at a table by himself, laughing to himself, but it was the most terrible sight Michael had ever looked upon.

"How long has this been?" he asked, dragging Mrs. Ambray away.

Then she told him how long she had kept her fearful secret—some three weeks now—and throwing herself at his feet implored him by all his long patience, by her affection for him, by his heavy responsibility as George's destroyer, to stay with his master still, and help her to conceal his infirmity from the world, lest they should drag him to the mad-house.

Michael gave his promise.

#### CHAPTER XLI.

MRS. GRIST had taken leave of her farms, hop-gardens, mills, church-tithes, and all her other good things of this world some four months, when, one morning, two pale convalescents, a young man and an old man,



were led out of doors to sit in the May sunshine.

The young man was on the green at Thames Dutton, the old man outside Buckholt farmhouse in Lamberhurst.

The black mill was now a strange sight indeed, having been laid open to its centre by fire.

The invalid at Thames Dutton had his arm in a sling; the one at Buckholt held his Bible open at the list of family names with hands that were covered with burns.

The injuries of both and those of the black mill had but one story.

"What *can* he be thinking of, Ma'r S'one, so many hours?" said Mrs. Ambray, as they both stood watching the old miller, who sat in the sunshine with his eyes fixed on the ground. "The doctor told me again this morning, that as he had been right ever since the shock that brought him to his right mind, he is almost certain to keep right with quiet, and comforts such as, thank God, he has in plenty. But what *can* he think about so long *I* can't imagine."

Neither could Ma'r S'one, had he been presumptuous enough to try.

"What's Tom put Michael right in the sun for like that?" demanded old Swift angrily. "Go and wheel him a little into the shade, Henry."

"There now, you've put him just where the wind catches him. Here, I'll go myself."

"How you fidget over Michael," said Mrs. Swift, as old Joseph returned from poking Michael's head about, jerking his bad arm, and making him thoroughly uneasy—"and I'm sure he's coming round wonderful."

"Is he, Maria?" returned Swift, something unusual twinkling in his excitable little blue eyes. "You should have seen him and heard him in church last Sunday, when he was singing out 'Lord, now let'st,'—I couldn't stand it, Maria. I collared him and pushed him down in his seat. I felt as if he was a-singing himself off."

"What fancies you do get in your poor head, Joseph! Well, I hope you'll keep such thoughts off *next* Sunday, or we shan't have a very lively party, and most of 'em coming from such a distance, and plenty of trouble of their own."

The great family dinner coming on the following Sunday was looked forward to by the hollow-eyed invalid with much soreness of heart. All his married brothers, with their wives and children, would be there, trying to

look kindly on the one great failure and disappointment of the family—himself.

When the day came and the cloth was laid, and the little parlour was crammed with nephews and nieces and sisters-in-law whom poor Michael had never seen till then, when it buzzed with all kinds of family interests, great and little, from Tom's chances of entering into partnership with his master to the propensity of Mary's baby for being fretful on Sundays, Michael felt himself like a great useless hulk in the midst of a gay regatta.

His brothers spoke to him kindly enough, but very little, and he did not blame them. What was there to talk about to a failure, a wreck like him? They were a little ashamed of him too, he saw, before their smart wives; even little Cicely had placed herself and her friend with a rose in his button-hole as far from her favourite brother as possible for fear some prison sign might yet be detected on him.

Here he was back in the midst of all, yet never had he felt more isolated from them.

Their small hopes stung his great despair, their small joys made the depths of his great sorrow apparent to him. What was his life to turn to? A place in the little churchyard where George had been so early sent by him seemed to Michael the likeliest and most-to-be-desired change from this present dreary helplessness and apathy.

In the middle of dinner, there was a knock at the street door.

"That's your sister, Joseph," said Mrs. Swift. "Catch *her* waiting for an invitation when anything's going on."

Old Swift commanded his youngest son to go down and open the door to his aunt, and bring her up to dinner.

"But that's not Deborah's step," said he, listening as he heard his son returning with other footsteps after him.

Knives and forks were suspended, curly heads rapped, and babies hushed, that the footsteps might be listened to, and receive due attention.

The sudden silence made Michael look round him with apathetic wonder. Then he, too, heard the footsteps on the stairs.

He no sooner did so than he rose from his chair with white lips and dilated eyes, staring towards the door.

Another instant, and his brother had come into the room, followed by the gaunt figure and long beetle-browed face so fearfully familiar to him.

Ambray was here in his father's house, and

Ma'r S'one was behind him. He was not dreaming: these two were really here!

"Give me some dinner, Swift," said Ambray, seating himself in the chair the son who opened the door to him had left vacant. "I am hungry, so is Ma'r S'one. Come, you two little girls, sit in one chair, and let Ma'r S'one have this."

It seemed to Michael that Ambray certainly had, on entering the room, glanced quickly at him and away again, though he could scarcely believe this now, so entirely did the old man appear to ignore his presence.

Swift, completely taken by surprise, placed loaded plates before his unexpected guests, and continued to remain lost in wonder and speechless amazement, vainly looking for explanation from Michael, who was even more amazed than himself.

Michael knew almost without glancing towards him that Ambray's plate remained untouched, while the grey haggard eye swept every face at table.

"You are rich in sons, Swift," he said. "I know them by their likeness to each other. And a very fair-looking likeness it is; but handsome is that handsome does, young men, remember that!"

"'Cline our——"

"Hold your tongue, Ma'r S'one," said his master; "the saying doesn't concern *you*. But, Swift," he continued, turning still more away from Michael, and taking his hand from the table that its trembling might not be noticed, "you had another son once; how is it I don't see *him* here?"

"They're all here that ever I had," answered Swift, sharpening his knife. "I never lost any, nor none ever came to any harm, except—ah, except poor Michael; but as a rule, *my* children they've all been brought up as they should be; there's been no artists or geneses, or anything but what's respectable and honest ever known in the family, and I don't care who hears me say it."

"*That* son *is* here, then?" inquired Ambray, still averting his gaze from where Michael sat.

Swift laid down his knife and fork, and stared. Then to avoid more mistakes about the matter touched the miller with one hand,

while he pointed straight at Michael with the other.

"There's Michael, poor fellow, if it's him you mean."

The miller, not without an effort, turned his eyes for the first time fully upon Michael.

Michael, unable longer to remain quiet, rose, and came to the back of Ambray's chair.

Ambray turned, but instead of looking up at him, bent his head, and fixed his eyes upon the floor.

"And this is Michael Swift," he said in a voice that held all ears attentive. "Yes; I know him now. I know him by the only wages I ever gave him, that silver in his beard. I know him. You said I could never change Michael—you and Nora, I heard you. I was too old to change, you said. I believed that you were right. I felt that you were. But now, Michael, *now*, you must let age, with one foot in the grave, turn back and give youth the lie."

He laid his arms on the back of the chair and looked up. Michael looked down at him with wild incredulous eyes.

"I have heard all, Michael. I have heard how you stayed by the man who had made a Job of you, how you stayed by him and guarded him in his madness from any chains but your own honest arms. You have a strange look, Michael. Is it too late? I do not forget what house this is, whose last breath was spent here; yet remembering this, I ask you before I name him, to take his place. Is it too late?"

"Master, is it ground out?"

"It is, Michael. It is, *my son*."

"And so is his life with it," cried Swift, passionately rising, as Michael lay at the miller's feet like a felled tree.

Joseph Swift proved wrong, for Michael Ambray—the miller made him take his name—was soon as strong and as ready to enjoy to the full the sunshine of life as ever Michael Swift had been.

After two years he married a poor governess, named Nora Ambray.

Ma'r S'one was present at the wedding, and startled every one by crying out with great solemnity after young Ambray had made his vows to Nora—

"'Cline our 'erts to keep this la!"



# “TO THE FRONT!”

YOU “thought such aims were out of place.” . . .

“’Twere best to do as others do” . . .

“To be advised” . . . “You ne’er had failed” . . .

“I ought to rest content like you” . . .

O base contentment, born of sloth!

O counsel of a craven soul!

Better my loss than all your gain,

My very failure than your goal!

What though I fail? Am I the first?

Or am I shamed, because I fail,

That such a heart as yours should beat

With triumph as you tell the tale?

You fail—not you! I doubt it not.

You never knew defeated pride.

They well may win whose aims are base;

They scarce can fail who ne’er have tried.

To pierce the hidden core of Truth,

To find some footing which is sure,

To wed high thought with loving words,

And lead a life which shall endure

When all these street-cries of the crowd

Shall have left the ear for aye—

Not such the hopes that crown your years,

And lead you on from day to day.

You have no “taste” for deep pursuits,

Nor any hope beyond the hour,

Content to win some hodman’s praise

With poor conceits of shallow power;

Tossing cheap wisdom, neatly dressed

And gilded, to a gaping crowd;

“Discerning” all things—not like those

Who “wrap their meaning in a cloud.”

O pert in speech and small of heart,

While half of it is filled with gall,

The first to hear, the first to sting,

And tell it when your betters fall.

Thrice better were it now to die,

While striving for the great and just,

Than drag three lifetimes out like thine,

And batten on such poisoned dust!

But pass. I choose to die, or reach

The forefront where the bravest bleed

Keep thou the rear, and leave <sup>me</sup> to lead.

Less greatly-meek to take <sup>chance</sup> to fall;

But spare them when <sup>th</sup> souls are those

For, trust me, nobly <sup>strive</sup> anew,

Who, falling, rise <sup>up</sup> to the close.

And mix in

JOHN MACLEOD.

## INDEX.

|  | PAGE  |
|--|---|
| ARGENTINE Republic, The Life of a Sheep Farmer in the. By Norman Macleod Clerk . . . . .   | 712   |
| Autumn. By J. Cunningham Geikie, D.D. . . . .  | 841   |
| BARADUREE Justice: A Tale of Doings and Dangers in the East. By the Rev. J. Cave Browne, M.A. . . . .                                      | 460   |
| Bell, Sir Charles. By E. Taylor . . . . .  | 309   |
| Bullers of Buchan, The. Notes of a Visit to the North-East Coast of Scotland. By the late Henry Alford, D.D., Dean of Canterbury . . . . . | 271   |
| Burgoyne, Sir John: The Model Soldier. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig . . . . .   | 849   |
| CHARITY of Christ, The. By William Alexander, D.D., Lord Bishop of Derry . . . . .   | 495   |
| Coolie, The: A Journey to British Guiana to Inquire into his Rights and Wrongs. By the Author of "Ginx's Baby"—                            |   |
| 1. Introductory . . . . .  | 45  |
| 2. The Estates . . . . .   | 60  |
| 3. Government, Governors, and Governing Classes . . . . .  | 185   |
| 4. The Coolie Laws . . . . .   | 239   |
| 5. Coolie Strikes and Points of Law . . . . .  | 399   |
| 6. The Commission and some of its Concomitants . . . . .   | 465   |
| Coral and Coral Reefs. By Professor Huxley . . . . .   | 104   |
| DEVIL'S Boots, The. By William Gilbert, Author of "Dr. Austin's Guests" . . . . .  | 213   |
| Dolomites, Sketches among the. By the Author of "Voyage en Zigzag" . . . . .   | 782   |
| Dressmakers, The. By the Author of "Peasant Life in the North" . . . . .   | 62, 142   |
| EAST End, Night Rambles in the. By Alexander Strahan and Richard Rowe . . . . .  | 244   |
| Economy. A Temple Sermon. By C. J. Vaughan, D.D., Master of the Temple . . . . .   | 778   |
| Ems, A Peep at. By the Editor . . . . .  | 609   |
| Expression in Nature. By the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Lyttelton . . . . .   | 554   |
| FARADAY, Michael. By H. A. Page . . . . .  | 121   |
| France and Italy, First Impressions of. By Nathaniel Hawthorne . . . . .   | 25, 129, 205, 289, 369, 429, 504, 578, 642, 699, 794, 839 |
| GERMAN Miners. By Dr. R. Angus Smith . . . . .   | 437   |
| German Peace Festival, The . . . . .   | 489   |
| Great Refusal, The. By the late Thomas T. Lynch . . . . .  | 766   |
| Grots and Groves. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley . . . . .   | 322   |
| HEATH, George, the Moorland Poet. By Robert Buchanan . . . . .   | 170   |
| High Mills, The. By Katherine Saunders, Author of "Gilead's Rock" . . . . .  | 297, 369, 444, 513, 585, 657, 749, 854                    |
| History, The Religious Aspect of. By A. P. Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster . . . . .  | 518   |
| Hospital, A Small, with a Large Name. By E. Lynn-Linton . . . . .  | 790   |
| Household Economy, School Lessons in. By Mrs. William Shaen . . . . .  | 774   |
| How to Think. By the Author of "Friends in Council" . . . . .  | 291   |
| How we are all Neglected. By the Author of "Friends in Council" . . . . .  | 283   |

|  | PAGE     |
|--|----------|
| INDIAN Prince, A Young. By the Author of "Stone Edge" . . . . .  | 421      |
| Italy, Religion in. By the Rev. Lewis M. Hogg . . . . .  | 753      |
| JERSEY Notes. By Richard Rowe . . . . .  | 507      |
| LONDON Landscape. By W. W. Fenn . . . . .  | 501      |
| MARIA S. RYE. By William Gilbert . . . . .   | 573      |
| Mettray. By Florence Hill . . . . .  | 483      |
| Military Force, On the Reorganisation of our. By Sir Charles Trevelyan, K.C.B. . . . .                                 | 72       |
| Miller, Hugh, as seen in his "Life and Letters." By a University Man . . . . .   | 18       |
| ONEBEGS, City Life in the Capital of the. By Arminius Vambery . . . . .  | 834      |
| Overmuch in Words, On the. By the Author of "Friends in Council" . . . . .   | 418      |
| PARIS, The London Deputation in. By George Moore . . . . .   | 403      |
| Paris, Two Days before. By Jacob de Liefde . . . . .   | 682, 747 |
| Physical Science. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley . . . . .   | 386      |
| "QUEER JEAN." By the Author of "Peasant Life in the North" . . . . .   | 192, 261 |
| REFORMATION and Reformers in Germany, The New. By the Rev. Lewis M. Hogg . . . . .                                     | 526      |
| Retaliation. A Temple Sermon. By C. J. Vaughan, D.D., Master of the Temple . . . . .                                   | 820      |
| SAGO. By John R. Jackson, Royal Gardens, Kew . . . . .   | 824      |
| St. Peter, The True Primacy of. By John S. Howson, D.D., Dean of Chester . . . . .                                     | 722      |
| Science and Religion. By A. P. Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster . . . . .  | 453      |
| Sculpture, The Religious Aspect of. By A. P. Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster . . . . .                              | 698      |
| Sedan, the Memorable Morning at. By Jacob de Liefde . . . . .  | 506      |
| Semi-Dutch Town, A. By Ediza Moteyard . . . . .  | 381      |
| Short Essays. By the Author of "Friends in Council" . . . . .  | 738      |
| Sick and Wounded, What England has done for the. By the Author of "Fernhurst Court" . . . . .                          | 34       |
| Solar Eclipses, Historical Sketch of. By the Rev. C. Prichard, M.A., F.R.S., Savilian Professor of Astronomy . . . . . | 128      |
| Soldiers' Children, On. By the Rev. Patrick Beaton . . . . .   | 219      |
| Sylvestros, The. By M. de Balthaz Edwards, Author of "Balthaz" . . . . .   | 1        |
| Chap. I. Inzeretha . . . . .   | 1        |
| 2. Monseigneur Schœnreith tells his Story . . . . .  | 8        |
| 3. Post and Piquebrenant . . . . .   | 8        |
| 4. Mr. and Mrs. Mistake . . . . .  | 11       |
| 5. Happy Home . . . . .  | 11       |
| 6. General L'Esperance . . . . .   | 11       |
| 7. A Romantic Adventure . . . . .  | 54       |
| 8. The Rich and the Happy . . . . .  | 86       |
| 9. A Sorcerer's Confession . . . . .   | 86       |
| 10. What shall she Do with it . . . . .  | 86       |
| 11. Red-letter Days . . . . .  | 112      |

|                                       | PAGE |
|---------------------------------------|------|
| Chap. 12. Storms . . . . .            | 112  |
| 13. A Syrian Conclave . . . . .       | 112  |
| 14. Love and Hate . . . . .           | 112  |
| 15. Good and Evil . . . . .           | 112  |
| 16. The Gates of Hell . . . . .       | 112  |
| 17. Opened . . . . .                  | 112  |
| 18. First Days of Paradise . . . . .  | 112  |
| 19. The Resurrection of the . . . . . | 112  |
| 20. A Happy . . . . .                 | 112  |
| 21. M. Schœnreith's . . . . .         | 112  |
| 22. The Millennium . . . . .          | 112  |
| 23. Do . . . . .                      | 112  |
| 24. Laying the Foundation . . . . .   | 112  |
| 25. René's Letter . . . . .           | 112  |
| 26. A Betrothal . . . . .             | 112  |
| 27. Epiphany's . . . . .              | 112  |
| 28. New . . . . .                     | 112  |
| 29. A . . . . .                       | 112  |
| 30. In the . . . . .                  | 112  |
| 31. Is . . . . .                      | 112  |
| 32. White . . . . .                   | 112  |
| 33. Mr. . . . .                       | 112  |
| 34. Ten . . . . .                     | 112  |
| 35. Village Radicalism . . . . .      | 112  |
| 36. The . . . . .                     | 112  |
| 37. Mind . . . . .                    | 112  |
| 38. Parting in Sorrow . . . . .       | 112  |
| 39. The Trial . . . . .               | 112  |
| 40. Excommunicated . . . . .          | 112  |
| 41. Lower and . . . . .               | 112  |
| 42. A Happy Thought . . . . .         | 112  |
| 43. Gleanings . . . . .               | 112  |
| 44. ing . . . . .                     | 112  |
| 45. A Confession . . . . .            | 112  |
| 46. Conflicts . . . . .               | 112  |
| 47. Dis . . . . .                     | 112  |
| 48. A Social . . . . .                | 112  |
| 49. First Days of . . . . .           | 112  |
| 50. Bride, Bridegroom, and . . . . .  | 112  |
| 51. The Eve of the Wedding . . . . .  | 112  |
| 52. Do. do. . . . .                   | 112  |
| 53. Do. do. . . . .                   | 112  |
| 54. A Ghostly . . . . .               | 112  |
| 55. Carrow's . . . . .                | 112  |
| 56. Epiphany's . . . . .              | 112  |
| 57. Carrow's . . . . .                | 112  |
| 58. René's . . . . .                  | 112  |
| 59. A . . . . .                       | 112  |
| 60. L'Esperance . . . . .             | 112  |
| 61. Gleanings . . . . .               | 112  |
| 62. . . . .                           | 112  |
| TEMPERATURE OF OUR TIME . . . . .     | 112  |
| 1. The Temple . . . . .               | 112  |
| 2. Way . . . . .                      | 112  |
| 3. The First . . . . .                | 112  |
| 4. The . . . . .                      | 112  |
| 5. The Third . . . . .                | 112  |
| 6. The First . . . . .                | 112  |
| Thought . . . . .                     | 112  |
| James . . . . .                       | 112  |
| the . . . . .                         | 112  |
| Temple's . . . . .                    | 112  |
| Frank . . . . .                       | 112  |
| Ten Christmas . . . . .               | 112  |
| Un . . . . .                          | 112  |
| What . . . . .                        | 112  |
| Why . . . . .                         | 112  |
| Work . . . . .                        | 112  |



## POETRY.

|  | PAGE |
|--|------|
| "A-Growing and a-Blowing." By C. Fraser-Tytler   | 559  |
| Clari in the Well. By Robert Buchanan  | 525  |
| Daniel in the Glen of. By David Wingate  | 321  |
| Dorothy. By U. L. T.   | 777  |
| Fact, A. By L. C. S.   | 331  |
| Flower Song, A. By Austin Dobson   | 553  |
| Frosty Day, A. By J. Leicester Warren  | 71   |
| Gentlewoman of the Old School, A. By Austin Dobson   | 839  |
| Harvest Field, In the. By Isabella Fyvie Mayo  | 596  |
| Love, A Dramatic Sketch. By the Author of "Lady Grace"   | 256  |
| Love in Winter. By Austin Dobson   | 128  |
| Mother and the Angel, The. By a Railway Surfaceman   | 647  |
| Neighbour, The. By Robert Buchanan   | 535  |
| Ocean Gravy, A. By J. Leicester Warren   | 755  |
| On an Infant who was Born, was Baptized, and Died on the same Day. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone | 437  |
| Prayer of a Dying Sufferer, The  | 288  |
| "Remember not the Sins of my Youth." By the Rev. John Macleod  | 44   |

|                                       |   |      |
|---------------------------------------|---|------|
| Retrospect, A.                        | By C. Fraser-Tytler . . . . .                               | PAGE |
| Shall we Ever Meet Again?             | By Edward Capern . . . . .                                  | 428  |
| Sonnets.                              | By the Rev. Charles [Tennyson] Turner . . . . .             | 842  |
| Sonnets, Three, on Love and Beauty.   | By Sydney Dobell . . . . .                                  | 704  |
| Spiritual Song, A.                    | (From the German of Novalis.) By George MacDonald . . . . . | 853  |
| Summer Song in the City.              | By Robert Buchanan . . . . .                                | 308  |
| "Sun comes, Moon comes,"              | By Alfred Tennyson . . . . .                                | 113  |
| "The Mist and the Rain."              | By Alfred Tennyson . . . . .                                | 113  |
| There are Two Sides to every Question | By Robert Buchanan . . . . .                                | 800  |
| Tiger Bay: A Windy Night's Dream.     | By Robert Buchanan . . . . .                                | 486  |
| To Baby Kathleen Mary.                | By the Rev. John Monsell, LL.D. . . . .                     | 391  |
| "To the Front."                       | By the Rev. John Macleod . . . . .                          | 878  |
| Unfinished Song, An.                  | By Austin Dobson . . . . .                                  | 641  |
| Westminster Abbey, 1871.              | By H. H. . . . .  | 610  |
| "Where is another Sweet as my Sweet?" | By Alfred Tennyson . . . . .                                | 32   |

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

|  |                                    |   |
|--|------------------------------------|---|
|  |                                    | PAGE  |
|  |                                    | [ 1, 9, 17, 81, 86, 88,<br>153, 161, 225, 229,<br>233, 337, 349, 344,<br>409, 415, 417, 473,<br>477, 481, 537, 538,<br>545, 617, 619, 625,<br>689, 695, 697, 761,<br>767, 769, 761, 802,<br>809 ] |
| THE Sylvestres.  | F. A. Fraser . . .                 |   |
| Thirty-six Illustrations.                              |                                    |   |
| Portrait of {Hugh<br>Miller . . .}                     | From a Photograph . . .            | 24  |
| "Fly, little letter,<br>apace, apace"                  | A. Hughes . . .                    | 33  |
| Aid to the Sick and<br>Wounded                         | G. J. Pinwell . . .                | 40  |
| Georgetown, Deme-<br>rara . . .                        | From a Photograph . . .            | 45  |
| Coolie Caricatures.<br>Two Illustrations               | A Chinese Artist . . .             | 48, 49  |
| The Dressmakers.<br>Two Illustrations                  | F. A. Fraser . . .                 | 64, 144   |
| A Frosty Day . . .                                     | E. G. Dalziel . . .                | 71  |
| "The Mist and the<br>Rain" . . .                       | A. Hughes . . .                    | 113   |
| Portrait of Michael<br>Faraday . . .                   | From a Photograph . . .            | 121   |
| Love in Winter . . .                                   | J. B. Zwecker . . .                | 128   |
| German Miners . . .                                    | J. Mahoney . . .                   | 137   |
| Portrait of George<br>Heath . . .                      | . . . . .                          | 170   |
| Home of George<br>Heath . . .                          | . . . . .                          | 177   |
| "Sun comes, Moon<br>comes". . . . .                    | A. Hughes . . .                    | 183   |
| Map of British<br>Guiana . . .                         | . . . . .                          | 185   |
| Queer Jean. Four<br>Illustrations . . .                | F. A. Fraser . . .                 | 193, 200, 264, 265  |
| The Devil's Boots . . .                                | G. J. Pinwell . . .                | 217   |
| Night Rambles in<br>the East End . . .                 | T. Green . . .                     | 248   |
| Love . . . . .   | F. A. Fraser . . .                 | 256   |
| Dunnottar Castle . . .                                 | Henry Alford . . .                 | 272   |
| A Cove on the Bu-<br>chan Coast . . .                  | Henry Alford . . .                 | 273   |
| The Bulls of<br>Buchan . . .                           | Henry Alford . . .                 | 273   |
| Dunbuie . . . . .                                      | Henry Alford . . .                 | 280   |
| On the Coast near<br>Aberdour . . .                    | J. Burrell Smith . . .             | 281   |
| Pennan . . . . .                                       | J. Burrell Smith . . .             | 281   |
| Portrait of Henry<br>Alford . . .                      | From a Photograph . . .            | 282   |
| The Prayer of a<br>Dying Sufferer . . .                | John Leighton . . .                | 288   |
| The High Mills.<br>Twenty-one Illus-<br>trations . . . | W. Small . . .                     | [ 297, 369, 377, 441,<br>445, 449, 513, 518,<br>520, 584, 592, 657,<br>664, 667, 729, 736,<br>737, 854, 864, 872 ]  |
| Summer Song in the<br>City . . . . .                   | E. G. Dalziel . . .                | 308   |
| Portrait of Sir<br>Charles Bell . . .                  | From a Miniature<br>Painting . . . | 312   |
| In the Glen of Dal-<br>ziel . . . . .                  | E. G. Dalziel . . .                | 321   |
| Toddy's Legacy . . .                                   | G. J. Pinwell . . .                | 336   |
| Two Christmas Trees                                    | F. A. Fraser . . .                 | 335   |

|  |   |  |
|--|---|--|
| A Semi-Dutch Town  | C. G. Lawson . . . . .                            | PAGE                                   |
| Baby Kathleen Mary   | F. A. Fraser . . . . .                            | 389                                    |
| A Coolie Girl . . .  | From a Photograph . . . . .                       | 401                                    |
| A Pigeon - carried<br>Despatch . . . . .   | From a Photograph . . . . .                       | 408                                    |
| Portrait of the Maha-<br>rajah of Kolapoore . . .  | From a Photograph . . . . .                       | 421                                    |
| Gateway of the<br>Palace, Kolapoore . . .  | From a Photograph . . . . .                       | 421                                    |
| Elephants . . . . .  | J. B. Zwecker . . . . .                           | 425                                    |
| Portrait of Sir John<br>Herschel . . . . .   | From a Photograph . . . . .                       | 457                                    |
| Baraduree Justice . . .  | A. B. Houghton . . . . .                          | 464                                    |
| Coolie Mother and<br>Child . . . . .   | From a Photograph . . . . .                       | 472                                    |
| Tiger Bay . . . . .  | J. B. Zwecker . . . . .                           | 488                                    |
| Tenerani's Angel of<br>the Resurrection . . .  | From a Photograph . . . . .                       | 499                                    |
| Portraits of Dr. Del-<br>linger and Pro-<br>fessors Friedrich<br>and Huber . . . . .                                 | From Photographs . . . . .                        | 529                                    |
| An Ocean Grave . . . .   | F. A. Fraser . . . . .                            | 536                                    |
| Portrait of George<br>Grote . . . . .  | From a Photograph . . . . .                       | 552                                    |
| "A-growing and a-<br>blowing" . . . . .  | M. Fraser-Tytler . . . . .                        | 560                                    |
| The Memorable<br>Morning at Sedan . . .  | J. G. Thomson . . . . .                           | 569                                    |
| In the Harvest Field<br>St. Aubin's Bay,<br>Jersey . . . . .   | E. M. Wimperis . . . . .                          | 596                                    |
| St. Brelade's Bay, do.<br>Cape Grosnez, do.<br>Mont Orgeuil, do.<br>Astronomical Views,<br>8 Illustrations . . . . . | From Photographs . . . . .                        | 600, 601<br>628, 630, 631, 634,<br>636 |
| An Unfinished Song.<br>The Mother and the<br>Angel . . . . .   | W. Small . . . . .<br>A. Hughes . . . . .         | 641<br>648                             |
| Ems . . . . .  |   |  |
| Corner of Dausenau,<br>Ems . . . . .   |   |  |
| Cloister of Arnstein<br>and Castle of<br>Langenau, Ems . . . .   | From Photographs . . . . .                        | 672, 673                               |
| Statues of Moses, St.<br>Peter, St. Paul,<br>and David, in<br>Westminster Ab-<br>bey . . . . .                       | H. Armstead . . . . .                             | 680                                    |
| Love and Beauty<br>Shepherd's Rancho,<br>South America . . . .   | Fras. Walker . . . . .<br>J. B. Zwecker . . . . . | 705<br>720                             |
| The Carpincho . . . .  | do. do. . . . .                                   | 722                                    |
| The Neighbour . . . .  | T. Green . . . . .                                | 752                                    |
| Dorothy . . . . .  | F. A. Fraser . . . . .                            | 777                                    |
| Sketches among the<br>Dolomites. Eight<br>Illustrations . . . . .  | Author of "Voyage<br>en Zigzag" . . . . .         | 782, 783, 784, 786,<br>787, 788, 789   |
| Shall we ever meet<br>again? . . . . .   | G. F. Pinwell . . . . .                           | 817                                    |
| Sago. Five Illus-<br>trations . . . . .  | J. R. Jackson . . . . .                           | 824, 825                               |
| A Gentlewoman of<br>the Old School . . . .   | M. Fraser-Tytler . . . . .                        | 839                                    |
| Autumn . . . . .   | E. G. Datziel . . . . .                           | 848                                    |















